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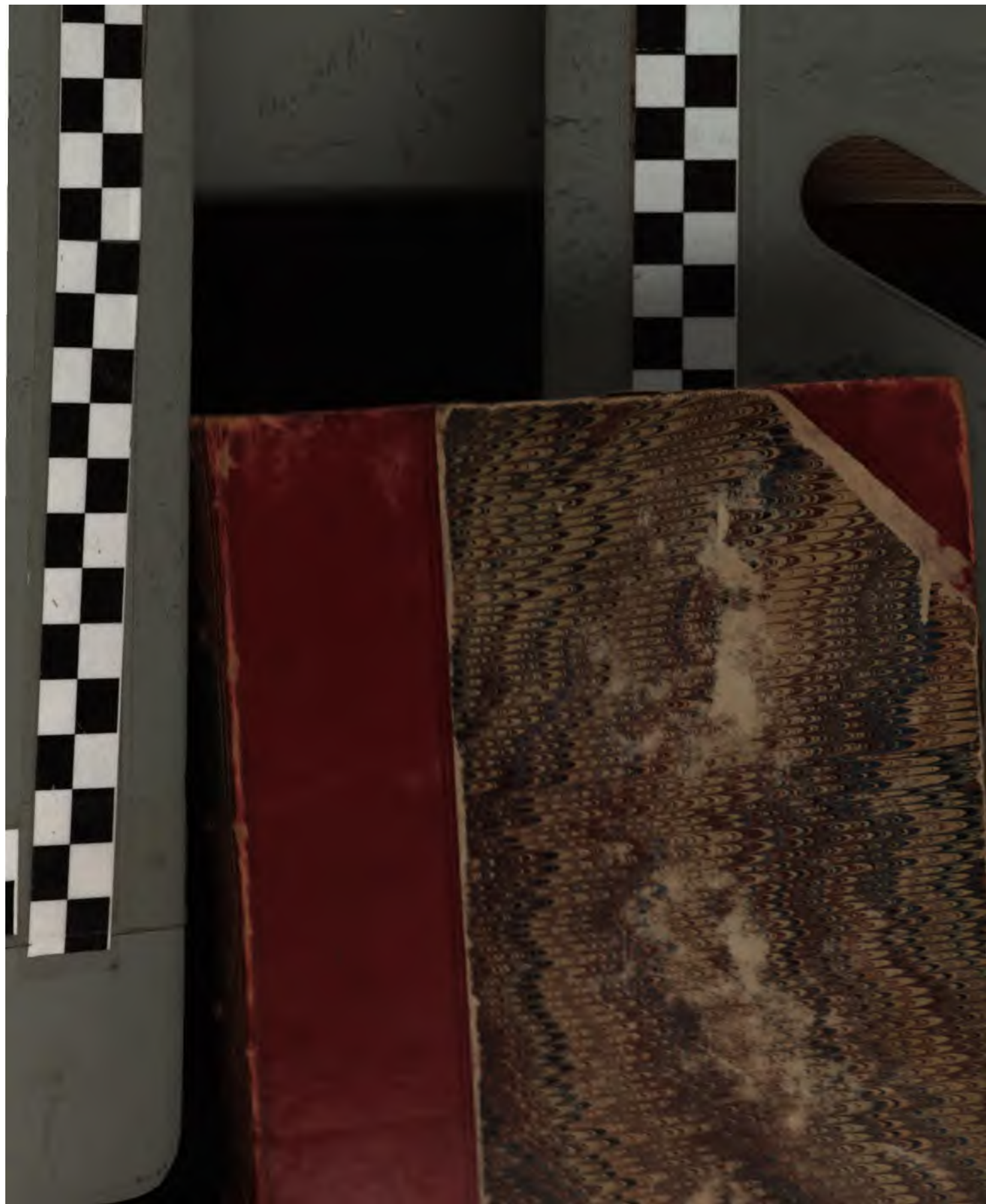
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Byron

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LETTERS

AND

AS OF LORD BYRON:




WITH

ES OF HIS LIFE,

BY

MAS MOORE.

IN ONE VOLUME.



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Engraved by

J. T. Wedgwood sculp.

LORD BYRON.



LETTERS  
AND  
JOURNALS OF LORD BYRON:

WITH  
NOTICES OF HIS LIFE,

BY  
THOMAS MOORE.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.



PARIS  
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1831.



TO  
**SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET,**

**THIS VOLUME**

**IS INSCRIBED,**

**BY HIS AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,**

*December, 1829.*

**THOMAS MOORE**









Mary Holt.

tinguished from the other knights of the same christian name, in the family, by the title of "Sir John Byron the Little with the great beard." A portrait of this personage was one of the few family pictures with which the walls of the abbey, while in the possession of the noble poet, were decorated.

At the coronation of James I, we find another representative of the family selected as an object of royal favour,—the grandson of Sir John Byron the Little, being, on this occasion, made a Knight of the Bath. There is a letter to this personage, preserved in Lodge's Illustrations, from which it appears that, notwithstanding all these apparent indications of prosperity, the inroads of pecuniary embarrassment had already begun to be experienced by this ancient house. After counselling the new heir as to the best mode of getting free of his debts, "I do therefore advise you," continues the writer, \* "that so soon as you have, in such sort as shall be fit, finished your father's funerals, to dispose and disperse that great household, reducing them to the number of forty or fifty, at the most, of all sorts; and, in my opinion, it will be far better for you to live for a time in Lancashire rather than in Notts for many good reasons that I can tell you when we meet, fitter for words than writing."

From the following reign (Charles I) the nobility of the family dates its origin. In the year 1643, Sir John Byron, great grandson of him who succeeded to the rich domains of Newstead, was created Baron Byron of Rochdale in the county of Lancaster; and seldom has a title been bestowed for such high and honourable services as those by which this nobleman deserved the gratitude of his royal master. Through almost every page of the History of the Civil Wars, we trace his name in connexion with the varying fortunes of the king, and find him faithful, persevering, and disinterested to the last. "Sir John Biron (says the writer of Colonel Hutchinson's Memoirs), afterwards Lord Biron, and all his brothers, bred up in arms and valiant men in their own persons, were all passionately the king's." There is also, in the answer which Colonel Hutchinson, when governor of Nottingham, returned, on one occasion, to his cousin-german, Sir Richard Biron, a noble tribute to the valour and fidelity of the family. Sir Richard, having sent to prevail on his relative to surrender the castle, received for answer, that, "except he found his own heart prone to such treachery, he might consider there was, if nothing else, so much of a Biron's blood in him, that he should very much scorn to betray or quit a trust he had undertaken."

Such are a few of the gallant and distinguished personages, through whom the name and honours of this noble house have been transmitted. By the maternal side also, Lord Byron had to pride himself on a line of ancestry as illustrious as any that Scotland can boast,—his mother, who was one of the Gordons of Gight, having been a descendant of that Sir William Gordon, who was the third son of the Earl of Huntley by the daughter of James I.

After the eventful period of the Civil Wars, when so many individuals of the house of Byron distinguished themselves—there having been no less than seven

brothers of that family on the field at Edgehill—the celebrity of the name appears to have died away for near a century. It was about the year 1750, that the shipwreck and sufferings of Mr Byron\* (the grandfather of the illustrious subject of these pages), awakened in no small degree the attention and sympathy of the public. Not long after, a less innocent sort of notoriety attached itself to two other members of the family,—one, the grand-uncle of the poet, and the other, his father. The former, in the year 1765, stood his trial before the House of Peers for killing, in a duel, or rather scuffle, his relation and neighbour Mr Chaworth; and the latter, having carried off to the continent the wife of Lord Carmarthen, on the noble marquis obtaining a divorce from the lady, married her. Of this short union one daughter only was the issue, the honourable Augusta Byron, now the wife of Colonel Leigh.

In reviewing thus cursorily the ancestors, both near and remote, of Lord Byron, it cannot fail to be remarked how strikingly he combined in his own nature some of the best and, perhaps, worst qualities that lie scattered through the various characters of his predecessors,—the generosity, the love of enterprise, the high-mindedness of some of the better spirits of his race, with the irregular passions, the eccentricity, and daring recklessness of the world's opinion, that so much characterized others.

The first wife of the father of the poet having died in 1784, he, in the following year, married Miss Catherine Gordon, only child and heiress of George Gordon, Esq. of Gight. In addition to the estate of Gight, which had, however, in former times, been much more extensive, this lady possessed, in ready money, Bank shares, &c. no inconsiderable property; and it was known to be solely with a view of relieving himself from his debts that Mr Byron paid his addresses to her. A circumstance related, as having taken place before the marriage of this lady, not only shows the extreme quickness and vehemence of her feelings, but, if it be true that she had never at the time seen Captain Byron, is not a little striking. Being at the Edinburgh Theatre one night when the character of Isabella was performed by Mrs Siddons, so affected was she by the powers of this great actress, that, towards the conclusion of the play, she fell into violent fits, and was carried out of the theatre, screaming loudly, "Oh my Biron, my Biron."

On the occasion of her marriage there appeared a ballad by some Scotch rhymer, which has been lately reprinted in a collection of the "Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland;" and as it bears testimony both to the reputation of the lady for wealth, and that of her husband for rakery and extravagance, it may be worth extracting:—

#### MISS GORDON OF GIGHT.

O whare are ye gaen', bonny Miss Gordon?  
O whare are ye gaen', me bony an' brow?  
Ye 've married, ye 've married wi' Johnny Byron,  
To squander the lands o' Gight awa'.

This youth is a rake, frae England he 's come;  
The Scots dinna ken his extraction awa';  
He keeps up his misses, his landlord he duns,  
That 's fast drawn' the lands o' Gight awa'.  
O whare are ye gaen', &c.

\* The Earl of Shrewsbury

\* Afterwards Admiral.



The shooten' o' guns, an' rattlin' o' drums,  
The bugle in woods, the pipes i' the ha',  
The beagles a howlin', the hounds a growlin';  
These soundings will soon gar Gight gang awa'.  
O whare are ye gaen', &c.

Soon after the marriage, which took place, I believe, at Bath, Mr Byron and his lady removed to their estate in Scotland; and it was not long before the prognostics of this ballad-maker began to be realized. The extent of that chasm of debt, in which her fortune was to be swallowed up, now opened upon the eyes of the ill-fated heiress. The creditors of Mr Byron lost no time in pressing their demands, and not only was the whole of her ready money, Bank shares, fisheries, &c., sacrificed to satisfy them, but a large sum raised by mortgage on the estate for the same purpose. In the summer of 1786, she and her husband left Scotland, to proceed to France; and in the following year the estate of Gight itself was sold, and the whole of the purchase-money applied to the further payment of debts,—with the exception of a small sum vested in trustees for the use of Mrs Byron, who thus found herself, within the short space of two years, reduced from competence to a pittance of £150 per annum.\*

From France Mrs Byron returned to England at the close of the year 1787, and on the 22d of January, 1788, gave birth, in Holles-street, London, to her first and only child, George Gordon Byron. The name of Gordon was added in compliance with a condition imposed by will on whoever should become husband of the heiress of Gight; and at the baptism of the child, the Duke of Gordon, and Colonel Duff of Fetteresso, stood godfathers.

\* The following particulars respecting the amount of Mrs Byron's fortune before marriage, and its rapid disappearance afterwards, are, I have every reason to think, from the authentic source to which I am indebted for them, strictly correct:

\* At the time of the marriage Miss Gordon was possessed of about £3000 in money, two shares in the Aberdeen Banking Company, the estates of Gight and Monkshill, and the Superiority of two Salmon Fishings on Dee. Soon after the arrival of Mr and Mrs Byron Gordon in Scotland, it appeared that Mr Byron had involved himself very deeply in debt; and his creditors commenced legal proceedings for the recovery of their money. The cash in hand was soon paid away,—the Bank shares were disposed of at £600 (now worth £5000)—timber on the estate was cut down and sold to the amount of £1500—the farm of Monkshill and Superiority of the Fishings, affording a freehold qualification, were disposed of at £480; and, in addition to these sales, within a year after the marriage, £3000 was borrowed on a mortgage upon the estate, granted by Mrs Byron Gordon to the person who lent the money.

\* In March 1786 a contract of marriage in the Scotch form was drawn up and signed by the parties. In the course of the summer of that year Mr and Mrs Byron left Gight, and never returned to it; the estate being, in the following year, sold to Lord Haddo for the sum of £17,850, the whole of which was applied to the payment of Mr Byron's debts, with the exception of £1122, which remained as a burden on the estate (the interest to be applied to paying a jointure of £55. 11s. 1d. to Mrs Byron's grandmother, the principal reverting, at her death, to Mrs Byron), and £3000, vested in Trustees for Mrs Byron's separate use, which was lent to Mr Carswell of Ratharlet in Fifeshire.\*

\* A strange occurrence\* (says another of my informants) took place previous to the sale of the lands. All the doves left the house of Gight and came to Lord Haddo's, and so did a number of herons, which had built their nests for many years in a wood on the banks of a large loch, called the Hagberry Pot. When this was told to Lord Haddo, he pertinently replied, 'Let the birds come, and do them no harm, for the land will soon follow;' which it actually did.\*

In reference to the circumstance of his being an only child, Lord Byron, in one of his journals, mentions some curious coincidences in his family, which to a mind disposed as his was to regard every thing connected with himself as out of the ordinary course of events, would naturally appear even more strange and singular than they are. "I have been thinking," he says, "of an odd circumstance. My daughter (1), my wife (2), my half-sister (3), my mother (4), my sister's mother (5), my natural daughter (6), and myself (7), are, or were, all *only* children. My sister's mother (Lady Conyers) had only my half-sister by that second marriage (herself, too, an only child), and my father had only me, an only child, by his second marriage with my mother, an only child too. Such a complication of *only* children, all tending to *one* family, is singular enough, and looks like fatality almost." He then adds, characteristically, "But the fiercest animals have the fewest numbers in their litters, as lions, tigers, and even elephants, which are mild in comparison."

From London Mrs Byron proceeded with her infant to Scotland, and in the year 1790, took up her residence in Aberdeen, where she was soon after joined by Captain Byron. Here for a short time they lived together in lodgings at the house of a person named Anderson, in Queen-street. But their union being by no means happy, a separation took place between them, and Mrs Byron removed to lodgings at the other end of the street.\* Notwithstanding this schism, they for some time continued to visit, and even to drink tea with each other; but the elements of discord were strong on both sides, and their separation was, at last, complete and final. He would frequently, however, accost the nurse and his son in their walks, and expressed a strong wish to have the child for a day or two, on a visit with him. To this request Mrs Byron was, at first, not very willing to accede, but, on the representation of the nurse, that "if he kept the boy one night, he would not do so another," she consented. The event proved as the nurse had predicted; on inquiring next morning after the child, she was told by Captain Byron that he had quite enough of his young visitor, and she might take him home again.

It should be observed, however, that Mrs Byron, at this period, was unable to keep more than one servant, and that, sent as the boy was on this occasion to encounter the trial of a visit, without the accustomed superintendence of his nurse, it is not so wonderful that he should have been found, under such circumstances, rather an unmanageable guest. That as a child, his temper was violent, or rather sullenly passionate, is certain. Even when in petticoats, he showed the same uncontrollable spirit with his nurse, which he afterwards exhibited, when an author, with his critics. Being angrily reprimanded by her, one day, for having soiled or torn a new frock in which he had been just dressed, he got into one of his "silent rages" (as he himself has described them), seized the frock with both his hands, rent it from top

\* It appears that she several times changed her residence during her stay at Aberdeen, as there are two other houses pointed out, where she lodged for some time; one, situated in Virginia-street, and the other, the house of a Mr Leslie, I think, in Broad-street.



to bottom, and stood in sullen stillness, setting his censurer and her wrath at defiance.

But, notwithstanding this, and other such unruly outbursts—in which he was but too much encouraged by the example of his mother, who frequently, it is said, proceeded to the same extremities with her caps, gowns, &c.—there was in his disposition, as appears from the concurrent testimony of nurses, tutors, and all who were employed about him, a mixture of affectionate sweetness and playfulness, by which it was impossible not to be attached; and which rendered him then, as in his riper years, easily manageable, by those who loved and understood him sufficiently to be at once gentle and firm enough for the task. The female attendant of whom we have spoken, as well as her sister, May Gray, who succeeded her, gained an influence over his mind against which he very rarely rebelled; while his mother, whose capricious excesses, both of anger and of fondness, left her little hold on either his respect or affection, was indebted solely to his sense of filial duty for any small portion of authority she was ever able to acquire over him.

By an accident which, it is said, occurred at the time of his birth, one of his feet was twisted out of its natural position, and this defect (chiefly from the contrivances employed to remedy it) was a source of much pain and inconvenience to him during his early years. The expedients used at this period to restore the limb to shape were adopted by the advice, and under the direction, of the celebrated John Hunter, with whom Doctor Livingstone of Aberdeen corresponded on the subject; and his nurse, to whom fell the task of putting on these machines or bandages, at bedtime, would often, as she herself told my informant, sing him to sleep, or tell him stories and legends, in which, like most other children, he took great delight. She also taught him, while yet an infant, to repeat a great number of the Psalms; and the first and twenty-third Psalms were among the earliest that he committed to memory. It is a remarkable fact, indeed, that through the care of this respectable woman, who was herself of a very religious disposition, he attained a far earlier and more intimate acquaintance with the Sacred Writings than falls to the lot of most young people. In a letter which he wrote to Mr Murray, from Italy, in 1821, after requesting of that gentleman to send him, by the first opportunity, a Bible, he adds—"Don't forget this, for I am a great reader and admirer of those books, and had read them through and through before I was eight years old,—that is to say, the Old Testament, for the New struck me as a task, but the other as a pleasure. I speak, as a boy, from the recollected impression of that period at Aberdeen, in 1796."

The malformation of his foot was, even at this childish age, a subject on which he showed peculiar sensitiveness. I have been told by a gentleman of Glasgow, that the person who nursed his wife, and who still lives in his family, used often to join the nurse of Byron when they were out with their respective charges, and one day said to her, as they walked together, "What a pretty boy Byron is! what a pity he has such a leg!" On hearing this allusion to his infirmity, the child's eyes flashed with anger, and striking at her with a little whip which he

held in his hand, he exclaimed impatiently, "Dinna speak of it!" Sometimes, however, as in after life, he could talk indifferently and even jestingly of this lameness; and there being another little boy in the neighbourhood, who had a similar defect in one of his feet, Byron would say, laughingly, "Come and see the iwa laddies with the twa club feet going up the Broad-street."

Among many instances of his quickness and energy at this age, his nurse mentioned a little incident that one night occurred, on her taking him to the theatre to see the Taming of the Shrew. He attended to the performance, for some time, with silent interest; but, in the scene between Catherine and Petruchio, where the following dialogue takes place,—

*Cath.* I know it is the moon.

*Pet.* Nay, then, you lie,—it is the blessed sun, —

little Geordie (as they called the child), starting from his seat, cried out boldly, "But I say it is the moon, sir."

The short visit of Captain Byron to Aberdeen has already been mentioned, and he again passed two or three months in that city, before his last departure for France. On both occasions, his chief object was to extract still more money, if possible, from the unfortunate woman whom he had beggared; and so far was he successful, that, during his last visit, narrow as were her means, she contrived to furnish him with the money necessary for his journey to Valenciennes,\* where, in the following year, 1791, he died. Though latterly Mrs Byron would not see her husband, she entertained, it is said, a strong affection for him to the last, and on those occasions, when the nurse used to meet him in her walks, would inquire of her with the tenderest anxiety as to his health and looks. When the intelligence of his death, too, arrived, her grief, according to the account of this same attendant, bordered on distraction, and her shrieks were so loud as to be heard in the street. She was, indeed, a woman full of the most passionate extremes, and her grief and affection were bursts as much of temper as of feeling. To mourn at all, however, for such a husband was, it must be allowed, a most gratuitous stretch of generosity. Having married her, as he openly avowed, for her fortune alone, he soon dissipated this, the solitary charm she possessed for him, and was then unmanful enough to taunt her with the inconveniences of that penury which his own extravagance had occasioned.

When not quite five years old, young Byron was sent to a day-school at Aberdeen, taught by Mr Bowers,† and remained there, with some interrup-

\* By her advances of money to Mr Byron (says an authority I have already cited) on the two occasions when he visited Aberdeen, as well as by the expenses incurred in furnishing the floor occupied by her, after his death, in Broad street, she got in debt to the amount of £300, by paying the interest on which her income was reduced to £135. On this, however, she contrived to live without increasing her debt, and on the death of her grandmother, when she received the £1122 set apart for that lady's annuity, discharged the whole.

† In Long Acre. The present master of this school is Mr David Grant, the ingenious editor of a collection of "Battles and War-Pieces," and of a work of much utility entitled "Class-Book of Modern Poetry."



tions, during a twelvemonth, as appears by the following extract from the day-book of the school :

George Gordon Byron.  
19th November, 1792.  
19th November, 1793—paid one guinea.

The terms of this school for reading were only five shillings a quarter, and it was evidently less with a view to the boy's advance in learning than as a cheap mode of keeping him quiet that his mother had sent him to it. Of the progress of his infantine studies at Aberdeen, as well under Mr Bowers as under the various other persons that instructed him, we have the following interesting particulars communicated by himself, in a sort of journal which he once began, under the title of "My Dictionary," and which is preserved in one of his manuscript books.

"For several years of my earliest childhood, I was in that city, but have never revisited it since I was ten years old. I was sent, at five years old, or earlier, to a school kept by a Mr Bowers, who was called 'Bodsy Bowers,' by reason of his dapperness. It was a school for both sexes. I learned little there, except to repeat by rote the first lesson of monosyllables ('God made man'—'Let us love him') by hearing it often repeated, without acquiring a letter. Whenever proof was made of my progress at home, I repeated these words with the most rapid fluency; but on turning over a new leaf, I continued to repeat them, so that the narrow boundaries of my first year's accomplishments were detected, my ears boxed (which they did not deserve, seeing it was by ear only that I had acquired my letters), and my intellects consigned to a new preceptor. He was a very devout, clever little clergyman, named Ross, afterwards minister of one of the kirks (*East*, I think). Under him I made astonishing progress, and I recollect to this day his mild manners and good-natured pains-taking. The moment I could read, my grand passion was *history*, and, why I know not, but I was particularly taken with the battle near the Lake Regillus in the Roman History, put into my hands the first. Four years ago, when standing on the heights of Tusculum, and looking down upon the little round lake that was once Regillus, and which dots the immense expanse below, I remembered my young enthusiasm and my old instructor. Afterwards I had a very serious, saturnine, but kind young man, named Paterson, for a tutor. He was the son of my shoemaker, but a good scholar, as is common with the Scotch. He was a rigid presbyterian also. With him I begun Latin in Ruddiman's grammar, and continued till I went to the 'Grammar School' (*Scotice*, 'Schule'; *Aberdonice*, 'Squeel') where I threaded all the classes to the *fourth*, when I was recalled to England (where I had been hatched) by the demise of my uncle. I acquired this handwriting, which I can hardly read myself, under the fair copies of Mr Duncan of the same city: I don't think he could plume himself much upon my progress. However, I wrote much better then than I have ever done since. Haste and agitation of one kind or another have quite spoilt as pretty a scrawl as ever scratched over a frank. The grammar-school might consist of a hundred and fifty of all ages under age. It was divided into five classes taught by four masters, the chief teaching the fourth and fifth himself. As in

England, the fifth, sixth forms, and monitors, are heard by the head masters."

Of his class-fellows at the grammar-school there are many, of course, still alive, by whom he is well remembered;\* and the general impression they retain of him is, that he was a lively, warm-hearted, and high-spirited boy—passionate and resentful, but affectionate and companionable with his school-fellows—to a remarkable degree venturesome and fearless, and (as one of them significantly expressed it) "always more ready to give a blow than take one." Among many anecdotes illustrative of this spirit, it is related that once, in returning home from school, he fell in with a boy who had on some former occasion insulted him, but had then got off unpunished—little Byron, however, at the time, promising to "pay him off" whenever they should meet again. Accordingly, on this second encounter, though there were some other boys to take his opponent's part, he succeeded in inflicting upon him a hearty beating. On his return home, breathless, the servant inquired what he had been about, and was answered by him, with a mixture of rage and humour, that he had been paying a debt, by beating a boy according to promise; for that he was a Byron, and would never belie his motto, "*Trust Byron*."

He was, indeed, much more anxious to distinguish himself among his schoolfellows by prowess in all sports† and exercises, than by advancement in learning. Though quick, when he could be persuaded to attend, or had any study that pleased him, he was in general very low in the class, nor seemed ambitious of being promoted any higher. It is the custom, it seems, in this seminary, to invert, now and then, the order of the class, so as to make the highest and lowest boys change places,—with a view, no doubt, of piquing the ambition of both. On these occasions, and only these, Byron was sometimes at the head, and the master, to banter him, would say, "Now, George, man, let me see how soon you'll be at the foot again."‡

During this period, his mother and he made, occasionally, visits among their friends, passing some time at Fetteresso, the seat of his godfather, Colonel Duff (where the child's delight with a humorous old butler, named Ernest-Fidler, is still remembered), and also at Banff, where some near connexions of Mrs Byron resided.

In the summer of the year 1796, after an attack of scarlet-fever, he was removed by his mother for change of air into the Highlands; and it was either at this time, or in the following year, that they took up their residence at a farm-house in the neighbour-

\* The old Porter, too, at the College, "minds weel" the little boy, with the red jacket and nankeen trowsers, whom he has so often turned out of the College court-yard.

† "He was," says one of my informants, "a good hand at marbles, and could drive one farther than most boys. He also excelled at 'Bases,' a game which requires considerable swiftness of foot."

‡ On examining the quarterly lists kept at the grammar-school of Aberdeen, in which the names of the boys are set down according to the station each holds in his class, it appears that in April of the year 1794, the name of Byron, then in the second class, stands twenty-third in a list of thirty-eight boys. In the April of 1798, however, he had risen to be fifth in the fourth class, consisting of twenty-seven boys, and had got ahead of several of his contemporaries, who had, previously, always stood before him.



hood of Ballater, a favourite summer resort for health and gaiety, about forty miles up the Dee from Aberdeen. Though this house, where they still show with much pride the bed in which young Byron slept, has become naturally a place of pilgrimage for the worshippers of genius, neither its own appearance, nor that of the small, bleak valley, in which it stands, is at all worthy of being associated with the memory of a poet. Within a short distance of it, however, all those features of wildness and beauty, which mark the course of the Dee through the Highlands, may be commanded. Here the dark summit of Lachin-y-gair stood towering before the eyes of the future bard; and the verses in which, not many years afterwards, he commemorated this sublime object, show that, young as he was, at the time, its "frowning glories" were not unnoticed by him.\*

Ah, there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,  
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;  
On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,  
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade.  
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory  
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar-star;  
For Fancy was cheer'd by traditional glory,  
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch-na-gar.

To the wildness and grandeur of the scenes, among which his childhood was passed, it is not unusual to trace the first awakening of his poetic talent. But it may be questioned whether this faculty was ever so produced. That the charm of scenery, which derives its chief power from fancy and association, should be much felt at an age when fancy is yet hardly awake, and associations but few, can with difficulty, even making every allowance for the prematurity of genius, be conceived. The light which the poet sees around the forms of nature is not so much in the objects themselves as in the eye that contemplates them; and Imagination must first be able to lend a glory to such scenes, before she can derive inspiration from them. As materials, indeed, for the poetic faculty, when developed, to work upon, these impressions of the new and wonderful retained from childhood, and retained with all the vividness of recollection which belongs to genius, may form, it is true, the purest and most precious part of that aliment, with which the memory of the poet feeds his imagination. But still, it is the newly awakened power within him that is the source of the charm;—it is the force of fancy alone that, acting upon his recollections, impregnates, as it were, all the past with poetry. In this respect, such impressions of natural scenery as Lord Byron received in his childhood, must be classed with the various other remembrances which that period leaves behind—of its innocence, its sports, its first hopes and affections—all of them reminiscences which the poet afterwards converts to his use, but which no more make the poet than—to apply an illustration of Byron's own—the honey can be said to make the bee that treasures it.

When it happens—as was the case with Lord Byron in Greece—that the same peculiar features of nature over which Memory has shed this reflective

\* Notwithstanding the lively recollections expressed in this poem, it is pretty certain, from the testimony of his nurse, that he never was at the mountain itself, which stood some miles distant from his residence, more than twice.

charm, are reproduced before the eyes under new and inspiring circumstances, and with all the accessories which an imagination, in its full vigour and wealth, can lend them, then, indeed, do both the past and present combine to make the enchantment complete; and never was there a heart more borne away by this confluence of feelings than that of Byron. In a poem, written about a year or two before his death,\* he traces all his enjoyment of mountain scenery to the impressions received during his residence in the Highlands; and even attributes the pleasure which he experienced in gazing upon Ida and Parnassus, far less to classic remembrances, than to those fond deep-felt associations by which they brought back the memory of his boyhood and Lachin-y-gair.

He who first met the Highland's swelling blue,  
Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue,  
Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,  
And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace.  
Long have I roam'd through lands which are not mine,  
Adored the Alp, and loved the Apennine,  
Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep  
Jove's Ida and Olympus crown the deep:  
But 'twas not all long ages' lore, nor all  
Their nature held me in their thrilling thrall;  
The infant rapture still survived the boy,  
And Loch-na-gar with Ida look'd o'er Troy,  
Mix'd Celtic memories with the Phrygian mount,  
And Highland linn with Castalie's clear fount.

In a note appended to this passage, we find him falling into that sort of anachronism in the history of his own feelings, which I have above adverted to as not uncommon, and referring to childhood itself that love of mountain prospects, which was but the after result of his imaginative recollections of that period.

"From this period" (the time of his residence in the Highlands) "I date my love of mountainous countries. I can never forget the effect, a few years afterwards in England, of the only thing I had long seen, even in miniature, of a mountain, in the Malvern Hills. After I returned to Cheltenham, I used to watch them every afternoon at sunset, with a sensation which I cannot describe."

His love of solitary rambles, and his taste for exploring in all directions, led him not unfrequently so far as to excite serious apprehensions for his safety. While at Aberdeen, he used often to steal from home unperceived;—sometimes he would find his way to the seaside; and once, after a long and anxious search, they found the adventurous little rover struggling in a sort of morass or marsh, from which he was unable to extricate himself.

In the course of one of his summer excursions up Dee-side, he had an opportunity of seeing still more of the wild beauties of the Highlands than even the neighbourhood of their residence at Ballatreh afforded,—having been taken by his mother through the romantic passes that lead to Invercauld, and as far up as the small waterfall, called the Linn of Dee. Here his love of adventure had nearly cost him his life. As he was scrambling along a declivity that overhung the fall, some heather caught his lame foot and he fell. Already he was rolling downward, when the attendant luckily caught hold of him, and was but just in time to save him from being killed.

\* The Island.



It was about this period, when he was not quite eight years old, that a feeling partaking more of the nature of love than it is easy to believe possible in so young a child, took, according to his own account, entire possession of his thoughts, and showed how early, in this passion, as in most others, the sensibilities of his nature were awakened.\* The name of the object of this attachment was Mary Duff; and the following passage from a Journal, kept by him in 1813, will show how freshly, after an interval of seventeen years, all the circumstances of this early love still lived in his memory.

"I have been thinking lately a good deal of Mary Duff. How very odd that I should have been so utterly, devotedly fond of that girl, at an age when I could neither feel passion, nor know the meaning of the word. And the effect!—My mother used always to rally me about this childish amour; and, at last, many years after, when I was sixteen, she told me one day, 'Oh, Byron, I have had a letter from Edinburgh, from Miss Abercromby, and your old sweetheart Mary Duff is married to a Mr Coe.' And what was my answer? I really cannot explain or account for my feelings at that moment; but they nearly threw me into convulsions, and alarmed my mother so much, that, after I grew better, she generally avoided the subject—to me—and contented herself with telling it to all her acquaintance. Now, what could this be? I had never seen her since her mother's faux-pas at Aberdeen had been the cause of her removal to her grandmother's at Banff; we were both the merest children. I had and have been attached fifty times since that period; yet I recollect all we said to each other, all our caresses, her features, my restlessness, sleeplessness, my tormenting my mother's maid to write for me to her, which she at last did, to quiet me. Poor Nancy thought I was wild, and, as I could not write for myself, became my secretary. I remember, too, our walks, and the happiness of sitting by Mary, in the children's apartment, at their house not far from the Plainstones at Aberdeen, while her lesser sister Helen played with the doll, and we sat gravely making love, in our way.

"How the deuce did all this occur so early? where could it originate? I certainly had no sexual ideas for years afterwards; and yet my misery, my love for that girl were so violent, that I sometimes doubt if I have ever been really attached since. Be that as it may, hearing of her marriage several years after was like a thunder-stroke—it nearly choked me—to the horror of my mother and the astonishment and almost incredulity of every body. And it is a phenomenon in my existence (for I was not eight years old) which has puzzled, and will puzzle me to the latest hour of it; and lately, I know not why, the recollection (not the attachment) has recurred as forcibly as ever. I wonder if she can have the least remembrance of it

\* Dante, we know, was but nine years old when, at a May-day festival, he saw and fell in love with Beatrice; and Alighieri, who was himself a precocious lover, considers such early sensibility to be an unerring sign of a soul formed for the fine arts:—"Effetti (he says, in describing the feelings of his own first love) che poche persone intendono, e pochissimi provano: ma a quei soli pochissimi è concesso l'uscir dalla folla volgare in tutte le umane arti." Canova used to say, that he perfectly well remembered having been in love when but five years old.

or me? or remember her pitying sister Helen for not having an admirer too? How very pretty is the perfect image of her in my memory—her brown, dark hair, and hazel eyes; her very dress! I should be quite grieved to see *her now*; the reality, however beautiful, would destroy, or at least confuse, the features of the lovely Peri which then existed in her, and still lives in my imagination, at the distance of more than sixteen years. I am now twenty-five and odd months. . . . .

"I think my mother told the circumstances (on my hearing of her marriage) to the Parkynses, and certainly to the Pigot family, and probably mentioned it in her answer to Miss A., who was well acquainted with my childish *penchant*, and had sent the news on purpose for me,—and, thanks to her!

"Next to the beginning, the conclusion has often occupied my reflexions, in the way of investigation. That the facts are thus, others know as well as I, and my memory yet tells me so, in more than a whisper. But, the more I reflect, the more I am bewildered to assign any cause for this precocity of affection."

Though the chance of his succession to the title of his ancestors was for some time altogether uncertain—there being, so late as the year 1794, a grandson of the fifth lord still alive—his mother had, from his very birth, cherished a strong persuasion that he was destined not only to be a lord, but "a great man." One of the circumstances on which she founded this belief was, singularly enough, his lameness;—for what reason it is difficult to conceive, except that, possibly (having a mind of the most superstitious cast), she had consulted on the subject some village fortune-teller, who, to ennoble this infirmity in her eyes, had linked the future destiny of the child with it.

By the death of the grandson of the old lord at Corsica in 1794, the only claimant that had hitherto stood between little George and the immediate succession to the peerage, was removed; and the increased importance which this event conferred upon them was felt not only by Mrs Byron, but by the young future Baron of Newstead himself. In the winter of 1797, his mother having chanced, one day, to read part of a speech spoken in the House of Commons, a friend who was present said to the boy, "We shall have the pleasure, some time or other, of reading your speeches in the House of Commons." "I hope not," was his answer; "if you read any speeches of mine, it will be in the House of Lords."

The title, of which he thus early anticipated the enjoyment, devolved to him but too soon. Had he been left to struggle on for ten years longer, as plain George Byron, there can be little doubt that his character would have been, in many respects, the better for it. In the following year his grand-uncle, the fifth Lord Byron, died at Newstead Abbey, having passed the latter years of his strange life in a state of austere and almost savage seclusion. It is said, that the day after little Byron's accession to the title, he ran up to his mother and asked her "whether she perceived any difference in him since he had been made a lord, as he perceived none himself:"—a quick and natural thought; but the child little knew what a total and talismanic change had been wrought in all his future relations with society, by the simple



addition of that word before his name. That the event, as a crisis in his life, affected him, even at that time, may be collected from the agitation which he is said to have manifested on the important morning, when his name was first called out in school with the title of "Dominus" prefixed to it. Unable to give utterance to the usual answer, "adsum," he stood silent amid the general stare of his schoolfellows, and, at last, burst into tears.

The cloud which, to a certain degree undeservedly, his unfortunate affray with Mr Chaworth had thrown upon the character of the late Lord Byron, was deepened and confirmed by what it, in a great measure, produced,—the eccentric and unsocial course of life to which he afterwards betook himself. Of his cruelty to Lady Byron, before her separation from him, the most exaggerated stories are still current in the neighbourhood; and it is even believed that, in one of his fits of fury, he flung her into the pond at Newstead. On another occasion, it is said, having shot his coachman for some disobedience of orders, he threw the corpse into the carriage to his lady, and mounting the box, drove off himself. These stories are, no doubt, as gross fictions as some of those which his illustrious successor was afterwards made the victim of; and a female servant of the old lord, still alive, in contradicting both tales as scandalous fabrications, supposes the first to have had its origin in the following circumstance. A young lady, of the name of Booth, who was on a visit at Newstead, being one evening with a party who were diverting themselves in front of the abbey, Lord Byron, by accident, pushed her into the basin which receives the cascades; and out of this little incident, as my informant very plausibly conjectures, the tale of his attempting to drown Lady Byron may have been fabricated.

After his lady had separated from him, the entire seclusion in which he lived gave full scope to the inventive faculties of his neighbours. There was no deed, however dark or desperate, that the village gossips were not ready to impute to him; and two grim images of satyrs, which stood in his gloomy garden, were, by the fears of those who had caught a glimpse of them, dignified with the name of "the old lord's devils." He was known always to go armed; and it is related that, on some particular occasion, when his neighbour, the late Sir John Warren, was admitted to dine with him, there was a case of pistols placed, as if forming a customary part of the dinner service, on the table.

During his latter years, the only companions of his solitude—besides that colony of crickets, which he is said to have amused himself with rearing and feeding\*—were old Murray, afterwards the favourite servant of his successor, and the female domestic, whose authority I have just quoted, and who, from the station she was suspected of being promoted to by her noble master, received generally through the neighbourhood the appellation of "Lady Betty."

Though living in this sordid and solitary style, he

\* To this Lord Byron used to add, on the authority of old servants of the family, that on the day of their patron's death, these crickets all left the house simultaneously, and in such numbers that it was impossible to cross the hall without treading on them.

was frequently, as it appears, much distressed for money; and one of the most serious of the injuries inflicted by him upon the property was his sale of the family estate of Rochdale in Lancashire, of which the mineral produce was accounted very valuable. He well knew, it is said, at the time of the sale, his inability to make out a legal title; nor is it supposed that the purchasers themselves were unacquainted with the defect of the conveyance. But they contemplated, and, it seems, actually did realize, an indemnity from any pecuniary loss, before they could, in the ordinary course of events, be dispossessed of the property. During the young lord's minority, proceedings were instituted for the recovery of this estate, and, as the reader will learn hereafter, with success.

At Newstead, both the mansion and the grounds around it were suffered to fall helplessly into decay; and among the few monuments of either care or expenditure which their lord left behind, were some masses of rockwork, on which much cost had been thrown away, and a few castellated buildings on the banks of the lake and in the woods. The forts upon the lake were designed to give a naval appearance to its waters, and frequently, in his more social days, he used to amuse himself with sham fights,—his vessels attacking the forts, and being cannonaded by them in return. The largest of these vessels had been built for him at some seaport on the eastern coast, and, being conveyed on wheels over the Forest to Newstead, was supposed to have fulfilled one of the prophecies of Mother Shipton, which declared that "when a ship laden with *ling* should cross over Sherwood Forest, the Newstead Estate would pass from the Byron family." In Nottinghamshire, "*ling*" is the term used for *heather*; and, in order to bear out Mother Shipton and spite the old lord, the country people, it is said, ran along by the side of the vessel, heaping it with heather all the way.

This eccentric peer, it is evident, cared but little about the fate of his descendants. With his young heir in Scotland he held no communication whatever; and if at any time he happened to mention him, which but rarely occurred, it was never under any other designation than that of "the little boy who lives at Aberdeen."

On the death of his grand-uncle, Lord Byron having become a ward of chancery, the Earl of Carlisle, who was in some degree connected with the family, being the son of the deceased lord's sister, was appointed his guardian; and in the autumn of 1798, Mrs Byron and her son, attended by their faithful May Gray, left Aberdeen for Newstead. Previously to their departure, the furniture of the humble lodgings which they had occupied was—with the exception of the plate and linen, which Mrs Byron took with her—sold, and the whole sum, that the effects of the mother of the Lord of Newstead yielded, was £74 17s. 7d.

From the early age at which Byron was taken to Scotland, as well as from the circumstance of his mother being a native of that country, he had every reason to consider himself—as, indeed, he boasts in *Don Juan*—"half a Scot by birth and bred a whole one." We have already seen how warmly he preserved through life his recollection of the mountain



scenery in which he was brought up; and in the passage of Don Juan, to which I have just referred, his allusion to the romantic bridge of Don, and to other localities of Aberdeen, shows an equal fidelity and fondness of retrospect:

As Auld Lang Syne brings Scotland, one and all,  
Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills and clear  
streams,  
The Dee, the Don, Balgounie's brig's black wall,  
All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams  
Of what I then dreamt, clothed in their own pall,  
Like Banquo's offspring—floating past me seems  
My childhood in this childishness of mine:—  
I care not—it is a glimpse of 'Auld Lang Syne.'

He adds in a note, "The Brig of Don, near the 'auld town' of Aberdeen, with its one arch and its black deep salmon stream, is in my memory as yesterday. I still remember, though perhaps I may misquote the awful proverb which made me pause to cross it, and yet lean over it with a childish delight, being an only son, at least by the mother's side. The saying, as recollected by me, was this, but I have never heard or seen it since I was nine years of age:

Brig of Balgounie, black 's your wa',  
Wi' a wife's ae son, and a mear's ae foal,  
Down ye shall fa'."

To meet with an Aberdonian was, at all times, a delight to him; and when the late Mr Scott, who was a native of Aberdeen, paid him a visit at Venice in the year 1819, in talking of the haunts of his childhood, one of the places he particularly mentioned was Wallace-nook, a spot where there is a rude statue of the Scottish chief still standing. From first to last, indeed, these recollections of the country of his youth never forsook him. In his early voyage into Greece, not only the shapes of the mountains, but the hills and harly forms of the Albanese,—all, as he says, "carried him back to Morven;" and, in his last fatal expedition, the dress which he himself chiefly wore at Cephalonia was a tartan jacket.

Cordial, however, and deep as were the impressions which he retained of Scotland, he would sometimes in this, as in all his other amiable feelings, endeavour perversely to belie his own better nature, and, when under the excitement of anger or ridicule, persuade not only others, but even himself, that the whole current of his feelings ran directly otherwise. The abuse with which, in his anger against the Edinburgh Review, he overwhelmed every thing Scotch, is an instance of this temporary triumph of wilfulness; and, at any time, the least association of ridicule with the country or its inhabitants was sufficient, for the moment, to put all his sentiment to flight. A friend of his once described to me the half playful rage, into which she saw him thrown, one day, by a heedless girl, who remarked that she thought he had a little of the Scotch accent. "Good God, I hope not!" he exclaimed. "I'm sure I have n't. I would rather the whole d—d country was sunk in the sea—I, the Scotch accent!"

\* The correct reading of this legend is, I understand, as follows:

Brig o' Balgounie, weicht (strong) is thy wa',  
Wi' a wife's ae son, on a mare's ae foal,  
Down shalt thou fa'.

To such sallies, however, whether in writing or conversation, but little weight is to be allowed,—particularly, in comparison with those strong testimonies which he has left on record of his fondness for his early home; and while, on his side, this feeling so indelibly existed, there is, on the part of the people of Aberdeen, who consider him as almost their fellow-townsmen, a correspondent warmth of affection for his memory and name. The various houses where he resided in his youth are pointed out to the traveller; to have seen him but once is a recollection boasted of with pride; and the Brig of Don, beautiful in itself, is invested, by his mere mention of it, with an additional charm. Two or three years since, the sum of five pounds was offered to a person in Aberdeen for a letter which he had in his possession, written by Captain Byron a few days before his death; and among the memorials of the young poet, which are treasured up by individuals of that place, there is one which it would not have a little amused himself to hear of, being no less characteristic a relic than an old china saucer, out of which he had bitten a large piece, in a fit of passion, when a child.

It was in the summer of 1798, as I have already said, that Lord Byron, then in his eleventh year, left Scotland with his mother and nurse, to take possession of the ancient seat of his ancestors. In one of his latest letters, referring to this journey, he says, "I recollect Loch Leven as it were but yesterday—I saw it in my way to England in 1798." They had already arrived at the Newstead toll-bar, and saw the woods of the Abbey stretching out to receive them, when Mrs Byron, affecting to be ignorant of the place, asked the woman of the toll-house—to whom that seat belonged? She was told that the owner of it, Lord Byron, had been some months dead. "And who is the next heir?" asked the proud and happy mother. "They say," answered the woman, "it is a little boy who lives at Aberdeen."—"And this is he, bless him!" exclaimed the nurse, no longer able to contain herself, and turning to kiss with delight the young lord who was seated on her lap.

Even under the most favorable circumstances, such an early elevation to rank would be but too likely to have a dangerous influence on the character: and the guidance under which young Byron entered upon his new station was, of all others, the least likely to lead him safely through its perils and temptations. His mother, without judgment or self-command, alternately spoiled him by indulgence, and irritated, or—what was still worse—amused him by her violence. That strong sense of the ridiculous, for which he was afterwards so remarkable, and which showed itself thus early, got the better even of his fear of her; and when Mrs Byron, who was a short and corpulent person, and rolled considerably in her gait, would, in a rage, endeavour to catch him, for the purpose of inflicting punishment, the young urchin, proud of being able to outstrip her, notwithstanding his lameness, would run round the room, laughing like a little Puck, and mocking at all her menaces. In the few anecdotes of his early life which he related in his "Memoranda," though the name of his mother was never mentioned but with respect, it was not difficult to perceive that the recollections she had left behind—at least, those that had made the deepest impression—were of a



painful nature. One of the most striking passages, indeed, in the few pages of that Memoir which related to his early days, was where, in speaking of his own sensitiveness, on the subject of his deformed foot, he described the feeling of horror and humiliation that came over him, when his mother, in one of her fits of passion, called him "a lame brat." As all that he had felt strongly through life was, in some shape or other, reproduced in his poetry, it was not likely that an expression such as this should fail of being recorded. Accordingly we find, in the opening of his drama, "The Deformed Transformed,"

*Bertha.* Out, hunchback !  
*Arnold.* I was born so, mother !

It may be questioned, indeed, whether that whole drama was not indebted for its origin to this single recollection.

While such was the character of the person under whose immediate eye his youth was passed, the counteraction which a kind and watchful guardian might have opposed to such example and influence was almost wholly lost to him. Connected but remotely with the family, and never having had any opportunity of knowing the boy, it was with much reluctance that Lord Carlisle originally undertook the trust ; nor can we wonder that, when his duties as a guardian brought him acquainted with Mrs Byron, he should be deterred from interfering more than was absolutely necessary for the child, by his fear of coming into collision with the violence and caprice of the mother.

Had even the character which the last lord left behind been sufficiently popular to pique his young successor into an emulation of his good name, such a salutary rivalry of the dead would have supplied the place of living examples ; and there is no mind in which such an ambition would have been more likely to spring up than that of Byron. But unluckily, as we have seen, this was not the case ; and not only was so fair a stimulus to good conduct wanting, but a rivalry of a very different nature substituted in its place. The strange anecdotes told of the last lord by the country people, among whom his fierce and solitary habits had procured for him a sort of fearful renown, were of a nature lively to arrest the fancy of the young poet, and even to waken in his mind a sort of boyish admiration for singularities which he found thus elevated into matters of wonder and record. By some it has been even supposed that in these stories of his eccentric relative his imagination found the first dark outlines of that ideal character, which he afterwards embodied in so many different shapes, and ennobled by his genius. But however this may be, it is at least far from improbable that, destitute as he was of other and better models, the peculiarities of his immediate predecessor should, in a considerable degree, have influenced his fancy and tastes. One habit, which he seems early to have derived from this spirit of imitation, and which he retained through life, was that of constantly having arms of some description about or near him—it being his practice, when quite a boy, to carry, at all times, small loaded pistols in his waistcoat pockets. The affray, indeed, of the late lord with Mr Chaworth had, at a very early age, by connecting duelling in his mind with the name of his race, led him to turn his attention to this mode of

arbitrament ; and the mortification which he had some time to endure at school, from insults, as imagined, hazarded on the presumption of his physical inferiority, found consolation in the thought that a day would yet arrive when the law of the pistol would place him on a level with the strongest.

On their arrival from Scotland, Mrs Byron, with the hope of having his lameness removed, placed her son under the care of a person, who professed the cure of such cases, at Nottingham. The name of this man, who appears to have been a mere empiric pretender, was Lavender ; and the manner in which he is said to have proceeded was by first rubbing the foot over, for a considerable time, with handfulls of oil, and then twisting the limb forcibly round, and screwing it up in a wooden machine. That the boy might not lose ground in his education during this interval, he received lessons in Latin from a respectable schoolmaster, Mr Rogers, who read parts of Virgil and Cicero with him, and represents his proficiency to have been, for his age, considerable. He was often, during his lessons, in violent pain, from the torturing position in which his foot was kept ; and Mr Rogers one day said to him, "It makes me so comfortable, my lord, to see you sitting there in so much pain as I know you must be suffering." "Never mind, Mr Rogers," answered the boy ; "you shall not see any signs of it in me."

This gentleman, who speaks with the most affectionate remembrance of his pupil, mentions several instances of the gaiety of spirit with which he used to take revenge on his tormentor, Lavender, by exposing and laughing at his pompous ignorance. Among other tricks, he one day scribbled down on a sheet of paper all the letters of the alphabet, put together at random, but in the form of words and sentences, and placing them before this all-pretending person, asked him gravely what language it was. The quack, unwilling to own his ignorance, answered confidently "Italian,"—to the infinite delight, as it may be supposed, of the little satirist in embryo, who burst into a loud, triumphant laugh at the success of the trap which he had thus laid for imposture.

With that mindfulness towards all who had been about him in his youth, which was so distinguished a trait in his character, he, many years after, when in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, sent a messenger full of kindness, to his old instructor, and bid him bear of it tell him, that, beginning from a certain line in Virgil which he mentioned, he could recite twenty verses on, which he well remembered having read with this gentleman, when suffering all the time the most dreadful pain.

It was about this period, according to his nurse May Gray, that the first symptom of any tendency towards rhyming showed itself in him ; and the occasion which she represented as having given rise to this childish effort was as follows. An elderly lady who was in the habit of visiting his mother, had made use of some expression that very much affronted him, and these slights, his nurse said, he generally resented violently and implacably. The old lady had some curious notions respecting the soul, which, he imagined, took its flight to the moon after death, and he had written a preliminary essay before it proceeded further. One day, after a repetition, it is supposed, of her origi-



insult to the boy, he appeared before his nurse in a violent rage. "Well, my little hero," she asked, "what's the matter with you now?" Upon which the child answered, that "this old woman had put him in a most terrible passion—that he could not bear the sight of her," &c. &c.—and then broke out into the following doggerel, which he repeated over and over, as if delighted with the vent he had found for his rage:—

In Nottingham county there lives at Swan Green,  
As curst an old lady as ever was seen;  
And when she does die, which I hope will be soon,  
She firmly believes she will go to the moon.

It is possible that these rhymes may have been caught up at second-hand; and he himself, as will presently be seen, dated his "first dash into poetry," as he calls it, a year later:—but the anecdote altogether, as containing some early dawnings of character, appeared to me worth preserving.

The small income of Mrs Byron received at this time the addition,—most seasonable, no doubt, though on what grounds accorded, I know not—of a pension, on the Civil List, of £300 a year. The following is a copy of the King's Warrant for the grant:—

(Signed)

"GEORGE R.

"Whereas we are graciously pleased to grant unto Catharine Gordon Byron, widow, an annuity of £300, to commence from 5th July, 1799, and to continue during pleasure: our will and pleasure is, that, by virtue of our general letters of Privy Seal, bearing date 5th November, 1760, you do issue and pay out of our treasure, or revenue in the receipt of the Exchequer, applicable to the uses of our civil government, unto the said Catharine Gordon Byron, widow, or her assignees, the said annuity, to commence from 5th July, 1799, and to be paid quarterly, or otherwise, as the same shall become due, and to continue during our pleasure; and for so doing this shall be your warrant. Given at our Court of St James, 2d October, 1799, 39th year of our reign.

"By His Majesty's command.

(Signed)

"W. PITT.

"S. DOUGLAS.

"Edwd. Roberts, Dep. Cler<sup>us</sup>. Pellium."

Finding but little benefit from the Nottingham practitioner, Mrs Byron, in the summer of the year 1799, thought it right to remove her boy to London, where, at the suggestion of Lord Carlisle, he was put under the care of Dr Baillie. It being an object, too, to place him at some quiet school, where the means adopted for the cure of his infirmity might be more easily attended to, the establishment of the late Dr Glennie, at Dulwich, was chosen for that purpose; and as it was thought advisable that he should have a separate apartment to sleep in, Dr Glennie had a bed put up for him in his own study. Mrs Byron, who had remained a short time behind him at Newstead, on her arrival in town took a house upon Sloane Terrace; and under the direction of Dr Baillie, one of the

Messrs. Sheldrake\* was employed to construct an instrument for the purpose of straightening the limb of the child. Moderation in all athletic exercises was, of course, prescribed; but Dr Glennie found it by no means easy to enforce compliance with this rule, as, though sufficiently quiet when along with him in his study, no sooner was the boy released for play, than he showed as much ambition to excel in all exercises as the most robust youth of the school;—"an ambition," adds Dr Glennie, in the communication with which he favoured me a short time before his death, "which I have remarked to prevail in general in young persons labouring under similar defects of nature."†

Having been instructed in the elements of Latin grammar according to the mode of teaching adopted at Aberdeen, the young student had now unluckily to retrace his steps, and was, as is too often the case, retarded in his studies and perplexed in his recollections, by the necessity of toiling through the rudiments again in one of the forms prescribed by the English schools. "I found him enter upon his tasks, says Dr Glennie, "with alacrity and success. He was playful, good-humoured, and beloved by his companions. His reading in history and poetry was far beyond the usual standard of his age, and in my study he found many books open to him, both to please his taste and to gratify his curiosity; among others, a set of our poets, from Chaucer to Churchill, which I am almost tempted to say he had more than once perused from beginning to end. He showed at this age an intimate acquaintance with the historical parts of the Holy Scriptures, upon which he seemed delighted to converse with me, especially after our religious exercises of a Sunday evening; when he would reason upon the facts contained in the Sacred Volume, with every appearance of belief in the divine truths which they unfold. That the impressions," adds the writer, "thus imbibed in his boyhood, had, notwithstanding the irregularities of his after life, sunk deep into his mind, will appear, I think, to every impartial reader of his works in general; and I never have been able to divest myself of the persuasion that, in the strange aberrations which so unfortunately marked his subsequent career, he must have found it difficult to violate the better principles early instilled into him."

It should have been mentioned, among the traits which I have recorded of his still earlier years, that, according to the character given of him by his first nurse's husband, he was, when a mere child, "particularly inquisitive and puzzling about religion."

\* In a letter, addressed lately by Mr Sheldrake to the Editor of a Medical Journal, it is stated that the person of the same name who attended Lord Byron at Dulwich owed the honour of being called in to a mistake, and effected nothing towards the remedy of the limb. The writer of the letter adds that he was himself consulted by Lord Byron four or five years afterwards, and though unable to undertake the cure of the defect, from the unwillingness of his noble patient to submit to restraint or confinement, was successful in constructing a sort of shoe for the foot, which, in some degree, alleviated the inconvenience under which he laboured.

† "Quoique," says Alder, speaking of his school-days, "je fusse le plus petit de tous les *grands* qui se trouvaient au second appartement où j'étais descendu, c'était précisément mon infériorité de taille, d'âge, et de force, qui me donnait plus de courage, et m'engageait à me distinguer."



It was not long before Dr Glennie began to discover—what instructors of youth must too often experience—that the parent was a much more difficult subject to deal with than the child. Though professing entire acquiescence in the representations of this gentleman, as to the propriety of leaving her son to pursue his studies without interruption, Mrs Byron had neither sense nor self-denial enough to act up to these professions; but, in spite of the remonstrances of Dr Glennie, and the injunctions of Lord Carlisle, continued to interfere with and thwart the progress of the boy's education in every way that a fond, wrong-headed, and self-willed mother could devise. In vain was it stated to her that, in all the elemental parts of learning which are requisite for a youth destined to a great public school, young Byron was much behind other youths of his age, and that, to retrieve this deficiency, the undivided application of his whole time would be necessary. Though appearing to be sensible of the truth of these suggestions, she not the less embarrassed and obstructed the teacher in his task. Not content with the interval between Saturday and Monday, which, contrary to Dr Glennie's wish, the boy generally passed at Sloane Terrace, she would frequently keep him at home a week beyond this time, and, still further to add to the distraction of such interruptions, collected around him a numerous circle of young acquaintances, without exercising, as may be supposed, much discrimination, in her choice. "How indeed could she?" asks Dr Glennie;—"Mrs Byron was a total stranger to English society and English manners; with an exterior far from prepossessing, an understanding where nature had not been more bountiful, a mind almost wholly without cultivation, and the peculiarities of northern opinions, northern habits, and northern accent, I trust I do no great prejudice to the memory of my countrywoman, if I say Mrs Byron was not a Madame de Lambert, endowed with powers to retrieve the fortune, and form the character and manners of a young nobleman, her son."

The interposition of Lord Carlisle, to whose authority it was found necessary to appeal, had more than once given a check to these disturbing indulgences. Sanctioned by such support, Dr Glennie even ventured to oppose himself to the privilege, so often abused, of the usual visits on a Saturday; and the scenes which he had to encounter on each new case of refusal were such as would have wearied out the patience of any less zealous and conscientious schoolmaster. Mrs Byron, whose paroxysms of passion were not, like those of her son, "silent rages," would, on all these occasions, break out into such audible fits of temper as it was impossible to keep from reaching the ears of the scholars and the servants; and Dr Glennie had, one day, the pain of overhearing a schoolfellow of his noble pupil say to him, "Byron, your mother is a fool;" to which the other answered gloomily, "I know it." In consequence of all this violence and impracticability of temper, Lord Carlisle at length ceased to have any intercourse with the mother of his ward; and on a further application from the instructor, for the exertion of his influence, said, "I can have nothing more to do with Mrs Byron,—you must now manage her as you can."

Among the books that lay accessible to the boys in Doctor Glennie's study, was a pamphlet written by the brother of one of his most intimate friends, entitled "Narrative of the Shipwreck of the *Juno* on the coast of Arracan, in the year 1795." The writer had been the second officer of the ship, and the account which he had sent home to his friends of the sufferings of himself and his fellow-passengers, had appeared to them so touching and strange, that they determined to publish it. The pamphlet attracted but little, it seems, of public attention, but among the young students of Dulwich Grove it was a favourite study; and the impression which it left on the retentive mind of Byron may have had some share, perhaps, in suggesting that curious research, through all the various Accounts of Shipwrecks upon record, by which he prepared himself to depict with such power a scene of the same description in *Don Juan*. The following affecting incident, mentioned by the author of this pamphlet, has been adopted, it will be seen, with but little change either of phrase or circumstance, by the poet:—

"Of those who were not immediately near me I knew little, unless by their cries. Some struggled hard, and died in great agony; but it was not always those whose strength was most impaired that died the easiest, though, in some cases, it might have been so. I particularly remember the following instances. Mr Wade's servant, a stout and healthy boy, died early and almost without a groan; while another of the same age, but of a less promising appearance, held out much longer. The fate of these unfortunate boys differed also in another respect highly deserving of notice. Their fathers were both in the fore-top when the lads were taken ill. The father of Mr Wade's boy hearing of his son's illness, answered with indifference, 'that he could do nothing for him,' and left him to his fate. The other, when the accounts reached him, hurried down, and watching for a favourable moment, crawled on all fours along the weather gunwale to his son, who was in the mizen rigging. By that time, only three or four planks of the quarter-deck remained, just over the weather-quarter gallery; and to this spot the unhappy man led his son, making him fast to the rail to prevent his being washed away. Whenever the boy was seized with a fit of retching, the father lifted him up and wiped the foam from his lips; and, if a shower came, he made him open his mouth to receive the drops, or gently squeezed them into it from a rag. In this affecting situation both remained four or five days, till the boy expired. The unfortunate parent, as if unwilling to believe the fact, then raised the body, gazed wistfully at it, and, when he could no longer entertain any doubt, watched it in silence till it was carried off by the sea; then, wrapping himself in a piece of canvas, sunk down and rose no more; though he must have lived two days longer, as we judged from the quivering of his limbs, when a wave broke over him."<sup>\*</sup>

\* The following is Lord Byron's version of this touching narrative, and it will be felt, I think, by every reader, that this is one of the instances in which poetry must be content to yield the palm to prose. There is a pathos in the last sentences of the seaman's recital, which the artifices of metre and rhyme were sure to disturb, and which, indeed,



It was probably during one of the vacations of this year, that the boyish love for his young cousin, Miss Parker, to which he attributes the glory of having first inspired him with poetry, took possession of his fancy. "My first dash into poetry (he says) was as early as 1800. It was the ebullition of a passion for my first cousin, Margaret Parker (daughter and granddaughter of the two Admirals Parker), one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings. I have long forgotten the verses, but it would be difficult for me to forget her—her dark eyes—her long eyelashes—her completely Greek cast of face and figure! I was then about twelve—she rather older, perhaps a year. She died about a year or two afterwards, in consequence of a fall, which injured her spine, and induced consumption. Her sister Augusta (by some thought still more beautiful) died of the same malady; and it was, indeed, in attending her, that Margaret met with the accident which occasioned her own death. My sister told me, that when she went to see her, shortly before her death, upon accidentally mentioning my name, Margaret coloured through the paleness of mortality to the eyes, to the great astonishment of my sister, who (residing with her grandmother, Lady Holderness, and seeing but little of me, for family reasons) knew nothing of our attachment, nor could conceive why my name should affect her at such a time. I knew nothing of her illness, being at Harrow and in the country, till she was gone. Some years after, I made an attempt at an elegy—a very dull one\*."

"I do not recollect scarcely any thing equal to the no verses, however beautiful, could half so naturally and powerfully express.

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,  
And with them their two sons, of whom the one  
Was more robust and hardy to the view,  
But he died early; and when he was gone,  
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw  
One glance on him, and said, "Heaven's will be done,  
I can do nothing," and he saw him throw  
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaker child,  
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;  
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild  
And patient spirit held aloof his fate;  
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,  
As if to win a part from off the weight  
He saw increasing on his father's heart,  
With the deep, deadly thought, that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised  
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam  
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed;  
And when the wish'd-for shower at length was come,  
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,  
Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd to roam,  
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain  
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,  
And look'd upon it long, and when at last  
Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay  
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,  
He watch'd it wistfully, until away  
'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 't was cast;  
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,  
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

*Don Juan, Canto II.*

In the collection of "Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea," to which Lord Byron so skilfully had recourse for the technical knowledge and facts out of which he has composed his own powerful description, the reader will find the account of the loss of the *Juno* here referred to.

\* This elegy is in his first (unpublished) volume.

transparent beauty of my cousin, or to the sweetness of her temper, during the short period of our intimacy. She looked as if she had been made out of a rainbow—all beauty and peace.

"My passion had its usual effects upon me—I could not sleep—I could not eat—I could not rest; and although I had reason to know that she loved me, it was the texture of my life to think of the time which must elapse before we could meet again—being usually about twelve hours of separation! But I was a fool then, and am not much wiser now."

He had been nearly two years under the tuition of Doctor Glennie, when his mother, discontented at the slowness of his progress—though being herself, as we have seen, the principal cause of it—entreated so urgently of Lord Carlisle to have him removed to a public school, that her wish was at length acceded to; and "accordingly," says Doctor Glennie, "to Harrow he went, as little prepared as it is natural to suppose from two years of elementary instruction, thwarted by every art that could estrange the mind of youth from preceptor, from school, and from all serious study."

This gentleman saw but little of Lord Byron after he left his care, but, from the manner in which both he and Mrs Glennie spoke of their early charge, it was evident that his subsequent career had been watched by them with interest; that they had seen even his errors through the softening medium of their first feeling towards him, and had never, in his most irregular aberrations, lost the traces of those fine qualities which they had loved and admired in him when a child. Of the constancy, too, of this feeling, Doctor Glennie had to stand no ordinary trial, having visited Geneva in 1817, soon after Lord Byron had left it, when the private character of the poet was in the very crisis of its unpopularity, and when, among those friends who knew that Dr Glennie had once been his tutor, it was made a frequent subject of banter with this gentleman, that he had not more strictly disciplined his pupil, or, to use their own words, "made a better boy of him."

About the time when young Byron was removed for his education, to London, his nurse May Gray left the service of Mrs Byron, and returned to her native country, where she died about three years since. She had married respectably, and, in one of her last illnesses, was attended professionally by Doctor Ewing of Aberdeen, who, having been always an enthusiastic admirer of Lord Byron, was no less surprised than delighted to find that the person under his care had for so many years been an attendant on his favourite poet. With avidity, as may be supposed, he noted down from the lips of his patient all the particulars she could remember of his lordship's early days; and it is to the communications with which this gentleman has favoured me, that I am indebted for many of the anecdotes of that period which I have related.

As a mark of gratitude for her attention to him, Byron had, in parting with May Gray, presented her with his watch,—the first of which he had ever been possessor. This watch the faithful nurse preserved fondly through life, and, when she died, it was given by her husband to Doctor Ewing, by whom, as a relic of genius, it is equally valued. The



affectionate boy had also presented her with a full-length miniature of himself, which was painted by Kay of Edinburgh, in the year 1795, and which represents him standing with a bow and arrows in his hand, and a profusion of hair falling over his shoulders. This curious little drawing has likewise passed into the possession of Dr Ewing.

The same thoughtful gratitude was evinced by Byron towards the sister of this woman, his first nurse, to whom he wrote some years after he left Scotland, in the most cordial terms, making inquiries of her welfare, and informing her, with much joy, that he had at last got his foot so far restored as to be able to put on a common boot,—“an event, for which he had long anxiously wished, and which he was sure would give her great pleasure.”

In the summer of the year 1801 he accompanied his mother to Cheltenham, and the account which he himself gives of his sensations at that period\* shows at what an early age those feelings that lead to poetry had unfolded themselves in his heart. A boy, gazing with emotion on the hills at sunset, because they remind him of the mountains among which he passed his childhood, is already, in heart and imagination, a poet. It was during their stay at Cheltenham that a fortune-teller, whom his mother consulted, pronounced a prediction concerning him which, for some time, left a strong impression on his mind. Mrs Byron had, it seems, in her first visit to this person (who, if I mistake not, was the celebrated fortune-teller, Mrs Williams) endeavoured to pass herself off as a maiden lady. The Sibyl, however, was not so easily deceived;—she pronounced her wise consultant to be not only a married woman, but the mother of a son who was lame, and to whom, among other events which she read in the stars, it was predestined that his life should be in danger from poison before he was of age, and that he should be twice married,—the second time, to a foreign lady. About two years afterwards he himself mentioned these particulars to the person from whom I heard the story, and said that the thought of the first part of the prophecy very often occurred to him. The latter part, however, seems to have been the nearer guess of the two.

To a shy disposition, such as Byron's was in his youth—and such as, to a certain degree, it continued all his life—the transition from a quiet establishment, like that of Dulwich Grove, to the bustle of a great public school, was sufficiently trying. Accordingly, we find from his own account, that, for the first year and a half, he “hated Harrow.” The activity, however, and sociableness of his nature soon conquered this repugnance; and, from being, as he himself says, “a most unpopular boy,” he rose at length to be a leader in all the sports, schemes, and mischief of the school.

For a general notion of his disposition and capacities at this period, we could not have recourse to a more trustworthy or valuable authority than that of the Rev. Dr Drury, who was at this time head master of the school, and to whom Lord Byron has left on record a tribute of affection and respect, which, like the reverential regard of Dryden for

Dr Busby, will long associate together honourably the names of the poet and the master. From this venerable scholar I have received the following brief, but important, statement of the impressions which his early intercourse with the young noble left upon him:—

“Mr Hanson, Lord Byron's solicitor, consigned him to my care at the age of thirteen and a half, with remarks, that his education had been neglected; that he was ill prepared for a public school, but that he thought there was a *cleverness* about him. After his departure I took my young disciple into my study, and endeavoured to bring him forward by inquiries as to his former amusements, employments, and associates, but with little or no effect;—and I soon found that a wild mountain colt had been submitted to my management. But there was mind in his eye. In the first place, it was necessary to attach him to an elder boy, in order to familiarize him with the objects before him, and with some parts of the system in which he was to move. But the information he received from his conductor gave him no pleasure, when he heard of the advances of some in the school, much younger than himself, and conceived by his own deficiency that he should be degraded and humbled, by being placed below them. This I discovered, and having committed him to the care of one of the masters, as his tutor, I assured him he should not be placed till, by diligence, he might rank with those of his own age. He was pleased with this assurance, and felt himself on easier terms with his associates;—for a degree of shyness hung about him for some time. His manner and temper soon convinced me, that he might be led by a silken string to a point, rather than by a cable;—on that principle I acted. After some continuance at Harrow, and when the powers of his mind had begun to expand, the late Lord Carlisle, his relation, desired to see me in town;—I waited on his lordship. His object was to inform me of Lord Byron's expectations of property when he came of age, which he represented as contracted, and to inquire respecting his abilities. On the former circumstance I made no remark; as to the latter, I replied, ‘He has talents, my lord, which will add lustre to his rank.’ ‘Indeed!!!’ said his lordship, with a degree of surprise, that, according to my feeling, did not express in it all the satisfaction I expected.

“The circumstance to which you allude, as to his declamatory powers, was as follows. The upper part of the school composed declamations, which, after a revision by the tutors, were submitted to the master: to him the authors repeated them, that they might be improved in manner and action, before their public delivery. I certainly was much pleased with Lord Byron's attitude, gesture, and delivery, as well as with his composition. All who spoke on that day adhered, as usual, to the letter of their composition, as, in the earlier part of his delivery, did Lord Byron. But to my surprise he suddenly diverged from the written composition, with a boldness and rapidity sufficient to alarm me, lest he should fail in memory as to the conclusion. There was no failure;—he came round to the close of his composition without discovering any impediment and irregularity on the whole. I questioned him, why he had

\* See page 6.



altered his declamation? He declared he had made no alteration, and did not know, in speaking, that he had deviated from it one letter. I believed him, and from a knowledge of his temperament am convinced, that, fully impressed with the sense and substance of the subject, he was hurried on to expressions and colourings more striking than what his pen had expressed.\*

In communicating to me these recollections of his illustrious pupil, Dr Drury has added a circumstance which shows how strongly, even in all the pride of his fume, that awe with which he had once regarded the opinions of his old master still hung around the poet's sensitive mind:—

"After my retreat from Harrow, I received from him two very affectionate letters. In my occasional visits subsequently to London, when he had fascinated the public with his productions, I demanded of him, why, as in *duty bound*, he had sent none to me? 'Because,' said he, 'you are the only man I never wish to read them':—but, in a few moments, he added—'What do you think of the Corsair?'"

I shall now lay before the reader such notices of his school life as I find scattered through the various note-books he has left behind. Coming, as they do, from his own pen, it is needless to add, that they afford the liveliest and best records of this period that can be furnished.

"Till I was eighteen years old (odd as it may seem) I had never read a Review. But while at Harrow, my general information was so great on modern topics as to induce a suspicion that I could only collect so much information from *Reviews*, because I was never *seen* reading, but always idle, and in mischief, or at play. The truth is, that I read eating, read in bed, read when no one else read, and had read all sorts of reading since I was five years old, and yet never met with a Review, which is the only reason I know of why I should not have read them. But it is true; for I remember when Hunter and Curzon, in 1804, told me this opinion at Harrow, I made them laugh by my ludicrous astonishment in asking them 'What is a Review?' To be sure, they were then less common. In three years more, I was better acquainted with that same; but the first I ever read was in 1805-7.

"At school I was (as I have said) remarked for the extent and readiness of my *general* information; but in all other respects idle, capable of great sudden exertions (such as thirty or forty Greek hexameters, of course with such prosody as it pleased God), but of few continuous drudgeries. My qualities were much more oratorical and martial than poetical, and Dr Drury, my grand patron (our head master), had a great notion that I should turn out an orator, from my fluency, my turbulence, my voice, my copiousness of declamation, and my action. I remember that my first declamation astonished him into some unwonted

\* For the display of his declamatory powers, on the speech-days, he selected always the most vehement passages,—such as the speech of Zanga over the body of Alonzo, and Lear's address to the storm. On one of these public occasions, when it was arranged that he should take the part of Drances, and young Peel that of Turnus, Lord Byron suddenly changed his mind, and preferred the speech of Latinus,—fearing, it was supposed, some ridicule from the inappropriate taunt of Turnus, "Ventosus in lingua, pedibusque fugacibus istis."

(for he was economical of such) and sudden compliments, before the declaimers at our first rehearsal. My first Harrow verses (that is, English, as exercises), a translation of a chorus from the Prometheus of Æschylus, were received by him but coolly. No one had the least notion that I should subside into poesy.

"Peel, the orator and statesman ('that was, or is, or is to be'), was my form-fellow, and we were both at the top of our remove (a public-school phrase). We were on good terms, but his brother was my intimate friend. There were always great hopes of Peel, amongst us all, masters and scholars—and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar he was greatly my superior; as a declaimer and actor, I was reckoned at least his equal; as a schoolboy, *out* of school, I was always *in* scrapes, and *he never*; and *in school*, he *always* knew his lesson, and I rarely,—but when I knew it, I knew it nearly as well. In general information, history, &c. &c., I think I was *his* superior, as well as of most boys of my standing.

"The prodigy of our school-days was George Sinclair (son of Sir John); he made exercises for half the school (*literally*), verses at will, and themes without it. \* \* \* He was a friend of mine, and in the same remove, and used at times to beg me to let him do my exercise,—a request always most readily accorded upon a pinch, or when I wanted to do something else, which was usually once an hour. On the other hand, he was pacific and I savage; so I fought for him, or thrashed others for him, or thrashed himself to make him thrash others, when it was necessary, as a point of honour and stature, that he should so chastise;—or we talked politics, for he was a great politician, and were very good friends. I have some of his letters, written to me from school, still.\*

"Clayton was another school-monster of learning, and talent, and hope; but what has become of him I do not know. He was certainly a genius.

"My school-friendships were with *me passionata* † (for I was always violent), but I do not know that there is one which has endured (to be sure some have been cut short by death) till now. That with Lord Clare begun one of the earliest and lasted longest—being only interrupted by distance—that I know of. I never hear the word 'Clare' without a beating of the heart even *now*, and I write it with the feelings of 1803-4-5 ad infinitum."

The following extract is from another of his manuscript journals.

"At Harrow I fought my way very fairly. ‡ I think I lost but one battle out of seven; and that

\* His letters to Mr Sinclair, in return, are unluckily lost,—one of them, as this gentleman tells me, having been highly characteristic of the jealous sensitiveness of his noble schoolfellow, being written under the impression of some ideal slight, and beginning, angrily, "Sir."

† On a leaf of one of his note-books, dated 1805, I find the following passage from Marmonel, which no doubt struck him as applicable to the enthusiasm of his own youthful friendships:—"L'amitié, qui dans le monde est à peine un sentiment, est une passion dans les cloîtres."—*Contes Moraux*.

‡ Mr. D'Israeli, in his ingenious work "on the Literary Character," has given it as his opinion, that a disinclination to athletic sports and exercises will be, in general, found among the peculiarities which mark a youth of ge-

was to H—;—and the rascal did not win it but by the unfair treatment of his own boarding-house, where we boxed—I had not even a second. I never forgave him, and I should be sorry to meet him now, as I am sure we should quarrel. My most memorable combats were with Morgan, Rice, Rainsford, and Lord Jocelyn,—but we were always friendly afterwards. I was a most unpopular boy, but *led* latterly, and have retained many of my school-friendships, and all my dislikes—except to Doctor Butler, whom I treated rebelliously, and have been sorry ever since. Doctor Drury, whom I plagued sufficiently too, was the best, the kindest (and yet strict, too) friend I ever had—and I look upon him still as a father.

"P. Hunter, Curzon, Long, and Tatersall, were my principal friends. Clare, Dorset, C<sup>s</sup>. Gordon, De Bath, Claridge, and J<sup>no</sup>. Wingfield, were my juniors and favourites, whom I spoil by indulgence. Of all human beings, I was, perhaps, at one time, the most attached to poor Wingfield, who died at Coimbra, 1811, before I returned to England."

One of the most striking results of the English system of education is, that while in no country are there so many instances of manly friendships early formed and steadily maintained, so in no other country, perhaps, are the feelings towards the parental home so early estranged, or, at the best, feebly cherished. Transplanted as boys are from the domestic circle, at a time of life when the affections are most disposed to cling, it is but natural that they should seek a substitute for the ties of home\* in those boyish friendships which they form at school, and which, connected as they are with the scenes and events over which youth threw its charm, retain ever after the strongest hold upon their hearts. In Ireland and, I believe, also in France, where the system of education is more domestic, a different result is accordingly observable:—the paternal home comes

nina. In support of this notion he quotes Beattie, who thus describes his ideal minstrel:—

Concourse, and noise, and toll, he ever fled,  
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray  
Of squabbling imps, but to the forest sped.

His highest authority, however, is Milton, who says of himself,

When I was yet a child, no childish play  
To me was pleasing.

Such general rules, however, are as little applicable to the dispositions of men of genius as to their powers. If, in the instances which Mr D'Israeli adduces, an indisposition to bodily exertion was manifested, as many others may be cited in which the directly opposite propensity was remarkable. In war, the most turbulent of exercises, *Æschylus*, *Dante*, *Camœns*, and a long list of other poets distinguished themselves; and, though it may be granted that *Horace* was a bad rider, and *Virgil* no tennis-player, yet, on the other hand, *Dante* was, we know, a falconer as well as a swordsman; *Tasso*, expert both as a swordsman and dancer; *Alfieri*, a great rider; *Klopstock*, a skater; *Cowper*, famous, in his youth, at cricket and foot-ball; and *Lord Byron* pre-eminent in all sorts of exercises.

\* At eight or nine years of age the boy goes to school. From that moment he becomes a stranger in his father's house. The course of parental kindness is interrupted. The smiles of his mother, those tender admonitions, and the solicitous care of both his parents, are no longer before his eyes—year after year he feels himself more detached from them, till at last he is so effectually weaned from the connexion, as to find himself happier any where than in their company."—*Cowper, Letters*.

in for its due and natural share of affection, and growth of friendships, out of this domestic circle proportionably diminished.

To a youth like *Byron*, abounding with the passionate feelings, and finding sympathy with the ruder parts of his nature at home, the world of school afforded a vent for his affections which was sure to call them forth in their most vigorous form. Accordingly, the friendships which he contracted both at school and college were little more than what he himself describes them, "passions." The want he felt at home of those kindred affections, which greeted him among "Ida's band," is thus strongly described in one of his poems:—\*

Is there no cause beyond the common claim,  
Endear'd to all in childhood's very name?  
Ah! sure some stronger impulse vibrates here  
Which whispers, friendship will be doubly dear  
To one who thus for kindred hearts must roam  
And seek abroad the love denied at home:  
Those hearts, dear *Ida*, have I found in thee,  
A home, a world, a paradise to me.

This early volume, indeed, abounds with the affectionate tributes to his school-fellows. Expostulations to one of them, who had given some cause for complaint, are thus tenderly conveyed:—

You knew that my soul, that my heart, my eye  
If danger demanded, were wholly your own;  
You knew me unalter'd by years or by distance  
Devoted to love and to friendship alone.  
You knew—but away with the vain retrospection  
The bond of affection no longer endures.  
Too late you may droop o'er the fond recollection  
And sigh for the friend who was formerly your own.

The following description of what he felt on leaving Harrow, when he encountered in the arms of some of his old school-fellows, falls far short of the scene which actually occurred but a few years after his death, in Italy,—when, on meeting with a friend, *Lord Clare*, after a long separation, he was affected almost to tears by the recollections which rushed on him.

—If chance some well remember'd face,  
Some old companion of my early race,  
Advance to claim his friend with honest joy,  
My eyes, my heart proclaim'd me still a boy;  
The glittering scene, the fluttering groups around  
Were all forgotten when my friend was found.

It will be seen, by the extracts from his manuscript-book, which I have given, that Mr P

\* Even previously to any of these school friendships, had formed the same sort of romantic attachment of his own age, the son of one of his tenants at *Netley*, and there are two or three of his most juvenile poems in which he dwells no less upon the inequality than the value of this friendship. Thus:

Let folly smile, to view the names  
Of thee and me in friendship twined;  
Yet Virtue will have greater claims  
To love, than rank with Vice combined.  
And though unequal is thy fate,  
Since little deck'd my higher birth,  
Yet envy not this gaudy state,  
Thine is the pride of modest worth.  
Our souls at least congenial meet,  
Nor can thy lot my rank disgrace;  
Our intercourse is not less sweet  
Since worth of rank supplies the place.

November



see of his contemporaries at Harrow; and the following interesting anecdote of an occurrence in which both were concerned, has been related to me by a friend of the latter gentleman, in whose words I shall endeavour to nearly as possible give it.

While Lord Byron and Mr Peel were at Harrow together, a youth some few years older, whose name was \*\*\*\*\* claimed a right to fag little Peel, which claim (whether rightly or wrongly, I know not) Peel resisted. His resistance, however, was in vain:—\*\*\*\*\* not only subdued him, but determined also to punish the refractory slave; and proceeded forthwith to put this determination in practice, by inflicting a kind of bastinado on the inner fleshy side of the boy's arm, which, during the operation, was raised round with some degree of technical skill, to render the pain more acute. While the stripes were sounding each other, and poor Peel writhing under them, Byron saw and felt for the misery of his friend; and, although to know that he was not strong enough to fight \*\*\*\*\* with any hope of success, and that it was dangerous even to approach him, he advanced to the scene of action, and with a blush of rage, tears in his eyes, and a voice trembling between terror and indignation, asked very humbly if \*\*\*\*\* would be pleased to tell him, "how many stripes he meant to inflict?"—"Why," returned the executioner, "you little rascal, what is that to you?"—"Because, if you please," said Byron, holding out his arm, "I would take half!"

There is a mixture of simplicity and magnanimity in this little trait which is truly heroic; and, however we may smile at the friendships of boys, it is but rarely that the friendship of manhood is capable of any thing half so generous.

Among the school favourites a great number, it may be observed, were nobles or of noble family—Lord Glenelg, the Duke of Dorset and young Waghall—and that their rank may have had some share in first attracting his regard to them, yet arose from a circumstance mentioned to me by one of his school-fellows, who, being monitor one day, had got Lord Delaware on his list for punishment. Byron, hearing of this, came up to him, and said, "William, I find you've got Delaware on your list—pray don't tick him."—"Why not?"—"For, I don't know—except that he is a brother peer. He may don't." It is almost needless to add, that his interference, on such grounds, was any thing but successful. One of the few merits, indeed, of public schools is, that they level, in some degree, the artificial distinctions, and that, however the peer may lose his privilege, in the world, afterwards, he gains it back in the school, at least, on something like an equality with him.

It is true that Lord Byron's high notions of rank were, in his boyish days, so little disguised or softened down, as to draw upon him, at times, the notice of his companions; and it was at Dulwich, I think, that from his frequent boast of the superiority of an old English barony over all the titles and honours of the present, he got the nickname, among his boys, of "the Old English Baron." But it is a mistake to suppose that, either at school or elsewhere, he was at all guided in the selection of his friends by aristocratic sympathies. On the con-

trary, like most very proud persons, he chose his intimates in general from a rank beneath his own, and those boys whom he ranked as *friends* at school were mostly of this description; while the chief charm that recommended to him his younger favourites was their inferiority to himself in age and strength, which enabled him to indulge his generous pride by taking upon himself, when necessary, the office of their protector.

Among those whom he attached to himself by this latter tie, one of the earliest (though he has omitted to mention his name) was William Harness, who at the time of his entering Harrow was ten years of age, while Byron was fourteen. Young Harness, still lame from an accident of his childhood, and but just recovered from a severe illness, was ill fitted to struggle with the difficulties of a public school; and Byron, one day, seeing him bullied by a boy much older and stronger than himself, interfered and took his part. The next day, as the little fellow was standing alone, Byron came to him and said, "Harness, if any one bullies you, tell me, and I'll thrash him if I can." The young champion kept his word, and they were from this time, notwithstanding the difference of their ages, inseparable friends. A coolness, however, subsequently arose between them, to which, and to the juvenile friendship it interrupted, Lord Byron, in a letter addressed to Harness six years afterwards, alludes with so much kindly feeling, so much delicacy and frankness, that I am tempted to anticipate the date of the letter and give an extract from it here.

"We both seem perfectly to recollect, with a mixture of pleasure and regret, the hours we once passed together, and I assure you most sincerely they are numbered among the happiest of my brief chronicle of enjoyment. I am now getting into years, that is to say, I was twenty a month ago, and another year will send me into the world to run my career of folly with the rest. I was then just fourteen,—you were almost the first of my Harrow friends, certainly the first in my esteem, if not in date; but an absence from Harrow for some time, shortly after, and new connections on your side, and the difference in your conduct (an advantage decidedly in your favour) from that turbulent and riotous disposition of mine, which impelled me into every species of mischief,—all these circumstances combined to destroy an intimacy, which Affection urged me to continue, and Memory compels me to regret. But there is not a circumstance attending that period, hardly a sentence we exchanged, which is not impressed on my mind at this moment. I need not say more,—this assurance alone must convince you, had I considered them as trivial, they would have been less indelible. How well I recollect the perusal of your 'first fights!' There is another circumstance you do not know;—the first lines I ever attempted at Harrow were addressed to you. You were to have seen them; but Sinclair had the copy in his possession when we went home;—and on our return, we were *strangers*. They were destroyed, and certainly no great loss; but you will perceive from this circumstance my opinions at an age when we cannot be hypocrites.

"I have dwelt longer on this theme than I intended, and I shall now conclude with what I ought to have

begun. We were once friends,—nay, we have always been so, for our separation was the effect of chance, not of dissension. I do not know how far our destinations in life may throw us together, but if opportunity and inclination allow you to waste a thought on such a hare-brained being as myself, you will find me at least sincere, and not so bigoted to my faults as to involve others in the consequences. Will you sometimes write to me? I do not ask it often, and, if we meet, let us be what we *should* be and what we *were*.”

Of the tenaciousness with which, as we see in this letter, he clung to all the impressions of his youth, there can be no stronger proof than the very interesting fact, that, while so little of his own boyish correspondence has been preserved, there were found among his papers almost all the notes and letters which his principal school favourites, even the youngest, had ever addressed to him; and, in some cases, where the youthful writers had omitted to date their scrawls, his faithful memory had, at an interval of years after, supplied the deficiency. Among these memorials, so fondly treasured by him, there is one which it would be unjust not to cite, as well on account of the manly spirit that dawns through its own childish language, as for the sake of the tender and amiable feeling which, it will be seen, the re-perusal of it, in other days, awakened in Byron:—

“TO THE LORD BYRON, &c. &c.

“Harrow on the Hill, July 28th, 1805.

“Since you have been so unusually unkind to me, in calling me names whenever you meet me, of late, I must beg an explanation, wishing to know whether you choose to be as good friends with me as ever. I must own that, for this last month, you have entirely cut me,—for, I suppose, your new cronies. But think not that I will (because you choose to take into your head some whim or other) be always going up to you, nor do, as I observe certain other fellows doing, to regain your friendship; nor think that I am your friend either through interest, or because you are bigger and older than I am. No,—it never was so, nor ever shall be so. I was only your friend, and am so still,—unless you go on in this way, calling me names whenever you see me. I am sure you may easily perceive I do not like it; therefore, why should you do it, unless you wish that I should no longer be your friend? And why should I be so, if you treat me unkindly? I have no interest in being so. Though you do not let the boys bully me, yet if you treat me unkindly, that is to me a great deal worse.

“I am no hypocrite, Byron, nor will I, for your pleasure, ever suffer you to call me names, if you wish me to be your friend. If not, I cannot help it. I am sure no one can say that I will cringe to regain a friendship that you have rejected. Why should I do so? Am I not your equal? Therefore, what interest can I have in doing so? When we meet again in the world (that is, if you choose it), you cannot advance or promote me, nor I you. Therefore I beg and entreat of you, if you value my friendship,—which, by your conduct, I am sure I cannot think you do,—not to call me the names you do, nor abuse me. Till that time, it will be out of my power to

call you friend. I shall be obliged for an answer soon as it is convenient; till then

“I remain yours,

“I cannot say your friend.”

Endorsed on this letter, in the handwriting of Byron, is the following:

“This and another letter were written, at Harrow by my *then* and, I hope, *ever* beloved friend, I when we were both schoolboys, and sent to me in consequence of some childish misunderstanding the only one which ever arose between us. Its short duration, and I retain this note solely for the purpose of submitting it to his perusal, that I may smile over the recollection of the insignificance of our first and last quarrel. “BYRON

In a letter, dated two years afterwards, from the same boy\*, there occurs the following characteristic:—“I think by your last letter that you are much piqued with most of your friends; and, not much mistaken, you are a little piqued with me. In one part you say, ‘There is little or no difference between us now, but in a few years, or months, will render us as polar opposite to each other, as if we had never possessed a portion of our time together.’ Indeed, Byron, you wrong me, and I have no doubt—at least, I do you wrong yourself.”

As that propensity to self-delineation which so strongly pervades his maturer works is, to the predominant in his early productions, there is a better record of his mode of life, as a schoolboy, than what these fondly circumstantial effusions afford. Thus the sports he delighted and excelled in are enumerated:

Yet when confinement’s lingering hour was o’er,  
Our sports, our studies, and our souls were o’er;  
Together we impell’d the flying ball,

Together join’d in cricket’s manly toil,  
Or shared the produce of the river’s spoil;  
Or, plunging from the green, declining shore,  
Our pliant limbs the buoyant waters bore;  
In every element, unchanged, the same,  
All, all that brothers should be, but the name

\* There are, in other letters of the same writer, curious proofs of the passionate and jealous sensibility of Byron. From one of them, for instance, we collect that he had taken offence at his young friend’s addressing him “dear Byron,” instead of my “dearest;” and, from another, that his jealousy had been awakened by some expression of regret which his correspondent had expressed at the departure of Lord John Russell for Spain:—

“You tell me,” says the young letter writer, “that you never knew me in such an agitation as I was when I wrote my last letter; and do you not think I had reason so? I received a letter from you on Saturday last, in which you were going abroad for six years in March. Sunday John Russell set off for Spain. Was not this sufficient to make me rather melancholy? But how could I possibly imagine that I was more agitated on John’s departure, who is gone for a few months, and from whom I shall hear constantly, than at your going for six years, and travelling over most part of the world, when I shall hear from you, and perhaps may never see you again?”

“It has very much hurt me your telling me that I might be excused if you felt rather jealous of my excitement more sorrow for the departure of the friend who was more to me than that one who was absent. It is quite impossible for you to think I am more sorry for John’s absence than I shall be for yours:—I shall therefore finish the only



The danger which he incurred in a fight with some of the neighbouring farmers—an event well remembered by some of his school-fellows—is thus commemorated:

Still I remember, in the factious strife,  
The rustic's musket aim'd against my life;  
High poised in air the massy weapon hung,  
A cry of horror burst from every tongue:  
While I, in combat with another foe,  
Furth on, unconscious of the impending blow,  
Your arm, brave boy, arrested his career—  
Forward you sprung, insensible to fear;  
Down'd and baffled by your conquering hand,  
The givelling savage roll'd upon the sand.

Some feud, it appears, had arisen on the subject of the cricket-ground, between these "clods" (as in school language they are called) and the boys, and one or two skirmishes had previously taken place. But the engagement here recorded was accidentally brought on by the breaking up of school and the dismissal of the volunteers from drill, both happening, on that occasion, at the same hour. This circumstance accounts for the use of the musket, the butt-end of which was aimed at Byron's head, and would have killed him to the ground but for the interposition of his friend Tattersall, a lively, high-spirited boy, whom he addresses here under the name of Davus.

Notwithstanding these general habits of play and idleness, which might seem to indicate a certain absence of reflection and feeling, there were moments when the youthful poet would retire thoughtfully within himself, and give way to moods of musing untrammelled with the usual cheerfulness of his age. They show a tomb in the churchyard at Harrow commanding a view over Windsor, which was so well known to be his favourite resting-place, that the boys called it "Byron's tomb;" and here, they say, he used to sit for hours, wrapt up in thought,—brooding sadly over the first stirrings of passion and genius in his soul, and occasionally perhaps indulging in some bright forethoughts of fame, under the influence of which, when little more than fifteen years of age, he wrote these remarkable lines:

My epitaph shall be my name alone;  
If that with honour fail to crown my clay,  
Oh may no other fame my deeds repay;  
That, only that, shall single out the spot,  
Be that remember'd, or with that forgot.

In the autumn of 1802 he passed a short time with a wether at Bath, and entered, rather prematurely, some of the gaieties of the place. At a masquerade given by Lady Riddel, he appeared in the character of a Turkish boy,—a sort of anticipation, both in entry and costume, of his own young Selim in "the Giaour." On his entering into the house, some person in the crowd attempted to snatch the diamond crescent from his turban, but was prevented by the prompt opposition of one of the party. The lady who mentioned to me this circumstance, and who was well acquainted with Mrs Byron at that period, adds the following remark in the communication with which she has favoured me:—"At Bath I saw a good deal of Lord Byron,—his mother frequently sent for me to

take tea with her. He was always very pleasant and droll, and, when conversing about absent friends, showed a slight turn for satire, which after-years, as is well known, gave a finer edge to."

We come now to an event in his life which, according to his own deliberate persuasion, exercised a lasting and paramount influence over the whole of his subsequent character and career.

It was in the year 1803 that his heart, already twice, as we have seen, possessed with the childish notion that it loved, conceived an attachment which—young as he was, even then, for such a feeling—sunk so deep into his mind as to give a colour to all his future life. That unsuccessful loves are generally the most lasting is a truth, however sad, which unfortunately did not require this instance to confirm it. To the same cause, I fear, must be traced the perfect innocence and romance, which distinguish this very early attachment to Miss Chaworth from the many others that succeeded, without effacing, it in his heart;—making it the only one whose details can be entered into with safety, or whose results, however darkening their influence on himself, can be dwelt upon with a pleasurable interest by others.

On leaving Bath, Mrs Byron took up her abode, in lodgings, at Nottingham,—Newstead Abbey being at that time let to Lord Grey de Ruthen,—and during the Harrow vacations of this year she was joined there by her son. So attached was he to Newstead that even to be in its neighbourhood was a delight to him; and before he became acquainted with Lord Grey, he used sometimes to sleep, for a night, at the small house near the gate, which is still known by the name of "the Hut."\* An intimacy, however, soon sprung up between him and his noble tenant, and an apartment in the abbey was from thenceforth always at his service. To the family of Miss Chaworth, who resided at Annesley, in the immediate neighbourhood of Newstead, he had been made known, some time before, in London, and now renewed his acquaintance with them. The young heiress herself combined, with the many worldly advantages that encircled her, much personal beauty, and a disposition the most amiable and attaching. Though already fully alive to her charms, it was at the period of which we are speaking that the young poet, who was then in his sixteenth year, while the object of his adoration was about two years older, seems to have drunk deepest of that fascination whose effects were to be so lasting;—six short summer weeks which he now passed in her company being sufficient to lay the foundation of a feeling for all life.

He used, at first, though offered a bed at Annesley, to return every night to Newstead, to sleep; alleging as a reason that he was afraid of the family pictures of the Chaworths,—that he fancied "they had taken a grudge to him on account of the duel, and would come down from their frames at night to haunt him."<sup>†</sup>

\* I find this circumstance, of his having occasionally slept at the Hut, though asserted by one of the old servants, much doubted by others.

† It may possibly have been the recollection of these pictures that suggested to him the following lines in the *Siege of Corinth* :—

Like the figures on arras that gloomily glare,  
Stirr'd by the breath of the wintry air,

To this tomb he thus refers in the "Childish Recollections," as printed in his first (unpublished) volume:

1811. When, oppress'd with sad, foreboding glooms,  
I was reclined upon our favourite tomb.

At length, one evening, he said gravely to Miss Chaworth and her cousin, "In going home last night I saw a *bogle*,"—the young Scotch term being wholly unintelligible to the young ladies, he explained that he had seen a *ghost*, and would not therefore return to Newstead that evening. From this time, he always slept at Annesley during the remainder of his visit, which was interrupted only by a short excursion to Matlock and Castleton, in which he had the happiness of accompanying Miss Chaworth and her party, and of which the following interesting notice appears in one of his memorandum-books:—

"When I was fifteen years of age, it happened that in a cavern in Derbyshire, I had to cross in a boat (in which two people only could lie down), a stream which flows under a rock, with the rock so close upon the water as to admit the boat only to be pushed on by a ferryman (a sort of Charon) who wades at the stern, stooping all the time. The companion of my transit was M. A. C., with whom I had been long in love and never told it, though *she* had discovered it without. I recollect my sensations, but cannot describe them, and it is as well. We were a party, a Mr W., two Miss W.'s, Mr and Mrs Cl—ke, Miss R., and my M. A. C. Alas! why do I say *my*? Our union would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers, it would have joined lands broad and rich, it would have joined at least *one* heart, and two persons not ill matched in years (she is two years my elder), and—and—and—*what* has been the result?"

In the dances of the evening at Matlock, Miss Chaworth, of course, joined, while her lover sate looking on, solitary and mortified. It is not impossible, indeed, that the dislike which he always expressed for this amusement may have originated in some bitter pang, felt in his youth, on seeing "the lady of his love" led out by others to the gay dance from which he was himself excluded. On the present occasion, the young heiress of Annesley having had for her partner (as often happens at Matlock) some person with whom she was wholly unacquainted, on her resuming her seat, Byron said to her, pettishly, "I hope you like your friend." The words were scarce out of his lips when he was accosted by an ungainly-looking Scotch lady, who rather boisterously claimed him as "cousin," and was putting his pride to the torture with her vulgarity, when he heard the voice of his fair companion retorting archly in his ear, "I hope *you* like your friend."

His time at Annesley was mostly passed in riding with Miss Chaworth and her cousin,—sitting in idle reverie, as was his custom, pulling at his handkerchief, or in firing at a door which opens upon the terrace, and which still, I believe, bears the marks of his shots. But his chief delight was in sitting to hear Miss Chaworth play; and the pretty Welsh air, “*Mary Anne*,” was (partly, of course, on account of the name) his especial favourite. During all this time he had the pain of knowing that the

heart of her he loved was occupied by that, as he himself expresses it,

Her sighs were not for him ; to her he was  
Even as a brother—but no more.

Neither is it, indeed, probable, had expectations been disengaged, that Lord Byron at this time, have been selected as the theme. A seniority of two years gives to the eve of womanhood, "an advance into which the boy keeps no proportionate pace." Chaworth looked upon Byron as a mere boy. He was in his manners, too, at that period odd, and (as I have heard from more than one quarter) by no means popular among girls of his age. If, at any moment, however, he had been himself with the hope of being loved by a girl, as he afterwards was, the circumstance mentioned in his "Memoranda" of the most painful of those humiliations which the defect in his foot had exposed him, must have been the truth in, with dreadful certainty, upon his mind. He either was told of, or overheard, Miss Chaworth saying to her maid, "Do you think I could ever love that lame boy?" This speech, as I have said, was like a shot through his heart. Though late at night when he heard it, he darted out of the house, and scarcely conscious of what he ran, never stopped till he found himself at Newstead.

The picture which he has drawn of this love, in one of the most interesting of his "The Dream," shows how genius and intellect elevate the realities of this life, and give to the most common events and objects an undying lustre. The hall at Annesley, under the name of an antique oratory, "will long call up to the mind the image of the 'maiden and the youth' who once stood there, while the image of the 'lover's steed,' though suggested by the unromantic race-ground of ham, will not the less conduce to the general effect of the scene, and share a portion of that life which only Genius could shed over it.

He appears already, at this boyish age, to have been so far a proficient in gallantry as to use that may be made of the trophies of triumphs in achieving new ones; for he used with much pride, to Miss Chaworth, of which some fair favourite had given him, a probably may have been a present from the cousin, of whom he speaks with such warmth of the notices already quoted. He was also, perhaps, not a little aware of his own beauty notwithstanding the tendency to corpulence from his mother, gave promise, at this time, of a peculiar expression into which his features were to be kindled afterwards.

With the summer holidays ended this his youth. He saw Miss Chaworth once in succeeding year, and took his last farewell (he himself used to relate) on that hill near

\* Among the unpublished verses of his in my I find the following fragment written not long period :

Hills of Annesley, bleak and barren,  
Where my thoughtless childhood stray'd,  
How the northern tempests, warring,  
Howl above thy tufted shade!

As seen by the dying lamp's sifful light,  
Lifeless, but life-like and awful to sight;  
As they seem, through the dimness, about to come down  
From the shadowy wall where their images frown.



which, in his poem of "the Dream," he describes so happily as "crowned with a peculiar diadem." No one, he declared, could have told how much he felt—for his countenance was calm and his feelings restrained. "The next time I see you," said he, in parting with her, "I suppose you will be Mrs Chaworth,"—and her answer was, "I hope so." It was before this interview that he wrote, with a pencil, in a volume of Madame de Maintenon's letters belonging to her, the following verses, which have never, I believe, before been published

Oh Memory, torture me no more,  
The present's all o'ercast;  
My hopes of future bliss are o'er,  
In memory dwell the past.  
Why bring those images to view  
I henceforth must resign?  
Alas! why those happy hours recede  
That never can be mine?  
Past pleasure doubles present pain;  
To sorrow adds regret,  
Sorrow and hope are both in vain:  
I ask but to—forget.

In the following year, 1805, Miss Chaworth was married to his successful rival, Mr John Musters; and a person who was present when the first intelligence of the event was communicated to him, thus describes the manner in which he received it.—"I was present when he first heard of the marriage. His mother said, 'Byron, I have some news for you.'—'Well, what is it?'—'Take out your handkerchief first, for you will want it.'—'Nonsense!'—'Take out your handkerchief, I say.' He did so, to honour her. 'Miss Chaworth is married.' An expression, very peculiar, impossible to describe, passed over his pale face, and he hurried his handkerchief into his pocket, saying, with an affected air of childishness and unbalance, 'Is that all?'—'Why, I expected you would have been plunged in grief!'—He made no reply, and soon began to talk about something else."

His pursuits at Harrow continued to be of the same trivial description during the whole of his stay there;—"I say," as he says himself, "cricketing, reading, and in all manner of mischiefs." The "relieving," of which he here speaks (though it never, I believe, proceeded to any act of violence), took place on the retirement of Dr Drury from his situation as head-master, when three candidates for the vacant chair presented themselves, Mark Drury, Esq. and Butler. On the first movement to which his contest gave rise in the school, young Wildman was at the head of the party for Mark Drury, while Byron at first held himself aloof from any. Anxious, however, to have him as an ally, one of the Drury faction said to Wildman—"Byron, I know, will not join, because he does not choose to act second to any

one, but, by giving up the leadership to him, you may at once secure him." This Wildman accordingly did, and Byron took the command of the party.

The violence with which he opposed the election of Doctor Butler on this occasion (chiefly from the warm affection which he had felt towards the last master) continued to embitter his relations with that gentleman during the remainder of his stay at Harrow. Unluckily their opportunities of collision were the more frequent from Byron being a resident in Dr Butler's house. One day the young rebel, in a fit of defiance, tore down all the gratings from the window in the hall; and when called upon by his host to say why he had committed this violence, answered, with stern coolness, "because they darkened the hall." On another occasion he explicitly, and so far manfully, avowed to this gentleman's face the pique he entertained against him. It has long been customary, at the end of a term, for the master to invite the upper boys to dine with him; and these invitations are generally considered as, like royal ones, a sort of command. Lord Byron, however, when asked, sent back a refusal, which rather surprising Doctor Butler, he, on the first opportunity that occurred, inquired of him, in the presence of the other boys, his motive for this step:—"Have you any other engagement?"—"No, sir."—"But you must have some reason, Lord Byron."—"I have."—"What is it?"—"Why, Dr Butler," replied the young peer, with proud composure, "if you should happen to come into my neighbourhood when I was staying at Newstead, I certainly should not ask you to dine with me, and therefore feel that I ought not to dine with you."

The general character which he bore among the masters at Harrow was that of an idle boy, who would never learn any thing; and, as far as regarded his tasks in school, this reputation was, by his own avowal, not ill founded. It is impossible, indeed, to look through the books which he had then in use, and which are scribbled over with clumsily interlined translations, without being struck with the narrow extent of his classical attainments. The most ordinary Greek words have their English signification scrawled under them,—showing too plainly that he was not sufficiently familiarized with their meaning to trust himself without this aid. Thus, in his Xenophon we find *νῆς, young—σώματα, bodies—ἀγαθοὶ τοὶ ἄνθρωποι, good men, &c. &c.*—and even in the volumes of Greek Plays, which he presented to the library on his departure, we observe, among other instances, the common word *χρῆσις* provided with its English representative in the margin.

But, notwithstanding his backwardness in the mere verbal scholarship, on which so large and precious a portion of life is wasted,\* in all that general and miscellaneous knowledge, which is alone useful in the world, he was making rapid and even wonder-

\* It is deplorable to consider the loss which children make of their time at most schools, employing, or rather casting away, six or seven years in the learning of words only, and that very imperfectly.—*Cowley, Essays.*

† Would not a Chinese, who took notice of our way of breeding, be apt to imagine that all our young gentlemen were designed to be teachers and professors of the dead languages of foreign countries, and not to be men of business in their own?—*Locke on Education.*

See no more, the hours beguiling,  
Foster bosoms beauty I see;  
See no more my Mary smiling  
While ye were a flower to me.

† The lady's husband, for some time, took her family home.

‡ Milton, in speaking of public schools, says—"the mimic scene of a collection has displayed, in their true colours, the ministers and pupils of the rising generation." Such prophecies, however, are not always to be relied upon:—the mild, peaceful Wildman was, when at school, the successful leader of a fighting-party.

ful progress. With a mind too inquisitive and ex-cursive to be imprisoned within statutable limits, he flew to subjects that interested his already manly tastes, with a zest which it is in vain to expect that the mere pedantries of school could inspire; and the irregular, but ardent snatches of study which he caught in this way gave to a mind like his an impulse forwards, which left more disciplined and plodding competitors far behind. The list, indeed, which he has left on record of the works, in all departments of literature, which he thus hastily and greedily devoured before he was fifteen years of age, is such as almost to startle belief,—comprising, as it does, a range and variety of study, which might make much older “*helluones librorum*” hide their heads.

Not to argue, however, from the powers and movements of a mind like Byron's, which might well be allowed to take a privileged direction of its own, there is little doubt, that to any youth of talent and ambition the plan of instruction pursued in the great schools and universities of England, wholly inadequate as it is to the intellectual wants of the age,\* presents an alternative of evils not a little embarrassing. Difficult, nay utterly impossible, as he will find it, to combine a competent acquisition of useful knowledge with that round of antiquated studies which a pursuit of scholastic honours requires, he must either, by devoting the whole of his attention and ambition to the latter object, remain ignorant on most of those subjects upon which mind grapples with mind in life, or by adopting, as Lord Byron and other distinguished persons have done, the contrary system, consent to pass for a dunce or idler in the schools, in order to afford himself even a chance of attaining eminence in the world.

From the memorandums scribbled by the young poet in his school-books, we might almost fancy that, even at so early an age, he had a sort of vague presentiment that every thing relating to him would one day be an object of curiosity and interest. The date of his entrance at Harrow,† the names of the boys who were, at that time, monitors, the list of his fellow-pupils under Doctor Drury,‡—all are noted down with a fond minuteness, as if to form points of retrospect in his after-life; and that he sometimes referred to them with this feeling will appear from one touching instance. On the first leaf of his “*Scriptores Græci*” we find, in his schoolboy hand, the following memorial:—“George Gordon Byron, Wednesday, June 26th, A. D. 1805, 3 quarters of an hour past 3 o'clock in the afternoon, 3d school,—Calvert, monitor, Tom Wildman on my left hand, and Long on my right. Harrow on the Hill.” On the same leaf, written five years after, appears this comment:

\* *Eheu fugaces, Posthume! Posthume!*  
Labuntur anni.

\* \* A finished scholar may emerge from the head of Westminster or Eton in total ignorance of the business and conversation of English gentlemen in the latter end of the eighteenth century.—*Gibbon*.

† \* Byron, Harrow on the Hill, Middlesex, Alumnus Scholæ Lyonsensis primus in anno Domini 1801, Ellison Duce.\*

\* Monitors, 1801.—Ellison, Royston, Hunzman, Rashleigh, Rokeby, Leigh.\*

‡ \* Drury's Pupils, 1804.—Byron, Drury, Sinclair, Hoare, Bolder, Annesley, Calvert, Strong, Acland, Gordon, Drummond.\*

“B. January 9th, 1809.—Of the four persons whose names are here mentioned, one is dead, another in a distant climate, *all* separated, and not five years elapsed since they sat together in school, and are yet twenty-one years of age.”

The vacation of 1804\* he passed with his mother at Southwell, to which place she had removed from Nottingham, in the summer of this year, having bought the house on the Green, called Burgage Manor. There is a Southwell play-bill extant, dated August 8th, 1804, in which the play is announced as being “by Mrs and Lord Byron.” The gentleman, to whom the house where they resided was rented, possesses a library of some extent, which the young poet, he says, ransacked with much eagerness on his coming to Southwell; and one of the books that particularly engaged and interested him was, as may be easily believed, the life of Lord Herbert of Chichesterbury.

In the month of October, 1805, he was removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, and his feelings on the change from his beloved *Ida* to this new scene are thus described by himself:—

“When I first went up to college, it was a heavy-hearted scene for me: firstly, I so disliked leaving Harrow, that though it was then being seventeen, it broke my very rest for the quarter with counting the days that remained; I always *hated* Harrow till the last year and half, then I liked it. Secondly, I wished to go to Oxford and not to Cambridge. Thirdly, I was so completely alone in this new world, that it half broke my spirit. My companions were not unsocial, but the contrary, lively, hospitable, of rank and fortune, and gay beyond my gaiety. I mingled with, and dined and supped, &c., with them; but, I know not how, I felt one of the deadliest and heaviest feelings of my life, that I was no longer a boy.”

But though, for a time, he may have felt the effects of estrangement at Cambridge, to remain long without attaching himself was not in his nature; and the friendship which he now formed with a youth named Eddleston, who was two years younger than himself, even exceeded in warmth and romance all his previous boy attachments. This boy, whose musical talents first drew them together, was, at the commencement of their acquaintance, one of the choir at Cambridge, though he afterwards, it appears, entered into a different line of life; and this disparity in their stations was by no means without its charm for Byron, gratifying at once both his pride and good-nature in founding the tie between them on the mutual and dependent relations of protection on the one side, gratitude and devotion on the other;—the only ties, according to Lord Bacon, in which the friendship that still remains in the world is founded. It was upon a gift presented to him by Eddleston that he wrote those verses entitled

\* During one of the Harrow vacations he passed time in the house of the Abbé de Rouffigny, in the French court, for the purpose of studying the French language, but he was, according to the Abbé's account, very given to study, and spent most of his time in fencing, &c., to the no small disturbance of the rector and his establishment.

† Between superior and inferior, \* whose fortunes express it) comprehend the one the other.”



which were printed in his first, unpub-  
lished, and of which the following is a

... who can meet at friendship's ties,  
... for my weakness oft reproved me;  
... still the simple gift I prize,  
... for I am sure the giver loved me.

... friendship, of a less unequal kind, which  
began at Harrow, and which he continued  
during his first year at Cambridge, is thus  
dwelt upon in one of his journals:—  
... are my thoughts!—The reading of  
Milton, 'Sabrina fair,' has brought back  
I know not how or why—the happiest  
days of my life (always excepting, here and  
there, holiday in the two latter summers of  
1805) when living at Cambridge with Edward  
afterwards of the Guards,—who, after  
reel honourably in the expedition to  
a [of which two or three thousand  
(but survive in plight and pay) was  
in 1809, on his passage to Lisbon with  
it in the St George transport, which was  
in the night, by another transport. We  
swimmers—fond of riding—reading—and  
play. We had been at Harrow together;  
at least—his was a less boisterous spirit  
I was always cricketing—rebell—  
... (from row, not boat-rowing, a  
...), and in all manner of mischiefs;  
... was more subtle and polished. At Cam-  
bridge of Trinity—my spirit rather softened,  
... for we became very great friends.  
... of Sabrina's seat reminds me of our  
... is a deep. Though Cam's is not a very  
... and was; it was fourteen feet deep, where  
... to dive for, and pick up—having thrown them  
... spoons—plains, eggs, and even shillings. I  
... is particular, there was the stump of a  
... tree ten or twelve feet deep) in the bed of  
... in a spot where we lathered most commonly,  
... and I used to cling, and wonder how the  
... there.

... we passed in music (he was musical,  
... more than one instrument, flute and  
... which I was audience; and I think  
... beverage was soda-water. In the day  
... and lounged, reading occasionally.  
... our buying, with vast alacrity, Moore's  
... in 1806, and reading it together in the

... passed the summer together;—Long  
... the Guards during the year I passed in  
... from college. His friendship, and a  
... pure love and passion—which held me  
... period—were the then romance of the  
... period of my life.

... ber that, in the spring of 1809, H \* \*  
... being distressed at Long's death, and  
... of with making epigrams upon his name,  
... acceptable of a pun—Long, short, &c.  
... after he had ample leisure to repent  
... mutual friend, and his, H \* \* \*, parti-  
... Charles Matthews, was drowned also,

and he, himself, was as much affected by a similar  
calamity. But I did not pay him back in puns and  
epigrams, for I valued Matthews too much, myself,  
to do so;—and, even if I had not, I should have re-  
spected his griefs.

"Long's father wrote to me to write his son's  
epitaph. I promised,—but I had not the heart to  
complete it. He was such a good, amiable being as  
rarely remains long in this world; with talent and  
accomplishments, too, to make him the more regretted.  
Yet, although a cheerful companion, he had strange  
melancholy thoughts sometimes. I remember once  
that we were going to his uncle's, I think,—I went  
to accompany him to the door merely, in some Upper  
or Lower Grosvenor or Brook-street, I forget which,  
but it was in a street leading out of some square,—  
he told me that, the night before, he 'had taken up a  
pistol—not knowing or examining whether it was  
loaded or no—and had snapped it at his head, leaving  
it to chance whether it might, or might not, be  
charged.' The letter, too, which he wrote me, on  
leaving college to join the Guards, was as melan-  
choly in its tenour as it could well be on such an  
occasion. But he showed nothing of this in his  
deportment, being mild and gentle;—and yet with  
much turn for the ludicrous in his disposition. We  
were both much attached to Harrow, and sometimes  
made excursions there (together from London, to  
revive our schoolboy recollections."

These affecting remembrances are contained in a  
Journal, which he kept during his residence at Ra-  
venna, in 1821, and they are rendered still more  
touching and remarkable by the circumstances under  
which they were noted down. Domesticated in a  
foreign land, and even connected with foreign  
conspirators, whose arms, at the moment he was writ-  
ing, were in his house, he could yet thus wholly dis-  
engage himself from the scene around him, and  
borne away by the current of memory into other times,  
live over the lost friendships of his boyhood again.  
An English gentleman (Mr Wathen) who called upon  
him, at one of his residences in Italy, having hap-  
pened to mention in conversation that he had been  
acquainted with Long, the noble poet, from that  
moment, treated him with the most marked kindness,  
and talked with him of Long and of his amiable  
qualities, till (as this gentleman says) the tears could  
not be concealed in his eyes.

In the summer of this year (1805) he, as usual,  
joined his mother at Southwell,—among the small,  
but select society of which place he had, during his  
visits, formed some intimacies and friendships, the  
memory of which is still cherished there fondly and  
proudly. With the exception, indeed, of the brief  
and bewildering interval which he passed, as we have  
seen, in the company of Miss Chaworth, it was at  
Southwell alone that an opportunity was ever afforded  
him of profiting by the bland influence of female so-  
ciety, or of seeing what woman is in the true sphere  
of her virtues, home. The amiable and intelligent  
family of the Pigots received him within their circle,  
as one of themselves; and in the Rev. John Becher \*

\* A gentleman, who has since honourably distinguished  
himself by his philanthropic plans and suggestions for that  
most important object, the amelioration of the condition  
of the poor.

the youthful poet found not only an acute and judicious critic, but a sincere friend. There were also one or two other families—as the Leacrofts, the Housons—among whom his talents and vivacity made him always welcome; and the proud shyness with which, through the whole of his minority, he kept aloof from all intercourse with the neighbouring gentlemen, seems to have been entirely familiarized away by the small, cheerful society of Southwell. One of the most intimate and valued of his friends, at this period, has given me the following account of her first acquaintance with him:—"The first time I was introduced to him was at a party at his mother's, when he was so shy that she was forced to send for him three times before she could persuade him to come into the drawing-room, to play with the young people at a round game. He was then a fat bashful boy, with his hair combed straight over his forehead, and extremely like a miniature picture that his mother had painted by M. de Chambruland. The next morning Mrs Byron brought him to call at our house, when he still continued shy and formal in his manner. The conversation turned upon Cheltenham, where we had been staying, the amusements there, the plays, &c.; and I mentioned that I had seen the character of Gabriel Lackbrain very well performed. His mother getting up to go, he accompanied her, making a formal bow, and I, in allusion to the play, said, 'Good bye, Gaby.' His countenance lighted up, his handsome mouth displayed a broad grin, all his shyness vanished, never to return, and, upon his mother's saying 'Come, Byron, are you ready?'—no, she might go by herself, he would stay and talk a little longer; and, from that moment, he used to come in and go out at all hours, as it pleased him, and in our house considered himself perfectly at home."

To this lady was addressed the earliest letter from his pen that has fallen into my hands. He corresponded with many of his Harrow friends—with Lord Clare, Lord Powerscourt, Mr William Peel, Mr William Banks, and others. But it was then little foreseen what general interest would one day attach to these schoolboy letters, and accordingly, as I have already had occasion to lament, there are but few of them now in existence. The letter, of which I have spoken, to his Southwell friend, though containing nothing remarkable, is perhaps for that very reason worth insertion, as serving to show, on comparing it with most of its successors, how rapidly his mind acquired confidence in its powers. There is, indeed, one charm for the eye of curiosity in his juvenile manuscripts which they necessarily want in their printed form; and that is, the strong evidence of an irregular education which they exhibit,—the unformed and childish handwriting, and, now and then, even defective spelling of him who, in a very few years after, was to start up one of the giants of English literature.

#### LETTER I.

TO MISS ———.

\* Burgage Manor, August 29th, 1804.

"I received the arms, my dear Miss ———, and am very much obliged to you for the trouble you

have taken. It is impossible I should have an to find with them. The sight of the drawings me great pleasure for a double reason,—in the place, they will ornament my books; in the they convince me that *you* have not entirely me. I am, however, sorry you do not return —you have already been gone an *age*. I p may have taken my departure for London before come back; but, however, I will hope not. I overlook my watch-ribbon and purse, as I w carry them with me. Your note was given Harry, at the play, whither I attended Miss I and Doctor S——; and now I have set do answer it before I go to bed. If I am at Sou when you return,—and I sincerely hope you soon, for I very much regret your absence,— be happy to hear you sing my favourite, 'The of Lodi.' My mother, together with myself, d to be affectionately remembered to Mrs Pige believe me, my dear Miss ———, I remain affectionate friend,

"BYR

"P. S.—If you think proper to send me any a to this, I shall be extremely happy to rec<sup>d</sup> Adieu.

"P. S. 2d.—As you say you are a novice art of knitting, I hope it don't give you too trouble. Go on *slowly*, but surely. Once adieu."

We shall often have occasion to remark the to early habits and tastes by which Lord though in other respects so versatile, was guished. In the juvenile letter, just cited, the two characteristics of this kind which he pre unaltered during the remainder of his life;—his punctuality in immediately answering letter his love of the simplest ballad music. Among chief favourites to which this latter taste led this time were the songs of the Duenna, wh had the good taste to delight in; and some Harrow contemporaries still remember the j ness with which, when dining with his friends memorable mother Barnard's, he used to re "This bottle 's the sun of our table."

His visit to Southwell this summer was interr about the beginning of August, by one of the plosions of temper on the part of Mrs Byr which, from his earliest childhood, he had be too well accustomed, and in producing which h rebel spirit was not always, it may be suppose tirely blameless. In all his portraits of himself, is the pencil which he employs, that the fol account of his own temper, from one of his j must be taken with a due portion of that allo for exaggeration, which his style of self-portr "overshadowing even the shade," requires.

"In all other respects" (he says, after men his infant passion for Mary Duff), "I differed all from other children, being neither tall nor dull nor witty, of my age, but rather lively—in my sullen moods, and then I was always a. They once (in one of my silent rages) wren knife from me, which I had snatched from t Mrs B.'s dinner (I always dined earlier), and s



at;—but this was three or four years before the late Lord B.'s decease.

temper has certainly improved in it; but I shudder, and must, to my latest day, at the consequence of it and my passions. Our event—but no matter—there are much better to think of also—and to them I refer . . . .

thus dwelling upon incidents. My temper under management—rarely loud, and, never deadly. It is when silent, and I read and my cheek paling, that I cannot and then . . . . but unless there is a not any or every woman) in the way, I into tolerable apathy."

a temper, at all resembling this, and the use bursts of Mrs Byron, the collision, it proved, was not a little formidable; and which the young poet was now arrived, most parents feel,—the impatience of to champ the bit, would but render the such shocks more frequent. It is told, as proof of their opinion of each other's but, after parting one evening in a tempest, they were known each to go privately to the apothecary's, inquiring anxiously if other had been to purchase poison, and the vender of drugs not to attend to such thing, if made.

but rarely, however, that the young lord allowed himself to be provoked into more than a passing passion in these scenes. To the boisterousness of he would oppose a civil and, no doubt, silence,—howing to her but the more proud higher her voice rose in the scale. In however, when he perceived that a storm and, a fight lay his only safe resource. To any expedient he was driven, at the period we are speaking; but not till after a scene place between him and Mrs Byron, in violence of her temper had proceeded to that, however outrageous they may be were not, it appears, unusual with her. Young, in describing a temper of this

rage and saucers, in a whirlwind sent, intimate the lady's discontent.

and tongues were, it seems, the missiles Byron preferred, and which she, more resounding after her fugitive son. In instance, he was but just in time to avoid at him with the former of these weapons make a hasty escape to the house of a neighbourhood; where, concerting the of baffling pursuit, he decided upon an to London. The letters which I am were written immediately on his arrival, to some friends at Southwell, from interference in his behalf it may fairly be at the blame of the quarrel, whatever it was, did not rest with him. The first is a young gentleman about the same age who had just returned, for the vacation, where he was, at that time, pur- sical studies.

## LETTER II.

TO MR PIGOT.

\* 16, Piccadilly, August 9th, 1806.

"MY DEAR PIGOT,

"Many thanks for your amusing narrative of the last proceedings of my *amiable Alecto*, who now begins to feel the effects of her folly. I have just received a penitential epistle, to which, apprehensive of pursuit, I have dispatched a moderate answer, with a kind of promise to return in a fortnight;—this, however (*entre nous*), I never mean to fulfil. Her *soft warblings* must have delighted her auditors, her *higher notes* being particularly *musical*, and on a calm moonlight evening would be heard to great advantage. Had I been present as a spectator, nothing would have pleased me more; but to have come forward as one of the '*dramatis personæ*.'—St Dominic defend me from such a scene! Seriously, your mother has laid me under great obligations, and you, with the rest of your family, merit my warmest thanks for your kind connivance at my escape from '*Mrs Byron furiosa*.'

"Oh! for the pen of Ariosto to rehearse, in *epic*, the *scolding* of that *momentous eve*,—or rather, let me invoke the shade of Danté to inspire me, for none but the author of the '*Inferno*' could properly preside over such an attempt. But, perhaps, where the pen might fail, the pencil would succeed. What a group!—Mrs B. the principal figure; you cramming your ears with *cotton*, as the only antidote to total deafness; Mrs — in vain endeavouring to mitigate the wrath of the *lioness* robbed of her whelp; and last, though not least, Elizabeth and *Wousky*,—*wonderful to relate!*—both deprived of their parts of speech, and bringing up the rear in *mute* astonishment. How did S. B. receive the intelligence? How many puns did he utter on so *facetious* an event? In your next inform me on this point, and what excuse you made to A. You are probably by this time tired of deciphering this hieroglyphical letter;—like Tony Lumpkin, you will pronounce mine to be a d—d up and down hand. All Southwell, without doubt, is involved in amazement. Apropos, how does my blue-eyed nun, the fair " " ? is she '*robed in sable garb of woe*'?"

"Here I remain at least a week or ten days; previous to my departure you shall receive my address, but what it will be I have not determined. My lodgings must be kept secret from Mrs B.; you may present my compliments to her, and say any attempt to pursue me will fail, as I have taken measures to retreat immediately to Portsmouth, on the first intimation of her removal from Southwell. You may add, I have now proceeded to a friend's house in the country, there to remain a fortnight.

"I have now *blotted* (I must not say *written*) a complete double letter, and in return shall expect a *monstrous budget*. Without doubt, the dames of Southwell reprobate the pernicious example I have shown, and tremble lest their *babes* should disobey their mandates, and quit in dudgeon their mammas on any grievance. Adieu. When you begin your next, drop the '*lordship*,' and put '*Byron*' in its place. Believe me yours, &c. "BYRON."

From the succeeding letters, it will be seen that the



"lioness" was not behindhand, in energy and decision, with her offspring, but, immediately on discovering his flight, set off after him.

### LETTER III.

TO MISS —

\* London, August 10th, 1806.

"MY DEAR BRIDGET,

"As I have already troubled your brother with more than he will find pleasure in deciphering, you are the next to whom I shall assign the difficult employment of perusing this 2nd epistle. You will perceive from my 1st, that no idea of Mrs B.'s arrival had disturbed me at the time it was written; not so the present, since the appearance of a note from the illustrious cause of my sudden decampment has driven the 'natural ruby from my cheeks,' and completely blanched my woe-begone countenance. This gunpowder intimation of her arrival (confound her activity!) breathes less of terror and dismay than you will probably imagine from the volcanic temperament of her *ladyship*, and concludes with the comfortable assurance of all *present motion* being prevented by the fatigue of her journey, for which my *blessings* are due to the rough roads and restive quadrupeds of his majesty's highways. As I have not the smallest inclination to be chased round the country, I shall e'en make a merit of necessity, and since, like Macbeth, 'They've tied me to the stake, I cannot fly,' I shall imitate that valorous tyrant, and 'bear-like fight the course,' all escape being precluded. I can now engage with less disadvantage, having drawn the enemy from her entrenchments, though, like the *prototype* to whom I have compared myself, with an excellent chance of being knocked on the head. However, 'lay on, Macduff,' and d—d be he who first cries, hold, enough."

"I shall remain in town for, at least, a week, and expect to hear from *you* before its expiration. I presume the printer has brought you the offspring of my *poetic mania*. Remember, in the first line, to read 'loud the winds whistle,' instead of 'round,' which that blockhead Ridge has inserted by mistake, and makes nonsense of the whole stanza. Addio! —Now to encounter my *Hydra*. Yours ever."

### LETTER IV.

TO MR FIGOT.

\* London, Sunday, midnight, August 10th, 1806.

"DEAR FIGOT,

"This *astonishing* packet will, doubtless, amaze you, but having an idle hour this evening, I wrote the enclosed stanzas, which I request you to deliver to Ridge, to be printed *separate* from my other compositions, as you will perceive them to be improper for the perusal of ladies; of course, none of the females of your family must see them. I offer 1000 apologies for the trouble I have given you in this and other instances. Yours truly."

### LETTER V.

TO MR FIGOT.

\* Piccadilly, August 16th, 1806.

"I cannot exactly say with Caesar, 'Veni, vidi,

vici:' however, the most important part of his law account of success applies to my present situation, for, though Mrs Byron took the trouble of 'con' and 'seeing,' yet your humble servant proved victor. After an obstinate engagement of 10 hours, in which we suffered considerable damage from the quickness of the enemy's fire, the length retired in confusion, leaving behind the artillery, field equipage, and some prisoners: their defeat is decisive of the present campaign. To speak intelligibly, Mrs B. returns immediately, but I proceed, with all my laurels, to Worthing, on the Sussex coast; to which place you will address (to be let the post-office) your next epistle. By the enclosure of a 2d *gingle of rhyme*, you will probably come to my muse to be *vastly prolific*; her inserted provision was brought forth a few years ago, and first by accident on Thursday among some old papers, have recopied it, and, adding the proper date, request it may be printed with the rest of the far. I thought your sentiments on the last bantling would coincide with mine, but it was impossible to give any other garb, being founded on *facts*. My stay at Worthing will not exceed 3 weeks, and you will possibly behold me again at Southwell the middle of September.

"Will you desire Ridge to suspend the printing of my poems till he hears further from me, as I have determined to give them a new form entirely. This prohibition does not extend to the two last pieces I have sent with my letters to you. You will excuse the *dull vanity* of this epistle, as my brain is a chaos of absurd images, and full of business, preparations, and projects.

"I shall expect an answer with impatience. Believe me, there is nothing at this moment that will give me greater delight than your letter."

### LETTER VI.

TO MR FIGOT.

\* London, August 18th, 1806.

"I am just on the point of setting off for Worthing, and write merely to request you will send that scoundrel Charles with my horses immediately. As I am excessively provoked he has not made his appearance before, or written to inform me of the cause of his delay, particularly as I supplied him with money for his journey. On no pretext is he to postpone his march one day longer, and if, in obedience to the caprices of Mrs B. (who, I presume, is spreading desolation through her little monarchy) she thinks proper to disregard my positive orders, I will not in future consider him as my servant. He must bring the surgeon's bill with him, which I will charge immediately on receiving it. Nor can I excuse the reason of his not acquainting Frank with the state of my unfortunate quadrupeds. Dear P. forgive this *petulant* effusion, and attribute it to the idle conduct of that *precious rascal*, who, instead of obeying my injunctions, is sauntering through the streets of that *political Pandemonium*. Notting Present my remembrances to your family and Leicester, and believe me, &c.

"P. S.—I delegate to you the unpleasant task

in which the first of the three is the first of the three, the second is the second of the three, and the third is the third of the three. The first of the three is the first of the three, the second is the second of the three, and the third is the third of the three.

THE FIRST

THE SECOND

THE THIRD

THE FOURTH

THE FIFTH

THE SIXTH

THE SEVENTH

THE EIGHTH

THE NINTH

THE TENTH

THE ELEVENTH

THE TWELFTH

THE THIRTEENTH

THE FOURTEENTH

some further recollections of their visit together to Harrowgate, which I shall take the liberty of giving in his own words :—

"You ask me to recall some anecdotes of the time we spent together at Harrowgate in the summer of 1806, on our return from college, he from Cambridge, and I from Edinburgh; but so many years have elapsed since then that I really feel myself as if recalling a distant dream. We, I remember, went in Lord Byron's own carriage with post-horses; and he sent his groom with two saddle-horses, and a beautifully formed, very ferocious, bull-mastiff, called Nelson, to meet us there. Boatswain\* went, by the side of his valet Frank, on the box, with us.

"The bull-dog, Nelson, always wore a muzzle, and was occasionally sent for into our private room, when the muzzle was taken off, much to my annoyance, and he and his master amused themselves with throwing the room into disorder. There was always a jealous feud between this Nelson and Boatswain; and whenever the latter came into the room while the former was there, they instantly seized each other; and then, Byron, myself, Frank, and all the waiters that could be found, were vigorously engaged in parting them,—which was in general only effected by thrusting poker and tongs into the mouths of each. But, one day, Nelson unfortunately escaped out of the room without his muzzle, and going into the stable-yard fastened upon the throat of a horse, from which he could not be disengaged. The stable-boys ran in alarm to find Frank, who, taking one of his lord's Wogdon's pistols, always kept loaded in his room, shot poor Nelson through the head, to the great regret of Byron.

"We were at the Crown Inn at Low Harrowgate. We always dined in the public room, but retired very soon after dinner to our private one; for Byron was no more a friend to drinking than myself. We lived retired, and made few acquaintance; for he was naturally shy, very shy, which people who did not know him mistook for pride. While at Harrowgate he accidentally met with Professor Hailstone from Cambridge, and appeared much delighted to see him. The professor was at Upper Harrowgate; we called upon him one evening to take him to the theatre, I think,—and Lord Byron sent his carriage for him, another time, to a ball at the Granby. This desire to show attention to one of the professors of his college is a proof that, though he might choose to satirize the mode of education in the university, and to abuse the antiquated regulations and restrictions to which under-graduates are subjected, he had yet a due discrimination in his respect for the individuals who belonged to it. I have always indeed heard him speak in high terms of praise of Hailstone, as well as of his master, Bishop Mansel, of Trinity College, and of others whose names I have now forgotten.

"Few people understood Byron, but I know that he had naturally a kind and feeling heart, and that there was not a single spark of malice in his composition."<sup>†</sup>

\* The favourite dog, on which Lord Byron afterwards wrote the well-known epitaph.

† Lord Byron and Dr Pigot continued to be correspondents for some time, but, after their parting this autumn, they never met again.

The private theatricals alluded to in the from Harrowgate were, both in prospect and performance, a source of infinite delight to him, a place soon after his return to Southwell. anxiously he was expected back by all parties, and he was judged from the following fragment of a letter, which was received by his companion during his absence from home :—

"Tell Lord Byron that, if any accident should retard his return, his mother desires he will wait for her, as she shall be *miserable* if he does not come the day he fixes. Mr W. B. has written a letter to Mrs H. to offer for the character of 'Henry VIII.'—Mr and Mrs \* \* \* not approving of the taking a part in the play; but I believe he will persist in it. Mr G. W. says that, sooner than that he should be disappointed, he will take any part—dance—in short, do any thing to oblige. When Lord Byron returns, nothing can be done; and perhaps he must not be later than Tuesday or Wednesday.

We have already seen that, at Harrow, his favourite for declamation was the only one by which Byron was particularly distinguished, and in his note-books he adverts, with evident satisfaction, both to his school displays and to the share which he took in these representations at Southwell:

"When I was a youth, I was reckoned a good actor. Besides 'Harrow Speeches' (in which I enacted Penruddock, in the 'Wheel of Fortune' and Tristram Fickle in Allingham's farce 'Weathercock,' for three nights (the duration compact), in some private theatricals at Southwell in 1806, with great applause. The occasional logue for our volunteer play was also of my composition. The other performers were young ladies, gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and the whole of it with great effect upon our good-natured audience."

It may, perhaps, not be altogether trifling to observe, that, in thus personating with such success two heroes so different, the young poet displayed both that love and power of versatility by which he was afterwards impelled, on a grander scale, to present himself under such opposite aspects in the world;—the gloom of Penruddock, and the wit of Tristram, being types, as it were, of the two extremes, between which his own character, in his life, so singularly vibrated.

These representations, which form a memorable era at Southwell, took place, about the latter end of September, in the house of Mr Lencroft, the drawing-room was converted into a neat theatre, the occasion, and whose family contributed to the fair ornaments of its boards. The prologue, which Lord Byron furnished, and which may be seen in his "Hours of Idleness," was written by him between stages, on his way from Harrowgate to getting into the carriage at Chesterfield, he sent his companion, "Now, Pigot, I'll spin a prologue for our play;" and before they reached Mansfield he had completed his task,—interrupting, only on a rhyming reverie, to ask the proper pronunciation of the French word "*début*," and, on being told that it was "*début*," claiming, in the true spirit of Byshe, "Ay, that do for rhyme to '*new*.'"

The epilogue on the occasion was from the



her; and for the purpose of affording to Lord who was to speak it, an opportunity of displaying his powers of mimicry, consisted of good-sized portraits of all the persons concerned in representation. Some intimation of this design got among the actors, an alarm was felt in the theatre thus in store for them; and to their apprehensions, the author was obliged to add that, if after having heard his epilogue read, they did not, of themselves, pronounce it good, and even request that it should be precluded, he would most willingly withdraw it. In the end, it was concerted between this gentleman and Byron that the latter should, on the morning rehearsal, deliver the verses in a tone as independent as free from all point as possible,—relying on his mimicry, in which the whole sting of the comedy lay, for the evening of representation. The intended effect was produced;—all the personages in the room were satisfied, and even wondered at the suspicion of wagery could have attached to so well-bred a production. Their wonder, however, was of a different nature a night or two later, on hearing the audience convulsed with laughter at this same composition, they discovered the trick which the unsuspected mimic had played on them, and had no other resource than that of laughing in the laugh which his playful imitation of the dramatic personæ excited.

A small volume of Poems, which he had now some time been preparing, was, in the month of December, ready for delivery to the select few to whom it was intended to circulate; and to whom the first copy of the work was presented. The influence which this gentleman had, by his love of poetry, his sociability and good sense, acquired at the residence of Lord Byron, was frequently employed by him in guiding the taste of his friend, no less in matters of conduct than of poetry; and the ductility with which this influence was acted on, in an instance I shall have to mention, how far from untractable was the natural disposition of Byron, had he more frequently been brought enough to fall into hands that “knew the use of the instrument, and could draw out its strength as well as its strength.”

The wide range which his taste was now allowed through the light and miscellaneous literature of the day, it was but natural that he should settle his pleasure on those works, from which the delicacy of his age and temperament could extract the most congenial food; and, accordingly, Lord Byron's *Camoëns* and *Little's Poems* are said to have been, at this period, his favourite study. To the influence of such a taste his reverend friend was naturally opposed himself,—representing with as far, at least, as the latter author is concerned, how much more worthy models, both in style and in thought, he might find among the established masters of English literature. Instead of wasting his time on the ephemeral productions of his contemporaries, he should devote himself, his adviser said, to the study of Milton and of Shakspeare, and, above all,

his edition, which was in quarto, and consisted but of two sheets, there are but two, or, at the utmost, three in existence.

seek to elevate his fancy and taste by the contemplation of the sublimer beauties of the Bible. In the latter study, this gentleman acknowledges that his advice had been, to a great extent, anticipated, and that with the poetical parts of the Scripture he found Lord Byron deeply conversant;—a circumstance which corroborates the account given by his early master, Doctor Glennie, of his great proficiency in scriptural knowledge while yet but a child under his care.

To Mr Becher, as I have said, the first copy of his little work was presented; and this gentleman, in looking over its pages, among many things to commend and admire, as well as some almost too boyish to criticise, found one poem in which, as it appeared to him, the imagination of the young bard had indulged itself in a luxuriousness of colouring beyond what even youth could excuse. Immediately, as the most gentle mode of conveying his opinion, he sat down and addressed to Lord Byron some expostulatory verses on the subject, to which an answer, also in verse, was returned by the noble poet as promptly,—with, at the same time, a note, in plain prose, to say, that he felt fully the justice of his reverend friend's censure, and that rather than allow the poem in question to be circulated, he would instantly recall all the copies that had been sent out, and cancel the whole impression. On the very same evening this prompt sacrifice was carried into effect;—Mr Becher saw every copy of the edition burned, with the exception of that which he retained in his own possession, and another which had been dispatched to Edinburgh, and could not be recalled.

This trait of the young poet speaks sufficiently for itself;—the sensibility, the temper, the ingenuous pliability which it exhibits, show a disposition capable by nature of every thing we most respect and love.

Of no less amiable character were the feelings that, about this time, dictated the following letter;—a letter which it is impossible to peruse without acknowledging the noble candour and conscientiousness of the writer:—

#### LETTER VIII.

TO THE EARL OF CLARE.

\* Southwell, Notts., February 6th, 1807.

“MY DEAREST CLARE,

“Were I to make all the apologies necessary to atone for my late negligence, you would justly say you had received a petition instead of a letter, as it would be filled with prayers for forgiveness; but instead of this, I will acknowledge my *sins* at once, and I trust to your friendship and generosity rather than to my own excuses. Though my health is not perfectly re-established, I am out of all danger, and have recovered every thing but my spirits, which are subject to depression. You will be astonished to hear I have lately written to Delawarre, for the purpose of explaining (as far as possible without involving some *old friends* of mine in the business) the cause of my behaviour to him during my last residence at Harrow (nearly two years ago), which you will recollect was rather ‘*en cavalier*.’ Since that period I have discovered he was treated with injus-

tice, both by those who misrepresented his conduct, and by me in consequence of their suggestions. I have therefore made all the reparation in my power, by apologizing for my mistake, though with very faint hopes of success; indeed I never expected any answer, but desired one for form's sake; that has not yet arrived, and most probably never will. However, I have eased my own conscience by the atonement, which is humiliating enough to one of my disposition; yet I could not have slept satisfied with the reflection of having, even unintentionally, injured any individual. I have done all that could be done to repair the injury, and there the affair must end. Whether we renew our intimacy or not, is of very trivial consequence.

"My time has lately been much occupied with very different pursuits. I have been transporting a servant,\* who cheated me,—rather a disagreeable event:—performing in private theatricals;—publishing a volume of poems (at the request of my friends, for their perusal);—making love,—and taking physic. The two last amusements have not had the best effect in the world; for my attentions have been divided amongst so many fair damsels, and the drugs I swallow are of such variety in their composition, that between Venus and Æsculapius I am harassed to death. However, I have still leisure to devote some hours to the recollections of past, regretted friendships, and in the interval to take the advantage of the moment, to assure you how much I am, and ever will be, my dearest Clare,

"Your truly attached and sincere

"BYRON."

Considering himself bound to replace the copies of his work which he had withdrawn, as well as to rescue the general character of the volume from the stigma this one offender might bring upon it, he set instantly about preparing a second edition for the press, and, during the ensuing six weeks, continued busily occupied with his task. In the beginning of January we find him forwarding a copy to his friend, Dr Pigot, in Edinburgh:—

#### LETTER IX.

TO MR PIGOT.

\* Southwell, Jan. 13, 1807.

"I ought to begin with *undry* apologies, for my own negligence, but the variety of my avocations in prose and verse must plead my excuse. With this epistle you will receive a volume of all my *Juvenilia* published since your departure: it is of considerably greater size than the copy in your possession, which I beg you will destroy, as the present is much more complete. That *unlucky* poem to my poor Mary† has been the cause of some animadversion from ladies in years. I have not printed it in this collection, in consequence of my being pronounced a most *profligate sinner*, in short, a '*young Moore*,' by ———, your

\* His valet, Frank.

† Of this \*Mary,\* who is not to be confounded either with the heiress of Annesley, or \*Mary\* of Aberdeen, all I can record is, that she was of an humble, if not equivocal, station in life,—that she had long, light golden hair, of which he used to show a lock, as well as her picture, among his friends; and that the verses in his '*Hours of Idleness*,' entitled \*To Mary, on receiving her picture,\* were addressed to her.

\* \* \* friend. I believe in general the been favourably received, and surely the age author will preclude severe criticism. The adv of my life from sixteen to nineteen, and the tion into which I have been thrown in London given a voluptuous tint to my ideas; but the o which called forth my muse could hardly ad other colouring. This volume is *eastly* cor miraculously chaste. Apropos, talking of love

"If you can find leisure to answer this fat unconnected nonsense, you need not doubt gratification will accrue from your reply to ever, &c."

To his schoolfellow Mr William Bankes, w met casually with a copy of the work, and wr a letter, conveying his opinion of it, he return following answer:

#### LETTER X.

TO MR WILLIAM BANKES.

\* Southwell, March 6

"DEAR BANKES,

"Your critique is valuable for many reasons the first place, it is the only one in which has borne so slight a part; in the next, I am with insipid compliments. I have a better op your judgment and ability than your feelings. my most sincere thanks for your kind decis less welcome, because totally unexpected. regard to a more exact estimate, I need not you how few of the *best poems* in our langu stand the test of *minute* or *verbal* criticism: therefore hardly be expected the effusions of (and most of these pieces have been produced early period) can derive much merit either fr subject or composition. Many of them were under great depression of spirits, and during indisposition;—hence the gloomy turn of the We coincide in opinion that the '*poetics* *trou* are the most exceptionable; they were, ho grateful to the *deities* on whose altars they offered—more I seek not.

"The portrait of Pomposus was drawn at H after a long sitting; this accounts for the resembl or rather the caricatura. He is your friend, he was mine—for both our sakes I shall be silent head. The collegiate rhymes are not persona of the notes may appear so, but could not be on I have little doubt they will be deservedly abut just punishment for my unfilial treatment excellent an Alma Mater. I sent you no copy, I should be placed in the situation of *Gil Blas* u Archbishop of Grenada: though running son zard from the experiment, I wished your ver be unbiassed. Had my '*Libellus*' been pre previous to your letter, it would have appe species of bribe to purchase compliment. I hesitation in saying, I was more anxious to hear critique, however severe, than the praises million. On the same day I was honoured wi eacommiums of Mackenzie, the celebrated aut the '*Man of Feeling*.' Whether his approba yours elated me most, I cannot decide.

"You will receive my *Juvenilia*,—at least



shel. I have a large volume in manuscript, which may appear hereafter; at present I have no inclination to prepare it for the press. I shall return to Trinity, to my room, and bid you a final adieu. The last which increased by my tears on the spot. Verbal remarks, however casual or stipulated with the sweets of adulation, of which Johnson has shown us that no poet; but to correct mine would be an abuse. In fact I never looked beyond the of composition, and published merely at the of my friends. Notwithstanding so much has I concerning the "Genius irritable vatum," answered on the subject—poetic fame is to be 'acme' of my wishes. Adieu.

"Yours ever,  
BYRON."

later was followed by another, on the same subject, which, unluckily, only the of higher numbers:—

My dear friend, I have suffered severely in the of my two greatest friends, the only beings I of friends excepted; I am therefore a solid, miserable enough, and so perfectly a of the world, that whether I pass my days in this or Kew, is to me a matter of indifference. I cannot evince greater respect than by immediately adopting it—I will do so in the next edition. I am very glad to see you so frequent, so I am certain it is equally beneficial. Since my last, I have received critical opinions from Edinburgh, which are for me to detail. One is from Edinburgh, at the head of the Scotch and a very able writer (his last work of *Let's learn*); the other from Madras, which is a second time, more at length. I am personally acquainted with either of these, so we ever requested their sentiments on it: their praise is voluntary, and through the medium of a friend, at whose I had the production.

As to my former intention, I am now prepared for the public at large: my anxiety is exchanged, and others substituted in it. The whole will be considerably enlarged, and the latter end of May. This is a disappointment: but want of better employment I have not with, and my labour me to stand the test, though not every publication. The book will strengthen in this country, from more curiosity,

My most tender remembrance is ever presented to Mr. Falkner, the author's

## LETTER II. TO MR. FALKNER.

One of little pieces which accompany

\* Here the imperfectly printed copy.

this, would have been presented before, had I not been apprehensive that Miss Falkner's indisposition might render such trifles unwelcome. There are some errors of the printer which I have not had time to correct in the collection: you have it thus, with 'all its imperfections on its head,' a heavy weight, when joined with the faults of its author. Such 'Juvenilia,' as they can claim no great degree of approbation, I may venture to hope, will also escape the severity of uncalled for, though perhaps not undeserved, criticism.

"They were written on many and various occasions, and are now published merely for the personal of a friendly circle. Believe me, sir, if they afford the slightest amusement to yourself and the rest of my social readers, I shall have gathered all the lays I ever wish to adorn the head of yours, very truly,  
BYRON."

"P. S.—I hope Miss F. is in a state of recovery."

Notwithstanding this unambitious declaration of the young author, he had that within which would not suffer him to rest so easily; and the same he had now resented within a limited circle made him but more eager to try his chance on a wider field. The hundred copies of which this edition consisted were hardly out of his hands, when with fresh activity he went to press again,—and his first published volume, "The Hours of Idleness," made its appearance. Some new pieces which he had written in the interim were added, and no less than twenty of those contained in the former volume omitted;—for what reason does not very clearly appear, so they are, most of them, equal, if not superior, to those retained.

In one of the pieces, reprinted in the "Hours of Idleness," there are some alterations and additions, which, so far as they may be supposed to spring from the known feelings of the poet respecting birth, are curious. This poem, which is entitled "Epitaph on a Friend," appears, from the lines I am about to give, to have been, in its original state, intended to commemorate the death of the same lowly-born youth, to whom some affectionate verses, cited in a preceding page, were addressed:—

Though low thy lot, show in a cottage born,  
No titles did thy bosom ever adorn;  
To see the dearest was thy ardent love  
That all the joys wealth, fame, and friends could prove.

But, in the altered form of the epitaph, not only this passage, but every other containing an allusion to the low rank of his young companion, is omitted; while, in the added parts, the introduction of such language as

What, though thy lot is low, thy lot is high,

were calculated to give an idea of the youthful station in life, wholly different from that which the whole tenor of the original epitaph warrants. The other poem, too, which I have mentioned, addressed evidently to the same boy, and speaking in similar terms, of the "lowland" of his "lot," is, in the "Hours of Idleness," altogether omitted. That he grew more conscious of his high station, as he approached to maturity, is not improbable, and this

wish to sink his early friendship with the young cottager may have been a result of that feeling.

As his visits to Southwell were, after this period, but few and transient, I shall take the present opportunity of mentioning such miscellaneous particulars respecting his habits and mode of life, while there, as I have been able to collect.

Though so remarkably shy, when he first went to Southwell, this reserve, as he grew more acquainted with the young people of the place, wore off; till, at length, he became a frequenter of their assemblies and dinner-parties, and even felt mortified if he heard of a rout to which he was not invited. His horror, however, at new faces still continued; and if, while at Mrs Pigot's, he saw strangers approaching the house, he would instantly jump out of the window to avoid them. This natural shyness concurred with no small degree of pride to keep him aloof from the acquaintance of the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, whose visits, in more than one instance, he left unreturned;—some, under the plea that their ladies had not visited his mother, others, because they had neglected to pay him this compliment sooner. The true reason, however, of the haughty distance, at which, both now and afterwards, he stood apart from his more opulent neighbours, is to be found in his mortifying consciousness of the inadequacy of his own means to his rank, and the proud dread of being made to feel this inferiority by persons to whom, in every other respect, he knew himself superior. His friend Mr Becher frequently expostulated with him on this unsociableness; and to his remonstrances, on one occasion, Lord Byron returned a poetical answer, so remarkably prefiguring the splendid burst, with which his own volcanic genius opened upon the world, that, as the volume containing the verses is in very few hands, I cannot resist the temptation of giving a few extracts here:

Dear Becher, you tell me to mix with mankind,—  
I cannot deny such a precept is wise;  
But retirement accords with the tone of my mind,  
And I will not descend to a world I despise.

Did the Senate or Camp my exertions require,  
Ambition might prompt me at once to go forth;  
And, when infancy's years of probation expire,  
Perchance, I may strive to distinguish my birth.

*The fire, in the cavern of Ætna conceal'd,  
Still mantles unseen in its secret recess;—  
At length, in a volume terrific reveal'd,  
No torrent can quench it, no bounds can repress.*

*Oh thus, the desire in my bosom for fame  
Bids me live but to hope for Posterity's praise;  
Could I swear, with the Phoenix, on pinions of flame,  
With him I would wish to expire in the blaze.*

For the life of a Fox, or a Chatham the death,  
What censure, what danger, what woe would I brave!  
Their lives did not end when they yielded their breath,—  
Their glory illumines the gloom of the grave!

In his hours of rising and retiring to rest he was, like his mother, always very late; and this habit he never altered during the remainder of his life. The night, too, was at this period, as it continued afterwards, his favourite time for composition; and his first visit in the morning was generally paid to the fair friend who acted as his amanuensis, and to whom he then gave whatever new products of his brain the preceding night might have inspired. His next visit

was usually to his friend Mr Becher's, and thence to one or two other houses on the after which the rest of the day was devoted to his favourite exercises. The evenings he usually spent with the same family among whom he was in the morning, either in conversation, or in hearing Pigot play upon the piano-forte, and sing with her a certain set of songs which he added among which the "Maid of Lodi" (with the "My heart with love is beating"), and "When who steals our years away," were, it seems, particular favourites. He appears, indeed, to have been even thus early, shown a decided taste for the regular routine of life,—bringing round his occupations at the same stated periods,—which so much the system of his existence during the part of his residence abroad.

Those exercises, to which he flew for diversion in less happy days, formed his enjoyment not only between swimming, sparring, firing at a mark, and riding;† the greater part of his time was passed in the last of these accomplishments he was by no means very expert. As an instance of his little knowledge of horses, it is told, that, seeing a pair one day from his window, he exclaimed, "What beautiful horses! I should like to buy them."—"Why, they are your own, my lord," said his servant. Those who knew him, indeed, at that period, were rather surprised in after-life, to hear so much of his riding;—the truth is, I am inclined to think, that he was at the time a very adroit horseman.

In swimming and diving, we have already seen, from his own accounts, he excelled; and at Southwell, among other precious relics he possesses a thimble which he borrowed of Mrs Pigot, when on his way to bathe in the Great Ouse, which, as was testified by her brother who accompanied him, he brought up three times successively from the bottom of the river. His practice at a mark was the occasion, once, of some acquaintance with a very beautiful young person, Miss H.,—one of the numerous list of fair ones, by whom his imagination was dazzled while at Southwell. A poem, alluding to this occurrence, which may be found in his published volume, is thus introduced:—"The author was discharging his pistols in a garden, and two ladies, passing near the spot, were alarmed by the sound of a bullet hissing near them, to one of the following stanzas were addressed the morning."

Such a passion, indeed, had he for arms, that he gave a description, that there generally lay a small sword by the side of his bed, with which he used to threaten himself, as he lay awake in the morning, by thrusting it through his bed-hangings. The person who

\* Though always fond of music, he had very little skill in the performance of it. "It is very odd," he once said, "that I sing much better to yourself than to any one else's."—"That is," she answered, "because I play to your singing."—"In which few words," he replied, "you have told the whole secret of a skilful accompanist lies."

† Cricketing, too, was one of his most favourite exercises, and it was wonderful, considering his lameness, how fast and how far he could run. "Lord Byron (says Miss Pigot in a letter to her brother, from Southwell) is just going to bat with his bat on his shoulder to cricket, and is as fond of as ever."



his bed at the side of Mrs Byron's furniture, moved to Newcastle, gave out—with a view to a stronger interest in the holes in the wall—they were pierced by the same sword which the old lord had killed Mr Chaworth, and the sword was, that, as long as she had this head in her possession, she should never be in love. "Then give it to me," he cried eagerly, "for that's just the thing I want." The young lady refused;—but it was not long before the head disappeared. She taxed him with the theft, and he owned it; but said she never should see her annulet again.

Of his charity and kind-heartedness he left behind him at Southwell—as, indeed, at every place throughout his life, where he resided any time—the most excellent recollections. "He never," says a person, who knew him intimately at this period, "met with objects of distress, without affecting them sincerely." Among many little traits of this nature which his friends delight to tell, I select the following,—less as a proof of his generosity, than from the interest which the simple incident itself, so connected with the name of Byron, presents. While yet a schoolboy he happened to be in a bookbinder's shop at Southwell, when a poor woman came in to purchase a Bible. The price, she was told, by the shopman, was eight shillings. "Ah, dear Sir," she exclaimed, "I cannot pay such a price;—I did not think it would cost half the money." The woman was then, with a look of disappointment, going away,—when young Byron called her back, and made her a present of the Bible.

In his attention to his person and dress, to the becoming arrangement of his hair, and to whatever might best show off the beauty with which nature had gifted him, he manifested, even thus early, his anxiety to make himself pleasing to that sex, who were, from first to last, the ruling stars of his destiny. The fear of becoming what he was naturally inclined to be, extremely fat, had induced him, from the first entrance at Cambridge, to adopt, for the purpose of reducing himself, a system of violent exercise and abstinence, together with the frequent use of purgatives. But the extraordinary circumstances of his life,—that which haunted him, like a curse, under the beguery of youth, and the anticipation of fame and pleasure, was, strange to say, the trifling deformity of his feet. By that one slight blemish (as in the moments of exultation he persuaded himself) all the blessings that nature had showered upon him were counterbalanced. His revered friend Mr Butler, finding him one day unusually dejected, endeavored to cheer and raise him by representing, in their highest colors, all the various advantages with which Providence had endowed him,—and, among the greatest, that of "a mind which placed him above the rest of mankind."—"Ah, my dear friend," said Byron, cheerfully,—"if this saying be true, as the learned phrase declares the rest of mankind, that pointing to his feet, placed me far, far below them."

It sometimes, indeed, seemed as if his sensibility on this point led him to fancy that he was the only person in the world affected with such an infirmity. When that accomplished scholar and traveler, Mr C. Bailey, who was at the same school with him at Harrow, met him afterwards at Cambridge, the young peer told him, grown to the fact, though concealed by his family, as he considered, of his

agile head, with a wire through it, which had been taken out of a burrow, and lay always in her work-box. Lord Byron asking, one day, what it was, she told him that it had been given her as an annulet, and the charm was, that, as long as she had this head in her possession, she should never be in love. "Then give it to me," he cried eagerly, "for that's just the thing I want." The young lady refused;—but it was not long before the head disappeared. She taxed him with the theft, and he owned it; but said she never should see her annulet again.

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not till he mentioned his name that Mr Bailey could recognize him. "It is odd enough, too, that you should not know me," said Byron—"I thought nature had set such a mark upon me, that I could never be forgot."

But, while this defect was such a source of mortification to his spirit, it was also, in an equal degree, perhaps, a stimulus:—and more especially in whatever depended upon personal prowess or attractiveness, he seemed to feel himself piqued by this stigma, which nature, as he thought, had set upon him, to distinguish himself above those whom she had endowed with her more "fair proportion." In pursuits of gallantry he was, I have no doubt, a good deal actuated by this incentive; and the hope of astonishing the world, at some future period, as a chieftain and hero, mingled little less with his young dreams than the prospect of a poet's glory. "I will, some day or other," he used to say, when a boy, "raise a troop,—the men of which shall be dressed in black, and ride on black horses. They shall be called 'Byron's Blacks,' and you will hear of their performing prodigies of valour."

I have already adverted to the exceeding eagerness with which, while at Harrow, he devoured all sorts of learning,—excepting only that which, by the regimen of the school, was prescribed for him. The same rapid and multifarious course of study he pursued during the holidays; and, in order to deduct as little as possible from his hours of exercise, he had given himself the habit, while at home, of reading all dinner-time.\* In a mind so versatile as his, every novelty, whether serious or light, whether lofty or ludicrous, found a welcome and an echo; and I can easily conceive the glee—as a friend of his once described it to me—with which he brought to her, one evening, a copy of Mother Goose's Tales, which he had bought from a hawker that morning, and read, for the first time, while he dined.

I shall now give, from a memorandum-book begun by him this year, the account, as I find it hastily and promiscuously scribbled out, of all the books in various departments of knowledge, which he had already perused, at a period of life when few of his school-fellows had yet travelled beyond their *longs* and *shorts*. The list is, unquestionably, a remarkable one;—and when we recollect that the reader of all these volumes was, at the same time, the possessor of a most retentive memory, it may be doubted whether, among what are called the regularly educated, the contenders for scholastic honours and prizes, there could be found a single one who, at the same age, has possessed any thing like the same stock of useful knowledge.

"LIST OF HISTORICAL WRITERS WHOSE WORKS I HAVE PERUSED IN DIFFERENT LANGUAGES.

"*History of England*.—Hume, Rapin, Henry, Smollet, Tindal, Belsham, Bisset, Adolphus, Holished, Froissart's *Chronicles* (belonging properly to France).

"*Scotland*.—Buchanan, Hector Boethius, both in the Latin.

\* \* It was the custom of Burns,\* says Mr Lockhart, in his *Life* of that poet, \* to read at table.\*

"*Ireland*.—Gordon.

"*Rome*.—Hooke, Decline and Ancient History by Rollin (including the Carthaginians, &c.), besides Livy, Plutarch, Cornelius Nepos, Julius Sallust.

"*Greece*.—Mitford's *Greece*, Plutarch, Potter's *Antiquities*, Xenophon, Herodotus.

"*France*.—Mezeray, Voltaire.

"*Spain*.—I chiefly derived my knowledge of Spanish History from a book, called *Spain*, by Alphonso de Ercilla, from Alberoni down to the Prince of Peace, its connexion with European politics.

"*Portugal*.—From Vertot; as also the *Siege of Rhodes*,—though the latter is a fiction, the real facts being told much for his Knights of Malta.

"*Turkey*.—I have read Knolles, and Prince Cantemir, besides a more anonymous. Of the Ottoman History, from Tangralopi, and after to the peace of Passarowitz, in 1718, Cutzka, in 1739, and the treaty between Turkey in 1790.

"*Russia*.—Tooke's *Life of Catherine*, and the *Life of Catherine* by Voltaire's Charles XII.—in my opinion two.—A translation of Schiller's *Thalia*, which contains the exploits of Gustavus, besides Harte's *Life of the same*, somewhere, too, read an account of the deliverer of Sweden, but do not know the author's name.

"*Prussia*.—I have seen, at least, Frederick II., the only prince whose *Prussian annals*. Gillies, His own *War*,—none very amusing. The last is very circumstantial.

"*Denmark* I know little of. Of *Norway* I know nothing, but not the natural history, but not the history.

"*Germany*.—I have read long of the house of Suabia, Wenceslaus, and the house of Hapsburgh and his thick descendants.

"*Switzerland*.—Ah! William Tell of Morgarten, where Burgundy was defeated.

"*Italy*.—Davila, Guicciardini, the *Ghibellines*, the battle of Pavia, *Maxims* of Napoleon, &c. &c.

"*Hindustan*.—Orme and Cambridge.

"*America*.—Robertson, Andrews.

"*Africa*.—Merely from Travels, and Bruce.

"BIOGRAPHY.

"Robertson's *Charles V.*—Caesar, and Jugurtha), *Lives of Marlborough*, Tekeli, Bonnard, Buonaparte, all the both by Johnson and Anderson, *Ross's*, *Life of Cromwell*, British *Plutarch*, Campbell's *Lives of the Admirals*, *Cesar Peter*, Catherine II., Henry Marmontel, Teignmouth's *Sir William*.

of Newton, Belsham, with thousands not to be named.

#### "LAW.

\* Blackstone, *Commentaries*.

#### "PHILOSOPHY.

\* Paley, Locke, Bacon, Hume, Berkeley, Drummond, Bentham, and Hume. Hobbs I detest.

#### "GEOGRAPHY.

\* Strabo, Cosmas, Adams, Pinkerton, and Guthrie.

#### "POETRY.

\* All the British Classics, as before detailed, with most of the foreign poets, Scott, Southey, &c.—Some French in the original, of which the *Cid* is my favorite.—Little Italian.—Greek and Latin without number;—these last I shall give up in future.—I have translated a good deal from both languages, more as well as prose.

#### "LITERATURE.

\* Demosthenes, Cicero, Quintilian, Sheridan, Aristotle's *Oratorica*, and Parliamentary Debates, from the Revolution to the year 1742.

#### "HISTORY.

\* Herodotus, Thucydides, Herodotus, —all very interesting. I follow both of religion, though I reverence and love my God, without the blasphemous notions of sectaries, or belief in their absurd and childish legends, mysteries, and Thirty-nine Articles.

#### "ROMANCES.

\* Spenser, Rabelais, *World*, &c. &c.—Novels by the French.

\* All the books here commented I have taken down from every I recollect reading them, and no other passage from any mentioned. I have, of course, read several in my catalogue; but the prospect of the future I pursued before the age of fifteen. Since I left Rome I have become idle and contented, but still reading and making love to verse.

\* R.—Nov. 20, 1807.

"I have also read (as my object at present) almost the French novels, including the works of Cervantes, Voltaire, Rousseau, Richardson, Marivaux, Sterne, Fielding, and Rousseau, &c. &c. The book is so common, most useful to a man who wishes to acquire the reputation of being well read, and the best reader, as 'Bentham's history of the world,' the most interesting and instructive history of mankind and classical literature I ever perused. But a superficial reader must take care, or his studies will be lessened than. If, however, he has chosen to go through the volumes, he will be more prepared for history, conversation than by the perusal of any other author, whether with which I am acquainted,—at least in the English language."

"In the early collection of English writers it is mentioned that, contrary to the resources of the language, with which Lord Byron was so familiar, he was the least of the English, and which enabled him to be the greatest. He was young, and in the first years of his life, he was with a classical knowledge of the language, the difficulty of young writers, at that moment, was that they were not full of imagination

or images, than in that want of a fitting organ to give these conceptions vent, to which their unacquaintance with the great instrument of the man of genius, his native language, dooms them. It will be found, indeed, that the three most remarkable examples of early authorship, which, in their respective lines, the history of literature affords—Pope, Congreve, and Chatterton—were all of them persons self-educated,\* according to their own intellectual wants and tastes, and left, undistracted by the worse than useless pedantries of the schools, to seek, in the pure "well of English undefiled," those treasures of which they accordingly so very early and intimately possessed themselves.† To these three instances may now be added, virtually, that of Lord Byron, who, though a disciple of the schools, was, intellectually speaking, in them, not of them, and who, while his comrades were prying curiously into the graves of dead languages, betook himself to the fresh, living sources of his own,‡ and from thence drew those rich, varied stores of diction, which have placed his works, from the age of two-and-twenty upwards, among the most precious depositories of the strength and sweetness of the English language that our whole literature supplies.

In the same book that contains the above record of his studies, he has written out, also from memory, a "List of the different poets, dramatic or otherwise, who have distinguished their respective languages by their productions." After enumerating the various poets, both ancient and modern, of Europe, he thus proceeds with his catalogue through other quarters of the world:—

\* *Arabia*.—Mahomet, whose Koran contains most sublime poetical passages, far surpassing European poetry.

\* *Peru*.—Ferdinand, author of the *Wish Namer*, the *Peruvian* line, &c. &c. and Huidar, the immortal Huidar, the immortal American. The last is remembered beyond any bard of ancient or modern times by the Peruvians, who resort to his tomb near Sucre, to refresh his memory. A splendid copy of his works is claimed to his monument.

\* *America*.—An epic poet has already appeared in that hemisphere, Barlow, author of the *Columbiad*,—not to be compared with the works of more polished nations.

\* *Ireland, Denmark, Norway*, were famous for

\* "I think in reading by myself," says Pope, "for which I had a very great experience and enthusiasm." . . . . . I had loved every where, as my story tells me, and was always gathering flowers in the fields and woods, just as they fell in his way. These five or six years I still look upon as the happiest part of my life. I suppose, too, that he was himself aware of the advantages which this free course of study brought with it.—"The Pope," says Spenser, "thought himself the better, in some respects, for not having had a regular education. He is in the world in particular, and originally for the cause, otherwise we are taught, for as much as we can, to read only for words."

\* Before Chatterton was twelve years old, he wrote a catalogue, in the same manner as Lord Byron, of the books he had already read, in the manner of severity. Of these the chief parts were history and poetry.

\* The perfect purity with which the Greek words have been employed, with perfect propriety, attributed by Chatterton to his native dialect, shows the ability of an early writer.—"I have written history," says Spenser, "I have only by studying what they themselves had produced."



their Skalds. Among these Lodburg was one of the most distinguished. His Death-Song breathes ferocious sentiments, but a glorious and impassioned strain of poetry.

"*Hindustan* is undistinguished by any great bard,—at least, the Sanscrit is so imperfectly known to Europeans, we know not what poetical relics may exist.

"*The Birman Empire*.—Here the natives are passionately fond of poetry, but their bards are unknown.

"*China*.—I never heard of any Chinese poet, but the Emperor Kien Long, and his ode to *Tea*. What a pity their philosopher Confucius did not write poetry, with his precepts of morality!

"*Africa*.—In Africa some of the native melodies are plaintive, and the words simple and affecting; but whether their rude strains of nature can be classed with poetry, as the songs of the bards, the Skalds of Europe, &c. &c. I know not.

"This brief list of poets I have written down from memory, without any book of reference; consequently some errors may occur, but I think, if any, very trivial. The works of the European, and some of the Asiatic, I have perused, either in the original or translations. In my list of English, I have merely mentioned the greatest;—to enumerate the minor poets would be useless, as well as tedious. Perhaps Gray, Goldsmith, and Collins, might have been added, as worthy of mention, in a *cosmopolite* account. But as for the others, from Chaucer down to Churchill, they are '*voce et præterea nihil*;'—sometimes spoken of, rarely read, and never with advantage. Chaucer, notwithstanding the praises bestowed on him, I think obscene and contemptible;—he owes his celebrity merely to his antiquity, which he does not deserve so well as Pierce Plowman, or Thomas of Ercildoune. English living poets I have avoided mentioning;—we have none who will not survive their productions. Taste is over with us; and another century will sweep our empire, our literature, and our name, from all but a place in the annals of mankind.

—BYRON.

"November 30, 1807."

Among the papers of his in my possession are several detached Poems (in all nearly six hundred lines), which he wrote about this period, but never printed—having produced most of them after the publication of his "*Hours of Idleness*." The greater number of these have little, besides his name, to recommend them: but there are a few that, from the feelings and circumstances that gave rise to them, will, I have no doubt, be interesting to the reader.

When he first went to Newstead, on his arrival from Aberdeen, he planted, it seems, a young oak in some part of the grounds, and had an idea that as it flourished so should he. Some six or seven years after, on revisiting the spot, he found his oak choked up by weeds, and almost destroyed. In this circumstance, which happened soon after Lord Grey de Ruthen left Newstead, originated one of these poems, which consists of five stanzas, but of which the few opening lines will be a sufficient specimen:—

Young Oak, when I planted thee deep in the ground,  
I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine;

That thy dark-waving branches would flourish  
And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwining

Such, such was my hope, when, in infancy's  
On the land of my fathers I rear'd thee wit  
They are past, and I water thy stem with my  
Thy decay not the weeds that surround thee

I left thee, my Oak, and, since that fatal hour  
A stranger has dwelt in the Hall of my Sire

The subject of the verses that follow is explained by the notice which he has given them; and, as illustrative of the romantic love-like feeling which he threw into his friendships, they appeared to me, though quaint and elaborate, to be worth preserving.

"Some years ago, when at H—, the author engraved on a particular spot of both, with a few additional words as follows. Afterwards, on receiving some real injury, the author destroyed the frail relic he left H—. On revisiting the place he wrote under it the following stanzas:—

1.

Here once engaged the stranger's view  
Young Friendship's record, simply true  
Few were her words,—but yet through  
Resentment's hand the line defaced

2.

Deeply she cut—but, not erased,  
The characters were still so plain,  
That Friendship once return'd, and glad  
Till Memory hail'd the words again

3.

Repentance placed them as before;  
Forgiveness join'd her gentle name  
So fair the inscription seem'd once more  
That Friendship thought it still the same

4.

Thus might the Record now have been  
But, ah, in spite of Hope's endeavor  
Or Friendship's tears, Pride rush'd between  
And blotted out the line for ever!

The same romantic feeling of friendship pervades throughout another of these poems, in which he taken for his subject the ingenious thought of "l'Amour sans ailes," and concludes with the words "Friendship is Love with wings." Of the nine stanzas of which it consists, the three following appear to be the best selection:—

Why should my anxious breast repine  
Because my youth is fled?  
Days of delight may still be mine,  
Affection is not dead.  
In tracing back the years of youth,  
One firm record, one lasting truth  
Celestial consolation brings;  
Bear it, ye breezes, to the seat,  
Where first my heart responsive beat  
Friendship is Love without his wing

Seat of my youth! thy distant spire  
Recalls each scene of joy;  
My bosom glows with former fire,—  
In mind again a boy.  
Thy grove of elms, thy verdant hill,  
Thy every path delights me still,  
Each flower a double fragrance fills  
Again, as once, in converse gay,  
Each dear associate seems to say  
Friendship is Love without his wing

My Lycus! wherefore dost thou weep  
Thy falling tears restrain;

fection for a time may sleep,  
But, oh, 'twill wake again.  
Think, think, my friend, when next we meet,  
Our long wish'd intercourse, how sweet!  
From this no hope of rapture springs,  
While youthful hearts thus fondly swell,  
Ah, no, my friend, can only tell,  
'Feeling is Love without his wings!'

After the verses I am now about to give are, in general, founded on fact, I have no accurate means of knowing. Fact as he was of recording every part of his youth, such an event, or rather era, as is commemorated, would have been, of all others, most likely to pass unmentioned by him;—and yet in conversation nor in any of his writings do I remember even an allusion to it.\* On the other hand, it entirely was all that he wrote,—making it for the embellishments of fancy,—the transcribing of actual life and feelings, that it is not easy to see a poem, so full of natural tenderness, to be admitted for its origin to imagination alone.

#### TO MY SON!

1.  
How dark locks, those eyes of blue,  
Bright as thy mother's in their hue;  
How rosy lips, whose dimples play  
Of smile to steal the heart away,  
Call a scene of former joy,  
And touch thy father's heart, my Boy!

2.  
Thou canst not hush a father's name—  
'William' were thine own the same,  
And reproach—but, let me cease—  
Care for thee shall purchase peace;  
Thy mother's shade shall smile in joy,  
And pardon all the past, my Boy!

3.  
A lonely grave the turf has prest,  
And thou hadst known a stranger's breast,  
Thine arms upon thy birth,  
And yield thee scarce a name on earth:  
If dead not those one hope destroy,—  
Father's heart is thine, my Boy!

4.  
Nay, let the world unfeeling frown,  
As I find Nature's claim disown?  
No—though moralists reprove,  
All them, dearest child of love,  
Thy cherub, pledge of youth and joy—  
Thy guards thy birth, my Boy!

5.  
'Twill be sweet in thee to trace,  
Age has wrinkled o'er my face,

circumstance I know, that bears even resemblance to this poem, is the following. About before the date affixed to it, he wrote to his Harrow (as I have been told by a person, to whom he had communicated the circumstance), that he had lately had a good deal of uneasiness on young woman, whom he knew to have been a late friend, Curzon, and who, finding herself in a state of progress towards maternity, Lord Byron was the father of her child. This, assured his mother, was not the case; but, he did firmly, that the child belonged to Curzon, and he therefore entreated that his mother be kind enough to take charge of it. Though such did well (as my informant expresses it) have a temper more mild than Mrs. Byron's, she had answered her son in the kindest terms, he would willingly receive the child as soon as he brought it up in whatever manner he desired. However, the infant died almost immediately, and did not bring a tax on the good-nature of any

Ere half my glass of life is run,  
At once a brother and a son;  
And all my wane of years employ  
In justice done to thee, my Boy!

6.

Although so young thy heedless air,  
Youth will not damp parental fire;  
And, wert thou still less dear to me,  
While Helen's form revives in thee,  
The breast, which beat to former joy,  
Will ne'er desert its pledge, my Boy!

B—, 1807.\*

But the most remarkable of these poems is one of a date prior to any I have given, being written in December, 1806, when he was not yet nineteen years old. It contains, as will be seen, his religious creed at that period, and shows how early the struggle between natural piety and doubt began in his mind.

#### THE PRAYER OF NATURE.

Father of Light! great God of Heaven!  
Hear'st thou the accents of despair?  
Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven?  
Can vice atone for crimes by prayer?  
Father of Light, on thee I call!  
Thou see'st my soul is dark within;  
Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,  
Avert from me the death of sin.  
No shrine I seek, to sects unknown;  
Oh point to me the path of truth!  
Thy dread omnipotence I own;  
Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth.  
Let bigots rear a gloomy fane,  
Let superstition hail the pile,  
Let priests, to spread their sable reign,  
With tales of mystic rites beguile.  
Shall man confine his Maker's sway  
To Gothic domes of mouldering stone?  
Thy temple is the face of day;  
Earth, ocean, heaven, thy boundless throne.  
Shall man condemn his race to hell  
Unless they bend in pompous form;  
Tell us that all, for one who fell,  
Must perish in the mingling storm?  
Shall each pretend to reach the skies,  
Yet doom his brother to expire,  
Whose soul a different hope supplies,  
Or doctrines less severe inspire?  
Shall these, by creeds they can't expound,  
Prepare a fancied bliss or woe?  
Shall reptiles, groveling on the ground,  
Their great Creator's purpose know?  
Shall those, who live for self alone,  
Whose years float on in daily crime—  
Shall they by Faith for guilt atone,  
And live beyond the bounds of Time?  
Father! no prophet's laws I seek,—  
Thy laws in Nature's works appear;—  
I own myself corrupt and weak,  
Yet will I pray, for thou wilt hear!  
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star  
Through trackless realms of Æther's space;

\* In this practice of dating his juvenile poems he followed the example of Milton, who (says Johnson), "by affixing the dates to his first compositions, a boast of which the learned Politician had given him an example, seems to commend the earliness of his own compositions to the notice of posterity."

The following tribute, written also by him in 1807, has never, as far as I know, appeared in print:—

*Epitaph on John Adams, of Southwell, a carrier, who died of drunkenness.*

John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell,  
A Carrier, who carried his can to his mouth well;  
He carried so much, and he carried so fast,  
He could carry no more—so was carried at last;  
For, the liquor he drank, being too much for one,  
He could not carry off,—so he's now carri-ed.

B—, Sept., 1807.



Who calm'st the elemental war,  
Whose hand from pole to pole I trace :—  
Thou, who in wisdom placed me here,  
Who, when thou wilt, can take me hence,  
Ah! whilst I tread this earthly sphere,  
Extend to me thy wide defence.  
To Thee, my God, to Thee I call!  
Whatever weal or woe betide,  
By thy command I rise or fall,  
In thy protection I confide.  
If, when this dust to dust restored,  
My soul shall float on airy wing,  
How shall thy glorious name adored  
Inspire her feeble voice to sing!  
But, if this fleeting spirit share  
With clay the grave's eternal bed,  
While life yet throbs I raise my prayer,  
Though doom'd no more to quit the dead.  
To Thee I breathe my humble strain,  
Grateful for all thy mercies past,  
And hope, my God, to thee again  
This erring life may fly at last.

29th Dec., 1806.

BYRON.

In another of these poems, which extends to about a hundred lines, and which he wrote under the melancholy impression that he should soon die, we find him concluding with a prayer in somewhat the same spirit. After bidding adieu to all the favourite scenes of his youth,\* he thus continues :—

Forget this world, my restless sprite,  
Turn, turn thy thoughts to Heav'n:  
There must thou soon direct thy flight,  
If errors are forgiven.  
To bigots and to sects unknown,  
Bow down beneath th' Almighty's Throne,  
To him address thy trembling prayer;  
He, who is merciful and just,  
Will not reject a child of dust,  
Although his meanest care.  
Father of Light! to thee I call,  
My soul is dark within;  
Thou, who canst mark the sparrow fall,  
Avert the death of sin:  
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,  
Who calm'st the elemental war,  
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky.  
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive;  
And, since I soon must cease to live,  
Instruct me how to die.

1807.

We have seen, by a former letter, that the law proceedings for the recovery of his Rochdale property had been attended with success in some trial of the case at Lancaster. The following note to one of his Southwell friends, announcing a second triumph of the cause, shows how sanguinely and, as it turned out, erroneously, he calculated on the results.

\* Feb. 9th, 1807.

"DEAR —,"

"I have the pleasure to inform you we have gained the Rochdale cause a 2d time, by which I am £60,000 plus.

"Yours ever,

"BYRON."

In the month of April we find him still at Southwell, and addressing to his friend Dr Pigot, who was at Edinburgh, the following note :†—

\* Annesley is, of course, not forgotten among the number :—

And shall I here forget the scene,  
Still nearest to my breast?  
Rocks rise and rivers roll between  
The rural spot which passion blest!  
Yet, Mary, all thy beauties seem  
Fresh as in Love's bewitching dream, &c. &c.

† It appears from a passage in one of Miss —'s

"Southwell, A

"MY DEAR PIGOT,

"Allow me to congratulate you on the your first examination—'Courage, mon titre of Dr will do wonders with the damse most probably be in Essex or London arrive at this d—d place, where I am d the publication of my *rhymes*. Adieu.— yours very truly,

"P. S.—Since we met, I have reduced violent exercise, *much* physic, and *hot* bath 14 stone 6lb., to 12 stone 7lb. In all I h pounds, Bravo!—what say you?"

His movements and occupations for the of this year will be best collected from a own letters, which I am enabled, by the the lady to whom they were addressed. Though these letters are boyishly\* wri good deal of their pleasantry is of that c kind which depends more upon phrase th they will yet, I think, be found curious a ing, not only as enabling us to track him t period of his life, but as throwing light u little traits of character, and laying ope first working of his hopes and fears while suspense, the opinions that were to de thought, his future fame. The first of which is without date, appears to have b before he had left Southwell. The othe will be seen, are dated from Cambridg London.

## LETTER XII.

TO MISS —

\* June

"DEAR QUEEN BESS,

"*Savage* ought to be *immortal*:—th thorough-bred bull-dog, he is the finest p saw, and will answer much better; in h manifold kindness he has already bitten and disturbed the *gravity* of old Boatsw grievously *discomposed*. I wish to be inf he *costs*, his *expenses*, &c. &c., that I nify Mr. G—. My thanks are all I the trouble he has taken, make a *long* conclude it with 1 2 3 4 5 6 7.† I am tice, so *deputize* you as Legate,—ambas

letters to her brother, that Lord Byron sent gentleman, a copy of his Poems to Mr M author of the *Man of Feeling* :—"I am glad y Mr Mackenzie's having got a copy of Lord B. what he thought of them—Lord B. was so m

In another letter, the fair writer says :—"desired me to tell you that the reason you did him was because his publication was not so had flattered himself it would have been. I was no more to be depended on than a w instantly brought the softness of that countenance, for he blushed exceedingly."

\* He was, indeed, a thorough boy, at this p respect :—"Next Monday" (says Miss — fair. Lord Byron talks of it with as much ph Henry, and declares he will ride in the Rout I think he will change his mind."

† He here alludes to an odd fancy or trick whenever he was at a loss for something t always to gubble over = 1 2 3 4 5 6 7."





bridge we met every day, summer and winter, without passing *one* tiresome moment, and separated each time with increasing reluctance. I hope you will one day see us together; he is the only being I esteem, though I like many.\*

"The Marquis of Tavistock was down the other day; I supped with him at his tutor's—entirely a whig party. The opposition muster strong here now, and Lord Huntingdon, the Duke of Leinster, &c. &c. are to join us in October, so every thing will be splendid. The music is all over at present. Met with another 'accidency'—upset a butter-boat in the lap of a lady—look'd very blue—spectators grinned—'curse 'em!' Apropos, sorry to say, been drunk every day, and not quite sober yet—however, touch no meat, nothing but fish, soup, and vegetables, consequently it does me no harm—sad dogs all the Cantabs. Mem.—we mean to reform next January. This place is a *monotony of endless variety*—like it—hate Southwell. Has Ridge sold well? or do the ancients demur? What ladies have bought?"

"Saw a girl at St Mary's the image of Anne \* \*, thought it was her—all in the wrong—the lady stared, so did I—I blushed, so did not the lady—sad thing—wish women had more modesty. Talking of women puts me in mind of my terrier Fauny—how is she? Got a headache, must go to bed, up early in the morning to travel. My protégé breakfasts with me; parting spoils my appetite—excepting from Southwell. Mem. I hate Southwell. Yours, &c."

#### LETTER XV.

TO MISS ———.

\* Gordon's Hotel, July 13th, 1807.

"You write most excellent epistles—a fig for other

\* It may be as well to mention here the sequel of this enthusiastic attachment. In the year 1811 young Edleston died of a consumption, and the following letter, addressed by Lord Byron to the mother of his fair Southwell correspondent, will show with what melancholy faithfulness, among the many his heart had then to mourn for, he still dwelt on the memory of his young college friend.

"Cambridge, Oct. 28th, 1811.

"DEAR MADAM,

"I am about to write to you on a silly subject, and yet I cannot well do otherwise. You may remember a *cornelian*, which some years ago I consigned to Miss \* \* \* \*, indeed gave to her, and now I am going to make the most selfish and rude of requests. The person who gave it to me, when I was very young, is dead, and though a long time has elapsed since we met, as it was the only memorial I possessed of that person (in whom I was very much interested), it has acquired a value by this event I could have wished it never to have borne in my eyes. If, therefore, Miss \* \* \* \* should have preserved it, I must, under these circumstances, beg her to excuse my requesting it to be transmitted to me at No. 8, St James's street, London, and I will replace it by something she may remember me by equally well. As she was always so kind as to feel interested in the fate of him that formed the subject of our conversation, you may tell her that the giver of that cornelian died in May last of a consumption, at the age of twenty-one, making the sixth, within four months, of friends and relatives that I have lost between May and the end of August.

\* Believe me, dear madam, yours very sincerely,

\* P. S.—I go to London to-morrow."

\* BYRON.

The cornelian heart was, of course, returned, and Lord Byron, at the same time, reminded that he had left it with Miss \* \* \* \* as a deposit, not a gift.

correspondents, with their nonsensical apology 'knowing nought about it;'—you send me a d budget. I am here in a perpetual vortex of tion (very pleasant for all that), and, strange, I get thinner, being now below 11 stone consist Stay in town a month, perhaps 6 weeks, Essex, and then, as a favour, irradiate South 3 days with the light of my countenance; but shall ever make me reside there again. I p return to Cambridge in October; we are t commonly gay, or in truth I should cut the city. An extraordinary circumstance occurred at Cambridge, a girl so very like \* \* m appearance, that nothing but the most m spection could have undeceived me. I wis asked if she had ever been at H \* \* \*.

"What the devil would Ridge have? is i a fortnight, before the advertisements, a s sale? I hear many of the London booksell them, and Crosby has sent copies to the watering-places. Are they liked or not in So \* \* \* \* \* I wish Boatswain had a Damon! How is Bran? by the immortal go ought to be a Count of the Holy Roman \* \* \* \*.

"The intelligence of London cannot be in to you, who have rusticated all your life—th of routs, riots, balls, and boxing-matches, ex crim. cons, parliamentary discussion, political masquerades, mechanics, Argyle-street Ins and aquatic races, love and lotteries, Broo Buonaparte, opera-singers and oratorios, wi men, wax-work, and weather cocks, can't with your insulated ideas of decorum and of expressions not inserted in our vocabulary.

"Oh! Southwell, Southwell, how I rejoice left thee, and how I curse the heavy hours I along, for so many months, amongst the M who inhabit your kraals!—However, one thi not regret, which is having pared off a \* quantity of flesh to enable me to slip into skin,\* and vie with the slim beaux of modern though, I am sorry to say, it seems to be th amongst gentlemen to grow fat, and I am to at least 14lb. below the fashion. However crease instead of enlarging, which is extra as violent exercise in London is impractical I attribute the phenomenon to our evening at public and private parties. I heard from this morning (the 14th, my letter was begun day): he says the Poems go on as well as wished, the seventy-five sent to town are circ and a demand for fifty more complied with, he dated his epistle, though the advertisement not yet half published.—Adieu.

\* P. S.—Lord Carlisle, on receiving my sent, before he opened the book, a tolerably some letter:—I have not heard from him since opinions I neither know nor care about; if h least insolent, I shall enroll him with Butler\*, other worthies. He is in Yorkshire, poor ma

\* In the Collection of his Poems printed for circulation, he had inserted some severe ve Doctor Butler, which he omitted in the subsequent edition,—at the same time explaining why he did note little less severe than the verses.

he said he had not had time to read the book, but thought it necessary to acknowledge the volume immediately. Perhaps the poet has no brother near the throne,—if so, I will accept the letter in his hands.—Adieu!”

## LETTER XVI.

TO MISS ———.

\* August 24, 1807.

As you begin to disgorge its contents—town is consequently I can scribble at leisure, as my time is less numerous. In a fortnight I shall be full of a country engagement; but expect 2 from you previous to that period. Ridge does need rapidly in Notts.—very possible. In my works wear a more promising aspect, and a few more are praised by reviewers, admired by the public, and sold by every bookseller of the time, does not dedicate much consideration to readers. I have now a review before me, of ‘*Literary Recreations*,’ where my bardship is treated by beyond my deserts. I know nothing of the matter, but think him a very discerning gentleman, and myself a devilish clever fellow. His critique is particularly, because it is of great length, and a great quantity of censure is administered, but an agreeable relish to the praise. You are indignant, unqualified, common-place comments.

If you would wish to see it, order the 13th of ‘*Literary Recreations*’ for the last month. I have not the most distant idea of the contents of the article—it is printed in a periodical work—and though I have written a paper (a paper of ‘*Wordsworth*’), which appears in the same work, I am ignorant of every other person concerned in the matter, whose name I have not heard. Lord Alexander Gordon, who resided in the house, told me his mother, her Grace of Devonshire, requested he would introduce my Poetical work to her Highness, as she had bought my book, and admired it exceedingly in common with the fashionable world, and wished to claim acquaintance with the author. I was unluckily on an excursion for some days afterwards, and my departure was on the eve of departing for I have postponed my introduction till the time I shall favour the lady, whose taste I highly prize, with my most sublime and edifying sentiments. She is now in the Highlands, and took his departure a few days ago, for the land of ‘*dark rolling winds*.’

My attempt of Lord Byron at reviewing (for it is not he, once or twice afterwards, tried his hand at critical of employments) is remarkable only as it is the only one he could assume the established tone of these minor judgment-seats of criticism. The volumes before us are by the Author himself, a collection which has not undeservedly a considerable share of public applause. The muse of Mr Wordsworth is simple and occasionally inharmonious, verse,—strong, irresistible appeals to the feelings, with sentiments. Though the present work is his former efforts, many of the poems possess a force, a &c. &c. If Mr Wordsworth ever had his eye over this article, how little could he tell that under that dull prosaic mask lurked a short years from thence, would rival even

“Crosby, my London publisher, has disposed of his second importation, and has sent to Ridge for a third—at least so he says. In every bookseller’s window I see my own name and say nothing, but enjoy my fame in secret. My last reviewer kindly requests me to alter my determination of writing no more, and ‘a Friend to the Cause of Literature’ begs I will gratify the public with some new work ‘at no very distant period.’ Who would not be a bard?—that is to say, if all critics would be so polite. However, the others will pay me off, I doubt not, for this gentle encouragement. If so, have at ‘em! By the way, I have written at my intervals of leisure, after 2 in the morning, 380 lines in blank verse, of Bosworth Field. I have luckily got Hutton’s account. I shall extend the Poem to 8 or 10 books, and shall have finished it in a year. Whether it will be published or not must depend on circumstances. So much for egotism! My laurels have turned my brain, but the cooling acids of forthcoming criticisms will probably restore me to modesty.

“Southwell is a damned place—I have done with it—at least in all probability: excepting yourself, I esteem no one within its precincts. You were my only rational companion; and in plain truth, I had more respect for you than the whole *bery*, with whose foibles I amused myself in compliance with their prevailing propensities. You gave yourself more trouble with me and my manuscripts than a thousand dolls would have done. Believe me, I have not forgotten your good-nature in this circle of sin, and one day I trust I shall be able to evince my gratitude. Adieu.—Yours, &c.

“P.S. Remember me to Dr P.”

## LETTER XVII.

TO MISS ———.

\* London, August 11th, 1807.

“On Sunday next I set off for the Highlands.” A friend of mine accompanies me in my carriage to Edinburgh. There we shall leave it, and proceed in a tandem (a species of open carriage) through the western passes to Inverary, where we shall purchase shelties, to enable us to view places inaccessible to vehicular conveyances. On the coast we shall hire a vessel and visit the most remarkable of the Hebrides, and, if we have time and favourable weather, mean to sail as far as Iceland, only 300 miles from the northern extremity of Caledonia, to peep at Hecla. This last intention you will keep a secret, as my nice mamma would imagine I was on a Voyage of Discovery, and raise the accustomed maternal warwhoop.

“Last week I swam in the Thames from Lambeth through the 2 bridges, Westminster and Blackfriars, a distance, including the different turns and tacks made on the way, of 3 miles! You see I am in excellent training in case of a squall at sea. I mean to

\* This plan (which he never put in practice) had been talked of by him before he left Southwell, and is thus noticed in a letter of his fair correspondent to her brother:—“How can you ask if Lord B. is going to visit the Highlands in the summer? Why, don’t you know that he never knows his own mind for ten minutes together? I tell him he is as fickle as the winds, and as uncertain as the waves.”



collect all the Erse traditions, poems, &c. &c., and translate, or expand the subject to fill a volume, which may appear next spring under the denomination of '*The Highland Harp*,' or some title equally picturesque. Of Bosworth Field, one book is finished, another just began. It will be a work of 3 or 4 years, and most probably never conclude. What would you say to some stanzas on Mount Hecla? they would be written at least with *fire*. How is the immortal Bran? and the Phoenix of canine quadrupeds, Boatswain? I have lately purchased a thorough-bred bull-dog, worthy to be the coadjutor of the aforesaid celestials—his name is *Smut*!—bear it, ye breezes, on your *balmy* wings.'

"Write to me before I set off, I conjure you by the 5th rib of your grandfather. Ridge goes on well with the books—I thought that worthy had not done much in the country. In town they have been very successful; Carpenter (Moore's publisher) told me a few days ago they sold all theirs immediately, and had several inquiries made since, which, from the books being gone, they could not supply. The Duke of York, the Marchioness of Headfort, the Duchess of Gordon, &c. &c. were among the purchasers, and Crosby says the circulation will be still more extensive in the winter; the summer season being very bad for a sale, as most people are absent from London. However, they have gone off extremely well altogether. I shall pass very near you on my journey through Newark, but cannot approach. Don't tell this to Mrs B., who supposes I travel a different road. If you have a letter, order it to be left at Ridge's shop, where I shall call, or the post-office, Newark, about 6 or 8 in the evening. If your brother would ride over, I should be devilish glad to see him—he can return the same night, or sup with us and go home the next morning—the Kingston Arms is my inn.

"Adieu. Yours ever,

"BYRON."

#### LETTER XVIII.

TO MISS ———.

\* Trinity College, Cambridge, October 26th, 1807.

"MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

"Fatigued with sitting up till four in the morning for the last two days at hazard,\* I take up my pen to inquire how your highness and the rest of my female acquaintance at the seat of archiepiscopal grandeur go on. I know I deserve a scolding for my negligence in not writing more frequently; but racing up and down the country for these last three months, how was it possible to fulfil the duties of a correspondent? Fixed at last for six weeks, I write, as *this* as ever (not having gained an ounce since my reduction), and rather in better humour;—but,

\* We observe here, as in other parts of his early letters, that sort of display and boast of rakishness which is but too common a folly at this period of life, when the young aspirant to manhood persuades himself that to be profligate is to be manly. Unluckily, this boyish desire of being thought worse than he really was foibles of his boyhood, long after the period when, with others, they are past and forgotten; and his mind, indeed, was but beginning to outgrow them, when he was snatched away.

after all, Southwell was a detestable resid. Thank St Dominica, I have done with it: I been twice within eight miles of it, but could prevail on myself to *suffocate* in its heavy atmosphere. This place is wretched enough—a villainous chad in and drunkenness, nothing but hazard burgundy, hunting, mathematics and Newms riot and racing. Yet it is a paradise compared the eternal dullness of Southwell. Oh! the m of doing nothing but make *love*, *enemies*, and *ever*.

"Next January (but this is *entre nous* only, pray let it be so, or my maternal persecutor will throwing her tomahawk at any of my curious projects I am going to *sea*, for four or five months, with cousin Capt. Bettesworth, who commands the *Ts* the finest frigate in the navy. I have seen scenes, and wish to look at a naval life. *W*, going probably to the Mediterranean, or to the Indies, or—to the d—I; and if there is a probability of taking me to the latter, Bettesworth will it; for he has received four and twenty wounds in different places, and at this moment possess letter from the late Lord Nelson, stating Bettesworth as the only officer in the navy who had more wounds than himself.

"I have got a new friend, the finest in the world a *tame bear*. When I brought him here, they asked me what I meant to do with him, and my reply was 'he should *sit for a fellowship*.' Sherard will explain the meaning of the sentence, if it is ambiguous. This answer delighted them not. We have several parties here, and this evening a large assortment of jockies, gamblers, boxers, authors, parsons, poets, sup with me,—a precious mixture, but go on well together; and for me, I am a *sp* every thing, except a jockey; by the by, I was mounted again the other day.

"Thank your brother in my name for his letter. I have written 214 pages of a novel,—one page 380 lines,\* to be published (without my name) in a few weeks, with notes,—560 lines of Bosworth Field and 250 lines of another poem in rhyme, besides a dozen smaller pieces. The poem to be published is a Satire. *Apropos*, I have been praised in the *Critical Review*,† and abused in another publication.‡ So much the better, they say, for the sale of the book; it keeps up controversy and prevents it being forgotten. Besides, the men of all ages have had their share, nor do I humbly escape;—so I bear it like a philosopher. It is odd two opposite critiques came out on the same day, and out of five pages of abuse my censor

\* The Poem afterwards enlarged and published under the title of '*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.' It appears from this that the ground-work of that satire had been laid some time before the appearance of the *Review* in the *Edinburgh Review*.

† Sept. 1807. This Review, in pronouncing upon the young author's future career, showed itself somewhat 'prophet-like' than the great oracle of the north, noticing the *Elegy* on Newstead Abbey, the writer of which we could not but hail with something of prophetic ture, the hope conveyed in the closing stanza:

Haply thy sun, emerging, yet may shine,  
Thou to irradiate with meridian ray, &c. &c.

‡ The first number of a monthly publication called '*Satirist*,' in which there appeared afterwards some and personal attacks upon him.

as from different poems, in support of Now the proper way to cut up is to assays, and make them appear absurd, the allegation is no proof. On the other are seven pages of praise, and more than will allow said on the subject. Adieu. Write, write, write!!!"

the beginning of the following year that commenced between Lord Byron and his family by marriage, the author of some novels, popular, I their day, and also of a sort of Memoir of not published soon after his death, which, founded chiefly on original correspondence, the most authentic and trust-worthy of any yet appeared. In the letters addressed by to this gentleman, among many details, a literary point of view, we find, what is important for our present purpose, some of the opinions which he had at this time of his life, on the two subjects connected with the early formation of character and religion.

It is rarely that infidelity or scepticism finds an easy youthful minds. That readiness to take upon trust, which is the charm of this age, would naturally, indeed, make it the easiest as well as of hope. There are also fresh in the mind, the impressions of early culture, which, even in those who begin to question their faith, give way but slowly to scepticisms of doubt, and, in the mean time, as heretics of their moral restraint over a portion where it is acknowledged such restraints necessary. If exemption from the checks of conscience, as infidels themselves allow,\* a state of freedom responsibility dangerous at all times, it particularly so in that season of temptation, when the passions are sufficiently disposed to succumb for themselves, without taking a step from infidelity to enlarge their range. It is, therefore, fortunate that, for the causes just mentioned of scepticism and disbelief should be felt in the mind till a period of life, when they, already formed, is out of the reach of being influence,—when, being the result, conscious, of thought and reasoning, they partake of the sobriety of the process by were acquired, and, being considered but of pure speculation, to have as little share of the mind towards evil as, too often, an odious creed has, at the same age, in inwards good.

In this manner, the moral qualities of the self are guarded from some of the it might, at an earlier age, attend such danger also of his communicating to others is, for reasons of a similar

for a people entirely destitute of religion: as at all, be assured that they are but few and from brutes."—Hume.

(1) And this avowal of Hume turned disadvantage of religion in a collection of Sermons, "The Connexion of Christianity with Human Nature," written by one of Lord Byron's earliest friends, the Rev. William Harness.

nature, considerably diminished. The same vanity or daring, which may have prompted the youthful sceptic's opinions, will lead him likewise, it is probable, rashly and irreverently to avow them, without regard either to the effect of his example on those around him, or to the odium which, by such an avowal, he entails irreparably on himself. But, at a riper age these consequences are, in general, more cautiously weighed. The infidel, if at all considerate of the happiness of others, will naturally pause before he chases from their heart a hope of which his own feels the want so desolately. If regardful only of himself, he will no less naturally shrink from the promulgation of opinions which, in no age, have been uttered with impunity. In either case there is a tolerably good security for his silence;—for, should benevolence not restrain him from making converts of others, prudence may, at least, prevent him from making a martyr of himself.

Unfortunately, Lord Byron was an exception to the usual course of such lapses. With him, the canker showed itself "in the morn and dew of youth," when the effect of such "blastments" is, for every reason, most fatal,—and, in addition to the real misfortune of being an unbeliever at any age, he exhibited the rare and melancholy spectacle of an unbelieving schoolboy. The same prematurity of development which brought his passions and genius so early into action, enabled him also to anticipate this worst, dreariest result of reason; and at the very time of life when a spirit and temperament like his most required control, those checks, which religious prepossessions best supply, were almost wholly wanting.

We have seen, in those two Addresses to the Deity which I have selected from among his unpublished Poems, and still more strongly in a passage of the Catalogue of his studies, at what a boyish age the authority of all systems and sects was avowedly shaken off by his inquiring spirit. Yet, even in these, there is a fervour of adoration mingled with his defiance of creeds, through which the piety implanted in his nature (as it is deeply in all poetic natures) unequivocally shows itself; and had he then fallen within the reach of such guidance and example as would have seconded and fostered these natural dispositions, the licence of opinion, into which he afterwards broke loose, might have been averted. His scepticism, if not wholly removed, might have been softened down into that humble doubt, which, so far from being inconsistent with a religious spirit, is, perhaps, its best guard against presumption and uncharitableness; and, at all events, even if his own views of religion had not been brightened or elevated, he would have learned not wantonly to cloud or disturb those of others. But there was no such monitor near him. After his departure from Southwell, he had not a single friend or relative to whom he could look up with respect; but was thrown alone on the world, with his passions and his pride, to revel in the fatal discovery which he imagined himself to have made of the nothingness of the future, and the all-paramount claims of the present. By singular ill-fortune, too, the individual who, among all his college friends, had taken the strongest hold on his admiration and affection



and whose loss he afterwards lamented with brotherly tenderness, was to the same extent as himself, if not more strongly, a sceptic. Of this remarkable young man, Matthews, who was so early snatched away, and whose career in after-life, had it been at all answerable to the extraordinary promise of his youth, must have placed him upon a level with the first men of his day, a Memoir was, at one time, intended to be published by his relatives; and to Lord Byron, among others of his college friends, application for assistance in the task was addressed. The letter which this circumstance drew forth from the noble poet, besides containing many amusing traits of his friend, affords such an insight into his own habits of life at this period, that, though infringing upon the chronological order of his correspondence, I shall insert it here.

## LETTER XIX.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, 9bre 12, 1820.

"What you said of the late Charles Skinner Matthews has set me to my recollections; but I have not been able to turn up any thing which would do for the purposed Memoir of his brother,—even if he had previously done enough during his life to sanction the introduction of anecdotes so merely personal. He was, however, a very extraordinary man, and would have been a great one. No one ever succeeded in a more surpassing degree than he did, as far as he went. He was indolent too; but whenever he stripped he overthrew all antagonists. His conquests will be found registered at Cambridge, particularly his *Downing* one, which was hotly and highly contested, and yet easily won. Hobhouse was his most intimate friend, and can tell you more of him than any man. William Banks also a great deal. I myself recollect more of his oddities than of his academical qualities, for we lived most together at a very idle period of my life. When I went up to Trinity in 1805, at the age of seventeen and a half, I was miserable and untoward to a degree. I was wretched at leaving Harrow, to which I had become attached during the two last years of my stay there; wretched at going to Cambridge instead of Oxford (there were no rooms vacant at Christ-church), wretched from some private domestic circumstances of different kinds, and consequently about as unsocial as a wolf taken from the troop. So that, although I knew Matthews, and met him often then at Banks's (who was my collegiate pastor, and master, and patron), and at Rhode's, Milnes's, Price's, Dick's, Macnamara's, Farrell's, Galley Knight's, and others of that set of cotemporaries, yet I was neither intimate with him nor with any one else, except my old schoolfellow Edward Long (with whom I used to pass the day in riding and swimming,) and William Banks, who was good-naturedly tolerant of my ferocities.

"It was not till 1807, after I had been upwards of a year away from Cambridge, to which I had returned again to reside for my degree, that I became one of Matthews's familiars, by means of H \* \*, who, after hating me for two years because 'I wore a white hat and a gray coat and rode a gray horse' (as he says himself), took me into his good graces, because I

had written some poetry. I had always lived a great deal, and got drunk occasionally, in their company; but now we became really friends in a serious way. Matthews, however, was not at this period residing in College. I met him chiefly in London, and at certain periods at Cambridge. H \* \*, in the meantime, did great things: he founded the Cambridge 'Whig Club' (which he seems to have forgotten), and the 'Amicable Society,' which was dissolved in consequence of the members constantly quarrelling, and made himself very popular with 'us youth,' as no less formidable to all tutors, professors, and heads of colleges. William B \* \* was gone; while H \* \* staid, he ruled the roast—or rather the roasting—and was father of all mischiefs.

"Matthews and I, meeting in London, and elsewhere, became great cronies. He was not quite so temperate—nor am I—but with a little tact his temper was manageable, and I thought him superior to a man, that I was willing to sacrifice something to his humours, which were often, at the same time, amusing and provoking. What became of his papers (and he certainly had many), at the time of his death, was never known. I mention this by the way, fearing to skip it over, and as he wrote remarkably well, both in Latin and English. We went down to Newstead together, where I had got a famous cellar, and *Monks'* dresses from a masquerade warehouse. We were a company of some seven or eight, with an occasional neighbour or so for visitors, and used to sit up late in our Friars' dresses, drinking burgundy, claret, champagne, and what not, and the *skull-cup*, and all sorts of glasses, and buffing all round the house, in our conventual games. Matthews always denominated me 'the Abbot,' and never called me by any other name in his good humours, to the day of his death. The harmony of these our symposia was somewhat interrupted, a few days after our assembling, by Matthews's threatening to throw 'bold W \* \*' (as he was called, from winning a foot-match, and a horse-match, the first from Ipswich to London, and the second from Brighton to London), by threatening to throw 'bold W \* \* out of the window, in consequence of I know not what commerce of jokes ending in this epigram. W \* \* came to me and said, that 'his respect and regard for me as host would not permit him to call out any of his guests, and that he should go to town next morning. He did. It was in vain that I represented to him that the window was not high, and that the glass under it was particularly soft. Away he went.

"Matthews and myself had travelled down to London together, talking all the way incessantly of one single topic. When we got to Loughborough, I know not what chasm had made us diverge for a moment to some other subject, at which he was indignant. 'Come,' said he, 'don't let us lose time through—let us go on as we began, to our journey's end;' and so he continued, and was as entertaining to the very end. He had previously occupied during my year's absence from Cambridge, my room in Trinity, with the furniture; and Jones the tailor, in his odd way, had said on putting him in, 'Matthews, I recommend to your attention not to damage any of the moveables, for Lord Byron, who is a young man of tumultuous passions.' Matthews

with this; and whenever any body him, begged them to handle the very nation; and used to repeat Jones's admiration; and manner. There was a large room, on which he remarked, 'that he friends were grown uncommonly assisting to see him, but he soon discovered only came to see themselves.' Jones's 'passions,' and the whole scene, him into such good humour, that I verily owed to it a portion of his good graces. At Newstead, somebody by accident against one of his white silk stockings, one of course the gentleman apologized; answered Matthews, 'it may be all for you, who have a great many silk stockings other people's; but to me, who have one pair, which I have put on in honour of you, no apology can compensate for such an expense of washing.' He was a son of droll sardonic way about him. A wild Irishman, named F\*\*, one of the party, began to say something at a large supper table. Matthews roared out, 'Silence!' and cried out, in the words of Orson, 'Orson is endowed with reason.' You may suppose that Orson lost what reason he possessed, on hearing this compliment. When he turned his volume of Poems, the Miscellany Matthews would call the 'Miss-sell-any'), could be drawn from him was, that the was 'extremely like Walsh.' H\*\* thought that a compliment; but we never could make it so, for all we know of Walsh is his King William, and Pope's epithet of 'knowing.' When the Newstead party broke up for us, H\*\* and Matthews, who were the greatest possible, agreed, for a whim, to walk together. They quarrelled by the way, and actually the latter half of their journey, occasionally and repassing, without speaking. When we had got to Highgate, he had spent all his three-pence halfpenny, and determined to get also in a pint of beer, which I believe he did before a public-house, as H\*\* passed without speaking for the last time on their journey. They were reconciled in London again. Of Matthews's passions was 'the Fancy;' and he was uncommonly well. But he always got into rows, or combats with the bare fist. In too, he swam well; but with effort and got too high out of the water; so that Scrope of myself, of whom he was therein somewhat, always told him that he would be ever he came to a difficult pass in the was so; but surely Scrope and myself been most heartily glad that

the Dean had lived,  
And our prediction proved a lie.

and was uncommonly handsome, very like was in his youth. He, and laugh, and features, are strongly of his brother Henry's, if Henry be he of age. His passion for boxing was so great, usually wanted me to match him with

Dogherty (whom I had backed and made the match for against Tom Belcher), and I saw them spar together at my own lodgings with the gloves on. As he was bent upon it, I would have backed Dogherty to please him, but the match went off. It was of course to have been a private fight in a private room.

"On one occasion, being too late to go home and dress, he was equipped by a friend (Mr Bailey, I believe), in a magnificently fashionable and somewhat exaggerated shirt and neckcloth. He proceeded to the Opera, and took his station in Fop's Alley. During the interval between the opera and the ballet, an acquaintance took his station by him, and saluted him: 'Come round,' said Matthews, 'come round.' 'Why should I come round?' said the other; 'you have only to turn your head—I am close by you.' 'That is exactly what I cannot do,' answered Matthews: 'don't you see the state I am in?' pointing to his buckram shirt collar, and inflexible cravat,—and there he stood with his head always in the same perpendicular position during the whole spectacle.

"One evening, after dining together, as we were going to the Opera, I happened to have a spare Opera ticket (as subscriber to a box), and presented it to Matthews. 'Now, sir,' said he to Hobhouse afterwards, 'this I call courteous in the Abbot—another man would never have thought that I might do better with half a guinea than throw it to a door-keeper;—but here is a man not only asks me to dinner, but gives me a ticket for the theatre.' These were only his oddities, for no man was more liberal, or more honourable in all his doings and dealings than Matthews. He gave Hobhouse and me, before we set out for Constantinople, a most splendid entertainment, to which we did ample justice. One of his fancies was dining at all sorts of out of the way places. Somebody popped upon him, in I know not what coffee-house in the Strand—and what do you think was the attraction? Why, that he paid a shilling (I think) to dine with his hat on. This he called his 'hat house,' and used to boast of the comfort of being covered at meal-times.

"When Sir Henry Smith was expelled from Cambridge for a row with a tradesman named 'Hiron,' Matthews solaced himself with shouting under Hiron's windows every evening,

Ah me! what perils do environ  
The man who meddles with hot Hiron.

"He was also of that band of profane scoffers, who, under the auspices of '\*\*\*', used to rouse Lord Mansel (late Bishop of Bristol) from his slumbers in the lodge of Trinity, and when he appeared at the window foaming with wrath, and crying out 'I know you, gentlemen, I know you!' were wont to reply, 'We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord—Good Lord, deliver us!' (Lord was his christian name.) As he was very free in his speculations upon all kinds of subjects, although by no means either dissolute or intemperate in his conduct, and as I was no less independent, our conversation and correspondence used to alarm our friend Hobhouse to a considerable degree

"You must be almost tired of my packets, which will have cost a mint of postage.



"Salute Gifford and all my friends.

"Yours, &c."

As already, before his acquaintance with Mr Matthews commenced, Lord Byron had begun to bewilder himself in the mazes of scepticism, it would be unjust to impute to this gentleman any further share in the formation of his noble friend's opinions than what arose from the natural influence of example and sympathy;—an influence which, as it was felt perhaps equally on both sides, rendered the contagion of their doctrines, in a great measure, reciprocal. In addition, too, to this community of sentiment on such subjects, they were both, in no ordinary degree, possessed by that dangerous spirit of ridicule, whose impulses even the pious cannot always restrain, and which draws the mind on, by a sort of irresistible fascination, to disport itself most wantonly on the brink of all that is most solemn and awful. It is not wonderful, therefore, that, in such society, the opinions of the noble poet should have been, at least, accelerated in that direction to which their bias already leaned; and though he cannot be said to have become thus confirmed in these doctrines—as neither now, nor at any time of his life, was he a confirmed unbeliever,—he had undoubtedly learned to feel less uneasy under his scepticism, and even to mingle somewhat of boast and of levity with his expression of it. At the very first onset of his correspondence with Mr Dallas, we find him proclaiming his sentiments on all such subjects with a flippancy and confidence, far different from the tone in which he had first ventured on his doubts,—from that fervid sadness, as of a heart loth to part with its allusions, which breathes through every line of those prayers, that, but a year before, his pen had traced.

Here, again, however, we should recollect, there must be a considerable share of allowance for his usual tendency to make the most and the worst of his own obliquities. There occurs, indeed, in his first letter to Mr Dallas, an instance of this strange ambition,—the very reverse, it must be allowed, of hypocrisy,—which led him to court, rather than avoid, the reputation of profligacy, and to put at all times the worst face on his own character and conduct. His new correspondent having, in introducing himself to his acquaintance, passed some compliments on the tone of moral and charitable feeling which breathed through one of his poems, had added, that "it brought to his mind another noble author, who was not only a fine poet, orator, and historian, but one of the closest reasoners we have on the truth of that religion of which forgiveness is a prominent principle,—the great and the good Lord Lyttleton, whose fame will never die. His son," adds Mr Dallas, "to whom he had transmitted genius, but not virtue, sparkled for a moment and went out like a star,—and with him the title became extinct." To this Lord Byron answers in the following letter.

#### LETTER XX.

TO MR DALLAS.

\* Dorant's Hotel, Albemarle-street, Jan. 20th, 1808

"SIR,

"Your letter was not received till this morning,

I presume from being addressed to me where I have not resided since last June; the date is the 6th, you will excuse the delay in answer.

"If the little volume you mention has done justice to the author of *Percival* and *Aubrey*, sufficiently repaid by his praise. Though our censors have been uncommonly lenient, tribute from a man of acknowledged genius is more flattering. But I am afraid I should claim to candour, if I did not decline such do not deserve; and this is, I am sorry case in the present instance.

"My compositions speak for themselves; stand or fall by their own worth or demerit. I feel highly gratified by your favour. But my pretensions to virtue are unequal to that though I should be happy to merit accept, your applause in that respect. In your letter struck me forcibly: you mention two Lords Lyttleton in a manner they do not deserve, and will be surprised to hear who is now addressing you has been frequently compared to the latter. I know I am injuring your esteem by this avowal, but the case was so remarkable from your observation, not help relating the fact. The events of my life have been of so singular a nature, that the pride commonly called honour has, ever will, prevent me from disgracing my name by mean or cowardly action, I have been set up as the votary of licentiousness, and the infidelity. How far justice may have done to the accusation I cannot pretend to say, but, I think, to whom my religious friends, in the exercise of their charity, have already devoted me worse than I really am. However, to (the worst theme I could pitch upon) as my Poems, I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude, and I hope I shall some day have an opportunity of rendering them in person. A second volume is now in the press, with some additions and some omissions; you will allow me to present a copy. The Critical, Monthly, and Annual Reviews have been very indulgent; but I have pronounced a furious Philippic, not in the book but the author, where you will find mentioned asserted by a reverend divine the critique.

"Your name and connexion with our country have been long known to me, and I hope you will be not less so; you will find me an expounder of a 'Brainless' and a 'Stanhope' afraid you will hardly be able to read my hand is almost as bad as my character, I find me, as legibly as possible,

"Your obliged and obedient Servant

There is here, evidently, a degree of poetical thought to resemble the wicked Lord Lyttleton; his known irregularities should not be in the pretension, he refers mysteriously, habit, to certain untold events of his life.

\* Characters in the novel called *Percival*

Mr Dallas, who seems to have been  
satisfied for such a reception of his compli-  
ments out of the difficulty by transferring to  
Lord's "cousin" the praise he had so  
bestowed on his morals in general; add-  
ing the design Lord Byron had expressed  
of resigning the service of the Muses  
and writing, he had "conceived him bent  
which led to the character of a legislator  
and;—had imagined him at one of the  
training himself to habits of reasoning  
and, and storing up a large fund of history  
It is in reply to this letter that the expo-  
sition of noble poet's opinions to which I have  
been contained.

## LETTER XXI.

TO MR DALLAS.

\*Dorant's, January 21st., 1808.

As soon as leisure and inclination permit me the  
of a visit, I shall feel truly gratified in a  
of acquaintance with one whose mind has been  
open to me in his writings.

As far as correct in your conjecture, that I  
member of the University of Cambridge, where  
take my degree of A.M. this term; but were  
my eloquence, or virtue, the objects of my  
Greece is not their metropolis, nor is the  
her situation an "El Dorado," far less an

The intellects of her children are as stag-  
gering, and their pursuits limited to the  
—not of China, but of the nearest benefice.

As to my reading, I believe I may aver, without  
exaggeration, it has been tolerably extensive in the his-  
tory, as that few nations exist, or have existed,  
whose records I am not in some degree ac-  
quainted with, from Herodotus down to Gibbon. Of the

I know about as much as most schoolboys  
beginning of thirteen years; of the law of the  
much as enables me to keep "within the  
—as one the poucher's vocabulary. I did  
"Spirit of Laws" and the Law of Nations;

I saw the latter violated every month, I  
my attempts at so useless an accomplish-  
ment, geography, I have seen more land on maps  
and wish to traverse on foot;—of mathe-

—to give me the headache without  
part affected;—of philosophy, astronomy,  
physics, more than I can comprehend;† and

—sense so little, that I mean to leave a  
—at each of our "Almae Matres" for  
every,—though I rather fear that of the  
all precede it.

I ought myself a philosopher, and talked  
of great decorum: I defied pain, and  
equanimity. For some time this did  
no one was in pain for me but my

—to the imagination of his correspondent  
—her without effect.—"I considered," says  
—my letters, though evidently grounded on  
—as in the still earlier part of his life, rather  
—than as a true portrait."

—to have had in his memory Voltaire's  
of Zedig's learning.—"Il savait de la méta-  
—on a sa dans tous les âges,—c'est à dire,  
—c'est &c."

friends, and none lost their patience but my hearers.  
At last, a fall from my horse convinced me bodily  
suffering was an evil; and the worst of an argument  
overset my maxims and my temper at the same mo-  
ment, so I quitted Zeno for Aristippus, and conceive  
that pleasure constitutes the *τελευτον*. In morality,  
I prefer Confucius to the Ten Commandments, and  
Socrates to St Paul, though the two latter agree in  
their opinion of marriage. In religion, I favour the  
Catholic emancipation, but do not acknowledge the  
Pope; and I have refused to take the Sacrament,  
because I do not think eating bread or drinking wine  
from the hand of an earthly vicar will make me an  
inheritor of heaven. I hold virtue in general, or the  
virtues severally, to be only in the disposition, each a  
feeling, not a principle.\* I believe truth the prime  
attribute of the Deity; and death an eternal sleep,  
at least of the body. You have here a brief com-  
pendium of the sentiments of the wicked George Lord  
Byron; and, till I get a new suit, you will perceive I  
am badly clothed. I remain, &c.

Though such was, doubtless, the general cast of his  
opinions at this time, it must be recollected, before  
we attach any particular importance to the details of  
his creed, that, in addition to the temptation, never  
easily resisted by him, of displaying his wit at the  
expense of his character, he was here addressing a  
person who, though, no doubt, well-meaning, was  
evidently one of those officious, self-satisfied advisers,  
whom it was the delight of Lord Byron at all times  
to astonish and mystify. The tricks which, when  
a boy, he played upon the Nottingham quack,  
Lavender, were but the first of a long series with  
which, through life, he amused himself, at the ex-  
pense of all the numerous quacks, whom his celebrity  
and sociability drew around him.

The terms in which he speaks of the university in  
this letter agree in spirit with many passages both  
in the "Hours of Idleness," and his early Satire, and  
prove that, while Harrow was remembered by him  
with more affection perhaps than respect, Cambridge  
had not been able to inspire him with either. This  
feeling of distaste to his "nursing mother" he enter-  
tained in common with some of the most illustrious  
names of English literature. So great was Milton's  
hatred to Cambridge, that he had even conceived,  
says Warton, a dislike to the face of the country,—  
to the fields in its neighbourhood. The poet Gray  
thus speaks of the same university:—"Surely, it was  
of this place, now Cambridge, but formerly known  
by the name of Babylon, that the prophet spoke  
when he said, 'the wild beasts of the desert shall  
dwell there, and their houses shall be full of doleful  
creatures, and owls shall build there, and satyrs  
shall dance there,'" &c. &c. The bitter recollections  
which Gibbon retained of Oxford, his own pen has  
recorded; and the cool contempt by which Locke  
avenged himself on the bigotry of the same seat of  
learning is even still more memorable.†

\* The doctrine of Hume, who resolves all virtue into  
sentiment.—See his "Enquiry concerning the Principles of  
Morals."

† See his Letter to Anthony Collins, 1703-4, where he  
speaks of "those sharp heads, which were for damning his  
book, because of its discouraging the staple commodity of  
the place, which in his time was called *hogs' shearing*."



In poets, such distasteful recollections of their collegiate life may well be thought to have their origin in that antipathy to the trammels of discipline, which is not unusually observable among the characteristics of genius, and which might be regarded, indeed, as a sort of instinct, implanted in it for its own preservation, if there be any truth in the opinion that a course of learned education is hurtful to the freshness and elasticity of the imaginative faculty. A right reverend writer,\* but little to be suspected of any desire to depreciate academical studies, not only puts the question, "whether the usual forms of learning be not rather injurious to the true poet, than really assisting to him?" but appears strongly disposed to answer it in the affirmative,—giving, as an instance, in favour of this conclusion, the classic Addison, who, "as appears," he says, "from some original efforts in the sublime, allegorical way, had no want of natural talents for the greater poetry,—which yet were so restrained and disabled by his constant and superstitious study of the old classics, that he was, in fact, but a very ordinary poet."

It was, no doubt, under some such impression of the malign influence of a collegiate atmosphere upon genius, that Milton, in speaking of Cambridge, gave vent to the exclamation, that it was "a place quite incompatible with the votaries of Phœbus," and that Lord Byron, versifying a thought of his own, in a letter to Mr Dallas just given, declares,

Her Helicon is duller than her Cam.

The poet Dryden, too, who, like Milton, had incurred some mark of disgrace at Cambridge, seems to have entertained but little more veneration for his Alma Mater; and the verses in which he has praised Oxford at the expense of his own university† were, it is probable, dictated much less by admiration of the one than by a desire to spite and depreciate the other.

Nor is it Genius only that thus rebels against the discipline of the schools. Even the tamer quality of Taste, which it is the professed object of classical studies to cultivate, is sometimes found to turn restive under the pedantic *manège* to which it is subjected. It was not till released from the duty of reading Virgil as a task, that Gray could feel himself capable of enjoying the beauties of that poet; and Lord Byron was, to the last, unable to vanquish a similar prepossession, with which the same sort of school association had inoculated him, against Horace.

— Though Time hath taught  
My mind to meditate what then it learn'd,  
Yet such the fix'd inveteracy wrought  
By the impatience of my early thought,  
That, with the freshness wearing out before  
My mind could relish what it might have sought,  
If free to choose, I cannot now restore  
Its health; but what it then detested, still abhor.  
Then farewell, Horace; whom I hated so,  
Not for thy faults, but mine: it is a curse  
To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,  
To comprehend, but never love thy verse.

*Childs Harold, Canto IV.*

To the list of eminent poets, who have thus left

\* Hurd, "Discourses on Poetical Imitation."

† Prologue to the University of Oxford.

on record their dislike and disapproval of the system of education, are to be added, the guished names of Cowley, Addison, and C while, among the cases which, like those of and Dryden, practically demonstrate the inverse ratio that may exist between college and genius, must not be forgotten those of Goldsmith, and Churchill, to every one of some mark of incompetency was affixed respective universities, whose annals they When in addition, too, to this rather ample logue of poets, whom the universities have either disloyal or dishonoured, we come to over such names as those of Shakspeare and followed by Gay, Thomson, Burns, Chatterton all of whom have attained their respective of eminence, without instruction or sanction any college whatever, it forms altogether, it owned, a large portion of the poetical work must be subducted from the sphere of that influence which the universities are supposed exercise over the genius of the country.

The following letters, written at this time, some particulars which will not be found interesting.

## LETTER XXII.

TO MR HENRY DRURY.

\*Derant's Hotel, January 13th.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Though the stupidity of my servants, porter of the house, in not showing you up (where I should have joined you directly) prove me the pleasure of seeing you yesterday, I had meet you at some public place in the evening. ever, my stars decreed otherwise, as they go do, when I have any favour to request of the think you would have been surprised at my for, since our last meeting, I am reduced five in weight. I then weighed fourteen stone pound, and now only *ten stone and a half*. I disposed of my *superfluities*, by means of hardy exercise and abstinence. \* \* \*

"Should your Harrow engagements allow visit town between this and February, I am most happy to see you in Albemarle-street. I not so fortunate, I shall endeavour to join you an afternoon at Harrow, though, I fear, you will by no means contribute to my cure. As worthy preceptor, Dr B., our encounter will no means prevent the *mutual endearments* he were wont to lavish on each other. We have spoken once since my departure from Harrow 1805, and then he politely told Tattersall I was proper associate for his pupils. This was long my strictures in verse: but, in plain *prose*, been some years older, I should have held my on his perfections. But, being laid on my when that schoolboy thing was written—or dictated—expecting to rise no more, my pl having taken his sixteenth fee, and I his position, I could not quit this earth without a memento of my constant attachment to B. gratitude for his manifold good offices.

"I meant to have been down in July; but t

ance, immediately after the publication, construed into an insult, I directed my steps. Besides, I heard that some of the boys hold of my Libellus, contrary to my wishes, for I never transmitted a single copy till, when I gave one to a boy, since gone, after d'importance. You will, I trust, pardon this. As you had touched on the subject, an explanation necessary. Defence I at attempt, 'Hic murus aheneus esto, nil ubi'—and 'so on' (as Lord Baltimore said for a rape)—I have been so long at to forget the conclusion of the line; but, cannot finish my quotation, I will my letter, not you to believe me, gratefully and affectionately.

—I will not lay a tax on your time by return answer, lest you say, as Butler said to (when I had written his reverence an epistle on the expression before mentioned), that I wanted to draw him into a correspon-

## LETTER XXIII.

TO MR. HARNES.

Mr's Room, Albemarle-street, Feb. 11th, 1808.

MY DEAR HARNES,

had no opportunity of returning my verbal trust you will accept my written acknowledgment for the compliment you were pleased to production of my unlucky muse last night—I am induced to do this not less from me I feel in the praise of an old school-brother than justice to you, for I had heard with some slight variations. Indeed, when this evening, Wingfield had not undeceived he told you that I displayed no resentment what I had heard, though I was to discover the truth. Perhaps you hardly one year ago a short, though, for the friendship between us? Why it was or duration, I know not. I have still a in my possession, that must always from forgetting it. I also remember with the perusal of many of your, and several other circumstances very their day, which I will not force upon, but entreat you to believe me, with at their short continuance, and a hope irrevocable. Yours very sincerely, &c.

"BYRON."

ly mentioned the early friendship that seen this gentleman and Lord Byron, the coolness that succeeded it. The of from a letter with which Mr Harness placing at my disposal those of his dent, will explain the circumstances is time, to their reconciliation; and ate, in the concluding sentences, to it be found not less honourable to the himself than to his friend.

afterwards arose which Byron alludes of the accompanying letters, and we ing the last year of his remaining at after the publication of his "Hours of

Idleness." Lord Byron was then at Cambridge; I, in one of the upper forms at Harrow. In an English theme I happened to quote from the volume, and mention it with praise. It was reported to Byron that I had, on the contrary, spoken slightly of his work and of himself, for the purpose of conciliating the favour of Dr Butler, the master, who had been severely satirized in one of the poems. Wingfield, who was afterwards Lord Powerscourt, a mutual friend of Byron and myself, disabused him of the error into which he had been led, and this was the occasion of the first letter of the collection. Our conversation was renewed and continued from that time till his going abroad. Whatever faults Lord Byron might have had towards others, to myself he was always uniformly affectionate. I have many slights and neglects towards him to reproach myself with; but I cannot call to mind a single instance of caprice or unkindness, in the whole course of our intimacy, to allege against him."

In the spring of this year (1808) appeared the memorable critique upon the "Hours of Idleness" in the Edinburgh Review. That he had some notice of what was to be expected from that quarter appears by the following letter to his friend, Mr Becher.

## LETTER XXIV.

TO MR. BECHER.

\* Dorant's Hotel, Feb. 26, 1808.

"MY DEAR BECHER,

" \* \* \* \* \* Now for Apollo. I am happy that you still retain your predilection, and that the public allow me some share of praise. I am of so much importance, that a most violent attack is preparing for me in the next number of the Edinburgh Review. This I had from the authority of a friend who has seen the proof and manuscript of the critique. You know the system of the Edinburgh gentlemen is universal attack. They praise none; and neither the public nor the author expects praise from them. It is, however, something to be noticed, as they profess to pass judgment only on works requiring the public attention. You will see this, when it comes out;—it is, I understand, of the most unmerciful description; but I am aware of it, and hope you will not be hurt by its severity.

"Tell Mrs Byron not to be out of humour with them, and to prepare her mind for the greatest hostility on their part. It will do no injury whatever, and I trust her mind will not be ruffled. They defeat their object by indiscriminate abuse, and they never praise except the partisans of Lord Holland and Co. It is nothing to be abused when Southey, Moore, Lauderdale, Strangford, and Payne Knight, share the same fate.

"I am sorry—but 'Childish Recollections' must be suppressed during this edition. I have altered, at your suggestion, the obnoxious allusions in the sixth stanza of my last ode.

"And now, my dear Becher, I must return my best acknowledgments for the interest you have taken in me and my poetical bawlings, and I shall ever be proud to show how much I esteem the advice and the adviser. Believe me most truly, &c."



Soon after this letter appeared the dreaded article,—an article,—which, if not “witty in itself,” deserves eminently the credit of causing “wit in others.” Seldom, indeed, has it fallen to the lot of the justest criticism to attain celebrity such as injustice has procured for this; nor as long as the short, but glorious race of Byron’s genius is remembered, can the critic, whoever he may be, that so unintentionally ministered to its first start, be forgotten.

It is but justice, however, to remark,—without at the same time intending any excuse for the contemptuous tone of criticism assumed by the reviewer,—that the early verses of Lord Byron, however distinguished by tenderness and grace, give but little promise of those dazzling miracles of poesy, with which he afterwards astonished and enchanted the world; and that, if his youthful verses now have a peculiar charm in our eyes, it is because we read them, as it were, by the light of his subsequent glory.

There is, indeed, one point of view, in which these productions are deeply and intrinsically interesting. As faithful reflections of his character at that period of life, they enable us to judge of what he was in his yet unadulterated state,—before disappointment had begun to embitter his ardent spirit, or the stirring up of the energies of his nature had brought into activity also its defects. Tracing him thus through these natural effusions of his young genius, we find him pictured exactly such, in all the features of his character, as every anecdote of his boyish days proves him really to have been,—proud, daring, and passionate,—resentful of slight or injustice, but still more so in the cause of others than in his own; and yet, with all this vehemence, docile and placable, at the least touch of a hand authorized by love to guide him. The affectionateness, indeed, of his disposition, traceable as it is through every page of this volume, is yet but faintly done justice to, even by himself;—his whole youth being, from earliest childhood, a series of the most passionate attachments,—of those overflowings of the soul, both in friendship and love, which are still more rarely responded to than felt, and which, when checked or sent back upon the heart, are sure to turn into bitterness.

We have seen also, in some of his early unpublished poems, how apparent, even through the doubts that already clouded them, are those feelings of piety which a soul like his could not but possess, and which, when afterwards diverted out of their legitimate channel, found a vent in the poetical worship of nature, and in that shadowy substitute for religion which superstition offers. When, in addition, too, to these traits of early character, we find scattered through his youthful poems such anticipations of the glory that awaited him—such, alternately, proud and saddened glimpses into the future, as if he already felt the elements of something great within him, but doubted whether his destiny would allow him to bring it forth,—it is not wonderful that, with the whole of his career present to our imaginations, we should see a lustre round these first puerile attempts, not really their own, but shed back upon them from the bright eminence which he afterwards attained; and that, in our indignation against the

fastidious blindness of the critic, we regret that he had not then the aid of this volume, with which the subsequent achievements now irradiate all that bears his name.

The effect this criticism produces can only be conceived by those, who, by an adequate notion of what most poets are, can understand all that the temper and disposition of Lord Byron can feel it with tenfold more acuteness.

We have seen with what feverishness the verdicts of all the minor Reviewers, in their sensibility to the praise of the minor poets, may guess how painfully writhed under the sneers of the big gamesters who found him in the first moment after reading the article, inquired and he had just received a challenge?—and else to account for the fierce defiance. It would, indeed, be difficult for some to imagine a subject of more fearful countenance than the young poet, who, bled in the collected energy of his pride had been wounded to the quick by the humiliation:—but this feeling of his but for a moment. The very reaction against aggression roused him to a full use of his own powers;\* and the pain at the injury were forgotten in the pursuit of revenge.

Among the less sentimental effects upon his mind, he used to mention that, when he read it, he drank three bottles of champagne, after dinner;—that nothing, however, hurt him, till he had given vent to his feelings in rhyme, and that “after the first two bottles he felt himself considerably better.” Indeed, afterwards, was amiably disposed to have seen it was, in like manner, a criticism,—to allaying, as far as he could, the nervousness of his mother; who, not having power to summon up a spirit of resistance, of course, more helplessly alive to his fame, and felt it far more than burst of indignation, he did himself vent of his mind upon the subject will be seen from the following letter.

#### LETTER XXV.

TO MR. BECHER.

\* *Dorant’s, &c.*

“I have lately received a copy of your letter from Ridge, and it is high time for me to send you my best thanks to you for the trouble you have taken in the superintendence. This I do more than regret that Ridge has not seen the copy he sent to me. Perhaps that copy may be more respectable in such art.”

\* \* \* This is a quality very observable in him, in any opposition which does not entirely intimidate us has rather a contrary effect with a more than ordinary grandeur and collecting our force to overcome the vigor of the soul, and give it an elevation otherwise it would never have been acquired. *Treatise of Human Nature.*

have seen the Edinburgh Review, of course. That Mrs. Bovey is so much annoyed. For part, these "paper bullets of the brain" have got me so much fire; and, as I have been enough now to write, my repulse and appetite was depressed. Pray, the planner, author, or the admirer, a long charming episode to me, and, as a way of consolation; but it was not done, and I was not it, though the name of my mother was in it. The E. R. has published that one, well—at least, the letter, in this, and I think I could write a more convincing one! That may yet be published. For the moment of the moment, all-motivated energy, as has been said. Philosophical, I spent my time with you. Ah, this instance was in the opinion of Doctor Johnson, that men, women, and children, could write such poetry, which.

[illegible]

1. The first of these is the fact that the  
 2. Government of the United States is a  
 3. free and democratic government. It is a  
 4. government of the people, by the people,  
 5. and for the people. It is a government  
 6. which is based upon the principles of  
 7. justice, equality, and liberty. It is a  
 8. government which is committed to the  
 9. preservation of the rights and liberties  
 10. of all its citizens. It is a government  
 11. which is committed to the promotion  
 12. of the general welfare of the people.  
 13. It is a government which is committed  
 14. to the maintenance of peace and  
 15. order in the world. It is a government  
 16. which is committed to the promotion  
 17. of international cooperation and  
 18. understanding. It is a government  
 19. which is committed to the promotion  
 20. of the progress and prosperity of the  
 21. human race. It is a government  
 22. which is committed to the promotion  
 23. of the well-being of all its citizens.  
 24. It is a government which is committed  
 25. to the promotion of the highest  
 26. ideals of humanity. It is a government  
 27. which is committed to the promotion  
 28. of the best interests of the people.  
 29. It is a government which is committed  
 30. to the promotion of the common good.  
 31. It is a government which is committed  
 32. to the promotion of the happiness of  
 33. all its citizens. It is a government  
 34. which is committed to the promotion  
 35. of the glory of God. It is a government  
 36. which is committed to the promotion  
 37. of the kingdom of God on earth.  
 38. It is a government which is committed  
 39. to the promotion of the peace and  
 40. harmony of the world. It is a government  
 41. which is committed to the promotion  
 42. of the unity of the human race. It is  
 43. a government which is committed to  
 44. the promotion of the love of God and  
 45. of our neighbor. It is a government  
 46. which is committed to the promotion  
 47. of the faith, hope, and charity of  
 48. all its citizens. It is a government  
 49. which is committed to the promotion  
 50. of the eternal life of all its citizens.

was naturally burning, I could not share in the common-place Liberalism of the place and time without disgust. And yet this very disgust, and my heart thrown back upon itself, threw me into extreme perhaps more fatal than those from which I was now, no fixing upon me at a time, the passions which, spread amongst many, would have hurt only myself."

[illegible]

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DATE 08-01-2010 BY 60322 UCBAW

7. The above is a true and correct copy of the original.

[illegible]

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem. This involves gathering information about the situation and the people involved.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to analyze it. This involves breaking the problem down into its component parts and understanding how they are related.

3. After analyzing the problem, the next step is to develop a plan. This involves deciding on the best way to solve the problem and the steps that need to be taken.

4. The final step in the process is to implement the plan. This involves putting the plan into action and monitoring the results.

...the ...



any price, and as many more of the same (or female) as you can collect.

"Tell D'Egville his dress shall be returned obliged to him for the pattern. I am sorry I should have so much trouble, but I was of the difficulty of procuring the animals I shall have finished part of my manuscript weeks, and, if you can pay me a visit at I shall be very glad to see you. Believe

The dress alluded to here was, no doubt, for a private play, which he, at this time Newstead, and of which there are some particulars in the annexed letter to Mr B.

TO MR BECHER.

<sup>a</sup> Newstead Abbey, Notts., Sept.

"MY DEAR BECHER,

"I am much obliged to you for your inc shall profit by them accordingly. I am g up a play here; the hall, will constitute a mirable theatre. I have settled the dram. can do without ladies, as I have some yo who will make tolerable substitutes for fe we only want three male characters, besid house and myself, for the play we hav which will be the Revenge. Pray direct Ni carpenter to come over to me immediately, me what day you will dine and pass the a

"Believe me,

It was in the autumn of this year, as they have just given indicate, that he, for the took up his residence at Newstead Abbey received the place in a most ruinous condition of its last occupant, Lord Grey & he proceeded immediately to repair and to of the apartments, so as to render them—a view to his mother's accommodation than comfortably habitable. In one of his letters Byron, published by Mr Dallas, he thus expresses his views and intentions on this subject.

TO THE HONOURABLE\* MRS BYRON

\* Newstead Abbey, Notts., October

"DEAR MADAM,

"I have no beds for the H \* \* s, or any at present. The H \* \* s sleep at Mansi not know that I resemble Jean Jacques. I have no ambition to be like so illustrious man—but this I know, that I shall live in manner, and as much alone as possible. If rooms are ready I shall be glad to see you; it would be improper, and uncomfortable parties. You can hardly object to my remansions habitable, notwithstanding my departure in March (or May at farthest), since *as tenant* till my return; and in case of any (for I have already arranged my will to be the moment I am twenty-one), I have taken shall have the house and manor for life.

\* Thus addressed always by Lord Byron, in any right to the distinction.

TO MR JACKSON.

\* N. A. Notts., September 18, 1803.

DEAR JACK,

"I wish you would inform me what has been done by Jekyll, at No. 40, Sloane-square, concerning the pony I returned as unsound.

"I have also to request you will call on Louch at Brompton, and inquire what the devil he meant by sending such an insolent letter to me at Brighton; and at the same time tell him I by no means can comply with the charge he has made for things pretended to be damaged.

"Ambrose behaved most scandalously about the pony. You may tell Jekyll if he does not refund the money, I shall put the affair into my lawyer's hands. Five and twenty guineas is a sound price for a pony, and by —, if it costs me five hundred pounds, I will make an example of Mr Jekyll, and that immediately, unless the cash is returned.

"Believe me, dear Jack, &c."

TO MR JACKSON.

\* N. A. Nottis., October 4, 1808.

"You will make as good a bargain as possible with this Master Jekyll, if he is not a gentleman. If he is a gentleman, inform me, for I shall take very different steps. If he is not, you must get what you can of the money, for I have too much business on hand at present to commence an action. Besides, Ambrose is the man who ought to refund,—but I have done with him. You can settle with L. out of the balance, and dispose of the bids, &c., as you best can."

"I should be very glad to see you here; but the house is filled with workmen and undergoing a thorough repair. I hope, however, to be more fortunate before many months have elapsed.

"If you see Bold Webster, remember me to him, and tell him I have to regret Sydney, who has perished, I fear, in my rabbit warren, for we have seen nothing of him for the last fortnight."

" Adieu.—Believe me, etc.

TO MR JACKSON.

\*N. A. Nottz. December 12, 1908.

MY DEAR JACK,

<sup>44</sup> You will get the greyhound from the owner at

me. So you see my improvements are  
effish. As I have a friend here, we will  
dinner on the 12th; we will drink  
to Byron at eight o'clock, and expect to  
the ball. If that lady will allow us a  
room to dress in, we shall be highly  
if we are at the ball by ten or eleven it  
me enough, and we shall return to New-  
at three or four.

"Adieu. Believe me,

"Yours very truly,

"BYRON."

entertained by Mrs Byron, of a resem-  
blance between her son and Rousseau was founded  
suppose, on those habits of solitariness,  
he had even already shown a disposition to  
a self-contemplative philosopher, and which,  
ing themselves thus early, gained strength as  
went in life. In one of his Journals, to which  
only have occasion to refer,\* he thus, in ques-  
tioning the justice of this comparison between him-  
self and Rousseau, gives,—as usual, vividly,—some  
of his own disposition and habits:—

mother, before I was twenty, would have it  
like Rousseau, and Madame de Staël used  
to in 1813, and the Edinburgh Review  
ing of the sort in its critique on the fourth  
volume Harold. I can't see any point of

—he wrote prose; I verse: he was of  
of the aristocracy:† he was a philoso-  
pher: he published his first work at  
at eighteen: his first essay brought him  
me; mine the contrary: he married  
or; I could not keep house with my  
right all the world in a plot against him;  
he seems to think me in a plot against it,  
by their abuse in print and coterie:  
say: I like flowers, herbs, and trees, but  
of their pedigrees: he wrote music; I  
wledge of it to what I catch by ear—I  
learn any thing by study, not even a lan-  
guage all by rote, and ear, and memory: he  
memory; I had, at least, an excellent one  
on, the poet—a good judge, for he has an  
one: he wrote with hesitation and care;  
lity, and rarely with pains; he could never  
erion, nor 'was cunning of fence; I am an  
swimmer, a decent, though not at all a  
er (having stayed in a rib at eighteen in  
of swamping), and was sufficient of  
cularity of the Highland broadsword,—not  
er, when I could keep my temper, which  
but which I strove to do ever since I  
in Mr Purling, and put his knee-pan out  
res on), in Angelo's and Jackson's rooms,  
ing the sparring,—and I was besides a  
eter—one of the Harrow eleven, when  
first Eton in 1805. Besides, Rousseau's  
country, his manners, his whole cha-  
acter very different, that I am at a loss to  
such a comparison could have arisen,

entitled by himself, \* *Detached Thoughts*.  
phers, however, have been so indulgent to  
him as Rousseau.—"S'il est un orgueil per-  
sonnel, après celui qui se tire du mérite person-  
nel se tire de la naissance."—*Confess.*

as it has done three several times, and all in rather a  
remarkable manner. I forgot to say that he was also  
short-sighted, and that hitherto my eyes have been  
the contrary, to such a degree that in the largest  
theatre of Bologna I distinguished and read some  
busts and inscriptions painted near the stage from a  
box so distant and so darkly lighted, that none of  
the company (composed of young and very bright-  
eyed people, some of them in the same box) could  
make out a letter, and thought it was a trick, though  
I had never been in that theatre before.

"Altogether, I think myself justified in thinking  
the comparison not well founded. I don't say this  
out of pique, for Rousseau was a great man, and the  
thing, if true, were flattering enough;—but I have  
no idea of being pleased with the chimera."

In another letter to his mother, dated some weeks  
after the preceding one, he explains further his plans  
both with respect to Newstead and his projected  
travels:—

#### LETTER XXXI.

TO MRS BYRON.

\* Newstead Abbey, November 24, 1808.

"DEAR MOTHER,

"If you please, we will forget the things you men-  
tion. I have no desire to remember them. When  
my rooms are finished, I shall be happy to see you;  
as I tell but the truth, you will not suspect me of  
evasion. I am furnishing the house more for you  
than myself, and I shall establish you in it before I  
sail for India, which I expect to do in March, if  
nothing particularly obstructive occurs. I am now  
fitting up the green drawing-room; the red for a bed-  
room, and the rooms over as sleeping-rooms. They  
will be soon completed; at least, I hope so.

"I wish you would inquire of Major Watson (who  
is an old Indian) what things will be necessary to pro-  
vide for my voyage. I have already procured a friend  
to write to the Arabic Professor at Cambridge for  
some information I am anxious to procure. I can  
easily get letters from government to the ambassadors,  
consuls, &c., and also to the governors at Calcutta  
and Madras. I shall place my property and my will  
in the hands of trustees till my return, and I mean to  
appoint you one. From H \* \* I have heard nothing  
—when I do, you shall have the particulars.

"After all, you must own my project is not a bad  
one. If I do not travel now, I never shall, and all  
men should one day or other. I have at present no  
connexions to keep me at home; no wife, or un-  
provided sisters, brothers, &c. I shall take care of  
you, and when I return I may possibly become a  
politician. A few years' knowledge of other countries  
than our own will not incapacitate me for that part.  
If we see no nation but our own, we do not give  
mankind a fair chance—it is from experience, not  
books, we ought to judge of them. There is nothing  
like inspection, and trusting to our own senses.

"Yours, &c."

In the November of this year he lost his favourite  
dog, Bontswain, the poor animal having been seized  
with a fit of madness, at the commencement of which,  
so little aware was Lord Byron of the nature of the



malady, that he, more than once, with his bare hand, wiped away the slaver from the dog's lips during the paroxysms. In a letter to his friend, Mr Hodgson,\* he thus announces this event: "Boatswain is dead!—he expired in a state of madness on the 18th, after suffering much, yet retaining all the gentleness of his nature to the last, never attempting to do the least injury to any one near him. I have now lost every thing except old Murray."

The monument raised by him to this dog,—the most memorable tribute of the kind, since the Dog's Grave, of old, at Salamis,—is still a conspicuous ornament of the gardens of Newstead. The misanthropic verses engraved upon it may be found among his poems, and the following is the inscription by which they are introduced:—

Near this spot  
Are deposited the Remains of one  
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,  
Strength without Insolence,  
Courage without Ferocity,  
And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices.  
This Praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery  
If inscribed over human ashes,  
Is but a just tribute to the Memory of  
BOATSWAIN, a Dog,  
Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,  
And died at Newstead Abbey, November 18, 1808.

The poet, Pope, when about the same age as the writer of this inscription, passed a similar eulogy on his dog† at the expense of human nature, adding, that "Histories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends." In a still sadder and bitterer spirit, Lord Byron writes of his favourite,

— To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;  
I never knew but *one*, and *here* he lies.

Melancholy, indeed, seems to have been gaining fast upon his mind at this period. In another letter to Mr Hodgson he says,—“You know laughing is the sign of a rational animal—so says Dr Smollet. I think so too, but unluckily my spirits don't always keep pace with my opinions.”

\* The Reverend Francis Hodgson, author of a spirited translation of Juvenal, and of other works of distinguished merit. To this gentleman, who was long in correspondence with Lord Byron, I am indebted for some interesting letters of his noble friend, which shall be given in the course of the following pages.

† He had also, at one time, as appears from an anecdote preserved by Spence, some thoughts of burying this dog in his garden, and placing a monument over him, with the inscription, “Oh rare Bounce!”

In speaking of the members of Rousseau's domestic establishment, Hume says, “She (Thérèse) governs him as absolutely as a nurse does a child. In her absence, his dog has acquired that ascendant. His affection for that creature is beyond all expression or conception.”—*Private Correspondence*. See an instance which he gives of this dog's influence over the philosopher, p. 143.

In Burns's elegy on the death of his favourite Mallie, we find the friendship even of a sheep set on a level with that of man:—

W! kindly beast, when she did spy him,  
She ran w! speed:  
A friend mair faithful ne'er came nigh him,  
Than Mallie dead.

In speaking of the favourite dogs of great poets, we must not forget Cowper's little spaniel “*Beau*,” nor will posterity fail to add to the list the name of Sir Walter Scott's “*Maida*.”

‡ In the epitaph, as first printed in his friend's *Miscellany*, this line runs thus:—

I knew but *one* unchanged—and here he lies.

Old Murray, the servant, whom he mentions in the preceding extract, as the only faithful follower not ing to him, had long been in the service of Lord Byron, and was regarded by the young poet with a degree of affection which it has seldom been the lot of a dog to inspire. “I have more than once,” says a gentleman who was, at this time, a visitor at Newstead, “seen Lord Byron at a table fill out a tumbler of madeira, and ha his shoulder to Joe Murray, who stood b chair, saying, with a cordiality that brigh whole countenance, ‘Here, my old fellow.’”

The unconcern with which he could sou lude to the defect in his foot is manifest fro passage in one of these letters to Mr Hodg gentleman having said jestingly that son verses in the “Hours of Idleness” were cal make schoolboys rebellious, Lord Byron “If my songs have produced the glorious mention, I shall be a complete Tyrtaeus; am sorry to say I resemble that interesti more in his person than in his poetry.” S too, even an allusion to this infirmity, by oth he could perceive that it was not offensively was borne by him with the most perfect goo “I was once present,” says the friend I mentioned, “in a large and mixed compan vulgar person asked him aloud—‘Pray, how is that foot of yours?’—‘Thank you swered Lord Byron, with the utmost ‘much the same as usual.’”

The following extract, relating to a reve of his lordship, is from another of his let Hodgson, this year:—

“A few weeks ago I wrote to \* \* \*, to would receive the son of a citizen of Lo known to me, as a pupil; the family ha particularly polite during the short time I them induced me to this application. N what follows,—as somebody sublimely s this day arrives an epistle signed \* \* \*, not the smallest reference to tuition, or int a petition for Robert Gregson, of pugilistic now in bondage for certain paltry pound and liable to take up his everlasting abodi Regis. Had the letter been from any of quittance, or, in short, from any person b tleman whose signature it bears, I should velled not. If \* \* \* is serious, I congratu lism on the acquisition of such a patron, as most happy to advance any sum necessary f ration of the captive Gregson. But I cert to be certified from you, or some respecta keeper, of the fact, before I write to \* \* \*, ject. When I say the *fact*, I mean of the b written by \* \* \*, not having any doubt as thenticity of the statement. The letter is z me, and I keep it for your perusal.”

His time at Newstead during this au principally occupied in enlarging and pre Satire for the press; and with the view, p mellowing his own judgment of its merits, it some time before his eyes in a printed

\* We are told that Wieland used to have printed thus for the purpose of correction, as

ren off from his manuscript by his  
at Newark. It is somewhat remark-  
able as he was by the attack of the  
not possessing, at all times, such rapid  
composition, he should have allowed so  
much time to elapse between the aggression and

But the importance of his next move  
seems to have been fully appreciated by  
him, so that his chances of future eminence  
depended upon the effort he was about to make,  
and he deliberately collected all his energies

Among the preparatives by which he  
prepared himself to the task was a deep study of  
the works of Pope; and I have no doubt that  
this may be dated the enthusiastic admira-  
tion which he ever after cherished for this great  
poet, and which at last extinguished in  
him, or two trials, all hope of pre-eminence  
in verse, and drove him thenceforth to seek  
his fame more open to competition.

The mood of mind into which he had  
fallen, from disappointed affections and  
disappointment, made the office of satirist but too  
welcome to his spirit. Yet it is evident  
that he existed far more in his fancy than  
in reality, and that the sort of relief he now found  
in writing upon the world arose much less from  
the wounds he dealt around, than from  
the sense of power he became conscious of in  
himself, and by which he more than recovered  
himself in his own esteem. In truth, the  
ease with which, as shall presently be  
seen, on the briefest consideration, shift  
his measure, and sometimes, almost as  
easily, to praise, shows how fanciful  
were his impressions under which he,  
in his own mind, exaggerated his judgments; and,  
in some degree, deduct from the weight  
of his satire.

His age in 1809 was celebrated at  
by such festivities as his narrow means  
could furnish. Besides the ritual roasting  
there was a ball, it seems, given on the  
occasion, of which the only particular I could  
learn from the old domestic who mentioned it, was  
that the agent of her lord, was among  
the guests.

Of Lord Byron's own method of com-  
ing the day, I find the following curious  
letter written from Genoa in 1822:—"Did  
you that the day I came of age I dined on  
sardines and a bottle of ale?—For once in a  
year my favourite dish and drinkable; but,  
if they agree with me, I never use them  
at jubilees,—once in four or five years or  
occasional supplies necessary towards his  
his epoch, were procured from money-  
lenders; enormously usurious interest, the pay-  
ment for a long time continued to be a  
burden."

At the beginning of this year that he  
re,—in a state ready, as he thought, for  
to London. Before, however, he had  
to press, new food was unluckily fur-  
nished in it. The practice is, it appears,  
German.

nished to his spleen by the neglect with which he con-  
ceived himself to have been treated by his guardian,  
Lord Carlisle. The relations between this nobleman  
and his ward had, at no time, been of such a nature  
as to afford opportunities for the cultivation of much  
friendliness on either side; and to the temper and  
influence of Mrs Byron must mainly be attributed the  
blame of widening, if not of producing, this estrange-  
ment between them. The coldness with which Lord  
Carlisle had received the dedication of the young  
poet's first volume was, as we have seen from one of  
the letters of the latter, felt by him most deeply. He,  
however, allowed himself to be so far governed by  
prudential considerations as not only to stifle this  
displeasure, but even to introduce into his Satire, as  
originally intended for the press, the following com-  
pliment to his guardian:—

On one alone Apollo deigns to smile,  
And crowns a new Roscommon in Carlisle.

The crown, however, thus generously awarded,  
did not long remain where it had been placed. In  
the interval between the inditing of this couplet and  
the delivery of the manuscript to the press, Lord  
Byron, with the natural hope that his guardian would,  
of himself, make an offer to introduce him to the  
House of Lords on his first taking his seat, wrote to  
remind his lordship that he should be of age at the  
commencement of the session. Instead, however, of  
the courtesy which he had thus, not unreasonably,  
counted upon, a mere formal reply, acquainting him  
with the technical mode of proceeding on such occa-  
sions, was all that, it appears, in return to this  
application, he received. It is not wonderful there-  
fore that, disposed as he had been, by preceding  
circumstances, to suspect his noble guardian of no  
very friendly inclinations towards him, such back-  
wardness, at a moment when the countenance of so  
near a connexion might have been of service to him,  
should have roused in his sensitive mind a strong  
feeling of resentment.—The indignation, thus excited,  
found a vent, but too temptingly at hand;—the laud-  
atory couplet I have just cited was instantly ex-  
punged, and his Satire went forth charged with those  
vituperative verses against Lord Carlisle, of which,  
gratifying as they must have been to his revenge at  
the moment, he, not long after, with the placability  
so inherent in his generous nature, repented.\*

During the progress of his Poem through the  
press, he increased its length by more than a hundred  
lines; and made several alterations, one or two of  
which may be mentioned, as illustrative of that  
prompt susceptibility of new impressions and influ-  
ences which rendered both his judgment and feelings  
so variable. In the Satire, as it originally stood,  
was the following couplet:—

Though printers condescend the press to soil  
With odes by Smythe and epic songs by Hoyle.

Of the injustice of these lines (unjust, it is but fair to  
say, to both the writers mentioned) he, on the brink

\* See his lines on Major Howard, the son of Lord Car-  
lisle, who was killed at Waterloo:

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine;  
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,  
Partly because they blend me with his line,  
And partly that I did his sire some wrong.

Childe Harold, Canto III.



of publication, repented; and,—as far, at least, as regarded one of the intended victims,—adopted a tone directly opposite in his printed Satire, where the name of Professor Smythe is mentioned honourably, as it deserved, in conjunction with that of Mr Hodgson, one of the poet's most valued friends:—

Oh dark asylum of a vandal race!  
At once the boast of learning and disgrace;  
So sunk in dulness and so lost in shame,  
That Smythe and Hodgson scarce redeem thy fame.

In another instance we find him "changing his hand" with equal facility and suddenness. The original manuscript of the Satire contained this line,—

I leave topography to coxcomb Gell;

but having, while the work was printing, become acquainted with Sir William Gell, he, without difficulty, by the change of a single epithet, converted satire into eulogy, and the line now descends to posterity thus:—

I leave topography to classic Gell.\*

Among the passages added to the Poem during its progress through the press were those lines, denouncing the licentiousness of the Opera, "Then let Ausonia, &c." which the young satirist wrote one night, after returning, brimful of morality, from the Opera, and sent them early next morning to Mr Dallas for insertion. The just and animated tribute to Mr Crabbe was also among the after-thoughts with which his Poem was adorned; nor can we doubt that both this, and the equally merited eulogy on Mr Rogers, were the disinterested and deliberate result of the young poet's judgment, as he had never at that period seen either of these distinguished persons, and the opinion he then expressed of their genius remained unchanged through life. With the author of the Pleasures of Memory he afterwards became intimate, but with him, whom he has so well designated as "Nature's sternest painter, yet the best," he was never lucky enough to form any acquaintance;—though, as my venerated friend and neighbour, Mr Crabbe himself, tells me, they were once, without being aware of it, in the same inn together for a day or two, and must have frequently met, as they went in and out of the house, during the time.

Almost every second day, while the Satire was printing, Mr Dallas, who had undertaken to superintend it through the press, received fresh matter, for the enrichment of its pages, from its author, whose

\* In the fifth edition of the Satire (suppressed by him in 1812), he again changed his mind respecting this gentleman, and altered the line to

I leave topography to rapid Gell,  
explaining his reasons for the change in the following note:—"Rapid," indeed,—he topographized and typographized King Priam's dominions in three days. I called him 'classic' before I saw the Troad, but since have learned better than to tack to his name what don't belong to it."

He is not, however, the only satirist who has been thus capricious and changeable in his judgments. The variations of this nature in Pope's Dunciad are well known; and the Abbé Cotin, it is said, owed the "painful pre-eminence" of his station in Boileau's Satires to the unlucky convenience of his name as a rhyme. Of the generous change from censure to praise, the poet Dante had already set an example, having, in his "Convito," lauded some of those persons whom in his *Commedia* he had most severely lashed.

mind, once excited on any subject, knew no outpourings of its wealth. In one of his letters to Mr Dallas, he says, "Print soon, or I shan't write with rhyme;" and it was, in the same manner, that some of his subsequent publications,—as long, at least, as they remained within reach of the printer,—continued thus to feed the press, to the very last, with new and "thick-coming fancies," a perpetual perusal of what he had already written sustained him. It would almost seem, indeed, from the extreme facility and rapidity with which he wrote some of his brightest passages during the progress of his works through the press, that there was an act of printing an excitement to his fancy, and the rush of his thoughts towards this outward life and freshness to their flow.

Among the passing events from which he drew illustrations for his Poem was the melan- choly death of Lord Falkland,—a gallant, but dissipated officer, with whom the habits of his life had brought him acquainted, and who, about the beginning of March, was killed in a duel by Lord Byron. That this event affected Lord Byron very deeply, is proved by a few touching sentences devoted to it in his Poem. "On Sunday night (he says) I beheld Lord Falkland presiding at his own table in all the pride of hospitality; on Wednesday morning, at half past five o'clock I saw stretched before me all that remains of courage, feeling, and a host of passions, which was not by words only that he gave proof of on this occasion. The family of the unfortunate gentleman were left behind in circumstances which needed something more than the mere expression of compassion to alleviate them; and Lord Byron, withstanding the pressure of his own difficulties at the time, found means, seasonably and discreetly, to assist the widow and children of his friend. In the following letter to Mrs Byron, he mentions other matters of interest,—and in a tone which evinces a sensibility, highly honourable to his

## LETTER XXXII.

TO MRS BYRON.

\* 8, St James's-street, March 1812.

"DEAR MOTHER,

"My last letter was written under great depression of spirits from poor Falkland's death, and I left without a shilling four children and I have been endeavouring to assist them, and I know, I cannot do as I could wish, from embarrassments and the many claims upon me at other quarters.

"What you say is all very true: come, my dear mother, Newstead and I stand or fall together. I have lived on the spot, I have fixed my heart upon it, and no pressure, present or future, shall ever disbarter the last vestige of our inheritance from that pride within me which will enable me to surmount all difficulties. I can endure privations; but I cannot obtain in exchange for Newstead Abbey a quiet life in the country, I would reject the offer. Set your mind at ease on that score; Mr Dallas is like a man of business on the subject, I will not sell Newstead

seat on the return of the affidavits from Cornwall, and will do something in I must dash, or it is all over. My secret secret for a month; after that what you please on the subject. I told me infamously, and refused to state of my family to the Chancellor. I am in my rhymes, and perhaps his regret not being more conciliatory. I will have a sale; I hope so, for the behaved well, as far as publishing Believe me, &c.

you shall have a mortgage on one of the

ins: which he here mentions, as ex-Cornwall, were those required in proof of Admiral Byron with Miss Trevaunization of which having taken place, in a private chapel at Carhais, no details of the ceremony could be produced. In securing other evidence, coupled with a strenuous refusal of Lord Carlisle to affixations respecting his family, inter-difficulties which he alludes to in the way of his seat. At length, all the necessary being obtained, he, on the 13th of seated himself in the House of Lords, in his time and unfriended, perhaps, than any so high station had ever before been seen such an occasion,—not having a single of his own class either to introduce him or receive him as acquaintance. To some was he even indebted for being accompanied to the bar of the House by a very distant, who had been, little more than a year as a stranger to him. This relative was, and the account which he has given of a scene is too striking, in all its details, to be any other words than his own:—

before was published about the middle of previous to which he took his seat in the Lords, on the 13th of the same month. On passing down St James's-street, but with out calling, I saw his chariot at his door. His countenance, paler than usual, his mind was agitated, and that he was the nobleman to whom he had once bowed and countenance in his introduction. He said to me—'I am glad you come in; I am going to take my seat; will go with me.' I expressed my attend him; while, at the same time, I shook I felt on thinking that this young birth, fortune, and talent, stood high have lived so unconnected and neglected of his own rank, that there was member of the senate to which he became he could or would apply to introduce-manner becoming his birth. I saw situation, and I fully partook his in-

talk about the Satire, the last sheets in the press, I accompanied Lord Byron

He was received in one of the ante-chamber of the officers in attendance, with

whom he settled respecting the fees he had to pay. One of them went to apprise the Lord Chancellor of his being there, and soon returned for him. There were very few persons in the House. Lord Eldon was going through some ordinary business. When Lord Byron entered, I thought he looked still paler than before; and he certainly wore a countenance in which mortification was mingled with, but subdued by, indignation. He passed the woollen without looking round, and advanced to the table where the proper officer was attending to administer the oaths. When he had gone through them, the Chancellor quitted his seat, and went towards him with a smile, putting out his hand warmly to welcome him; and, though I did not catch his words, I saw that he paid him some compliment. This was all thrown away upon Lord Byron, who made a stiff bow, and put the tips of his fingers into the Chancellor's hand. \* \*

\* \* The Chancellor did not press a welcome so received, but resumed his seat; while Lord Byron carelessly seated himself for a few minutes on one of the empty benches to the left of the throne, usually occupied by the lords in opposition. When, on his joining me, I expressed what I had felt, he said: 'If I had shaken hands heartily, he would have set me down for one of his party—but I will have nothing to do with any of them, on either side; I have taken my seat, and now I will go abroad.' We returned to St James's-street, but he did not recover his spirits."

To this account of a ceremonial so trying to the proud spirit engaged in it, and so little likely to abate the bitter feeling of misanthropy now growing upon him, I am enabled to add, from his own report in one of his note-books, the particulars of the short conversation which he held with the Lord Chancellor on the occasion:—

"When I came of age, some delays, on account of some birth and marriage certificates from Cornwall, occasioned me not to take my seat for several weeks. When these were over and I had taken the oaths, the Chancellor apologized to me for the delay, observing 'that these forms were a part of his duty.' I begged him to make no apology, and added (as he certainly had shown no violent hurry), 'Your lordship was exactly like Tom Thumb' (which was then being acted)—'you did your duty, and you did no more.'"

In a few days after, the Satire made its appearance, and one of the first copies was sent, with the following letter, to his friend Mr Harness.

#### LETTER XXXIII.

TO MR HARNESS.

"8, St James's street, March 18th, 1809.

"There was no necessity for your excuses: if you have time and inclination to write, 'for what we receive, the Lord make us thankful:—if I do not hear from you, I console myself with the idea that you are much more agreeably employed.

"I send down to you by this post a certain Satire lately published, and in return for the three and sixpence expenditure upon it, only beg that if you should guess the author, you will keep his name secret; at least for the present. London is full of the Duke's business. The Commons have been at it these last three nights, and are not yet come to a



decision. I do not know if the affair will be brought before our House, unless in the shape of an impeachment. If it makes its appearance in a debatable form, I believe I shall be tempted to say something on the subject.—I am glad to hear you like Cambridge: firstly, because, to know that you are happy is pleasant to one who wishes you all possible sublimity of enjoyment; and, secondly, I admire the morality of the sentiment. *Alma Mater* was to me *injusta noverca*: and the old Beldam only gave me my M.A. degree because she could not avoid it.\*—You know what a farce a noble Cantab. must perform.

"I am going abroad, if possible, in the spring, and before I depart I am collecting the pictures of my most intimate schoolfellows; I have already a few, and shall want yours, or my cabinet will be incomplete. I have employed one of the first miniature-painters of the day to take them, of course at my own expense, as I never allow my acquaintance to incur the least expenditure to gratify a whim of mine. To mention this may seem indelicate; but when I tell you a friend of ours first refused to sit, under the idea that he was to disburse on the occasion, you will see that it is necessary to state these preliminaries to prevent the recurrence of any similar mistake. I shall see you in time, and will carry you to the *dinner*. It will be a tax on your patience for a week, but pray excuse it, as it is possible the resemblance may be the sole trace I shall be able to preserve of our past friendship and present acquaintance. Just now it seems foolish enough, but in a few years, when some of us are dead, and others are separated by inevitable circumstances, it will be a kind of satisfaction to retain in these images of the living the idea of our former selves, and to contemplate in the resemblances of the dead, all that remains of judgment, feeling, and a host of passions. But all this will be dull enough for you, and so good night, and to end my chapter, or rather my homily, believe me, my dear H., yours most affectionately."

In this romantic design of collecting together the portraits of his school friends, we see the natural working of an ardent and disappointed heart, which, as the future began to darken upon it, clung with fondness to the recollections of the past, and in despair of finding new and true friends saw no happiness but in preserving all it could of the old. But even here, his sensibility had to encounter one of those freezing checks, to which feelings, so much above the ordinary temperature of the world, are but too constantly exposed;—it being from one of the very friends thus fondly valued by him, that he experienced, on leaving England, that mark of neglect of which he so indignantly complains in a note on the second Canto of *Childe Harold*,—contrasting with this conduct the fidelity and devotedness he had just found in his Turkish servant, Dervish. Mr Dallas, who witnessed the immediate effect of this slight upon him, thus describes his emotion:—

"I found him bursting with indignation. 'Will

you believe it?' said he, 'I have just met \* \* and asked him to come and sit an hour with me, he excused himself; and what do you think was his excuse? He was engaged with his mother and his ladies to go shopping! And he knows I set out tomorrow, to be absent for years, perhaps never return!—Friendship! I do not believe I shall be behind me, yourself and family excepted, and perhaps my mother, a single being who will care for me becomes of me.'"

From his expressions in a letter to Mrs Bysshe already cited, that he must "do something in the House soon," as well as from a more definite intimation of the same intention to Mr Harness, it appears that he had, at this time, serious thoughts at once entering on the high political path, his station as an hereditary legislator opened to him. But, whatever may have been the first movement of his ambition in this direction, they were soon quashed. Had he been connected with any distinguished political families, his love of eminence, seconded by such example and sympathy, might have impelled him, no doubt, to seek renown in the fields of party warfare, where it might have been his fate to afford a signal instance of that transitory process by which, as Pope says, the corruption of a poet sometimes leads to the generation of a statesman. Luckily, however, for the world (though, what luckily for himself may be questioned), the empire of poesy was destined to claim him all its time. The loneliness, indeed, of his position in society at that period, left destitute, as he was, of all those associations and sympathies, by which youth, at its first entrance into the world, is usually surrounded, was, of itself, enough to discourage him from embarking in a pursuit, where success must depend chiefly on such extrinsic advantages that any chance of success must depend. So far from taking any part in the proceedings of his noble brethren, he appears to have regarded even the ceremony of attendance among them as irksome and mortifying, and, in a few days after his admission to his seat at his own Abbey, there to brood over the bitterness of premature experience, or meditate, in the solitude and adventures of other lands, a freer outlet for his impatient spirit than it could command at home.

It was not long, however, before he was summoned back to town by the success of his *Satire*, the quick sale of which already rendered the preparation of a new edition necessary. His zealous agent, Mr Dallas, had taken care to transmit to him, in retirement, all the favourable opinions of the public he could collect; and it is not unamusing, as showing the sort of steps by which Fame at first moves to find the approbation of such authorities as poets and the magazine-writers put forward among the first rewards and encouragements of a Byron.

"You are already (he says) pretty generally known to be the author. So Cawthorn tells me, and it occurred to myself at Hatchard's, the Queen's bookseller. On enquiring for the *Satire*, he told me he had sold a great many, and had none left, and was going to send for more, which I afterwards found he did. I asked, who was the author? He said, I believed to be Lord Byron's. Did he believe it? Yes, he did. On asking the ground of his belief,

\* In another letter to Mr Harness, dated February, 1809, he says, "I do not know how you and Alma Mater agree. I was but an untoward child myself, and I believe the good lady and her brat were equally rejoiced when I was weaned; and, if I obtained her benediction at parting, it was at best, equivocal."

ady of distinction had, without hesi-  
w it as Lord Byron's Satire. He  
wed me that he had inquired of Mr  
frequents his shop, if it was yours.  
ied any knowledge of the author, but  
gily of it, and said a copy had been

Hatchard assured me that all who  
reading-room admired it. Cawthorn tells  
usually well-spoken of, not only among  
amers, but generally at all the book-  
and is highly praised at my own pub-  
e I have lately called several times.  
was read aloud by Pratt to a circle of  
e, who were unanimous in their ap-  
e *Antijacobin*, as well as the *Gentleman's*  
as already blown the trump of fame for  
shall see it in the other Reviews next  
probably in some severely handled, ac-  
the connexion of the proprietors and  
e those whom it lashes."

termed in London, towards the end of  
found the first edition of his Poem nearly  
e; and set immediately about preparing  
e which he determined to prefix his name.  
eems he now made to the work were con-  
e—about a hundred new lines being introduced  
y opening,"—and it was not till about the  
e the ensuing month that the new edition  
y to go to press. He had, during his  
e now done, fixed definitively with his friend  
e that they should leave England to-  
e in the following June, and it was his  
e the last proofs of the volume corrected  
e departure.

e the new features of this edition was a  
e to the satire, in prose, which Mr Dallas,  
e the craft of his discretion and taste, most  
e estimated the poet to suppress. It is to be  
e that the adviser did not succeed in his ef-  
e there runs a tone of bravado through this  
e edition, which it is, at all times, painful  
e to leave man assume. For instance :—  
e said," he observes, "that I quit England  
e are censured these 'persons of honour  
e or town;' but I am coming back again,  
e vengeance will keep hot till my return.  
e now we can testify that my motives for  
e and are very different from fears, lite-  
e; those who do not, may one day

Since the publication of this thing,  
e has not been concealed; I have been  
e done, ready to answer for my transgres-  
e daily expectation of sundry cartels;  
e the age of chivalry is over, or in the  
e, there is no spirit now-a-days."  
e may have been the faults or indis-  
e Satire, there are few who would now  
e upon it so severely as did the author  
e reading it over nine years after, when  
e England, never to return. The copy  
e perused is now in the possession of  
e of the remarks which he has left scrib-

in the first edition, began at the line,  
e are yet, in these degenerate days.

bled over its pages are well worth transcribing. On  
the first leaf we find—

"The binding of this volume is considerably too  
valuable for its contents.

"Nothing but the consideration of its being the  
property of another, prevents me from consigning this  
miserable record of misplaced anger and indiscrimi-  
nate acrimony to the flames. "B."

Opposite the passage,

— to be misled

By Jeffrey's heart, or Lamb's Boeotian head,

is written, "This was not just. Neither the heart  
nor the head of these gentlemen are, at all, what they  
are here represented." Along the whole of the  
severe verses against Mr Wordsworth he has scrawled,  
"Unjust,"—and the same verdict is affixed to  
those against Mr Coleridge. On his unmeasured  
attack upon Mr Bowles, the comment is,—"*Too*  
*savage all this on Bowles;*" and down the margin  
of the page containing the lines, "*Health to immor-  
tal Jeffrey,*" &c., he writes,—"*Too ferocious—this*  
*is mere insanity,*"—adding, on the verses that follow  
("Can none remember that eventful day?" &c.)  
"All this is bad, because personal."

Sometimes, however, he shows a disposition to  
stand by his original decisions. Thus, on the passage  
relating to a writer of certain obscure Epics (v. 379),  
he says,—"*All right;*" adding, of the same person,  
"*I saw some letters of this fellow to an unfortunate*  
*poetess, whose productions (which the poor woman*  
*by no means thought vainly of) he attacked so roughly*  
*and bitterly, that I could hardly regret assailing him;*  
*—even were it unjust, which it is not; for, verily, he*  
*is an ass.*" On the strong lines, too (v. 953), upon  
Clarke (a writer in a magazine called the *Satirist*),  
he remarks,—"*Right enough,—this was well de-*  
*served, and well laid on.*"

To the whole paragraph, beginning "*Illustrious*  
*Holland,*" are affixed the words "*Bad enough—and*  
*on mistaken grounds, besides.*" The bitter verses  
against Lord Carlisle he pronounces "*Wrong also—*  
*the provocation was not sufficient to justify such*  
*acerbity;*"—and of a subsequent note respecting the  
same nobleman he says, "*Much too savage, what-*  
*ever the foundation may be.*" Of Rosa Matilda (v.  
738) he tells us, "*She has since married the Morn-*  
*ing Post,—an exceeding good match.*" To the verses  
"*When some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall,*" &c.,  
he has appended the following interesting note :—  
"*This was meant at poor Blackett, who was then*  
*patronized by A. I. B.\*—but that I did not know, or*  
*this would not have been written; at least, I think*  
*not.*"

Farther on, where Mr Campbell and other poets  
are mentioned, the following gingle on the names of  
their respective poems is scribbled :

Pretty Miss Jacqueline  
Had a nose aquiline;  
And would assert rude  
Things of Miss Gertrude :  
While Mr Marmion  
Led a great army on,  
Making Kehama look  
Like a fierce Mamaluke.

Opposite the paragraph in praise of Mr Crabbe he

\* Lady Byron, then Miss Milbank.



has written, "I consider Crabbe and Coleridge as the first of these times in point of power and genius." On his own line, in a subsequent paragraph, "And glory, like the Phoenix mid her fires," he says, comically, "The Devil take that Phoenix—how came it there?" and his concluding remark on the whole Poem is as follows:—

"The greater part of this Satire, I most sincerely wish had never been written; not only on account of the injustice of much of the critical and some of the personal part of it, but the tone and temper are such as I cannot approve."

"BYRON."

"Diodati, Geneva, July 14, 1816."

While engaged in preparing his new edition for the press, he was also gaily dispensing the hospitalities of Newstead to a party of young college friends, whom, with the prospect of so long an absence from England, he had assembled round him at the Abbey, for a sort of festive farewell. The following letter from one of the party, Charles Skinner Matthews, though containing much less of the noble host himself than we could have wished, yet, as a picture, taken freshly and at the moment, of a scene so pregnant with character, will, I have little doubt, be highly acceptable to the reader.

LETTER FROM CHARLES SKINNER MATTHEWS, ESQ.  
TO MISS I. M.

"London, 22d May, 1809.

"MY DEAR ———,

"I must begin with giving you a few particulars of the singular place which I have lately quitted.

"Newstead Abbey is situate 136 miles from London,—4 on this side Mansfield. It is so fine a piece of antiquity that I should think there must be a description and, perhaps, a picture of it in Grose. The ancestors of its present owner came into possession of it at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries,—but the building itself is of a much earlier date. Though sadly fallen to decay, it is still completely an *Abbey*, and most part of it is still standing in the same state as when it was first built. There are two tiers of cloisters, with a variety of cells and rooms about them, which, though not inhabited, nor in an inhabitable state, might easily be made so; and many of the original rooms, amongst which is a fine stone hall, are still in use. Of the Abbey Church only one end remains; and the old kitchen, with a long range of apartments, is reduced to a heap of rubbish. Leading from the Abbey to the modern part of the habitation is a noble room, seventy feet in length and twenty-three in breadth: but every part of the house displays neglect and decay, save those which the present Lord has lately fitted up.

The house and gardens are entirely surrounded by a wall with battlements. In front is a large lake, bordered here and there with castellated buildings, the chief of which stands on an eminence at the further extremity of it. Fancy all this surrounded with bleak and barren hills, with scarce a tree to be seen for miles, except a solitary clump or two, and you will have some idea of Newstead. For the late Lord being at enmity with his son, to whom the estate was

secured by entail, resolved, out of spite that the estate should descend to him in a plight as he could possibly reduce it to, cause he took no care of the mansion, and pulling off every tree he could lay his hands on, so seriously, that he reduced immense tracts of country to the desolate state I have just described. However, his son died before him, so that the estate was thrown away.

"So much for the place, concerning which I have thrown together these few particulars, to account to be, like the place itself, without connexion. But if the place itself is strange to you, the ways of the inhabitants appear much less so. Ascend, then, with me to the steps, that I may introduce to you my visitors. But have a care how you go, for you are mindful to go there in broad daylight; and you are eyes about you. For, should you make a mistake—should you go to the right of the hall, you are laid hold of by a bear; and should you go to the left, your case is still worse, for you run the risk of a wolf!—Nor, when you have attained your danger over, for the hall being so old, and therefore standing in need of repair, the beams are very probably banging at one another, and their pistols; so that if you enter without notice of your approach, you have only the chance of a wolf and the bear to expire by the pistols of the merry Monks of Newstead.

"Our party consisted of Lord Byron, and others; and was, now and then, increased by the presence of a neighbouring parson. As to the order of the day was generally good. For breakfast we had no set hour, but each went at his own convenience,—every thing remarkable till the whole party had done; then, if any wished to breakfast at the early hour of six, they might have been rather lucky to find any of the party. Our average hour of rising was one. I, however, got up between eleven and twelve, even when an invalid,—the first of which was esteemed a prodigy of early rising. I frequently past two before the breakfast was up. Then, for the amusements of the morning, we were reading, fencing, single-stick, or playing at cards in the great room; practising with pistols in the garden; walking—riding—cricket—sailing on the lake; or with the bear, or teasing the wolf. By eight we dined, and our evening lasted till one, two, or three in the morning. The evening diversions may be easily conceived.

"I must not omit the custom of drinking after dinner, on the removal of the clock, and the skull filled with burgundy. After revels, and the finest wines of France, to tea, where we amused ourselves with improving conversation,—each, according to his fancy,—and, after sandwiches, etc., etc. A set of monkish dresses, which had been brought with all the proper apparatus, of exorcism, etc., often gave a variety to our amusements, and to our pursuits.

"You may easily imagine how chagrined I was, being ill nearly the first half of the time. But I was led into a very different reflection

who left Pope's house without ceremony, and informed him, by letter, that it was for two sick friends to live together; for I was in a weak and invalid frame so perpetually, and the thoughtless and tumultuous health of the others, that I heartily wished every soul to be as ill as myself.

Some back I performed on foot, together with the guests. We walked about 25 miles in a week on the road, from being to the rain.

I show my account of an expedition which had extended my knowledge of this country. Is it you think I am going next? To visit, at least, such an excursion has been to me. Lord B. and another friend were going thither next month, and have asked me to go; but it seems to be but a wild and vague thinking upon.

Yours very affectionately,  
"C. S. Matthews."

By the finding hand to his new edition, we were for the fresh humor that were in his not here of London (whether he had been in the 15th of June, and, in about a fortnight, he had been).

It was the advance which his powers had made in the advance of that movement from the dawn of his inspiration, they were yet, but, as an incommensurable distance from a work they afterwards so triumphantly

in mind, remarkable that, essentially as a work connected with, and, as it were,

in the character, the development of the

of a day have provided the full maturity

of the whole. By her very early

expression of her sensibilities, Nature had

done of what she destined him for, long

before the call; and those materials

which his own fervid temperament

was to draw upon, and after much

as, revealed to him. In his Father,

we find in that little fragment of the

following. His spirit was stirred, but

it looked down into his depths, and does

not look at the bottom of the heart,

where which is afterwards lying in the

at. Still there had the other countless

visions, with which he and had been

filled an inner world of them;—the

which the secret of his nature, all

but a vision. All his mighty genius, at

his own strength.

As he did, so wide after established

in the Father as in the still earlier

and how little he had yet explored his

visions, as found out those distinctive

on the world. It was from the same slowness of self-appreciation that, afterwards, in the full flow of his fame, he long doubted, as we shall see, his own aptitude for works of wit and humour,—till the happy experiment of "Beppo" at once dissipated this distrust, and opened a new region of triumph to his versatile and boundless powers.

But, however far short of himself his first writings must be considered, there is in his Satire a liveliness of thought, and, still more, a vigour and courage, which, concurring with the justice of his cause and the sympathies of the public on his side, could not fail to attach instant celebrity to his name. Notwithstanding, too, the general boldness and recklessness of his tone, there were occasionally mingled with this defiance some allusions to his own fate and character, whose affecting earnestness seemed to answer for their truth, and which were of a nature strongly to awaken curiosity as well as interest. One or two of these passages, as illustrative of the state of his mind at this period, I shall here extract. The loose and unfenced state in which his youth was left to grow wild upon the world is thus touchingly alluded to:—

Ev'n I—least thinking of a thoughtless thing,  
Just skill'd to know the right and chase the wrong,  
Freed at that age when Reason's shield is lost,  
To fight my course through Passion's countless host,  
Whom every path of Pleasure's flowery way  
Has lured in turn, and all have led astray.—  
Ev'n I must raise my voice, ev'n I must feel  
Such scenes, such men destroy the public weal.  
Although some kind, censorious friend will say,  
"What art thou better, meddling fool, than they?"  
And every brother Rake will smile to see  
That miracle, a Moralist, in me.

But the passage in which, hastily thrown off as it is, we find the strongest trace of that wounded feeling, which bleeds, as it were, through all his subsequent writings, is the following:—

The time hath been, when no harsh word would fall  
From lips that now may even imbue with gall,  
Nor look nor frown brought me to despair  
The moment thing that cross'd beneath my eye,  
But now, so callous grown, so changed from youth, etc.

Some of the causes that worked this change in his character have been intimated in the course of the preceding pages. That there was no tinge of bitterness in his natural disposition we have abundant testimony, besides his own, to prove. Though, as a child, occasionally passionate and headstrong, his docility and kindness, towards those who were themselves kind, is acknowledged by all; and "playful" and "affectionate" are invariably the epithets by which those who knew him in his childhood convey their impression of his character.

Of all the qualities, indeed, of his nature, affectionateness seems to have been the most ardent and most deep. A disposition, on his own side, to form strong attachments, and a yearning desire after affection in return, were the feeling and the want that formed the firmest and truest of his existence. We have seen with what passionate enthusiasm he threw himself into his boyish friendships. The affection-

\* In the MS. remains on his Satire, to which I have already referred, he says, on this passage—"Then, and a pretty chance they have led me!"

+ That then, and that still, was more.—MS. MS.



ing and unsuccessful love that followed was, if I may so say, the agony, without being the death, of this unsated desire, which lived on through his life, filled his poetry with the very soul of tenderness, lent the colouring of its light to even those unworthy ties which vanity or passion led him afterwards to form, and was the last aspiration of his fervid spirit in those stanzas written but a few months before his death:—

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,  
Since others it has ceased to move;  
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,  
Still let me love!

It is much, I own, to be questioned whether, even under the most favourable circumstances, a disposition such as I have here described could have escaped ultimate disappointment, or found anywhere a resting-place for its imaginings and desires. But, in the case of Lord Byron, disappointment met him on the very threshold of life. His mother, to whom his affections first, naturally and with ardour, turned, either repelled them rudely or capriciously trifled with them. In speaking of his early days to a friend at Genoa, a short time before his departure for Greece, he traced the first feelings of pain and humiliation he had ever known to the coldness with which his mother had received his caresses in infancy, and the frequent taunts on his personal deformity with which she had wounded him.

The sympathy of a sister's love, of all influences on the mind of a youth the most softening, was also, in his early days, denied to him,—his sister Augusta and he having seen but little of each other while young. A vent through the calm channel of domestic affections might have brought down the high current of his feelings to a level nearer that of the world he had to traverse, and thus saved them from the tumultuous rapids and falls to which this early elevation, in their aftercourse, exposed them. In the dearth of all home endearments, his heart had no other resource but in those boyish friendships which he formed at school; and when these were interrupted by his removal to Cambridge, he was again thrown back, isolated, on his own restless desires. Then followed his ill-fated attachment to Miss Chaworth, to which, more than to any other cause, he himself attributed the desolating change then wrought in his disposition.

"I doubt sometimes" (he says, in his "Detached Thoughts") "whether, after all, a quiet and unagitated life would have suited me; yet I sometimes long for it. My earliest dreams (as most boys' dreams are) were martial; but a little later they were all for love and retirement, till the hopeless attachment to M<sup>rs</sup> C<sup>...</sup> began and continued (though sedulously concealed) very early in my teens; and so upwards for a time. This threw me out again 'alone on a wide, wide sea.' In the year 1804 I recollect meeting my sister at General Harcourt's in Portland Place. I was then *one thing*, and as she had always till then found me. When we met again in 1805 (she told me since), that my temper and disposition were so completely altered that I was hardly to be recognized. I was not then sensible of

the change; but I can believe it, and it."

I have already described his parting with worth previously to her marriage. Once that event, he saw her, and for the last invited by Mr Chaworth to dine at Ann before his departure from England. That that had elapsed since their last meeting considerable change in the appearance of the young poet. The fat, unformed was now a slender and graceful young man, emotions and passions, which at first then destroy, beauty, had as yet produced favourable effects on his features; and but little aid from the example of refined manners had subsided into that tone of self-possession which more than any the well-bred gentleman. Once only of these qualities put to the trial, was daughter of his fair hostess was brought room. At the sight of the child, he started, it was with the utmost difficulty conceal his emotion; and to the sensation moment we are indebted for those touching words "Well—thou art happy," &c.,\* which afterwards in a Miscellany published by friends, and are now to be found in the collection of his works. Under the influence of despondent passion he wrote two others this period, from which, as they exist in Miscellany I have just alluded to, and has for some time been out of print, may, not improperly, be extracted here.

#### THE FAREWELL—TO A LADY

When man, expell'd from Eden's bow,  
A moment linger'd near the gate,  
Each scene recall'd the vanish'd hour,  
And bade him curse his future fate.

But, wandering on through distant  
He learnt to bear his load of grief,  
Just gave a sigh to other times,  
And found in busier scenes relief.

Thus, lady, I must it be with me,  
And I must view thy charms no more;  
For, whilst I linger near to thee,  
I sigh for all I knew before, &c. &c.

The other poem is, throughout, full of feeling, but I shall give only what appear to be the striking stanzas.

#### STANZAS TO \*\*\* ON LEAVING BATH

'T is done—and shivering in the gale  
The bark unfurls her snowy sail;  
And whistling o'er the bending main  
Loud sings on high the fresh'ning gale  
And I must from this land be gone  
Because I cannot love but one.

As some lone bird, without a mate  
My weary heart is desolate:  
I look around, and cannot trace  
One friendly smile or welcome face  
And ev'n in crowds am still alone  
Because I cannot love but one.

\* Dated, in his original copy, Nov. 2, 1800.

† Entitled, in his original manuscript, "On being asked my reason for quitting Bath in spring." The date subjoined is Dec. 2, 1800.

‡ In his first copy, "Thus, Mary."

And I will cross the whitening foam,  
And I will seek a foreign home ;  
Till I forget a false fair face,  
I ne'er shall find a resting place :  
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,  
But ever love, and love but one.

I go—but whoso'er I see  
There's an eye will weep for me ;  
There's a kind congenial heart,  
Where I can claim the meanest part :  
Not then, who hast my hopes undone  
Will sigh, although I love but one.

To think of every early scene,  
Of what we are, and what we've been  
Would whelm some softer hearts with woe—  
But mine, alas ! has stood the blow—  
Yet still beats on as it began,  
And never truly loves but one.

And who that dear loved one may be  
Is not for vulgar eyes to see ;  
And why that early love was crost,  
Thou know'st the best, I feel the most :  
But he that dwells beneath the sun  
Has loved so long, and loved but one.

I've tried another's fetters too,  
With charms, perchance, as fair to view ;  
And I would fain have loved as well,  
But some uncomparable spell  
Fortold my bleeding breast to own  
A kindred care for aught but one.

'T would soothe to take one lingering view,  
And bless thee in my last adieu ;  
Yet wish I not those eyes to weep  
For him that wanders o'er the deep :  
His hour, his hope, his youth are gone,  
Yet still he loves, and loves but one.\*

While then, in all the relations of the heart, his rest after affection was thwarted, in another instance of his nature, not less strong—the desire of science and distinction—he was, in an equal degree, checked in his aspirations, and mortified. The inequality of his means to his station was early a source of embarrassment and humiliation to him ; at those high, patrician notions of birth in which (indeed) he made the disparity between his time and his rank the more galling. Ambition, never, soon, whispered to him that there were nobler ways to distinction. The eminence which he builds for himself might, one day, he felt, be his own ; nor was it too sanguine to think, under the favour accorded usually to him, he might with impunity venture on his first in time. But here, as in every other object of art, disappointment and mortification awaited instead of experiencing the ordinary forbearance indulgence, with which young aspirants are received by their critics, he found himself the victim of such unmeasured severity often dealt out even to veteran offenders in ; and, with a heart fresh from the trials of love, saw those resources and consolation he had sought in the exercise of his strength also invaded.

has prematurely broken into the pains of

erected by himself in a copy of the *Miscellany* edition ;—the two last lines being, originally,

Though whoso'er my bark may run,  
I love but thee, I love but one.

life, a no less darkening effect was produced upon him by too early an initiation into its pleasures. That charm with which the fancy of youth invests an untried world was, in his case, soon dissipated. His passions had, at the very onset of their career, forestalled the future ; and the blank void that followed was by himself considered as one of the causes of that melancholy, which now settled so deeply into his character.

"My passions" (he says, in his "Detached Thoughts,") "were developed very early—so early that few would believe me if I were to state the period and the facts which accompanied it. Perhaps this was one of the reasons which caused the anticipated melancholy of my thoughts,—having anticipated life. My earlier poems are the thoughts of one at least ten years older than the age at which they were written,—I don't mean for their solidity, but their experience. The two first Cantos of *Childe Harold* were completed at twenty-two ; and they are written as if by a man older than I shall probably ever be."

Though the allusions in the first sentence of this extract have reference to a much earlier period, they afford an opportunity of remarking, that however dissipated may have been the life which he led during the two or three years previous to his departure on his travels, yet the notion caught up by many, from his own allusions, in *Childe Harold*, to irregularities and orgies of which Newstead had been the scene, is, like most other imputations against him, founded on his own testimony, greatly exaggerated. He describes, it is well known, the home of his poetical representative as a "monastic dome, condemned to uses vile," and then adds,—

Where superstition once had made her den,  
Now Paphian girls were known to sing and smile.

Mr Dallas, too, giving in to the same strain of exaggeration, says, in speaking of the poet's preparations for his departure, "already satiated with pleasure, and disgusted with those companions who have no other resource, he had resolved on mastering his appetites ;—he broke up his harems." The truth, however, is that the narrowness of Lord Byron's means would alone have prevented such oriental luxuries. The mode of his life at Newstead was simple and unexpensive. His companions, though not averse to convivial indulgences, were of habits and tastes too intellectual for mere vulgar debauchery ; and, with respect to the alleged "harems," it appears certain that one or two suspected "*Subintroductæ*" (as the ancient monks of the Abbey would have styled them), and those, too, among the ordinary menials of the establishment, were all that even scandal itself could ever fix upon to warrant such an assumption.

That gaming was among his follies at this period, he himself tells us in the *Journal* I have just cited :—

"I have a notion (he says) that gamblers are as happy as many people, being always excited. Women, wine, fame, the table,—even ambition, *sate* now and then ; but every turn of the card and cast of the dice keeps the gamester alive ; besides, one can game ten times longer than one can do any thing else. I was very fond of it when young, that is to



say, of hazard, for I hate all *card* games,—even *farò*. When *macco* (or whatever they spell it) was introduced, I gave up the whole thing, for I loved and missed the *rattle* and *dash* of the box and dice, and the glorious uncertainty, not only of good luck or bad luck, but of *any luck at all*, as one had sometimes to throw *often* to decide at all. I have thrown as many as fourteen mains running, and carried off all the cash upon the table occasionally; but I had no coolness, or judgment, or calculation. It was the delight of the thing that pleased me. Upon the whole, I left off in time, without being much a winner or loser. Since one-and-twenty years of age I played but little, and then never above a hundred, or two, or three.”

To this, and other follies of the same period, he alludes in the following note :—

TO MR WILLIAM BANKES.

\* Twelve o'clock, Friday night.

“ MY DEAR BANKES,

“ I have just received your note; believe me I regret most sincerely that I was not fortunate enough to see it before, as I need not repeat to you, that your conversation for half an hour would have been much more agreeable to me than gambling or drinking, or any other fashionable mode of passing an evening, abroad or at home.—I really am very sorry that I went out previous to the arrival of your dispatch: in future pray let me hear from you before six, and whatever my engagements may be, I will always postpone them.—Believe me, with that deference which I have always from my childhood paid to your *talents*, and with somewhat a better opinion of your heart than I have hitherto entertained,

“ Yours ever, etc.”

Among the causes—if not rather among the results—of that disposition to melancholy, which, after all, perhaps, naturally belonged to his temperament, must not be forgotten those sceptical views of religion, which clouded, as has been shown, his boyish thoughts, and, at the time of which I am speaking, gathered still more darkly over his mind. In general, we find the young too ardently occupied with the enjoyments which this life gives or promises to afford either leisure or inclination for much inquiry into the mysteries of the next. But with him it was unluckily otherwise; and to have, at once, anticipated the worst experience both of the voluptuary and the reasoner,—to have reached, as he supposed, the boundary of this world's pleasures, and see nothing but “ clouds and darkness” beyond, was the doom, the anomalous doom, which a nature, premature in all its passions and powers, inflicted on Lord Byron.

When Pope, at the age of five-and-twenty, complained of being weary of the world, he was told by Swift that he “ had not yet acted or suffered enough in the world to have become weary of it.”\* But far different was the youth of Pope and of Byron;—what the former but anticipated in thought, the latter had

\* I give the words as Johnson has reported them;—in Swift's own letter they are if I recollect right rather different.

drunk deep of in reality;—at an age when it was but looking forth on the sea of life, the other plunged in, and tried its depths. Swift him whom early disappointments and wrongs had a vein of bitterness that never again closed, at far closer parallel to the fate of our noble poet well in the untimeliness of the trials he had doomed to encounter, as in the traces of *these* which they left in his character.

That the romantic fancy of youth, which melancholy as an indulgence, and loves to associate sadness it has not had time to earn, may have some share in, at least, fostering the gloom by the mind of the young poet was overcast, I disposed to deny. The circumstance, indeed having, at this time, among the ornaments of study, a number of skulls highly polished, and on light stands round the room, would seem to indicate that he rather courted than shunned such associations.† Being a sort of boyish mimicry of the use to which the poet Young is said to have applied a skull, such a display might well excite some suspicion of the sincerity of his gloom; not, through the whole course of his subsequent and writings, track visibly the deep vein of melancholy which nature had imbedded in his character.

Such was the state of mind and heart,—as his own testimony and that of others, I have cited it,—in which Lord Byron now set out on his finite pilgrimage; and never was there a more wrought in disposition and character to which the poet's fancy of “ sweet bells jangled out of tune and mortification towards which so many causes had been applied. The unwillingness of Lord Byron to countenance him, and his humiliating in consequence, completed the full measure of mortification towards which so many causes had been applied. Baffled, as he had been, in his own pursuit of affection and friendship, his sole consolation lay in doubting that any such really existed. The various crosses he had met in themselves sufficiently irritating and wounding were rendered still more so by the high, irritable temper with which he encountered them. Others would have bowed to, as misfortune, his proud spirit rose against, as wrongs; and the violence of this reaction produced, at once, a morbidity throughout his whole character,‡ in which

\* There is, at least, one striking point of similarity between their characters in the disposition which has thus attributed to Swift :—“ The suspicious of irreligion,” he says, “ proceeded, in a great measure, from his dread of hypocrisy; instead of wishing to seem he delighted in seeming worse than he was.”

† Another use to which he appropriated one of the skulls found in digging at Newstead was the having it melted into silver, and converted into a drinking cup. This was commemorated in some well-known verses of Byron, and the cup itself, which, apart from any revolting associations, forms by no means an inelegant object for the eye, is, with many other interesting relics of Lord Byron, in the possession of the present proprietor of Newstead Abbey, Colonel Wildman.

‡ Rousseau appears to have been conscious of a sort of change in his own nature :—“ They have taken me without intermission,” he says in a letter to Madame Boufflers, “ to give to my heart, and, perhaps, at the same time to my genius, a spring and stimulus of action they have not inherited from nature. I was born ill-treated; it has made me strong.”—*Hume's Private Correspondence*.

the political world, all that was bad in his nature burst forth with all that was poetic and grand. The very virtues and his disposition ministered to the violence. The same ardour that had fed his friendships and loves now fed the flames of his indignation and scorn. His gaiety and humour but lent a fresher flow to his nature, till he, at last, revelled in it as an end, and that hatred of hypocrisy, which had shown itself in a too shadowy colour to his youthful frailties, now hurried him, in the pursuit of all false pretensions to virtue, into the dangerous boast and ostentation of

his letter to his mother, written a few days before he sailed, gives some particulars respecting those who composed his suite. Robert Murray he mentions so feelingly in the Postscript, the boy introduced, as his Page, in the character of Child Harold.

## LETTER XXXIV.

TO MRS BYRON.

\* Falmouth, June 22d, 1809.

MY MOTHER,  
about to sail in a few days; probably before you. Fletcher begged so hard, that I must send him in my service. If he does not return, I will send him back in a trans-shipment, a German servant (who has been with me in Persia before, and was strongly recommended to me by Dr Butler of Harrow), Robert Murray, they constitute my whole suite. I have a plenty—yet shall hear from me at the first I hear upon; but you must not be misled by my letters miscarry. The continent is in a state of insurrection has broken out at Paris, the Austrians are beating Buonaparte—the war is over.

I have a picture of me in oil, to be sent down to you.—I wish the Miss P's had some-thing to do than carry my miniatures to Nottingham. Now they have done it, you may see the others, which are greater than my own. As to money matters, I am not to leave till Rochdale is sold; and if that is out well, I shall enter into the Austrian service—perhaps the Turkish, if I like their world is all before me, and I leave you to regret, and without a wish to revisit you, except yourself, and your pre-

sentations tell Mr Rushton his son is well, and so is Murray, indeed better than I ever will be back in about a month. I ought to write Murray to my few regrets, as his will prevent my seeing him again. I like him; I like him, because, like a friendless animal."

to have in their remembrance his por-traits that they mistook for frolic."—*John himself at the university, in Boswell.*

etical description of the state of mind in which he now took leave of England, the gaiety and levity of the letters I am about to give will appear, it is not improbable, strange and startling. But, in a temperament like that of Lord Byron, such bursts of vivacity on the surface are by no means incompatible with a wounded spirit underneath; and the light, laughing tone that pervades these letters, but makes the feeling of solitariness that breaks out in them the more striking and affecting.

## LETTER XXXV.

TO MR HENEY DRURY.

\* Falmouth, June 25th, 1809.

"MY DEAR DRURY,

"We sail to-morrow in the Lisbon packet, having been detained till now by the lack of wind, and other necessities. These being at last procured, by this time to-morrow evening we shall be embarked on the wide world of waters, for all the world like Robinson Crusoe. The Malta vessel not sailing for some weeks, we have determined to go by way of Lisbon, and, as my servants term it, to see "that there Portuguese;"—thence to Cadiz and Gibraltar, and so on our old route to Malta and Constantinople, if so be that Captain Kidd, our gallant commander, understands plain-sailing and Mercator, and takes us on our voyage all according to the chart.

"Will you tell Dr Butler† that I have taken the treasure of a servant, Friese, the native of Prussia Proper, into my service, from his recommendation. He has been all among the Worshipers of Fire in Persia, and has seen Persepolis and all that.

"H\*\* has made wondrous preparations for a book on his return;—100 pens, two gallons of japan ink, and several volumes of best blank, is no bad provision for a discerning public. I have laid down my

\* The poet Cowper, it is well known, produced that master-piece of humour, John Gilpin, during one of his fits of morbid dejection, and he himself says, "Strange as it may seem, the most ludicrous lines I ever wrote have been written in the saddest mood, and but for that saddest mood, perhaps, had never been written at all."

† The reconciliation which took place between him and Dr Butler, before his departure, is one of those instances of placability and pliancy with which his life abounded. We have seen, too, from the manner in which he mentions the circumstance in one of his note-books, that the reconciliation was of that generously retrospective kind, in which not only the feeling of hostility is renounced in future, but a strong regret expressed that it had been ever entertained.

Not content with this private atonement to Dr Butler, it was his intention, had he published another edition of the Hours of Idleness, to substitute for the offensive verses against that gentleman, a frank avowal of the wrong he had been guilty of in giving vent to them. This fact, so creditable to the candour of his nature, I learn from a loose sheet in his handwriting, containing the following corrections. In place of the passage beginning, "Or if my Muse a pedant's portrait drew," he meant to insert—

If once my Muse a harsher portrait drew,  
Warm with her wrongs, and deem'd the likeness true,  
By cooler judgment taught, her fault she owns,  
With noble minds a fault confess'd atones.

And to the passage immediately succeeding his warm praise of Dr Drury, "—Pomposus fills his magisterial chair," it was his intention to give the following turn:—

Another fills his magisterial chair;  
Reluctant Ida owns a stranger's care;  
Oh may like honours crown his future name!  
If such his virtues, such shall be his fame.



pen, but have promised to contribute a chapter on the state of morals, &c. &c.

The cock is crowing,  
I must be going.  
And can no more.—*Ghost of Gaffer Thumb.*  
“Adieu.—Believe me, &c. &c.”

### LETTER XXXVI.

TO MR HODGSON.

\* Falmouth, June 25th, 1809.

“MY DEAR HODGSON,

“Before this reaches you, Hobhouse, two officers’ wives, three children, two waiting-maids, ditto subalterns for the troops, three Portuguese esquires and domestics, in all nineteen souls, will have sailed in the Lisbon packet, with the noble Captain Kidd, a gallant commander as ever smuggled an anker of right Nantz.

“We are going to Lisbon first, because the Malta packet has sailed, d’ye see?—from Lisbon to Gibraltar, Malta, Constantinople, and ‘all that,’ as Orator Henley said, when he put the church, and ‘all that,’ in danger.

“This town of Falmouth, as you will partly conjecture, is no great ways from the sea. It is defended on the sea-side by tway castles, St Maws and Pendennis, extremely well calculated for annoying every body except an enemy. St Maws is garrisoned by an able-bodied person of fourscore, a widower. He has the whole command and sole management of six most unmanageable pieces of ordnance, admirably adapted for the destruction of Pendennis, a like tower of strength on the opposite side of the Channel. We have seen St Maws, but Pendennis they will not let us behold, save at a distance, because Hobhouse and I are suspected of having already taken St Maws by a coup-de-main.

“The town contains many quakers and salt-fish—the oysters have a taste of copper, owing to the soil of a mining country—the women (blessed be the corporation therefore!) are flogged at the cart’s tail when they pick and steal, as happened to one of the fair sex yesterday noon. She was pertinacious in her behaviour, and damned the mayor.

“Hodgson! remember me to the Drury, and remember me to—yourself, when drunk:—I am not worth a sober thought.—Look to my Satire at Cawthorn’s, Cockspur-street.

“I don’t know when I can write again, because it depends on that experienced navigator, Captain Kidd, and the ‘stormy winds that (don’t) blow’ at this season. I leave England without regret—I shall return to it without pleasure. I am like Adam, the first convict sentenced to transportation, but I have no Eve, and have eaten no apple but what was sour as a crab;—and thus ends my first chapter. Adieu. Yours, etc.”

In this letter the following lively verses were enclosed:—

\* Falmouth Roads, June 30th, 1809.

1.

HURRA! Hodgson, we are going,  
Our embargo’s off at last;  
Favourable breezes blowing  
Bend the canvas o’er the mast.

From aloft the signal’s streaming,  
Hark! the farewell gun is fired,  
Women screeching, tars blaspheming,  
Tell us that our time’s expired.  
Here’s a rascal  
Come to task all,  
Prying from the Custom-house:  
Trunks unpacking,  
Cases cracking,  
Not a corner for a mouse  
‘Scapes unsearch’d amid the racket,  
Ere we sail on board the Packet.

2.

Now our boatmen quit their mooring,  
And all hands must ply the oar;  
Baggage from the quay is lowering,  
We’re impatient—push from shore.  
‘Have a care! that case holds liquor—  
Stop the boat—I’m sick—oh Lord!’  
‘Sick, ma’am! damme, you’ll be sicker  
Ere you’ve been an hour on board.’  
Thus are screaming  
Men and women,  
Gemmen, ladies, servants, Jacks:  
Here entangling,  
All are wrangling,  
Stuck together close as wax.  
Such the general noise and racket,  
Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet.

3.

Now we’ve reach’d her, lo! the captain,  
Gallant Kidd, commands the crew;  
Passengers their births are clapt in,  
Some to grumble, some to spew,  
‘Hey-dey! call you that a cabin?  
Why ’t is hardly three feet square—  
Not enough to stow Queen Mab in—  
Who the deuce can harbour there?’  
‘Who, sir, plenty!  
Nobles twenty  
Did at once my vessel fill—’  
‘Did they? Jesus,  
How you squeeze us!  
Would to God they did so still—  
Then I’d scape the beat and racket  
Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet!’

4.

‘Fletcher! Murray! Bob! where are you?  
Stretch’d along the deck like logs—  
Bear a hand, you jolly tar, you!  
Here’s a rope’s-end for the dogs.  
H \* \* muttering fearful curses,  
As the hatchway down he rolls:  
Now his breakfast, now his verses,  
Vomits forth—and damns our souls.  
‘Here’s a stanza  
On Braganza—  
Help!’—‘A couplet?’—‘No, a cap  
Of warm water—’  
‘What’s the matter?’  
‘Zounds! my liver’s coming up!  
I shall not survive the racket  
Of this brutal Lisbon Packet.’

5.

Now at length we’re off for Turkey,  
Lord knows when we shall come back!  
Breezes foul and tempests murky  
May unship us in a crack.  
But, since life at most a jest is:  
As philosophers allow,  
Still to laugh by far the best is:  
Then laugh on—as I do now.  
Laugh at all things,  
Great and small things,  
Sick or well, at sea or shore:  
While we’re quaffing,  
Let’s have laughing—  
Who the devil cares for more?—  
Some good wine! and who would lack it,  
Ev’n on board the Lisbon Packet?

BYE!

of July the packet sailed from Palermo a favourable passage of four days voyagers reached Lisbon, and took up that city."

ing letters, from Lord Byron to his agent, though written in his most light strain, will give some idea of the first at his residence in Lisbon made upon them, too, contrasted with the noble original in "Childe Harold," will show the moods of his versatile mind, in different aspects it could take when in the wing.

## LETTER XXXVII.

TO MR HODGSON.

\* Lisbon, July 16th, 1809.

or have we pursued our route, and seen marvellous sights, palaces, convents, &c. thing to be heard in my friend Hobhouse's Bank of Travels, I shall not anticipate any account whatsoever to you in a chaste manner. I must just observe that of Cintra in Estremadura is the most perhaps, in the world.

very happy here, because I loves oranges, and Latin to the monks, who understand it, their own,—and I goes into society (with Spanish), and I swims in the Tagus all day, and I rides on an ass or a mule, and engages, and have got a diarrhoea and the mosquitoes. But what of that? Complain to be expected by folks that go a-plea-

to the Portuguese are pertinacious, I say, of the grandees of the grandees, that very the place of 'Dumme,'—and when dis- my neighbour, I pronounce him 'Am- With these two phrases, and a third, which signifieth 'Get an ass,' I am understood to be a person of degree and languages. How merrily we lives that if we had food and raiment. But, in any thing is better than England, and amused with my pilgrimage as far as

and sometimes to mention a strange story, under of the packet, Captain Kidd, related passage. This officer stated that, being in his birth, he was awakened by the king heavy on his limbs, and, there being the room, could see, as he thought, dis- of his brother, who was, at that time, in the East Indies, dressed in his uniform, cross the bed. Concluding it to be an ass, he shut his eyes and made an effort the same pressure continued, and still, stared to take another look, he saw the him in the same position. To add to the his hand forth to touch this form, he in, in which it appeared to be dressed, the entrance of one of his brother officers, out in alarm, the apparition vanished: his after, he received the startling intelli- night his brother had been drowned in Of the supernatural character of this in Kidd himself did not appear to have

"To-morrow we start to ride post near 400 miles as far as Gibraltar, where we embark for Melita and Byzantium. A letter to Malta will find me, or to be forwarded, if I am absent. Pray embrace the Drury and Dwyer, and all the Ephesians you encounter. I am writing with Butler's donative pencil, which makes my bad hand worse. Excuse illegibility."

"Hodgson! send me the news, and the deaths and defeats, and capital crimes and the misfortunes of one's friends; and let us hear of literary matters, and the controversies and the criticisms. All this will be pleasant.—'Suave mari magno,' &c. Talking of that, I have been sea-sick, and sick of the sea. Adieu. Yours faithfully, &c."

## LETTER XXXVIII.

TO MR HODGSON.

\* Gibraltar, August 6, 1809.

"I have just arrived at this place after a journey through Portugal, and a part of Spain, of nearly 500 miles. We left Lisbon and travelled on horseback \* to Seville and Cadiz, and thence in the Hyperion frigate to Gibraltar. The horses are excellent—we rode seventy miles a-day. Eggs and wine and hard beds are all the accommodation we found, and, in such torrid weather, quite enough. My health is better than in England."

"Seville is a fine town, and the Sierra Morena, part of which we crossed, a very sufficient mountain,—but damn description, it is always disgusting. Cadiz, sweet Cadiz!—it is the first spot in the creation. \* \* \* The beauty of its streets and mansions is only excelled by the loveliness of its inhabitants. For, with all national prejudice, I must confess the women of Cadiz are as far superior to the English women in beauty, as the Spaniards are inferior to the English in every quality that dignifies the name of man. \* \* \* Just as I began to know the principal persons of the city, I was obliged to sail."

"You will not expect a long letter after my riding so far 'on hollow pampered jades of Asia.' Talking of Asia puts me in mind of Africa, which is within five miles of my present residence. I am going over before I go on to Constantinople."

"\* \* \* Cadiz is a complete Cythera. Many of the grandees who have left Madrid during the troubles reside there, and I do believe it is the prettiest and cleanest town in Europe. London is filthy in the comparison. \* \* \* The Spanish women are all alike, their education the same. The wife of a duke is, in information, as the wife of a peasant, the wife of a peasant, in manner, equal to a duchess. Certainly, they are fascinating; but their minds have only one idea, and the business of their lives is intrigue. \* \* \*

"I have seen Sir John Carr at Seville and Cadiz, and, like Swift's barber, have been down on my knees to beg he would not put me into black and white. Pray remember me to the Drurys and the

\* The baggage and part of the servants were sent by sea to Gibraltar.



Davies, and all of that stamp who are yet extant.\* Send me a letter and news to Malta. My next epistle shall be from Mount Caucasus or Mount Sion. I shall return to Spain before I see England, for I am enamoured of the country. Adieu, and believe me, &c."

In a letter to Mrs Byron, dated a few days later, from Gibraltar, he recapitulates the same account of his progress, only dwelling rather more diffusely on some of the details. Thus, of Cintra and Mafra,—  
"To make amends for this,† the village of Cintra, about fifteen miles from the capital, is, perhaps in every respect, the most delightful in Europe; it contains beauties of every description, natural and artificial. Palaces and gardens rising in the midst of rocks, cataracts, and precipices; convents on stupendous heights—a distant view of the sea and the Tagus; and, besides (though that is a secondary consideration), is remarkable as the scene of Sir H. D.'s Convention.‡ It unites in itself all the wildness of the western highlands, with the verdure of the south of France. Near this place, about ten miles to the right, is the palace of Mafra, the boast of Portugal, as it might be of any country, in point of magnificence without elegance. There is a convent annexed; the monks, who possess large revenues, are courteous enough, and understand Latin, so that we had a long conversation: they have a large library, and asked me if the *English* had any books in their country."

An adventure which he met with at Seville, characteristic both of the country and of himself, is thus described in the same letter to Mrs Byron:—

"We lodged in the house of two Spanish unmarried ladies, who possess six houses in Seville, and gave me a curious specimen of Spanish manners. They are women of character, and the eldest a fine woman, the youngest pretty, but not so good a figure as Donna Josepha. The freedom of manner, which is general here, astonished me not a little; and in the course of further observation I find that reserve is not the characteristic of the Spanish belles, who are, in general, very handsome, with large black eyes, and very fine forms. The eldest honoured your *uncoorthis* son with very particular attention, embracing him with great tenderness at parting (I was there but three days), after cutting off a lock of his hair, and presenting him with one of her own, about three feet in length, which I send, and beg you will retain till my return. Her last words were, 'Adios, tu hermoso! me gusto mucho.'—'Adieu, you pretty fellow you please me

\* \* This sort of passage," says Mr Hodgson, in a note on his copy of this letter, "constantly occurs in his correspondence. Nor was his interest confined to mere remembrances and inquiries after health. Were it possible to state all he has done for numerous friends, he would appear amiable indeed. For myself, I am bound to acknowledge, in the fullest and warmest manner, his most generous and well-timed aid; and, were my poor friend still alive, he would as gladly bear the like testimony;—though I have most reason of all men, to do so."

† The filthiness of Lisbon and its inhabitants.

‡ Colonel Napier, in a note in his able History of the Peninsular War, notices the mistake into which Lord Byron and others were led on this subject; the signature of the Convention, as well as all the other proceedings connected with it, having taken place at a distance of thirty miles from Cintra.

much." She offered a share of her apartment, and my *virtue* induced me to decline; she laughed, said I had some English 'amante' (lover), and that she was going to be married to an officer in the Spanish army."

Among the beauties of Cadiz, his imagination dazzled by the attractions of the many, was on this point, it would appear from the following, of his fixed by one:—

"Cadiz, sweet Cadiz, is the most delightful town ever beheld, very different from our English cities in every respect, except cleanliness (and it is as clean as London), but still beautiful and full of the most beautiful women in Spain, the Cadiz belles being the *land shire* witches of their land. Just as I was introduced and began to like the grandes, I was forced to leave it for this cursed place; but before I return to England I will visit it again."

"The night before I left it, I sat in the box of the Opera with Admiral \* \* \* 's family, an aged man and a fine daughter, Sennorita \* \* \*. The girl was very pretty, in the Spanish style; in my opinion, she was means inferior to the English in charms, and was superior in fascination. Long black hair, dazzling eyes, clear, olive complexions, and a more graceful in motion than can be conceived. An Englishman used to the drowsy, listless air of the *try* women, added to the most becoming dress, at the same time, the most decent in the world, a Spanish beauty irresistible."

"Miss \* \* \* and her little brother understood little French, and, after regretting my ignorance of the Spanish, she proposed to become my interpreter in that language. I could only reply by a *low* and express my regret that I quitted Cadiz too soon to permit me to make the progress which would doubtless attend my studies under so charming a directress. I was standing at the back of the box which resembles our Opera boxes (the theatre was large, and finely decorated, the music admirable, the manner in which Englishmen generally adopt the fear of incommoding the ladies in front, when a fair Spaniard dispossessed an old woman (an *an* a duenna) of her chair, and commanded me to seat next herself, at a tolerable distance from the mamma. At the close of the performance I withdrew, and was lounging with a party of men in the passage, when, *en passant*, the lady turned round and called me, and I had the honour of attending her to the admiral's mansion. I have an invitation on my return to Cadiz, which I shall accept, and re-pass through the country on my return from A

To these adventures, or rather glimpses of adventures, which he met with in his hasty passage through Spain, he adverted, I recollect, briefly, in the part of his "Memoranda;" and, it was the young I think, of his fair hostesses at Seville, whom he described himself as having made earnest love with the help of a dictionary. "For some time," said, "I went on prosperously both as a linguist and a lover," till, at length, the lady took a fancy

\* We find an allusion to this incident in Don Juan

'Tis pleasing to be school'd in a strange town; on

By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean,

When both the teacher and the taught are young,

As was the case, at least, where I have been, &c.

ore, and set her heart on my giving it  
edge of my sincerity. This, however,  
—say thing but the ring, I declared,  
service, and much more than its value,—  
itself I had made a vow never to give  
the young Spaniard grew angry as the  
went on, and it was not long before the  
the angry also; till, at length, the affair  
their separating unsuccessful on both sides.  
of this," said he, "I sailed for Malta, and  
of with both my heart and ring."  
after from Gibraltar, just cited, he adds—  
ing over to Africa to-morrow; it is only six  
this fortress. My next stage is Cagliari  
, where I shall be presented to his majesty.  
most superb uniform as a court-dress, in-  
in travelling." His plan of visiting Africa  
over, remains unaltered. After a short stay at  
during which he dined one day with Lady  
remains, and another with General Castanos,  
the 19th of August, took his departure for  
the packet, having first sent Joe Murray  
ing Hamilton back to England,—the latter be-  
ing, from ill health, to accompany him any  
"Pray," he says to his mother, "show the  
my kindness, as he is my great favourite." \*  
we write a letter to the father of the boy,  
gives so favourable an impression of his  
actions and kindness that I have much plea-  
sure enabled to introduce it here.

## LETTER XXXIX.

TO MR RUSHTON.

\*Gibraltar, August 15th, 1809.

\*MR RUSHTON,

have sent Robert home with Mr Murray, be-  
cause the country which I am about to travel through  
is one which renders it unsafe, particularly for  
young. I allow you to deduct five-and-twenty  
pounds for his education for three years, pro-  
vided he returns before that time, and I desire  
he be considered as in my service. Let every  
value of him, and let him be sent to school.  
If my death, I have provided enough in my  
will for him independent. He has behaved  
well, and has travelled a great deal for  
his absence. Deduct the expense of his  
from your rent. "BYRON."

the fate of Lord Byron, throughout life, to  
never be went, with persons who, by some  
extraordinary in their own fates or char-  
acters prepared to enter, at once, into full  
with him; and to this attraction, by which  
attracts him all strange and eccentric spirits,  
one of the most agreeable connexions of  
all as some of the most troublesome. Of  
description was an intimacy which he now  
during his short sojourn at Malta. The

right to this letter is as follows:—

and G. is married to a rustic! Well done!  
Bring you home a Sultana, with half a dozen  
every, and reconcile you to an Ottoman  
with a bushel of pearls, not larger than  
smaller than walnuts.\*

lady with whom he formed this acquaintance was the  
same addressed by him under the name of "Florence"  
in Childe Harold, and in a letter to his mother from  
Malta, he thus describes her in prose:—"This letter  
is committed to the charge of a very extraordinary  
woman, whom you have doubtless heard of, Mrs  
S\* S\*, of whose escape the Marquis de Salvo pub-  
lished a narrative a few years ago. She has since  
been shipwrecked, and her life has been from its com-  
mencement so fertile in remarkable incidents, that in  
a romance they would appear improbable. She was  
born at Constantinople, where her father, Baron H\*,  
was Austrian Ambassador; married unhappily, yet  
has never been impeached in point of character;  
excited the vengeance of Buonaparte by a part in  
some conspiracy; several times risked her life; and  
is not yet twenty-five. She is here on her way to  
England, to join her husband, being obliged to leave  
Trieste, where she was paying a visit to her mother,  
by the approach of the French, and embarks soon in  
a ship of war. Since my arrival here, I have had  
scarcely any other companion. I have found her  
very pretty, very accomplished, and extremely ec-  
centric. Buonaparte is even now so incensed against  
her, that her life would be in some danger if she  
were taken prisoner a second time."

The tone in which he addresses this fair heroine in  
Childe Harold is (consistently with the above dispa-  
sionate account of her) that of the purest admiration  
and interest, unwarmed by any more ardent senti-  
ment:—

Sweet Florence! could another ever share  
This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine;  
But, check'd by every tie, I may not dare  
To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,  
Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for mine.

Thus Harold deem'd, as on that lady's eye  
He look'd, and met its beam without a thought,  
Save admiration, glancing harmless by, &c. &c.

In one so imaginative as Lord Byron, who, while  
he infused so much of his life into his poetry, min-  
gled also not a little of poetry with his life, it is diffi-  
cult, in unravelling the texture of his feelings, to dis-  
tinguish at all times between the fanciful and the  
real. His description here, for instance, of the un-  
moved and "loveless heart," with which he contem-  
plated even the charms of this attractive person, is  
wholly at variance, not only with the anecdote from  
his "Memoranda" which I have recalled, but with  
the statements in many of his subsequent letters, and,  
above all, with one of the most graceful of his lesser  
poems, purporting to be addressed to this same lady  
during a thunder-storm on his road to Zitza.\*

\* The following stanzas from this little poem have a  
music in them which, independently of all meaning, is en-  
chanting:—

And since I now remember thee  
In darkness and in dread,  
As in those hours of revelry,  
Which mirth and music sped;  
Do thou, amidst the fair white walls,  
If Cadiz yet be free,  
At times, from out her latticed halls,  
Look o'er the dark blue sea:  
Then think upon Calypso's isles,  
Endear'd by days gone by;  
To others give a thousand smiles,  
To me a single sigh, &c. &c.





the sun was going down. It brought to me a change of dress, however) Scott's bookish Castle in his *Lay*, and the

The Albanians, in their dresses (the  
at in the world, consisting of a long  
dark-worked cloak, crimson-velvet gold-  
embroidered, silver mounted pistols and  
Tartans with their high caps, the  
tast pelisses and turbans, the soldiers  
with the horses, the former in groups  
large open gallery in front of the pa-  
laced in a kind of cloister below it,  
steeds ready caparisoned to move in a  
fers entering or passing out with dis-  
cattle-drums beating, boys calling the  
e minaret of the mosque, altogether,  
polar appearance of the building itself,  
and delightful spectacle to a stranger.  
sted to a very handsome apartment, and  
inspired after by the vizier's secretary,

ing from a dwelling, preparations were  
the heart of the night; and several kids  
being dressed by cooks who were themselves  
every thing was a most martial look, though  
in the style of the best quarters of a christian  
many of the soldiers were in the most com-  
mon dress, and having more wildness in their air  
than the Albanians we had before seen."

After this description, which is itself sufficiently  
clear, those which Lord Byron has given of the  
attack in the letter to his mother, and in the  
case of Guido Harold, we gain some insight into  
the which imagination elevates, without falsify-  
ing, and facts become brightened and refined into  
something from the representation drawn faith-  
fully to the traveller, to the more fanciful  
and of the same materials in the letter of the poet,  
we may now arrive at that consummate  
poetry, the result of both memory and invention  
which is the following splendid stanzas is pre-

As visitors pass the despot's state,  
They prepare to climb the court;  
Rocks, pillars, ponds, and saintly walls;  
A palace, and without, a fort:  
Of every class appear to make resort.

Within 's a ready row  
Of arms, and many a warlike store,  
In side attending court below;  
Where guests when 'd the corridors;  
As through the area's echoing door  
Entered Tatar squads his street away:  
The Greek, the Albanian, and the Moor,  
In their many-kind armed array,  
By eye-men's sound announced the close of day.

minus knelt in his knee,  
 all best and ornamented gun,  
 brother'd garments, fair to see;  
 wouldst name of Macedonia,  
 in his cap of terror on,  
 (glow) the lively, supple Greek;  
 with a satisfied sea;  
 Turk that rarely deigns to speak,  
 found, too pointed to be mock,  
 explains: some recline in groups,  
 sister wrote that varies found;  
 rose Macedonia to devotion stoops,  
 (and) and some that play, are found;  
 again possibly breaks the ground;  
 (in) there the Greek is heard to grate;  
 to smoothe the slightly silken sound,  
 (and) both shake the miscreant,  
 of him God?—do prayers—in? God is great!<sup>19</sup>

"The next day I was introduced to Ali Pacha. I was dressed in a full suit of staff uniform, with a very magnificent sabre, &c. The vizier received me in a large room paved with marble; a fountain was playing in the centre; the apartment was surrounded by scarlet ottomans. He received me standing, wonderful compliment from a Mussulman, and made me sit down on his right hand. I have a Greek interpreter for general use, but a physician of Ali's, named Femlarlo, who understands Latin, acted for me on this occasion. His first question was, why, at so early an age, I left my country?—(the Turks have no idea of travelling for amusement.) He then said, the English minister, Captain Leake, had told him I was of a great family, and desired his respects to my mother; which I now, in the name of Ali Pacha, present to you. He said he was certain I was a man of birth, because I had small ears, curling hair, and little white hands, \* and expressed himself pleased with my appearance and garb. He told me to consider him as a father whilst I was in Turkey, and said he looked on me as his son. Indeed he treated me like a child, sending me almonds and sugared sherbet, fruit and sweetmeats, twenty times a-day. He begged me to visit him often, and at night, when he was at leisure. I then, after coffee and pipes, retired for the first time. I saw him thrice afterwards. It is singular, that the Turks, who have no hereditary dignities, and few great families, except the Sultans, pay so much respect to birth; for I found my pedigree more regarded than my title. †

"To-day I saw the remains of the town of Actium, near which Antony lost the world, in a small bay, where two frigates could hardly manoeuvre: a broken wall is the sole remnant. On another part of the gulf stand the ruins of Nicopolis, built by Augustus in honour of his victory. Last night I was at a Greek marriage; but this and a thousand things more I have neither time nor space to describe.

"I am going to-morrow, with a guard of fifty men, to Patras in the Morea, and thence to Athens, where I shall winter. Two days ago I was nearly lost in a Turkish ship of war, owing to the ignorance of the captain and crew, though the storm was not violent. Fletcher yelled after his wife, the Greeks called on all the saints, the Mussulmans on Alla; the captain burst into tears and ran below deck, telling us to call on God; the sails were split, the main-yard shivered, the wind blowing fresh, the night setting in, and all our chance was to make Corfu, which is in

\* In the shape of the hands, as a mark of high birth, Lord Byron himself had as implicit faith as the Pacha: see his note on the line, "Though on more *thorough-bred* or fairer fingers," in *Don Juan*.

† A few sentences are here and elsewhere omitted, as having no reference to Lord Byron himself, but merely containing some particulars relating to Ali and his grandsons, which may be found in various books of travels.

Ali had not forgotten his noble guest when Dr Holland, a few years after, visited Albania :—"I mentioned to him generally (says this intelligent traveller), Lord Byron's poetical description of Albania, the interest it had excited in England, and Mr Hothouse's intended publication of his travels in the same country. He seemed pleased with these circumstances, and stated his recollections of Lord Byron."



possession of the French, or (as Fletcher pathetically termed it) 'a watery grave.' I did what I could to console Fletcher; but finding him incorrigible, wrapped myself up in my Albanian capote (an immense cloak), and lay down on deck to wait the worst.\* I have learnt to philosophize in my travels, and if I had not, complaint was useless. Luckily the wind abated, and only drove us on the coast of Suli, on the main land, where we landed, and proceeded, by the help of the natives, to Prevesa again; but I shall not trust Turkish sailors in future, though the Pacha had ordered one of his own galliots to take me to Patras. I am therefore going as far as Missolonghi by land, and there have only to cross a small gulf to get to Patras.

"Fletcher's next epistle will be full of marvels: we were one night lost for nine hours in the mountains in a thunder-storm, † and since nearly wrecked.

\* I have heard the poet's fellow-traveller describe this remarkable instance of his coolness and courage even still more strikingly than it is here stated by himself. Finding that, from his lameness, he was unable to be of any service in the exertions which their very serious danger called for, after a laugh or two at the panic of his valet, he not only wrapped himself up and lay down, in the manner here mentioned, but, when their difficulties were surmounted, was found fast asleep.

† In the route from Ioannina to Zitza, Mr Hobhouse and the Secretary of Ali, accompanied by one of the servants, had rode on before the rest of the party, and arrived at the village just as the evening set in. After describing the sort of hotel in which they were to take up their quarters for the night, Mr Hobhouse thus continues:—Vassily was dispatched into the village to procure eggs and fowls, that would be ready, as we thought, by the arrival of the second party. But an hour passed away and no one appeared. It was seven o'clock, and the storm had increased to a fury I had never before, and indeed have never since, seen equalled. The roof of our hotel shook under the clattering torrents and gusts of wind. The thunder roared, as it seemed, without any intermission: for the echoes of one peal had not ceased to roll in the mountains, before another tremendous crash burst over our heads; whilst the plains and the distant hills (visible through the cracks of the cabin) appeared in a perpetual blaze. The tempest was altogether terrific and worthy of the Grecian Jove; and the peasants, no less religious than their ancestors, confessed their alarm. The women wept, and the men, calling on the name of God, crossed themselves at every repeated peal.

"We were very uneasy that the party did not arrive; but the Secretary assured me that the guides knew every part of the country, as did also his own servant, who was with them, and that they had certainly taken refuge in a village at an hour's distance. Not being satisfied with the conjecture, I ordered fires to be lighted on the hill above the village, and some muskets to be discharged: this was at eleven o'clock, and the storm had not abated. I lay down in my great coat: but all sleeping was out of the question, as any pauses in the tempest were filled up by the barking of the dogs, and the shouting of the shepherds in the neighbouring mountains.

"A little after midnight, a man, panting and pale, and drenched with rain, rushed into the room, and, between crying and roaring, with a profusion of action, communicated something to the Secretary, of which I understood only—that they had all fallen down. I learnt, however, that no accident had happened, except the falling of the luggage horses, and losing their way, and that they were now waiting for fresh horses and guides. Ten were immediately sent to them, together with several men with pine torches: but it was not till two o'clock in the morning that we heard they were approaching, and my Friend, with the priest and the servants, did not enter our hut before three.

"I now learnt from him that they had lost their way from the commencement of the storm, when not above three miles from the village, and that, after wandering up and

In both cases, Fletcher was sorely bewildered by apprehensions of famine and banditti in the second instance. His horse was killed by the lightning, or crying (I do not know which), but are now recovered. When you next address to me at Mr Strané's, English consul at Morea.

"I could tell you I know not how many Albanians that I think would amuse you, but they are not to my mind as much as they would swell my party. I can neither arrange them in the one, nor in the other, except in the greatest of difficulties. I like the Albanians much; they are not all some tribes are Christians. But their religious differences make little difference in their manner or conduct: they are esteemed the best troops in the Turkish army. I lived on my route two-days at once, and then again, in a barrack at Salora, and never found the soldiers so tolerable, though I have been in the barracks of Gibraltar and Malta, and seen the French, Sicilian, and British troops in abundance. I have had nothing stolen, and was always supplied to their provision and milk. Not a wealthy Albanian chief (every village has its chief called Primate), after helping us out of the galley in her distress, feeding us, and leaving us a suite, consisting of Fletcher, a Greek, two Albanians, a Greek priest, and my companion, who, however, refused any compensation but a written statement that I was well received; and when I refused him to accept a few sequins, 'No,' he replied, 'I wish you to love me, not to pay me.' These were his words.

"It is astonishing how far money goes in this country. While I was in the capital I had to pay, by the vizier's order; but since, though I generally had sixteen horses, and generally seven men, the expense has not been half as much as staying only three weeks in Malta, though the governor, gave me a house for not more than I had only one servant. By the by, I expect to remit regularly; for I am not about to stay in the province for ever. Let him write to Mr Strané's, English consul, Patras. The fertility of the plains is wonderful, and the soil, though scarce, which makes this remarkable cheapness, am going to Athens to study modern Greece. It differs much from the ancient, though radically so. I have no desire to return to England, I, unless compelled by absolute want, and neglect; but I shall not enter into Asia for

down in total ignorance of their position, the last, stopped near some Turkish tomb-stones and which they saw by the flashes of lightning. They thus exposed for nine hours; and the guides, assisting them, only augmented the confusion, by being away, after being threatened with death by the Dragoman, who, in an agony of rage and fear, and giving any warning, fired off both his pistols, from the English servant an involuntary scream for help, as he fancied they were beset by robbers.

"I had not, as you have seen, witnessed the last part of this adventure myself; but from the lives drawn of it by my Friend, and from the exaggerated descriptions of George, I fancied myself a good judge of the whole situation, and should consider this to have been one of the most considerable of the few adventures either of us during our tour in Turkey. It was here we ceased to talk of the thunder-storm in the plains

much to see in Greece, and I may as well go to Africa, at least the Egyptian part. All Englishmen, is very much dissatisfied. Ende reconciled to the Turks by a pretty piastre from the vizier, which, if every thing, and the value of specie worth ten guineas English. He has got out from cold, heat, and vermin, who lie in cottages and cross mountains they must undergo, and of which I have seen with himself: but he is not valiant, of robbers and tempests. I have no memory to in England, and wish to get from it, but that you are well, and a son business from H \* \*, whom you like. I will write when I can, and beg me.

"Your affectionate son,

"BYRON."

In the middle of November, the young traveller's departure from Prevesa (the place where the letter was written), and proceeded, with a guard of fifty Albanians,\* through the Peloponnese, towards the Morea.

Robbers did he take a trusty band  
 across Acarnania's forest wide,  
 as well season'd, and with labours tann'd,  
 he did greet white Achelous' tide,  
 on his farther bank Ætolia's wolds espied.  
*Childe Harold, Canto II.*

description of the night-scene at Utraikay (as it is named in one of the bays of the Gulf of Patras), vividly in the recollection of every reader of these pages; nor will it diminish their enjoyment of the wild beauties of that picture to be acquainted with the real circumstances on which it was founded, in the following animated description of the same scene by his fellow traveller:—  
 Crossing the gates were secured, and preparing made for feeding our Albanians. A roasted and roasted whole, and four fires of the yard, round which the soldiers revolved in parties. After eating and the greater part of them assembled round the fires, and whilst ourselves and the party were seated on the ground, danced to their own songs, in the manner of the Greeks, but with an astonishing energy. These were relations of some robbing expedition of them, which detained them more than a day. When we set out from there sixty of us:—then came the bur-

Robbers all at Parga.  
 Robbers all at Parga!

Κλέφταις ποτε Παργα!

Κλέφταις ποτε Παργα!

When we set out this stave they whirled round and rebounded from their knees, and then round as the chorus was again rippling of the waves upon the pebbly shore, I think, makes the number of this guard and Lord Byron, in a subsequent letter, says,

margin where we were seated, filled up the pauses of the song with a milder and not more monotonous music. The night was very dark, but by the flashes of the fires we caught a glimpse of the woods, the rocks, and the lake, which, together with the wild appearance of the dancers, presented us with a scene that would have made a fine picture in the hands of such an artist as the author of the *Mysteries of Udolpho*."

Having traversed Acarnania, the travellers passed to the Ætolian side of the Achelous, and on the 21st of November reached Missolonghi. And here,—it is impossible not to pause, and send a mournful thought forward to the visit which, fifteen years after, he paid to this same spot,—when in the full meridian both of his age and fame, he came to lay down his life as the champion of that land through which he now wandered a stripling and a stranger. Could some spirit have here revealed to him the events of that interval,—have shown him, on the one side, the triumphs that awaited him, the power his varied genius would acquire over all hearts, alike to elevate or depress, to darken or illuminate them,—and then place, on the other side, all the penalties of this gift, the waste and wear of the heart through the imagination, the havoc of that perpetual fire within, which, while it dazzles others, consumes the possessor,—the invidiousness of such an elevation in the eyes of mankind, and the revenge they take on him who compels them to look up to it,—would he, it may be asked, have welcomed glory on such conditions? would he not rather have felt that the purchase was too costly, and that such warfare with an ungrateful world, while living, would be ill recompensed even by the immortality it might award him afterwards?

At Missolonghi he dismissed his whole band of Albanians, with the exception of one, named Dervish, whom he took into his service, and who, with Basilus, the attendant allotted him by Ali Pacha, continued with him during the remainder of his stay in the East. After a residence of near a fortnight at Patras, he next directed his course to Vostizza,—on approaching which town the snowy peak of Parnassus, towering on the other side of the Gulf, first broke on his eyes; and, in two days after, among the sacred hollows of Delphi, the stanzas, with which that vision had inspired him, were written.\*

It was at this time that, in riding along the sides of Parnassus, he saw an unusually large flight of eagles in the air,—a phenomenon which seems to have affected his imagination with a sort of poetical superstition, as he, more than once, recurs to the circumstance in his journals. Thus, "Going to the fountain of Delphi (Castri) in 1809, I saw a flight of twelve eagles (H. says they were vultures—at least, in conversation) and I seized the omen. On the day before, I composed the lines to Parnassus (in *Childe Harold*), and, on beholding the birds, had a hope that Apollo had accepted my homage. I have at least had the name and fame of a poet during the poetical part of

\* Oh, thou Parnassus! whom I now survey,  
 Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,  
 Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,  
 But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,  
 In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!"

*Childe Harold, Canto I.*



innocently to the compliments of the man, foresee that a day would come, and make her name and home so celebrated, on their return from Greece, on things more interesting to their such details of herself and her family &c.:-

and, who had gone before to procure us, met us at the gate and conducted us Macri, the Consul's, where we at This lady is the widow of the consul, lovely daughters; the eldest, celebrated beauty, and said to be the subject of by Lord Byron,

Athena, ere we part,  
give me back my heart! etc.

Macri, where stood the Temple of the is tempted to exclaim, 'Whither have led?'—Little did I expect to find them here comes one of them with golden cups and another with a book. The book is a volume, some of which are far sounded by of time. Among them is Lord Byron's, with some lines which I shall send you:

Alban smiling sees her son depart,  
true his birth and nursery of art;  
he is object, glorious is his aim,  
comes to Athens, and he—writes his name

Macri by Lord Byron:

A modest bard, like many a bard unknown,  
known in our names, but wisely hides his own;  
it yet, wherever he be, to say no worse,  
as those would bring more credit than his verse.

the mention of the three Athenian Graces will, however, rouse your curiosity, and fire your imagination; and I may despair of your farther attention if I attempt to give you some description of

The apartment is immediately opposite to and, if you could see them, as we do now, the gently waving aromatic plants before

now, you would leave your heart in Athens.

now, the Maid of Athens, Catinco, and are of middle stature. On the crown of the

which is a red Albanian skull-cap, with a spread out and fastened down like a star.

edge or bottom of the skull-cap is a hand- various colours bound round their temples,

est wears her hair loose, falling on her the hair behind descending down the

to the waist, and, as usual, mixed with the eldest generally have their hair bound,

I under the handkerchief. Their upper loose edged with fur, hanging loose down

as; below is a handkerchief of muslin bosom, and terminating at the waist,

rt; under that, a gown of striped silk or a gore round the swell of the loins,

front in graceful negligence;—white d yellow slippers complete their attire.

est have black, or dark, hair and eyes; oval, and complexion somewhat pale,

dazzling whiteness. Their cheeks are noses straight, rather inclined to aquiline, Marianna, is very fair, her face

not so finely rounded, but has a gayer expression than her sisters', whose countenances, except when the conversation has something of mirth in it, may be said to be rather pensive. Their persons are elegant, and their manners pleasing and lady-like, such as would be fascinating in any country. They possess very considerable powers of conversation, and their minds seem to be more instructed than those of the Greek women in general. With such attractions it would, indeed, be remarkable, if they did not meet with great attentions from the travellers who occasionally are resident in Athens. They sit in the eastern style, a little reclined, with their limbs gathered under them on the divan, and without shoes. Their employments are the needle, tambouring, and reading.

"I have said that I saw these Grecian beauties through the waving aromatic plants before their window. This, perhaps, has raised your imagination somewhat too high, in regard to their condition. You may have supposed their dwelling to have every attribute of eastern luxury. The golden cups, too, may have thrown a little witchery over your excited fancy. Confess, do you not imagine that the doors

Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell  
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,  
The pride of Turkey and of Persia's land:  
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,  
And couches stretch'd around in seemly band,  
And endless pillows rise to prop the head,  
So that each spacious room was one full swelling bed.

"You will shortly perceive the propriety of my delaying, till now, to inform you that the aromatic plants which I have mentioned are neither more nor less than a few geraniums and Grecian balms, and that the room in which the ladies sit is quite unfurnished, the walls neither painted nor decorated by 'cunning hand.' Then, what would have become of the Graces had I told you sooner that a single room is all they have, save a little closet and a kitchen? You see how careful I have been to make the first impression good; not that they do not merit every praise, but that it is in man's august and elevated nature to think a little slightly of merit, and even of beauty, if not supported by some worldly show. Now, I shall communicate to you a secret, but in the lowest whisper.

"These ladies, since the death of the consul their father, depend on strangers living in their spare room and closet,—which we now occupy. But, though so poor, their virtue shines as conspicuously as their beauty.

"Not all the wealth of the East, or the complimentary lays even of the first of England's poets, could render them so truly worthy of love and admiration."

Ten weeks had flown rapidly away, when the unexpected offer of a passage in an English sloop of war to Smyrna induced the travellers to make immediate preparations for departure, and, on the 5th of March, they reluctantly took leave of Athens. "Passing," says Mr Hobhouse, "through the gate leading to the Piræus, we struck into the olive-wood on the road going to Salamis, galloping at a quick pace, in order to rid ourselves, by hurry, of the pain of parting."

\* Travels in Italy, Greece, &c., by H. W. Williams, Esq.

He adds, "we could not refrain from looking back, as we passed rapidly to the shore, and we continued to direct our eyes towards the spot, where we had caught the last glimpse of the Thesëum and the ruins of the Parthenon through the vistas in the woods, for many minutes after the city and the Acropolis had been totally hidden from our view."

At Smyrna Lord Byron took up his residence in the house of the consul-general, and remained there, with the exception of two or three days employed in a visit to the ruins of Ephesus, till the 11th of April. It was during this time, as appears from a memorandum of his own, that the two first Cantos of *Childe Harold*, which he had begun five months before at Ioannina, were completed. The memorandum alluded to, which I find prefixed to his original manuscript of the Poem, is as follows:

"Byron, Ioannina in Albania.  
Begun October 31st, 1809;  
Concluded Canto 2d, Smyrna,  
March 29th, 1810.

"BYRON."

From Smyrna the only letter, at all interesting, which I am enabled to present to the reader, is the following.

#### LETTER XLI.

TO MRS BYRON.

"Smyrna, March 10, 1810.

"DEAR MOTHER,

"I cannot write you a long letter, but as I know you will not be sorry to receive any intelligence of my movements, pray accept what I can give. I have traversed the greatest part of Greece, besides Epirus, &c. &c., resided ten weeks at Athens, and am now on the Asiatic side, on my way to Constantinople. I have just returned from viewing the ruins of Ephesus, a day's journey from Smyrna. I presume you have received a long letter I wrote from Albania, with an account of my reception by the Pacha of the province.

"When I arrive at Constantinople, I shall determine whether to proceed into Persia or return, which latter I do not wish, if I can avoid it. But I have no intelligence from Mr H \* \*, and but one letter from yourself. I shall stand in need of remittances whether I proceed or return. I have written to him repeatedly, that he may not plead ignorance of my situation for neglect. I can give you no account of any thing, for I have not time or opportunity, the frigate sailing immediately. Indeed the further I go, the more my laziness increases, and my aversion to letter-writing becomes more confirmed. I have written to no one but yourself and Mr H \* \*, and these are communications of business and duty rather than of inclination.

"F \* \*, is very much disgusted with his fatigues, though he has undergone nothing that I have not shared. He is a poor creature; indeed English servants are detestable travellers. I have, besides him, two Albanian soldiers and a Greek interpreter; all excellent in their way. Greece, particularly in the vicinity of Athens, is delightful,—cloudless skies, and

lovely landscapes. But I must reserve my adventures till we meet. I keep my friend H. writes incessantly. Pray tell Mr Murray and Robert, and tell the boys, that it is a fortunate thing for him that he did not come to Turkey. Consider this as my last letter for my safety, and believe me,

"Yours, &c.

On the 11th of April he left Smyrna in the frigate, which had been ordered to go for the purpose of conveying the Admiral to England, and, after an expedition to the ruins of Troas, arrived, at the following month, in the Dardanelle frigate was at anchor in these straits, and wrote letters to his friends Mr Drury and Mr Murray.

#### LETTER XLII.

TO MR HENRY DRURY.

"Salsette Frigate.

"MY DEAR DRURY,

"When I left England, nearly a year ago, I requested me to write to you—I will not say I crossed Portugal, traversed the south of France, Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, and thence proceeded to the key, where I am still wandering. I have been in Albania, the ancient Epirus, where we were as far as Mount Tomarit—excellently well received by chief Ali Pacha,—and, after journeying through Illyria, Chaonia, &c., crossed the Gulf with a guard of 50 Albanians, and pursued our route through Acarnania. We stopped a short time in the Morion Gulf of Lepanto, and landed at the straits of the Iassus;—saw all that Delphi retained of Thebes and Athens, at which last we were detained several weeks.

"His Majesty's ship *Pylades* brought me here, but not before we had topographed the coast, including of course Marathon and the Sunium. From Smyrna to the Troad (which was our next stage; and now we are at anchor, for a fortnight, off the town of Gallipoli), was our next stage; and now we are at anchor, waiting for a wind to proceed to Constantinople.

"This morning I swam from the ship to the shore. The immediate distance is not above half a mile;—so I doubt whether Leander's conjugal affection have been a little chilled in his passage. I attempted it a week ago, and failed, owing to a north wind, and the wonderful rapidity of the current, though I have been from my childhood a swimmer. But, this morning being calm, I succeeded, and crossed the broad Hellespont in an hour and ten minutes.

"Well, my dear sir, I have left behind me a great part of Africa and Asia, and a tolerable view of Europe. I have been with general Princes and pachas, governors and ushers, but I have not time or paper to express



that I live with a friendly remembrance and a hope to meet you again; and, as soon as possible, attribute it to any shyness.

Ancient and modern, you know too well to describe. Albania, indeed, I have seen only an Englishman (except a Mr Leake), a country rarely visited, from the savage natives, though abounding in more than the classical regions of Greece, never, are still eminently beautiful, particularly Cape Colonna in Attica. Yet nothing to parts of Illyria and Epirus, without a name, and rivers not laid out, may, one day, when more known, be considered superior subjects, for the pencil and the dry ditch of the Ilissus and the bogs

and is a fine field for conjecture and a good sportsman and an inventor may exercise their feet and faculties advantage upon the spot;—or, if they prefer their way (as I did) in a cursed quagmire of sand, who wriggles about as if the steps still offered their wonted tribute. The sea of Troy, or her destroyers, are the bargains to contain the carcasses of Achilles, &c., &c.—but Mount Ida is still in their, though the shepherds are now-a-days like Ganymede. But why should I say these things? are they not written in the *Gulf* and has not H. got a journal? I keep a large manuscript scribbling.

There is not much difference between ourselves and the Turks, now that we have \* \*, and they have that they have long dresses, and we short, and we talk much, and they little. \* \* \* \* \* an easily people. Ali Pacha told me he was a man of rank, because I had small hands, and cutting hair. By the by, I am a Roman, or modern Greek, tolerably. It differs from the ancient dialects so much as to be unrecognisable; but the pronunciation is diametrically opposite. Of verse, except in rhyme, they know nothing.

The Greeks, who are plausible rascals,—the Turkish vices, without their courage. Some are brave, and all are beautiful, resembling the busts of Alcibiades:—the quite so handsome. I can swear in it, except one horrible oath, and 'pimp,' and 'water,' I have got no great vocabulary. They are extremely poor of any rank, properly protected; and servants and two soldiers, we get on tolerably. We have been occasionally in battles, and once of shipwreck,—but not dead.

I fell in love with a married woman, and an aide-de-camp of General \* \* (a who grinned at something,—I never what)—but he explained and apologized, and she embarked for Cadiz, and so I derided and crim. con. Of Spain I sent to our Hodgson, but have subsequently sent some notes to relations and lawyers,

to keep them out of my premises. I mean to give up all connexion, on my return, with many of my best friends—as I supposed them—and to snarl all my life. But I hope to have one good-humoured laugh with you, and to embrace Dwyer, and pledge Hodgson, before I commence cynicism.

"Tell Doctor Butler I am now writing with the gold pen he gave me before I left England, which is the reason my scrawl is more unintelligible than usual. I have been at Athens and seen plenty of these reeds for scribbling, some of which he refused to bestow upon me, because topographic Gell had brought them from Attica. But I will not describe,—no,—you must be satisfied with simple detail till my return; and then we will unfold the flood-gates of colloquy. I am in a 36-gun frigate, going up to fetch Bob Adair from Constantinople, who will have the honour to carry this letter.

"And so H.'s *boke* is out, \* with some sentimental sing-song of my own to fill up,—and how does it take, eh? and where the devil is the 2nd edition of my Satire, with additions? and my name on the title-page? and more lines tagged to the end, with a new exordium and what not, hot from my anvil before I cleared the Channel? The Mediterranean and the Atlantic roll between me and criticism; and the thunders of the Hyperborean Review are deafened by the roar of the Hellespont.

"Remember me to Claridge, if not translated to college, and present to Hodgson assurances of my high consideration. Now, you will ask, what shall I do next? and I answer, I do not know. I may return in a few months, but I have intents and projects after visiting Constantinople.—Hobhouse, however, will probably be back in September.

"On the 2d of July we have left Albion one year—'oblitus meorum obliviscendus et illis.' I was sick of my own country, and not much prepossessed in favour of any other; but I 'drag on' 'my chain' without 'lengthening it at each remove.' I am like the Jolly Miller, caring for nobody, and not cared for. All countries are much the same in my eyes. I smoke, and stare at mountains, and twirl my mustachios very independently. I miss no comforts, and the mosquitoes that rack the morbid frame of H. have, luckily for me, little effect on mine, because I live more temperately.

"I omitted Ephesus in my catalogue, which I visited during my sojourn at Smyrna; but the Temple has almost perished, and St Paul need not trouble himself to epistolise the present brood of Ephesians, who have converted a large church built entirely of marble into a mosque, and I don't know that the edifice looks the worse for it.

"My paper is full, and my ink ebbing—good afternoon! If you address to me at Malta, the letter will be forwarded wherever I may be. H. greets you; he pines for his poetry,—at least, some tidings of it. I almost forgot to tell you that I am dying for love of three Greek girls at Athens, sisters. I lived in the

\* The Miscellany, to which I have more than once referred.

† He has adopted this name in his description of the Seraglio in Don Juan, Canto IV. It was, if I recollect right, in making love to one of these girls that he had re-

the names of these divinities,—all of them under 15.

"Your ταπεινότητος δούλος,

"BYRON."

### LETTER XLIII.

TO MR HODGSON.

\* *Salsette Frigate, in the Dardanelles,  
off Abydos, May 5th, 1810.*

"I am on my way to Constantinople, after a tour through Greece, Epirus, etc., and part of Asia Minor, some particulars of which I have just communicated to our friend and host, H. Drury. With these, then, I shall not trouble you; but, as you will perhaps be pleased to hear that I am well, etc., I take the opportunity of our ambassador's return to forward the few lines I have time to dispatch. We have undergone some inconveniences, and incurred partial perils, but no events worthy of communication, unless you will deem it one that two days ago I swam from Sestos to Abydos. This,—with a few alarms from robbers, and some danger of shipwreck in a Turkish galliot six months ago, a visit to a Pacha, a passion for a married woman at Malta, a challenge to an officer, attachment to three Greek girls at Athens, with a great deal of buffoonery and fine prospects,—form all that has distinguished my progress, since my departure from Spain.

"H. rhymes and journalizes; I stare and do nothing—unless smoking can be deemed an active amusement. The Turks take too much care of their women to permit them to be scrutinized; but I have lived a good deal with the Greeks, whose modern dialect I can converse in enough for my purposes. With the Turks I have also some male acquaintances—female society is out of the question. I have been very well treated by the Pachas and Governors, and have no complaint to make of any kind. Hobhouse will one day inform you of all our adventures,—were I to attempt the recital, neither my paper nor your patience would hold out during the operation.

"Nobody, save yourself, has written to me since I left England; but indeed I did not request it. I except my relations, who write quite as often as I wish. Of Hobhouse's volume I know nothing, except that it is out; and of my 2d edition I do not even know *that*, and certainly do not, at this distance, interest myself in the matter. \* \* \* I hope you and Bland roll down the stream of sale with rapidity.

"Of my return I cannot positively speak, but think it probable Hobhouse will precede me in that respect. We have been very nearly one year abroad. I should wish to gaze away another, at least, in these ever-green climates; but I fear business, law business, the worst of employments, will recall me previous to that period, if not very quickly. If so, you shall have due notice.

*course to an act of courtship often practised in that country,—namely, giving himself a wound across the breast with his dagger. The young Athenian, by his own account, looked on very coolly during the operation, considering it a tribute to her beauty, but in no degree moved to gratitude.*

"I hope you will find me an altered person; do not mean in body, but in manner, for I have found out that nothing but virtue will do in this world. I am tolerably sick of vice, which I have in its agreeable varieties, and mean, on my return, to cut all my dissolute acquaintance, leave off my carnal company, and betake myself to political decorum. I am very serious and cynical, and am now disposed to moralize; but, fortunately for the coming homily is cut off by default of paper, and defection of paper.

"Good morrow! If you write, address to Malta, whence your letters will be forwarded. I need not remember me to any body, but believe me yours with all faith,

"BYRON."

From Constantinople, where he arrived on the 1st of May, he addressed four or five letters to Mrs E. in almost every one of which his achievement in swimming across the Hellespont is commemorated. The exceeding pride, indeed, which he took in this classic feat (the particulars of which he has abundantly detailed), may be cited among the instances of that boyishness of character, which he carried with him so remarkably into his mature years, and which, while it puzzled distant observers of his conduct, was not among the least amusing to those of his peculiarities to those who knew him intimately. So late as eleven years from this time, when some sceptical traveller ventured to question him after all, the practicability of Leander's exploit, Byron, with that jealousy on the subject of his personal prowess which he retained from boyhood, entered again, with fresh zeal, into the discussion, and brought forward two or three other instances of his own feats in swimming,\* to corroborate the statement originally made by him.

In one of these letters to his mother from Constantinople, dated May 24th, after referring, as usual, to his notable exploit, "in humble imitation of Leander of amorous memory, though," he adds, "I beg to receive me on the other side of the Hellespont," he continues thus:—

"When our ambassador takes his leave, I will accompany him to see the sultan, and after that probably return to Greece. I have heard nothing from Mr Hanson, but one remittance, without any acknowledgment from that legal gentleman. If you have occasion for any pecuniary supply, pray use my funds as they go, without reserve; and, lest this should be insufficient, in my next to Mr Hanson I will direct him to advance any sum you may want, leaving it to him to settle with me."

\* Among others, he mentions his passage of the Hellespont in 1809, which is thus described by Mr Hobhouse: "My companion had before made a more perilous, but celebrated, passage: for I recollect that, when we were in Portugal, he swam from old Lisbon to Belem Castle, having to contend with a tide and counter current, the wind blowing freshly, was but little less than two hours crossing the river." In swimming from Sestos to Abydos, he was one hour and ten minutes in the water.

In the year 1808, he had been nearly drowned while swimming at Brighton with Mr L. Stanhope. His friends, Mr Hobhouse, and other bystanders, sent in some boats with ropes tied round them, who at last succeeded in saving Lord Byron and Mr Stanhope from the surf, and saved their lives.



much, in the present state of my affairs, I think proper to require. I have already interesting parts of Turkey in Europe, but shall not proceed further till I am enabled: in the mean time I shall expect supplies, according to circumstances; and I am amongst my friends, the Greeks &c.

He, with his usual kind solicitude about me, writes:—

He is in the care of my boy Robert, and the old nurse. It is fortunate they returned; neither the one, nor the age of the other, would be the changes of climate and fatigue of tra-

## LETTER XLIV.

TO MR HENRY DERRY.

Constantinople, June 17th, 1810.

I write to you so recently, I break in again to congratulate you on a child being born to Mr Hodgson apprizes me of that which I rejoice.

He came from an expedition through the Black Sea and the Cyanean Symphly which last I scrambled at as great a risk as the Argonauts escaped in their hoy. You the beginning of the nurse's tale in the which I beg you to take the following notice of the account.

It was that an earthquake had taken the great ship Argos! and thrown her down the Greek decks, never saw the Argonauts: and I believe will be a great loss to my dear friends, Mr. &c.

My dear Mr. Derry, had not this subject been in my head, I should never have mentioned the sea rocks, and bruising the bones of the ancients.

Now set on the Cyaneus, swim from side to side (as I transported in my last), and through the Marmora again, shall set sail on, and save myself from the Levant—arriving which operation, I shall see you in England. H., who will deliver straight for these parts; and, as he is his words, I shall not anticipate his coming, but merely beg you not to believe one word of mine, but reserve your ear for me, if you are to be acquainted with the truth. . . .

For Athens once more, and thence to my stay depends so much on my exacting nothing of its probable duration, at a year already, and may say as much as you wish, and say nothing possible; my words being nothing at all, as every thing but the mosques, were with a friend on Tuesday next.

I shall mention let H. relate, with a few lines to be collected for authentic names, as connected all these things particular account. But, if he were, I will, if give you leave to applaud, immediately stolen from his fellow-pil-

grim. Tell Davies that H. has made excellent use of his best jokes in many of his majesty's ships of war; but add, also, that I always took care to restore them to the right owner; in consequence of which he (Davies) is no less famous by water than by land, and reigns unrivalled in the cabin, as in the 'Cocoa Tree.'

"And Hodgson has been publishing more poetry—I wish he would send me his 'Sir Edgar' and 'Bland's Anthology' to Malta, where they will be forwarded. In my last, which I hope you received, I gave an outline of the ground we have covered. If you have not been overtaken by this dispatch, H.'s tongue is at your service. Remember me to Dwyer, who owes me eleven guineas. Tell him to put them in my banker's hands at Gibraltar or Constantinople. I believe he paid them once, but that goes for nothing, as it was an annuity.

"I wish you would write. I have heard from Hodgson frequently. Malta is my post-office. I mean to be with you by next Montem. You remember the last,—I hope for such another; but, after having swam across the 'broad Hellespont,' I disdain Datchett." Good afternoon! I am yours, very sincerely,

"BYRON."

About ten days after the date of this letter we find another, addressed to Mrs Byron, which—with much that is merely a repetition of what he had detailed in former communications—contains also a good deal worthy of being extracted.

## LETTER XLV.

TO MRS BYRON.

DEAR MOTHER,

"Mr Hobbhouse, who will forward or deliver this, and is on his return to England, can inform you of our different movements, but I am very uncertain as to my own return. He will probably be down in Notts., some time or other; but Fletcher, whom I send back as an incumbrance (English servants are and travellers), will supply his place in the interim, and describe our travels, which have been tolerably extensive.

"I remember Mahmont Pacha, the grandson of Ali Pacha, at Yanna (a little fellow of ten years of age, with large black eyes, which our ladies would purchase at any price, and those regular features which distinguish the Turks), asked me how I came to travel so young, without any body to take care of me. This question was put by the little man with all the gravity of thence. I cannot now write copiously; I have only time to tell you that I have passed many a fatiguing, but never a tedious moment; and that all I am afraid of is, that I shall contract a gipsy-like wandering disposition, which will make home tiresome to me: this, I am told, is very

\* Alluding to his having swum across the Hellespont with Mr H. Derry, after the Motion, to see how easy times they could perform the passage backwards and forwards without touching land. In the trial (which took place at night, after supper, when both were loaded with drink) Lord Byron was the conqueror.

common with men in the habit of peregrination, and, indeed, I feel it so. On the third of May, I swam from *Sestos* to *Abydos*. You know the story of *Leander*, but I had no *Hero* to receive me at landing.

"I have been in all the principal mosques by the virtue of a firman: this is a favour rarely permitted to infidels, but the ambassador's departure obtained it for us. I have been up the Bosphorus into the Black Sea, round the walls of the city, and, indeed, I know more of it by sight than I do of London. I hope to amuse you some winter's evening with the details, but at present you must excuse me;—I am not able to write long letters: in June, I return to spend my summer in Greece.

"F. is a poor creature, and requires comforts that I can dispense with. He is very sick of his travels, but you must not believe his account of the country. He sighs for ale, and idleness, and a wife, and the devil knows what besides. I have not been disappointed or disgusted. I have lived with the highest and the lowest. I have been for days in a Pacha's palace, and have passed many a night in a cow-house, and I find the people inoffensive and kind. I have also passed some time with the principal Greeks in the Morea and Livadia, and, though inferior to the Turks, they are better than the Spaniards, who, in their turn, excel the Portuguese. Of Constantinople you will find many descriptions in different travels; but Lady Wortley errs strangely when she says 'St Paul's would cut a strange figure by St Sophia's.' I have been in both, surveyed them inside and out attentively. St Sophia's is undoubtedly the most interesting from its immense antiquity, and the circumstance of all the Greek emperors, from Justinian, having been crowned there, and several murdered at the altar, besides the Turkish sultans who attend it regularly. But it is inferior in beauty and size to some of the mosques, particularly 'Soleyman,' &c., and not to be mentioned in the same page with St Paul's (I speak like a *Cockney*). However, I prefer the Gothic cathedral of Seville to St Paul's, St Sophia's, and any religious building I have ever seen.

"The walls of the Seraglio are like the walls of Newstead gardens, only higher, and much in the same order; but the ride by the walls of the city, on the land side, is beautiful. Imagine four miles of immense triple battlements, covered with ivy, surmounted with 218 towers, and, on the other side of the road, Turkish burying-grounds (the loveliest spots on earth), full of enormous cypresses. I have seen the ruins of Athens, of Ephesus, and Delphi. I have traversed great part of Turkey, and many other parts of Europe, and some of Asia; but I never beheld a work of nature or art which yielded an impression like the prospect on each side from the Seven towers to the end of the Golden Horn.

"Now for England. I am glad to hear of the progress of 'English Bards,' etc.—of course, you observed I have made great additions to the new edition. Have you received my picture from Saunders, Vigo-lane, London? It was finished and paid for long before I left England; pray, send for it. You seem to be a mighty reader of magazines: where do

you pick up all this intelligence, quotations, &c. Though I was happy to obtain my seat with the assistance of Lord Carlisle, I had no more to keep with a man who declined interfering in relation on that occasion, and I have done so, though I regret distressing Mrs Leigh, poor I hope she is happy.

"It is my opinion that Mr B \* \* ought to have Miss R \* \*. Our first duty is not to do as we would, alas! that is impossible: our next is to repel what is in our power. The girl is his equal: if she is inferior, a sum of money and provision for her would be some, though a poor compensation. It is, he should marry her. I will have no gay daughter on my estate, and I shall not allow my privilege I do not permit myself, that of debauching each other's daughters. God knows, I have been guilty of many excesses; but, as I have laid out my resolution to reform, and lately kept it, I expect Lothario to follow the example, and bestowing this girl to society, or, by the best advantage, father! he shall hear of it. Pray take some notice of Robert, who will miss his master: poor boy! very unwilling to return. I trust you are happy. It will be a pleasure to hear from you.

"Believe me yours very sincerely,

"Byron

"P. S.—How is Joe Murray?

"P. S.—I open my letter again to tell you that Fletcher having petitioned to accompany me to the Morea, I have taken him with me, contrary to the intention expressed in my letter."

The reader has not, I trust, passed carelessly over the latter part of this letter. There is a healthy feeling in the moral feeling so unaffectedly expressed, which seems to answer for a heart sound at the bottom, however passion might have scorched it. Years after, when he had become more conscious of that artificial tone of banter, in which it was so luckily, his habit to speak of his own good, as well as of those of others, however capricious might still have been of the same amiable sensibility. I question much whether the perverse fear of being thought desirous to pass for moral would have prevented him from thus naturally and honestly avowing them.

The following extract from a communication addressed to a distinguished monthly work, by a young man, who, at this period, happened to meet Lord Byron at Constantinople, bears sufficient features of authenticity to be presented, without any farther attestation, to my readers.

"We were interrupted in our debate by the entrance of a stranger, whom, on the first glance, I guessed to be an Englishman but lately arrived at Constantinople. He wore a scarlet coat, richly embroidered with gold, in the style of an English de-camp's dress-uniform, with two heavy epaulettes. His countenance announced him to be about thirty years of two-and-twenty. His features were remarkably delicate, and would have given him a feminine appearance, but for the manly expression of his blue eyes. On entering the inner shop, he took off his feathered cocked-hat, and showed a head



which improved in no small degree the beauty of his face. The impression which appearance made on my mind was such, ever since remained deeply engraven on my memory, though years have since gone by, the least in the slightest degree impaired the recollection. He was attended by an English ambassador, and who professionally acted as a Cicerone. These circumstances, together with a knowledge in one of his legs, convinced me that I had already heard of Lord Byron. I had already heard of his late arrival in the Salsette which had come up from the Smyrna station, and Mr Adair, our ambassador to the East, had been previously travelling in Asia Minor with his friend Mr Hobhouse, a great amateur of smoking; he was in the shop for the purpose of purchasing a pipe. The indifferent Italian, in which language he spoke to his Cicerone, and the latter's still more Turkish, made it difficult for me to understand their wishes, and as this was the case, I addressed him in English to interpret for him. When his Cicerone discovered me to be an Englishman, he came forward by the hand, and assured me, in a friendly manner, that he always felt secure when he met with a countryman. His purchase and my bargain being completed, we walked out together, and rambled about the city, in several of which I had the pleasure of seeing some of the most remarkable objects in Constantinople. The peculiar circumstances under which our acquaintance took place had been so, in one day, a certain degree of intimacy, which two or three years frequenting his company in England would most likely have accomplished. I frequently addressed him on the subject, but he did not think of inquiring how I came to be so, or of asking mine. His lordship had laid the foundation of that literary reputation which he afterwards acquired; on the contrary, he was known as the author of his *Hours of Solitude*, and the severity with which the Edinburgh Reviewer had criticised that production was still a fresh English reader's recollection. I could not, he supposed to seek his acquaintance from those motives of vanity which have so many others since; but it was natural to me, and all that was necessary on that occasion, I should, on the course of the same week at dinner with the ambassador's, have requested one of his friends, who was intimately acquainted with me, to introduce me to him in regular form. His lordship's perfect recollection of me, but in a friendly manner, and immediately after turned to me. This unceremonious proceeding, striking contrast with previous occurrences, was so strange in it, that I was at a loss to account for it, and felt at the same time disposed to entertain a less favourable opinion of his lordship than his apparent frankness towards me with at our first meeting. It was, without surprise, that, some days

after, I saw him in the streets, coming up to me with a smile of good-nature in his countenance. He accosted me in a familiar manner, and offering me his hand, said,—'I am an enemy to English etiquette, especially out of England; and I always make my own acquaintance without waiting for the formality of an introduction. If you have nothing to do, and are disposed for another ramble, I shall be glad of your company.' There was that irresistible attraction in his manner, of which those who have had the good fortune to be admitted into his intimacy, can alone have felt the power in his moments of good-humour; and I readily accepted his proposal. We visited again more of the most remarkable curiosities of the capital, a description of which would here be but a repetition of what a hundred travellers have already detailed with the utmost minuteness and accuracy; but his lordship expressed much disappointment at their want of interest. He praised the picturesque beauties of the town itself, and its surrounding scenery; and seemed of opinion that nothing else was worth looking at. He spoke of the Turks in a manner which might have given reason to suppose that he had made a long residence among them, and closed his observations with these words:—'The Greeks will, sooner or later, rise against them; but if they do not make haste, I hope Buonaparte will come and drive the useless rascals away.'\*

During his stay at Constantinople, the English minister, Mr Adair, being indisposed the greater part of the time, had but few opportunities of seeing him. He, however, pressed him, with much hospitality, to accept a lodging at the English palace, which Lord Byron, preferring the freedom of his homely inn, declined. At the audience granted to the ambassador, on his taking leave, by the Sultan, the noble poet attended, in the train of Mr Adair,—having shown an anxiety as to the place he was to hold in the procession, not a little characteristic of his jealous pride of rank. In vain had the minister assured him that no particular station could be allotted to him;—that the Turks, in their arrangements for the ceremonial, considered only the persons connected with the embassy, and neither attended to, or acknowledged, the precedence which our forms assign to nobility. Seeing the young peer still unconvinced by these representations, Mr Adair was, at length, obliged to refer him to an authority, considered infallible on such points of etiquette, the old Austrian Internuncio,—on consulting whom, and finding his opinions agree fully with those of the English minister, Lord Byron declared himself perfectly satisfied.

On the 14th of July his fellow-traveller and himself took their departure from Constantinople on board the Salsette frigate,—Mr Hobhouse with the intention of accompanying the ambassador to England, and Lord Byron with the resolution of visiting his beloved Greece again. To Mr Adair he appeared at this time (and I find that Mr Bruce, who met him afterwards at Athens, conceived the same impression of him), to be labouring under great dejection of spirits. One circumstance related to me, as having occurred in the course of the passage, is not a little striking. Perceiving, as he walked the deck, a small

yataghan, or Turkish dagger, on one of the benches, he took it up, unsheathed it, and, having stood for a few moments contemplating the blade, was heard to say, in an under voice, "I should like to know how a person feels, after committing a murder!" In this startling speech we may detect, I think, the germ of his future Giaours and Laras. This intense *wish* to explore the dark workings of the passions was what, with the aid of imagination, at length generated the *power*; and that faculty which entitled him afterwards to be so truly styled "the searcher of dark bosoms," may be traced to, perhaps, its earliest stirrings in the sort of feeling that produced these words.

On their approaching the island of Zea, he expressed a wish to be put on shore. Accordingly, having taken leave of his companion, he was landed upon this small island, with his two Albanians, a Tartar, and one English servant, and in one of his manuscripts, he has himself described the proud, solitary feeling with which he stood to see the ship sail swiftly away—leaving him there, in a land of strangers, alone.

A few days after, he addressed the following letter to Mrs Byron from Athens.

#### LETTER XLVI.

TO MRS BYRON.

\* Athens July 25, 1810.

"DEAR MOTHER,

"I have arrived here in four days from Constantinople, which is considered as singularly quick, particularly for the season of the year. You northern gentry can have no conception of a Greek summer; which, however, is a perfect frost compared with Malta and Gibraltar, where I reposed myself in the shade last year, after a gentle gallop of four hundred miles, without intermission, through Portugal and Spain. You see, by my date, that I am at Athens again a place which I think I prefer, upon the whole, to any I have seen. \* \* \*

"My next movement is to-morrow into the Morea, where I shall probably remain a month or two, and then return to winter here, if I do not change my plans, which, however, are very variable, as you may suppose; but none of them verge to England. |

"The Marquis of Sligo, my old fellow collegian, is here, and wishes to accompany me into the Morea. We shall go together for that purpose. Lord S. will afterwards pursue his way to the capital; and Lord B., having seen all the wonders in that quarter, will let you know what he does next, of which at present he is not quite certain. Malta is my perpetual post-office, from which my letters are forwarded to all parts of the habitable globe:—by the by, I have now been in Asia, Africa, and the east of Europe, and, indeed, made the most of my time, without hurrying over the most interesting scenes of the ancient world. F \* \*, after having been toasted, and roasted, and baked, and grilled, and eaten by all sorts of creeping things, begins to philosophize, is grown a refined, as well as resigned character, and promises at his return to become an ornament to his own parish, and a very prominent person in the fu-

ture family pedigree of the F \* \*, who I take to be the Goths by their accomplishments, Greeks by their acuteness, and ancient Saxons by their avarice. He (F \* \*) begs leave to send half a dozen. Sally his spouse, and wonders (though I do not) at his ill-written and worse spelt letters having come to hand; as for that matter, there is a loss in either of our letters, saving and excepting, I wish you to know we are well, and warm enough in this present writing, God knows. You may expect long letters at present, for they are written with the sweat of my brow, I assure you. It is rather singular that Mr H \* \* has not written a syllable since my departure. Your letters are mostly received, as well as others; from which I conjecture that the man of law is either angry or

"I trust you like Newstead, and agree with your neighbours; but you know you are a rascal, that a dutiful appellation! Pray, take care of your books, and several boxes of papers in the care of Joseph; and pray leave me a few bottles of port wine to pay me to drink, for I am very thirsty;—but insist on the last article, without you like it. I suppose you have your house full of silly women and scandalous things. Have you ever received a picture in oil from Sanders, London? It has been in my possession for these sixteen months: why do you not send it to me? My suite, consisting of two Turks, two Catholics, a Lutheran, and the nondescript, Fletcher, are so much noise that I am glad to sign myself

"Yours, &c. &c.

"BYRON.

A day or two after the date of this letter, Lord Byron arrived in Athens in company with the Marquis of Sligo. Having travelled together as far as Corinth, from thence branched off in different directions, Lord Sligo to pay a visit to the capital of the Morea, and Lord Byron to proceed to Patras, where some business, as will be seen by the following letter, with the English consul, Mr Strané.

#### LETTER XLVII.

TO MRS BYRON.

\* Patras, July 31.

"DEAR MADAM,

"In four days from Constantinople, with a favourable wind, I arrived in the frigate at the island of Ceos, from whence I took a boat to Athens, where I met my friend the Marquis of Sligo, who expressed a wish to proceed with me as far as Corinth. When we separated, he for Tripolitza, I for Patras, where I had some business with the consul, Mr Strané, in whose house I now write. He has rendered me every service in his power since I left Malta on my way to Constantinople, whence I have written to you twice or thrice. In a few days the Pacha at Tripolitza, make the tour of the Morea, and return again to Athens, which at present is my head-quarters. The heat is at present intense in England, if it reaches 98°, you are all on fire. On the other day, in travelling between Athens and Malta, the thermometer was at 125°!! Yet I feel no inconvenience; of course I am much bronzed, but temperately, and never enjoyed better health.



Constantinople, I saw the Sultan, and the interior of the mosques, which happen to travellers. Mr Hobhouse in England: I am in no hurry to receive particular communications for me, except my surprise at Mr H. \*'s desire that he will remit regularly. The arrangement has been made with Mr Strané, consul-general, Patras, to complain of my silence—I have written six times within the last year: never a month, and often more. If my letter, you must not conclude that we are at war, or a pestilence, or false must you credit silly reports, which I have in Notts., as usual. I am very often more or less happy than I usually am, but because my nature leads me to feel that every day adds to this disposition. There are many men who would wish to see me go to Egypt, another to think I have seen enough. The greater part is already my own, so that I shall not go to my old ground, and look upon my old acquaintances, the only acquaintances I ever have upon me.

A tolerable suite, a Tartar, two Albanians, and besides Fletcher; but in this country they are maintained. Adair received me wonderfully, and indeed I have no complaints against him. Hospitality here is necessary, for inns are scarce, and I live in the houses of Greeks, Turks, and English—to-day in a palace, to-morrow in a day with the Pacha, the next night in a tent. I shall continue to write briefly, and am glad to hear from you; but I have letters with things from the papers, as if they were not found all over the world. I have a dozen before me. Pray take notice, and believe me, my dear mother,

For part of the two following months he was occupied in making a tour of the very distinguished reception he met by Pacha, the son of Ali, is mentioned in more than one of his letters. On his return from this tour to Patras, he was fit of illness, the particulars of which are in the following letter to Mr Hodgson; in many respects, so similar to those of my lady, with which, fourteen years afterwards, attacked, in nearly the same spot, the account is written, it is difficult to be melancholy.

In the Advertisement prefixed to his *Siege of Tripoli*, 1810-11, and in the course of journeying (try, from my first arrival in 1809, crossed it times in my way from Attica to the Morea ins, or in the other direction, when passing Athens to that of Lepanto."

## LETTER XLVIII.

TO MR HODGSON.

\* Patras, Morea, October 31, 1810.

"As I have just escaped from a physician and a fever, which confined me five days to bed, you won't expect much 'allegrezza' in the ensuing letter. In this place there is an indigenous distemper, which, when the wind blows from the Gulf of Corinth (as it does five months out of six), attacks great and small, and makes woeful work with visitors. Here be also two physicians, one of whom trusts to his genius (never having studied)—the other to a campaign of eighteen months against the sick of Otranto, which he made in his youth with great effect.

"When I was seized with my disorder, I protested against both these assassins;—but what can a helpless, feverish, toasted-and-watered poor wretch do? In spite of my teeth and tongue, the English consul, my Tartar, Albanians, dragoman, forced a physician upon me, and in three days vomited and glystered me to the last gasp. In this state I made my epitaph—take it.

Youth, Nature, and relenting Jove,  
To keep my lamp in strongly strove;  
But Romanelli was so stout,  
He beat all three—and blew it out.

But Nature and Jove, being piqued at my doubts, did, in fact, at last, beat Romanelli, and here I am, well but weakly, at your service.

"Since I left Constantinople, I have made a tour of the Morea, and visited Vely Pacha, who paid me great honours and gave me a pretty stallion. He is doubtless in England before even the date of this letter—he bears a dispatch from me to your bardship. He writes to me from Malta, and requests my journal, if I keep one. I have none, or he should have it; but I have replied, in a consolatory and exhortatory epistle, praying him to abate three and sixpence in the price of his next Boke, seeing that half-a-guinea is a price not to be given for any thing save an opera ticket.

"As for England, it is long since I have heard from it. Every one at all connected with my concerns is asleep, and you are my only correspondent, agents excepted. I have really no friends in the world; though all my old school-companions are gone forth into that world, and walk about there in monstrous disguises, in the garb of guardsmen, lawyers, parsons, fine gentlemen, and such other masquerade dresses. So I here shake hands and cut with all these busy people, none of whom write to me. Indeed, I asked it not;—and here I am, a poor traveller, and heathenish philosopher, who hath perambulated the greatest part of the Levant, and seen a great quantity of very improvable land and sea, and, after all, am no better than when I set out—Lord help me!

"I have been out fifteen months this very day, and I believe my concerns will draw me to England soon; but of this I will apprise you regularly from Malta. On all points, Hobhouse will inform you, if you are curious as to our adventures. I have seen some old English papers up to the 15th of May. I see the 'Lady of the Lake' advertised. Of course it is

in his old ballad style, and pretty. After all, Scott is the best of them. The end of all scribbling is to amuse, and he certainly succeeds there. I long to read his new romance.

"And how does 'Sir Edgar?' and your friend, Bland? I suppose you are involved in some literary squabble. The only way is to despise all brothers of the quill. I suppose you won't allow me to be an author; but I condemn you all, you dogs!—I do.

"You don't know D——, do you? He had a farce ready for the stage before I left England, and asked me for a prologue, which I promised, but sailed in such a hurry, I never penned a couplet. I am afraid to ask after his drama, for fear it should be damned—Lord forgive me for using such a word!—but the pit, sir, you know, the pit—they will do those things, in spite of merit. I remember this farce from a curious circumstance. When Drury-lane was burnt to the ground, by which accident Sheridan and his son lost the few remaining shillings they were worth, what doth my friend D—— do? Why, before the fire was out, he writes a note to Tom Sheridan, the manager of this combustible concern, to inquire whether this farce was not converted into fuel, with about two thousand other unactable manuscripts, which of course were in great peril, if not actually consumed. Now, was not this characteristic?—the ruling passions of Pope are nothing to it. Whilst the poor distracted manager was bewailing the loss of a building only worth £300,000, together with some twenty thousand pounds of rags and tinsel in the tiring rooms, Blue-beard's elephants, and all that—in comes a note from a scorching author, requiring at his hands two acts and odd scenes of a farce!!

"Dear H., remind Drury that I am his well-wisher, and let Scope Davies be well affected towards me. I look forward to meeting you at Newstead, and renewing our old champagne evenings, with all the glee of anticipation. I have written by every opportunity, and expect responses as regular as those of the liturgy, and somewhat longer. As it is impossible for a man in his senses to hope for happy days, let us at least look forward to merry ones, which come nearest to the other in appearance, if not in reality; and in such expectations I remain, &c."

He was a good deal weakened and thinned by his illness at Patras, and, on his return to Athens, standing one day before a looking-glass, he said to Lord Sligo—"How pale I look!—I should like, I think, to die of a consumption."—Why of a consumption? asked his friend. "Because then (he answered) the women would all say, 'See that poor Byron—how interesting he looks in dying!'" In this anecdote,—which, slight as it is, the relater remembered, as a proof of the poet's consciousness of his own beauty,—may be traced also the habitual reference of his imagination to that sex, which, however he affected to despise it, influenced, more or less, the flow and colour of all his thoughts.

He spoke often of his mother to Lord Sligo, and with a feeling that seemed little short of aversion. "Some time or other," he said, "I will tell you *why* I feel thus towards her."—A few days after, when they were bathing together in the Gulf of Lepanto, he referred to this promise, and, pointing to his naked

leg and foot, exclaimed—"Look there!—it is false delicacy at my birth I owe that deformity yet, as long as I can remember, she has never to taunt and reproach me with it. Even a few days before we parted, for the last time, on my return to England, she, in one of her fits of passion, with imprecation upon me, praying that I might prove as ill-formed in mind as I am in body!" His manner, in relating this frightful circumstance, conceived only by those who have seen his similar state of excitement.

The little value he had for those relics of an art, in pursuit of which he saw all his classic travellers so ardent, was, like every thing he thought or felt, unreservedly avowed by him. Sligo having it in contemplation to expend some money in digging for antiquities, Lord Byron, in order to act as his agent, and to see the money, at honestly applied, said—"You may safely trust I am no Dilettante. Your connoisseurs are thieves;—but I care too little for these things to steal them."

The system of thinning himself, which he began before he left England, was continued still rigidly abroad. While at Athens, he took the bath, for this purpose, three times a week,—his drink being vinegar and water, and his food more than a little rice.

Among the persons, besides Lord Sligo, whom he saw most of at this time, were Lady Hester Stanhope and Mr Bruce. One of the first objects, indeed, which met the eyes of these two distinguished travellers on their approaching the coast of Attica, was Byron, disporting in his favourite element, under the rocks of Cape Colonna. They were afterwards acquainted with each other by Lord Sligo, and in the course, I believe, of their first interview, a conversation, table, that Lady Hester, with that lively eloquence for which she is so remarkable, took the poet to task for the depreciating opinion which, as she understood, he entertained of all female intellect. But little inclined, were he even able, to sustain a heresy, against one who was, in her own person, such an irresistible refutation of it, Lord Byron had no other refuge from the fair orator's arguments than in assent and silence; and this well-bred deference, in a sensible woman's eyes, equivalent to a concession, they became, from thenceforward, mutual friends. In recalling some recollections of a period in his "Memoranda," after relating the circumstance of his being caught bathing by an English party at Sunium, he added, "This was the beginning of the most delightful acquaintance which I formed in Greece." He then went on to assure Mr Bruce that if ever those pages should meet his eyes, that the days they had passed together at Athens were remembered by him with pleasure.

During this period of his stay in Greece, we find him forming one of those extraordinary friendships, if attachment to persons so inferior to himself can be called by that name,—of which I have already mentioned two or three instances in his younger days in which the pride of being a protector, and the assurance of exciting gratitude, seem to have constituted his mind the chief pervading charm. The person to whom he now adopted in this manner, and from



those which had inspired his early at the cottage-boy near Newstead, and the ser at Cambridge, was a Greek youth, is Girard, the son, I believe, of a widow one house the artist Lusieri lodged. In was he appears to have taken the most even brotherly interest;—so much so, as have presented to him, on their parting, at considerable sum of money, but to have sub- leased for him, as the reader will learn, as well as permanent, provi-

he occasionally made excursions through the Morea, his head-quarters were fixed where he had taken lodgings in a Francis- and, in the intervals of his tours, em- self in collecting materials for those notices of modern Greece, which he has ap- in the second Canto of Childe Harold. In at this, as if in utter defiance of the "genius would be "Hints from Horace,"—a satire equipped as it is with London life from be- and, hours the date, "Athens, Capuchin March 12, 1811."

the few remaining letters addressed to his I shall content myself with selecting the two

## LETTER XLIX.

TO MRS BYRON.

"Athens, January 14th, 1811.

MY DEAR MADAM,  
I have no occasion to write, as usual, shortly, generally, to the arrival of letters, where there is regular communication, is, of course, very rare. I have lately made several small excursions of two miles about the Morea, &c., as I have finished my grand giro by the Acropolis, &c., and am returned down the coast. I believe I have mentioned to you once, that I swam (in imitation of Æscander, lost his lady) across the Hellespont, from Abydos. Of this, and all other particulars, I have sent home with papers, &c., will I cannot find that he is any loss; my master of the Italian and modern languages, which last I am also studying with in order and discourse more than enough the man. Besides, the perpetual lamented and beer, the stupid, bigoted con- thing foreign, and insurmountable in- quiring even a few words of any lan- guage him, like all other English servants, &c. I do assure you, the plague of me, the comforts he required (more than the pillows (a Turkish dish of rice and he could not eat, the wines which he t, the beds where he could not sleep, list of calamities, such as stumbling tea!!! &c. which assailed him, would sting source of laughter to a spectator, once to a master. After all, the man is and, in Christendom, capable enough; Lord forgive me! my Albanian sol-

diers, my Tartars and Janizary, worked for him and us too, as my friend Hobhouse can testify.

"It is probable I may steer homewards in spring; but, to enable me to do that I must have remittances. My own funds would have lasted me very well; but I was obliged to assist a friend, who, I know, will pay me; but, in the mean time, I am out of pocket. At present, I do not care to venture a winter's voyage, even if I were otherwise tired of travelling; but I am so convinced of the advantages of looking at mankind, instead of reading about them, and the bitter effects of staying at home with all the narrow prejudices of an islander, that I think there should be a law amongst us, to set our young men abroad, for a term, among the few allies our wars have left us.

"Here I see and have conversed with French, Italians, Germans, Danes, Greeks, Turks, Americans, &c. &c. &c.; and without losing sight of my own, I can judge of the countries and manners of others. Where I see the superiority of England (which, by the by, we are a good deal mistaken about in many things), I am pleased, and where I find her inferior, I am at least enlightened. Now, I might have staid, smoked in your towns, or fogged in your country, a century, without being sure of this, and without acquiring any thing more useful or amusing at home. I keep no journal, nor have I any intention of scribbling my travels. I have done with authorship; and if, in my last production, I have convinced the critics or the world I was something more than they took me for, I am satisfied; nor will I hazard that reputation by a future effort. It is true I have some others in manuscript, but I leave them for those who come after me; and, if deemed worth publishing, they may serve to prolong my memory when I myself shall cease to remember. I have a famous Bavarian artist taking some views of Athens, &c. &c., for me. This will be better than scribbling, a disease I hope myself cured of. I hope, on my return, to lead a quiet, reclusive life, but God knows and does best for us all; at least, so they say, and I have nothing to object, as, on the whole, I have no reason to complain of my lot. I am convinced, however, that men do more harm to themselves than ever the devil could do to them. I trust this will find you well, and as happy as we can be; you will, at least, be pleased to hear I am so, and yours ever."

## LETTER L.

TO MRS BYRON.

"Athens, February 28th, 1811.

"DEAR MADAM,

"As I have received a firman for Egypt, &c., I shall proceed to that quarter in the spring, and I beg you will state to Mr H. that it is necessary to further remittances. On the subject of Newstead, I answer, as before, no. If it is necessary to sell, sell Rochdale. Fletcher will have arrived by this time with my letters to that purport. I will tell you fairly, I have, in the first place, no opinion of funded property; if, by any particular circumstances, I shall be led to adopt such a determination, I will, at all





of finding Newstead dismantled by  
ers, &c., and he seems determined to  
selling it, but he will be baffled. I  
e I shall be much pestered with visitors;  
you must receive them, for I am deter-  
ave nobody breaking in upon my retire-  
know that I never was fond of society,  
as so than before. I have brought you a  
a quantity of attar of roses, but these I  
ple, if possible. I trust to find my library  
order.

It is no doubt arrived. I shall separate  
on Mr B\*\*\*'s farm, for his son is too gay  
to inherit both, and place Fletcher in it,  
erved me faithfully, and whose wife is a  
as; besides, it is necessary to sober young  
t he will people the parish with bastards.  
If he had seduced a dairy-maid, he might  
something like an apology; but the girl is  
t, and in high life or low life reparation is  
such circumstances. But I shall not inter-  
fer than like Buonaparte by dismembering  
England, and erecting part of it into a prin-  
ce-fief-marshal Fletcher! I hope you govern  
empire and its sad load of national debt with  
hand. To drop my metaphor, I beg leave to  
e myself yours, &c.

—This letter was written to be sent from  
tute, but, on arriving there, the squadron was  
to the Nile, from whence I shall forward it.  
are not done before, supposing you might be  
by the interval mentioned in the letter being  
has elapsed between our arrival in port and  
departure at Newstead."

## LETTER LIII.

TO MR HENRY DRURY.

\*Frigate, off Ushant, July 17th, 1811.

MY DEAR DRURY,

two years' absence (on the 2d) and some  
I am approaching your country. The day  
trial you will see by the outside date of my  
present, we are becalmed comfortably,  
at Harbours;—I have never been so near  
Duck Puddle. \* \* \* \*  
its thirty-four days ago, and have had a  
age of it. You will either see or hear  
e, soon after the receipt of this, as I pass  
to repair my irreparable affairs; and  
it to go to Notts. and raise rents, and to  
sell collieries, and back to London and  
for it seems I shall neither have coals or  
go down to Rochdale in person.

ought home some marbles for Hobhouse;  
four ancient Athenian skulls,\* dug out  
i—a phial of attic hemlock†—four live  
greyhound (died on the passage)—two  
servants, one an Athenian, † other a  
o can speak nothing but Romaic and  
myself, as Moses in the Vicar of Wake-  
y, and I may say it too, for I have as

afterwards to Sir Walter Scott.  
sent in the possession of Mr Murray.

little cause to boast of my expedition as he had of his  
to the fair.

"I wrote to you from the Cyanean Rocks, to tell  
you I had swam from Sestos to Abydos—have you  
received my letter? \* \* \* Hodgson, I suppose, is  
four deep by this time. What would he have given  
to have seen, like me, the *real Parnassus*, where I  
robbed the Bishop of Chrissæ of a book of geography?  
—but this I only call plagiarism, as it was done within  
an hour's ride of Delphi."

Having landed the young pilgrim once more in  
England, it may be worth while, before we accom-  
pany him into the scenes that awaited him at home,  
to consider how far the general character of his mind  
and disposition may have been affected by the course  
of travel and adventure, in which he had been, for  
the last two years, engaged. A life less savouring  
of poetry and romance than that which he had pur-  
sued previously to his departure on his travels, it  
would be difficult to imagine. In his childhood, it is  
true, he had been a dweller and wanderer among  
scenes well calculated, according to the ordinary no-  
tion, to implant the first rudiments of poetic feeling.  
But, though the poet may afterwards feed on the re-  
collection of such scenes, it is more than questionable,  
as has been already observed, whether he ever has  
been formed by them. If a childhood, indeed, passed  
among mountainous scenery were so favourable to the  
awakening of the imaginative power, both the Welsh,  
among ourselves, and the Swiss, abroad, ought to  
rank much higher on the scale of poetic excellence  
than they do at present. But, even allowing the pic-  
turesqueness of his early haunts to have had some  
share in giving a direction to the fancy of Byron, the  
actual operation of this influence, whatever it may  
have been, ceased with his childhood; and the life  
which he led afterwards, during his school-days at  
Harrow, was,—as naturally the life of so idle and  
daring a schoolboy must be,—the very reverse of  
poetical. For a soldier or an adventurer, the course  
of training through which he then passed would have  
been perfect;—his athletic sports, his battles, his  
love of dangerous enterprise, gave every promise of a  
spirit fit for the most stormy career. But to the me-  
ditative pursuits of poesy, these dispositions seemed,  
of all others, the least friendly; and however they  
might promise to render him, at some future time, a  
subject for bards, gave, assuredly, but little hope of  
his shining first among bards himself.

The habits of his life at the university were even  
still less intellectual and literary. While a schoolboy,  
he had read abundantly and eagerly, though desultor-  
ily; but even this discipline of his mind, irregular  
and undirected as it was, he had, in a great mea-  
sure, given up, after leaving Harrow; and among the  
pursuits that occupied his academic hours, those of  
playing at hazard, sparring, and keeping a bear and  
bull-dogs, were, if not the most favourite, at least,  
perhaps, the most innocent. His time in London  
passed equally unmarked either by mental cultivation  
or refined amusement. Having no resources in pri-  
vate society, from his total want of friends and con-  
nexions, he was left to live loosely about town among  
the loungers in coffee-houses; and to those who re-  
member what his two favourite haunts, Limmer's

and Stevens's, were at that period, it is needless to say that, whatever else may have been the merits of these establishments, they were any thing but fit schools for the formation of poetic character.

But however incompatible such a life must have been with those habits of contemplation, by which, and which only, the faculties he had already displayed could be ripened, or those that were still latent could be unfolded, yet, in another point of view, the time, now apparently squandered by him, was, in after-days, turned most invaluably to account. By thus initiating him into a knowledge of the varieties of human character,—by giving him an insight into the details of society, in their least artificial form,—in short, by mixing him up, thus early, with the world, its businesses and its pleasures, his London life but contributed its share in forming that wonderful combination, which his mind afterwards exhibited, of the imaginative and the practical—the heroic and the humorous—of the keenest and most dissecting views of real life, with the grandest and most spiritualized conceptions of ideal grandeur.

To the same period, perhaps, another predominant characteristic of his maturer mind and writings may be traced. In this anticipated experience of the world which his early mixture with its crowd gave him, it is but little probable that many of the more favourable specimens of human kind should have fallen under his notice. On the contrary, it is but too likely that some of the lightest and least estimable of both sexes may have been among the models, on which, at an age when impressions sink deepest, his earliest judgments of human nature were formed. Hence, probably, those contemptuous and debasing views of humanity, with which he was so often led to alloy his noblest tributes to the loveliness and majesty of general nature. Hence the contrast that appeared between the fruits of his imagination and of his experience,—between those dreams, full of beauty and kindliness, with which the one teemed at his bidding, and the dark, desolating bitterness that overflowed when he drew from the other.

Unpromising, however, as was his youth of the high destiny that awaited him, there was one unailing characteristic of the imaginative order of minds—his love of solitude—which very early gave signs of those habits of self-study and introspection, by which alone the “diamond quarries” of genius are worked and brought to light. When but a boy at Harrow, he had shown this disposition strongly,—being often known, as I have already mentioned, to withdraw himself from his playmates, and sitting alone upon a tomb in the churchyard, give himself up for hours to thought. As his mind began to disclose its resources, this feeling grew upon him; and, had his foreign travel done no more than, by detaching him from the distractions of society, to enable him, solitarily and freely, to commune with his own spirit, it would have been an all-important step gained towards the full expansion of his faculties. It was only then, indeed, that he began to feel himself capable of the abstraction which self-study requires, or to enjoy that freedom from the intrusion of others' thoughts, which alone leaves the contemplative mind master of its own. In the solitude of his nights at sea, in his lone wanderings through Greece, he had sufficient lei-

sure and seclusion to look within himself, and catch the first “glimpses of his glorious mind of his chief delights, as he mentioned in his ‘*randa*,’” was, when bathing in some retired seat himself on a high rock above the sea, to remain for hours, gazing upon the sky and waters,” and lost in that sort of vague reverie however formless and indistinct at the moment afterwards, on his pages, into those clear, but tures, which will endure for ever.

Were it not for the doubt and diffidence that round the first steps of genius, this growing consciousness of his own power, these openings into a main of intellect where he was to reign supreme have made the solitary hours of the young traveller dream of happiness. But it will be seen that yet, he distrusted his own strength, nor was aware of the height to which the spirit he was calling up would grow. So enamoured, never had he become of these lonely musings, that a society of his fellow-traveller, though with pure congenial to his own, grew at last to be a clog a burthen on him; and it was not till he stood companionless, on the shore of the little island Ægean that he found his spirit breathe freely. Stronger proof were wanting of his deep passion for solitude, we shall find it, not many years after, when he wrote, in his own words, that even when in the company of the woman he most loved, he not unfrequently found himself sighing to be alone.

It was not only, however, by affording him the concentration necessary for this silent drawing out of feelings and powers, that travel conducted so essentially to the formation of his poetical character. The East he had looked, with the eyes of reason, from his very childhood. Before he was ten years of age, the perusal of Rycant's History of the East had taken a strong hold of his imagination, and he read eagerly, in consequence, every book concerning the East he could find.† In visiting, therefore

\* To this he alludes in those beautiful stanzas,

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell, and

Alfieri, before his dramatic genius had yet unfolded, used to pass hours, as he tells us, in this sort of state, gazing upon the ocean:—“Après le spectacle mes amusemens à Marseille étoient de me baigner tous les soirs dans la mer. J'avais trouvé un petit fort agréable, sur une langue de terre placée à l'entrée du port, où en m'asseyant sur le sable, le dos appuyé sur un petit rocher qui empêchoit qu'on ne pût me voir, et de la terre, je n'avais plus devant moi que le ciel et la mer. Entre ces deux immensités, qu'enveloppait un rayon d'un soleil couchant, je passais en rêvant de délicieuses; et là, je serais devenu poète, si j'avais écrit dans une langue quelconque.”

† But a few months before he died, in a conversation with Maurocordato at Missolonghi, Lord Byron said Turkish History was one of the first books that gave him pleasure when a child; and I believe it had much influence on my subsequent wishes to visit the Levant, as perhaps the oriental colouring which is observed in my poetry.—*Count Gamba's Narrative*.

In the last edition of Mr D'Israeli's work on *Literary Character*,\* that gentleman has given curious marginal notes, which he found written in Byron in a copy of this work that belonged to him. Among them is the following enumeration of the writers besides Rycant, had drawn his attention so early to the East:—

\* Knolles, Cantemir, De Tott, Lady M. W. Montagu, Hawkins's Translation from Mignot's History of the



he was but realizing the dreams of his youth; and this return of his thoughts to that intense gave a freshness and purity to their current which they had long wanted. Under the spell of the new scenes, the distraction of novelty was among the means through which he wandered. First traces of the past—and few have traced them so vividly—mingled themselves with the impressions of the objects before him; and by the Highlands, he had often traversed, in the land of the Moslem, so memory, from the land of Albania, now “carried him back to

such sources of poetic feeling were stirred up, there was also in his quick change of scene—in the diversity of men and manners by him—in the perpetual hope of adventure—the thirst of enterprise, such a succession of ever fresh excitement, as not only invigorated, but invigorated, all the energies of his mind: as he himself describes his mode of life. “To-day in a palace, to-morrow in a tent—this day with the Pacha, the next with the soldiers. Thus were his powers of observation and the impressions on his imagination. Thus schooled, too, in some of the rougher vicissitudes of life, and, so far, made acquainted with the flavour of adversity, he learned to bear more than is common in his high station, the privations of life, and became inured to that vigorous cast of thought which is so implicit in all his writings. Nor must we forget, these strengthening and animating effects of the excitement of danger, which he had never experienced,—having been placed in the land of the East and sea, well calculated to give that pleasurable sense of energy, which peculiarly characterised never fail to inspire.

strong interest which—in spite of his assumed indifference to the subject, in *Childe Harold*—he took in the subject connected with a life of warfare, found opportunities of gratification, not only on the English ships of war in which he sailed, but in the personal intercourse with the soldiers of the *At Salama*, a solitary place on the Gulf of Persia, he passed two or three days, lodged in a small barrack. Here, he lived the whole day among the soldiers; and a picture of the scene which their evenings presented—half-bandit warriors, seated round the camp-fire, and examining, with savage admiration, the English gun\* and English sword—might be met too touchingly, with another and a third of the same poet dying, as a chieftain,

lights, all travels, or histories, or books upon which I had read, as well as Rycant, a years old. I think, the Arabian Nights were. I preferred the history of naval actions, and Smollett's novels, particularly *Roderick*. I was passionate for the Roman History. I could never bear to read any Poetry whatsoever and reluctance.”

hard the next day, and we spent another day with the soldiers. The captain, Elmas, tried a fine song to my friend, and, hitting his mark highly delighted.”—*Hobhouse's Journey*.

on the same land, with Sulistotes for his guards and all Greece for his mourners.

It is true, amid all this stimulating variety of objects, the melancholy which he had brought from home still lingered around his mind. To Mr Adair and Mr Bruce, as I have before mentioned, he gave the idea of a person labouring under deep dejection; and Colonel Leake, who was, at that time, resident at Ioannina, conceived very much the same impression of the state of his mind.\* But, assuredly, even this melancholy, habitually as it still clung to him, must, under the stirring and healthful influences of his roving life, have become a far more elevated and abstract feeling than it could have expanded to within reach of those annoyances, whose tendency was to keep it wholly concentrated round self. Had he remained idly at home, he would have sunk, perhaps, into a querulous satirist. But as his views opened on a freer and wider horizon, every feeling of his nature kept pace with their enlargement; and this inborn sadness, mingling itself with the effusions of his genius, became one of the chief constituent charms not only of their pathos, but their grandeur. For, when did ever a sublime thought spring up in the soul, that melancholy was not to be found, however latent, in its neighbourhood?

We have seen, from the letters written by him on his passage homeward, how far from cheerful or happy was the state of mind in which he returned. In truth, even for a disposition of the most sanguine cast, there was quite enough in the discomforts that now awaited him in England, to sadden its hopes and check its buoyancy. “To be happy at home,” says Johnson, “is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends.” But Lord Byron had no home,—at least none that deserved this endearing name. A fond, family circle, to accompany him with its prayers, while away, and draw round him with listening eagerness on his return, was what, unluckily, he never knew, though with a heart, as we have seen, by nature formed for it. In the absence, too, of all that might cheer and sustain, he had every thing to encounter that could distress and humiliate. To the dreariness of a home without affection, was added the burden of an establishment without means, and he had thus all the em-

\* It must be recollected that by two of these gentlemen he was seen chiefly under the restraints of presentation and etiquette, when whatever gloom there was on his spirits would, in a shy nature like his, most show itself. The account which his fellow-traveller gives of him is altogether different. In introducing the narration of a short tour to Negroponte, in which his noble friend was unable to accompany him, Mr Hobhouse expresses strongly the deficiency of which he is sensible, from the absence, on this occasion, of “a companion, who, to quickness of observation and ingenuity of remark, united that gay good humour which keeps alive the attention under the pressure of fatigue, and softens the aspect of every difficulty and danger.” In some lines, too, of the “Hints from Horace,” addressed evidently to Mr Hobhouse, Lord Byron not only renders the same justice to his own social cheerfulness, but gives a somewhat more distinct idea of the frame of mind out of which it rose:—

Moschus! with whom I hope once more to sit,  
And smile at folly, if we can't at wit;  
Yes, friend, for thee I'll quit my Cynic cell,  
And bear Swift's motto, “Vive la bagatelle!”  
Which charm'd our days in each Aegean clime,  
And oft at home with revelry and rhyme.

barrassments of domestic life without its charms. His affairs had during his absence been suffered to fall into confusion, even greater than their inherent tendency to such a state warranted. There had been, the preceding year, an execution on Newstead, for a debt of £1500, owing to the Messrs Brothers, upholsterers; and a circumstance told of the veteran, Joe Murray, on this occasion, well deserves to be mentioned. To this faithful old servant, jealous of the ancient honour of the Byrons, the sight of the notice of sale, pasted up on the abbey-door, could not be otherwise than an unsightly and intolerable nuisance. Having enough, however, of the fear of the law before his eyes, not to tear the writing down, he was at last forced, as his only consolatory expedient, to paste a large piece of brown paper over it.

Notwithstanding the resolution, so recently expressed by Lord Byron, to abandon forever the vocation of authorship, and leave "the whole Castalian state" to others, he was hardly landed in England when we find him busily engaged in preparations for the publication of some of the Poems which he had produced abroad. So eager was he, indeed, to print, that he had already, in a letter written at sea, announced himself to Mr Dallas, as ready for the press. Of this letter, which, from its date, ought to have preceded some of the others that have been given, I shall here lay before the reader the most material parts.

#### LETTER LIV.

TO MR DALLAS.

\* Volage frigate, at sea, June 28th, 1811.

"After two years' absence (to a day, on the 2d of July, before which we shall not arrive at Portsmouth), I am retracing my way to England.

"I am coming back with little prospect of pleasure at home, and with a body a little shaken by one or two smart fevers, but a spirit I hope yet unbroken. My affairs, it seems, are considerably involved, and much business must be done with lawyers, colliers, farmers, and creditors. Now this, to a man who hates bustle as he hates a bishop, is a serious concern. But enough of my home department.

"My *Satire*, it seems, is in a fourth edition, a success rather above the middling run, but not much for a production which, from its topics, must be temporary, and of course be successful at first, or not at all. At this period, when I can think and act more coolly, I regret that I have written it, though I shall probably find it forgotten by all except those whom it has offended.

"Yours and Pratt's *protégé*, Blackett, the cobbler, is dead, in spite of his rhymes, and is probably one of the instances where death has saved a man from damnation. You were the ruin of that poor fellow amongst you: had it not been for his patrons, he might now have been in a very good plight, shoe- (not verse-) making; but you have made him immortal with a vengeance. I write this, supposing poetry, patronage, and strong waters to have been the death of him. If you are in town in or about the beginning of July, you will find me at Dorant's, in Alber-

marie-street, glad to see you. I have an imitator of Horace's *Art of Poetry* ready for Cawthorn, but let that deter you, for I shan't inflict it upon you. I know I never read my rhymes to visitors. I shall be in town in a few days for Notts., and thence todale. Yours, &c."

Immediately on Lord Byron's arrival in London, Mr Dallas called upon him. "On the 15th of July," says this gentleman, "I had the pleasure of sitting at table with him at Reddish's Hotel in St James's street. I thought his looks belied the report given me of his bodily health, and his countenance did not betoken melancholy, or displeasure. He was very animated in the account of his travels, but assured me he had never had the idea of writing them. He said he believed in his *forte*, and to that he had adhered, and had written, during his stay at different places abroad, a Paraphrase of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, which he considered a good finish to English Bards and Scotch Viewers. He seemed to promise himself additional fame from it, and I undertook to superintend the publication, as I had done that of the *Satire*.

He had chosen the time ill for my visit, and we had no time to converse uninterruptedly; he had engaged me to breakfast with him next morning. In the interval Mr Dallas looked over this phrase, which he had been permitted by Lord Byron to take home with him for the purpose, and his appointment was, as he himself describes it, "a loss," on finding that a pilgrimage of two years' duration in the inspiring lands of the East had been attended with no richer poetical result. On their meeting the next morning, though unwilling to speak disparagingly of the work, he could not refrain, as he said to us, from expressing some surprise that his friend should have produced nothing else during his absence. "Upon this," he continues, "Lord Byron told me that he had occasionally written some poems, besides a great many stanzas in Spenserian measure, relative to the countries he had visited. 'They are not worth troubling you with, let me have them all with you, if you like.' So I took them by Child Harold's Pilgrimage. He took them in a small trunk, with a number of verses. He said they had been read but by one person, who had said very little to commend and much to condemn. He himself was of that opinion, and he was sure it should be so too. Such as it was, however, I put it at my service: but he was urgent that 'The Paraphrase of Horace' should be immediately put in the press, which I promised to have done."

The value of the treasure thus presented to Mr Dallas was not slow in discovering. The evening he dispatched a letter to his noble friend saying—"You have written one of the most beautiful poems I ever read. If I wrote this history, I should deserve your contempt rather than your friendship. I have been so fascinated by Child Harold, that I have not been able to do any thing else. I would almost pledge my life on its gaining you great honour and regard, and will do me the credit and favour of attending to suggestions respecting," &c. &c. &c.



ending this just praise, and the secret I have found in a heart so awake to the imper of fame, it was some time before its obstinate repugnance to the idea of Childe Harold could be removed.

"Ive," says Mr Dallas, "as he had hitherto by opinions and suggestions, and natural as it should be swayed by such decided was surprised to find that I could not at all credit with him for my judgment on Childe Pilgrimage. 'It was any thing but poetry had condemned by a good critic—had I not on the sentences on the margins of the MS. He dwelt upon the Paraphrase of the story with pleasure, and the manuscript of given to Cawthorn, the publisher of the he brought forth without delay. I did not, leave him so: before I quitted him I re the charge, and told him that I was so of the merit of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, he had given it to me, I should certainly it, if he would have the kindness to attend to corrections and alterations."

By the many instances, recorded in literary of the false judgments of authors respecting a production, this preference given by Lord a work so little worthy of his genius, over of such rare and original beauty as the first of Childe Harold, may be accounted, per of the most extraordinary and inexpli-

"It is in men as in soils," says Swift, sometimes there is a vein of gold which the never met it." But Lord Byron had made every of the vein, without, as it would seem, aware of its value. I have already had occasion to observe that, even while occupied with the of Childe Harold, it is questionable he himself was fully conscious of the new, both of thought and feeling, that had been and in him; and the strange estimate we now a forming of his own production appears to the remark. It would seem, indeed, as if, the imaginative powers of his mind had reached an impulse forward, the faculty of judgment in its development, was still immature, of self-judgment, the most difficult of all, sized.

Other hand, from the deference, which, y at this period of his life, he was inclined he opinions of those with whom he associated he fairer, perhaps, to conclude that own valuation arose rather from a difficulty of own judgment, than from any deficiency his college companions, almost all of his superiors in scholarship, and some of at this time, his competitors in poetry, p with a degree of fond and admiring de which his ignorance of his own intellec-

ever, less wonderful that authors should thus productions, when whole generations have en into the same sort of error. The Sonnets ere by the learned of his day considered only ballad-singers by whom they were chanted tis; while his Epic Poem, "Africa," of which knew the existence, was sought for on all e smallest fragment of it begged from the libraries of the learned.

tual strength alone could account; and the example, as well as tastes, of these young writers being mostly on the side of established models, their authority, as long as it influenced him, would, to a certain degree, interfere with his striking confidently into any new or original path. That some remains of this bias, with a little leaning, perhaps, towards school-recollections,\* may have had a share in prompting his preference of the Horatian Paraphrase, is by no means improbable;—at least, that it was enough to lead him, untried as he had yet been in the new path, to content himself, for the present, with following up his success in the old. We have seen, indeed, that the manuscript of the two Cantos of Childe Harold had, previously to its being placed in the hands of Mr Dallas, been submitted by the noble author to the perusal of some friend—the first and only one, it appears, who at that time had seen them. Who this fastidious critic was, Mr Dallas has not mentioned; but the sweeping tone of censure in which he conveyed his remarks was such as, at any period of his career, would have disconcerted the judgment of one, who, years after, in all the plenitude of his fame, confessed, that "the depreciation of the lowest of mankind was more painful to him, than the applause of the highest was pleasing."†

Though on every thing that, after his arrival at the age of manhood, he produced, some mark or other of the master-hand may be traced, yet, to print the whole of his Paraphrase of Horace, which extends to nearly 800 lines, would be, at the best, but a questionable compliment to his memory. That the reader, however, may be enabled to form some opinion of a performance, which—by an error or caprice of judgment, unexampled, perhaps, in the annals of literature—its author, for a time, preferred to the sublime musings of Childe Harold, I shall here select a few such passages from the Paraphrase as may seem calculated to give an idea as well of its merits as its defects.

The opening of the poem is, with reference to the original, ingenious:

Who would not laugh, if Lawrence, hired to grace  
His costly canvas with each flatter'd face,  
Abused his art, till Nature, with a blush,  
Saw cits grow centaurs underneath his brush?  
Or should some limner join, for show or sale,  
A maid of honour to a mermaid's tail?  
Or low Dubost (as once the world has seen)  
Degrade God's creatures in his graphic spleen?  
Not all that forced politeness, which defends  
Fools in their faults, could gag his grinning friends.  
Believe me, Moschus, like that picture seems  
The book which, sillier than a sick man's dreams,  
Displays a crowd of figures incomplete,  
Poetic night-mares, without head or feet.

The following is pointed, and felicitously expressed:—

\* Gray, under the influence of a similar predilection, preferred, for a long time, his Latin poems to those by which he has gained such a station in English literature. "Shall we attribute this," says Mason, "to his having been educated at Eton, or to what other cause? Certain it is, that when I first knew him, he seemed to set a greater value on his Latin poetry than on that which he had composed in his native language."

† One of the manuscript notes of Lord Byron on Mr D'Israeli's work, already referred to.—Vol. i. p. 141.

Then glide down Grub-street, fasting and forgot,  
Laugh'd into Lethe by some quaint Review,  
Whose wit is never troublesome till—true.

Of the graver parts, the annexed is a favourable specimen :—

New words find credit in these latter days,  
If neatly grafted on a Gallic phrase :  
What Chaucer, Spenser did, we scarce refuse  
To Dryden's or to Pope's maturer muse.  
If you can add a little, say, why not,  
As well as William Pitt and Walter Scott,  
Since they, by force of rhyme, and force of lungs,  
Enrich'd our island's ill-united tongues ?  
'T is then, and shall be, lawful to present  
Reforms in writing as in parliament.

As forests shed their foliage by degrees,  
So fade expressions which in season please ;  
And we and ours, alas ! are due to fate,  
And words and words but dwindle to a date.  
Though, as a monarch nods and commerce calls,  
Impetuous rivers stagnate in canals :  
Though swamps subdued, and marshes drain'd, sustain  
The heavy ploughshare and the yellow grain ;  
And rising ports along the busy shore  
Protect the vessel from old Ocean's roar—  
All, all must perish. But, surviving last,  
The love of letters half preserves the past :  
True,—some decay, yet not a few survive,  
Though those shall sink which now appear to thrive,  
As custom arbitrates, whose shifting away  
Our life and language must alike obey.

I quote what follows chiefly for the sake of the note attached to it :

Satiric rhyme first sprang from selfish spleen.  
You doubt ?—see Dryden, Pope, St Patrick's Dean.\*

Blank verse is now with one consent allied  
To tragedy, and rarely quits her side :  
Though mad Almanzor rhymed in Dryden's days,  
No sing-song hero rants in modern plays :—  
While modest comedy her verse foregoes  
For jest and pun in very middling prose.  
Not that our Bens or Beaumonts show the worse,  
Or lose one point, because they wrote in verse ;  
But so Thalia pleases to appear,—  
Poor virgin !—damn'd some twenty times a year.

There is more of poetry in the following verses upon Milton than in any other passage throughout the Paraphrase :—

\* Awake a louder and a loftier strain !  
And, pray, what follows from his boiling brain ?  
He sinks to S \* \* 's level in a trice,  
Whose epic mountains never fall in mice !  
Not so of yore awoke your mighty sire  
The temper'd warblings of his master lyre :  
Soft as the gentler breathing of the lute,  
\* Of man's first disobedience and the fruit \*  
He speaks ; but as his subject swells along,  
Earth, Heaven, and Hades, echo with the song.

The annexed sketch contains some lively touches :—

Behold him Freshman !—forced no more to groan  
O'er Virgil's devilish verses,† and—his own :

\* \* Mac Flecknoe, the Dunciad, and all Swift's lampooning ballads.—Whatever their other works may be, these originated in personal feelings and angry retort on unworthy rivals ; and though the ability of these satires elevates the poetical, their poignancy detracts from the personal character of the writers.\*

† \* Harvey, the circulator of the circulation of the blood, used to fling away Virgil in his ecstasy of admiration, and say, 'the book had a devil.' Now, such a character as I am copying would probably fling it away also, but rather wish that the devil had the book ; not from dislike to the poet, but a well-founded horror of hexameters. Indeed,

Prayers are too tedious, lectures too abstruse,  
He flies from T.—It's frown to \* Fordham's Mews  
(Unlucky T.—It, doom'd to daily cares  
By pugilistic pupils and by bears !)  
Fines, tutors, tasks, conventions, threat in vain,  
Before hounds, hunters, and Newmarket plain ;  
Rough with his elders—with his equals rash—  
Civil to sharpers—prodigal of cash.

Fool'd, pillaged, dunn'd, he wastes his terms away  
And, unexpell'd perhaps, retires M. A.—  
Master of Arts !—as Hells and Clubs \* proclaim  
Where scarce a black-leg bears a brighter name.  
Launch'd into life, extinct his early fire,  
He ape the selfish prudence of his sire :  
Marries for money—chuses friends for rank,  
Buys land, and shrewdly trusts not to the Bank :  
Sits in the senate : gets a son and heir—  
Sends him to Harrow, for himself was there :  
Mute though he votes, unless when call'd to cheer  
His son's so sharp—he 'll see the dog a peer !  
Manhood declines—age palsies every limb :  
He quits the scene, or else the scene quits him ;  
Scrapes wealth, o'er each departing penny groans,  
And Avarice seizes all Ambition leaves—  
Counts cent, per cent, and smiles, or vainly frets  
O'er hoards diminish'd by young Hopeful's debts ;  
Weighs well and wisely what to sell or buy,  
Complete in all life's lessons—but to die :  
Peevish and spiteful, dotting, hard to please,  
Commending every time save times like these ;  
Crazed, querulous, forsaken, half forgot,  
Expires unwept, is buried—let him rot !

In speaking of the opera, he says :

Hence the pert shopkeeper, whose throbbing ear  
Aches with orchestras which he pays to hear,  
Whom shame, not sympathy, forbids to snore,  
His anguish doubled by his own \* encore ! \*  
Squeezed in \* Pop's Alley, \* jostled by the bench,  
Teazed with his hat, and trembling for his tea,  
Scarce wrestles through the night, nor tastes of sleep  
Till the dropp'd curtain gives a glad release :  
Why this and more he suffers, can ye guess ?—  
Because it costs him dear, and makes him dross !

The concluding couplet of the following lines amusingly characteristic of that mixture of bitterness with which their author sometimes speaks in conversation ;—so much so that those who hear him might almost fancy they hear him utter the words :—

But every thing has faults, nor is 't unknown  
That harps and fiddles often lose their tone,  
And wayward voices at their owners' call,  
With all their best endeavours, only squall ;  
Dogs blink their covey, flints withhold the spark,  
And double-barrels (damn them !) miss their mark !

One more passage, with the humorous note appended to it, will complete the whole amount of favourable specimens :—

And that 's enough—then write and print so fast—  
If Satan take the hindmost, who 'd be last ?  
They storm the types, they publish one and all,  
They leap the counter, and they leave the stall !—

the public-school penance of 'Long and Short' is said to beget an antipathy to poetry for the residue of a life, and perhaps so far may be an advantage."

\* \* 'Hell,' a gaming-house so called, where you little and are cheated a good deal : 'Club,' a pleasant gatory, where you lose more, and are not supposed to be cheated at all.\*

† \* As Mr Pope took the liberty of damning Homer whom he was under great obligations to—And Homer (him) calls—it may be presumed that any body or any thing may be damned in verse by poetical licence ; and in case of accident, I beg leave to plead so illustrious a precedent.



madness, men of high command,  
 who have ink'd the bloody hand !  
 at quell them—Fellio play'd this prank :  
 whose steel hand credit in a bank !  
 at trying only, but the dead  
 as thrust as an Orpheus' head !  
 all their say, they posthumously thrive,  
 (from that, though buried when alive !  
 to mount the epidemic crime,  
 looks of martyr to the rage for rhyme.  
 now worth the scribbler, often seen  
 along Post or Monthly Magazine !  
 but his earlier say,—but soon, hot-press'd,  
 its parts !—this must tell the rest !  
 here, ye wits, the lyre's precarious chords  
 as mad hermits or madder lords,  
 any Orpheus, now grown somewhat stale,  
 poetic misanthrope, drunk with Doric ale !  
 in those notes, sarcastically soft,  
 under-hermits sing to Capet Lofft !\*

these select specimens, which comprise, alto-  
 gether more than an eighth of the whole Poem,  
 or may be enabled to form some notion of the  
 it, which is, for the most part, of a very in-  
 equality, and, in some parts, descending to the  
 of doggerel. Who, for instance, could trace  
 of *Byron* in such "prose, fringed with  
 as the following?—

to Scott's faults—his wit hath made them pass  
 but it by all, were matchless Hudibras,  
 a author is perhaps the first we meet  
 from our temples loy'd two final feet:  
 to be met than the longer line  
 common sense, a favourite of the Nine.

at first view, eight feet may seem in vain  
 a, were it else, to bear a serious strain,

a well-meaning gentleman has spoilt some excel-  
 lences, and not necessary to the poetical undoing  
 of the labours poor. Nathaniel Bloomfield and  
 or *Blackett* have in all Somersetshire singing. Nor  
 possibly suited itself to one county. Pratt, too  
 a year since, has caught the contagion of patron-  
 age, and a poor fellow, named Blackett, into  
 at he did during the operation, leaving one child  
 shames of *Romans*, utterly destitute. The girl,  
 takes a poetical twist, and come forth as a shoe-  
 maker, may do well, but the 'Tragedies' are as  
 they had been the offspring of an Earl or a Sen-  
 at poet. The patrons of this poor lad are cer-  
 tainly for his end, and it ought to be an indict-  
 ment, that this is the least they have done; for, by  
 of barbarity, they have made the (late) man  
 ridiculous, by printing what he would have  
 such never to print himself. Certes, these  
 names come under the statute against resur-

What does it signify whether a poor dear  
 to be stuck up in Surgeons' or in Stationers'  
 had to unearth his bones as his blunders? is  
 right his body on a heath than his soul in  
 to know what we are, but we know not what  
 it is to be hoped we never shall know, if  
 passed through life with a sort of éclat is to  
 mountbank on the other side of Styx, and  
 Joe Blackett, the laughing-stock of pur-  
 suits of publication is to provide for the child.  
 some of this 'satire ultra crepidam's' friends  
 or done a decent action without inveigling  
 sphy? And then, his inscription split into  
 uns! 'To the Duchess of So Much, the  
 to So-and-so, and Mrs and Miss Somebody,  
 &c. &c. &c. Why, this is doing out the  
 fictionism' in gills; there is but a quart, and  
 and a dozen. Why, Pratt! hadst thou not  
 I thou think six families of distinction can  
 it? There is a child, a book, and a dedi-  
 cation-girl to her grace, the volumes to the  
 dedication to the d-e-r-l.\*

Yet Scott has shown our wondering tale of late  
 This measure shrinks not from a theme of weight,  
 And varied skilfully, surpasses far  
 Heroic rhyme, but most in love or war,  
 Whose fluctuations, tender or sublime,  
 Are curb'd too much by long recurring rhyme.

In sooth, I do not know, or greatly care  
 To learn, who our first English strollers were,  
 Or if—till roofs received the vagrant art—  
 Our Muse—like that of *Thespia*—kept a cart.  
 But this is certain, since our *Shakspeare's* days,  
 There's pomp enough, if little else, in plays;  
 Nor will *Melpomene* ascend her throne  
 Without high heels, white plume, and Bristol stone.

Where is that living language which could claim  
 Poetic more, as philosophic fame,  
 If all our bards, more patient of delay,  
 Would stop like *Pope* to polish by the way?

In tracing the fortunes of men, it is not a little cu-  
 rious to observe, how often the course of a whole life  
 has depended on one single step. Had Lord Byron  
 now persisted in his original purpose of giving this  
 Poem to the press, instead of *Childe Harold*, it is  
 more than probable that he would have been lost, as  
 a great poet, to the world.\* Inferior as the Para-  
 phrase is, in every respect, to his former Satire, and,  
 in some places, even descending below the level of  
 under-graduate versifiers, its failure, there can be  
 little doubt, would have been certain and signal;—  
 his former assailants would have resumed their ad-  
 vantage over him, and either, in the bitterness of his  
 mortification, he would have flung *Childe Harold* into  
 the fire, or, had he summoned up sufficient confi-  
 dence to publish that Poem, its reception, even if  
 sufficient to retrieve him in the eyes of the public and  
 his own, could never have, at all, resembled that ex-  
 plosion of success,—that instantaneous and universal  
 acclaim of admiration into which, coming as it were  
 fresh from the land of song, he now surprised the  
 world, and in the midst of which he was borne, buoy-  
 ant and self-assured, along, through a succession of  
 new triumphs, each more splendid than the last.

Happily, the better judgment of his friends averted  
 such a risk; and he, at length, consented to the im-  
 mediate publication of *Childe Harold*,—still, however,  
 to the last expressing his doubts of its merits, and his  
 alarm at the sort of reception it might meet with in  
 the world.

"I did all I could," says his adviser, "to raise his  
 opinion of this composition, and I succeeded; but he  
 varied much in his feelings about it, nor was he, as  
 will appear, at his ease until the world decided on its  
 merit. He said again and again that I was going to  
 get him into a scrape with his old enemies, and that  
 none of them would rejoice more than the Edinburgh  
 Reviewers at an opportunity to humble him. He  
 said I must not put his name to it. I entreated him  
 to leave it to me, and that I would answer for this  
 Poem silencing all his enemies."

The publication being now determined upon, there

\* That he himself attributed every thing to fortune, ap-  
 pears from the following passage in one of his journals :  
 "Like *Sylla*, I have always believed that all things depend  
 upon fortune, and nothing upon ourselves. I am not aware  
 of any one thought or action worthy of being called good  
 to myself or others, which is not to be attributed to the  
 good goddess, *Fortune* !"

arose some doubts and difficulty as to a publisher. Though Lord Byron had intrusted Cawthorn with what he considered to be his sure card, the "Hints from Horace," he did not, it seems, think him of sufficient station in the trade to give a sanction or fashion to his more hazardous experiment. The former refusal of the Messrs Longman to publish his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" was not forgotten; and he expressly stipulated with Mr Dallas that the manuscript should not be offered to that house. An application was, at first, made to Mr Miller, of Albemarle-street; but, in consequence of the severity with which Lord Elgin was treated in the poem, Mr Miller (already the publisher and bookseller of this latter nobleman) declined the work. Even this circumstance, —so apprehensive was the poet for his fame,—began to re-awaken all the qualms and terrors he had at first felt; and, had any further difficulties or objections arisen, it is more than probable he might have relapsed into his original intention.\* It was not long, however, before a person was found willing and proud to undertake the publication. Mr Murray, who, at this period, resided in Fleet-street, having, some time before, expressed a desire to be allowed to publish some work of Lord Byron, it was in his hands that Mr Dallas now placed the manuscript of *Childe Harold*;—and thus was laid the first foundation of that connexion between this gentleman and the noble poet, which continued, with but a temporary interruption, throughout the lifetime of the one, and has proved an abundant source of honour, as well as emolument, to the other.

While thus busily engaged in his literary projects, and having, besides, some law affairs to transact with his agent, he was called suddenly away to Newstead by the intelligence of an event, which seems to have affected his mind far more deeply than, considering all the circumstances of the case, could have been expected. Mrs Byron, whose excessive corpulence rendered her, at all times, rather a perilous subject for illness, had been of late indisposed, but not to any alarming degree; nor does it appear that, when the following note was written, there existed any grounds for apprehension as to her state.

\* Reddish's Hotel, St James's-street,  
London, July 23d, 1811.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"I am only detained by Mr H \* \* to sign some copyhold papers, and will give you timely notice of my approach. It is with great reluctance I remain in town. I shall pay a short visit as we go on to Lancashire on Rochdale business. I shall attend to your directions of course, and am,

"With great respect, yours ever,

"BYRON.

"P.S.—You will consider Newstead as your house, not mine, and me only as a visitor."

On his going abroad, she had conceived a sort of superstitious fancy that she should never see him again; and when he returned, safe and well, and wrote to inform her that he should soon see her at Newstead, she said to her waiting-woman, "If I should be dead before Byron comes down, what a strange thing it would be!"—and so, in fact, it hap-

pened. At the end of July, her illness and fatal turn; and, so sadly characterised close of the poor lady's life, that a fit of it, it is said, by reading over the upho was the ultimate cause of her death. had, of course, prompt intelligence of the though he started instantly from town late,—she had breathed her last.

The following letter, it will be perceived, was written on his way to Newstead.

#### LETTER LV.

TO DR PIGOT.

\* Newport Pagnell, Aug.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR,

"My poor mother died yesterday! on my way from town to attend her to the far heard one day of her illness, the next of Thank God, her last moments were most am told she was in little pain, and not situation.—I now feel the truth of Mr (vation, 'That we can only have one mother be with her! I have to thank you for you of regard, and as in six weeks I shall shire on business, I may extend to I. Chester,—at least I shall endeavour.

"If it will be any satisfaction, I have that in November next the Editor of the be tried for two different libels on the late myself (the decease of Mrs B. makes no the proceedings), and as he is guilty, foolish and unfounded assertion, of a breach, he will be prosecuted with the utmost

"I inform you of this, as you seem the affair, which is now in the hands of general.

"I shall remain at Newstead the great month, where I shall be happy to see after my two years' absence in the East.

"I am, dear Pigot, yours very truly

"B.

It can hardly have escaped the observant reader, that the general tone of the noble correspondence with his mother is that of a sincere, strictly and conscientiously, what he his duty, without the intermixture of any cordiality to sweeten the task. The "Madam," by which he addresses her, he but seldom exchanges for the endearing "mother,"\*—is, of itself, a sufficient sentiment he entertained for her. That have been his dispositions towards such be matter neither of surprise or blame notwithstanding this alienation, which he fortunate temper produced, he should have consult her wishes, and minister to her comfort.

\* In many instances the mothers of illustrious had reason to be proud no less of the affectionate glory of their sons; and Tasso, Pope, Gray, are among these memorable examples of filial In the lesser poems of Tasso there are few that ful as his description, in the *Canzone* to the his first parting with his mother:—

Me dal sen della madre cingia fortuna  
Pargoleto divelce, &c.



thoughtfulness as is evinced not only by his letters, but in the almost exasperation of Newstead to her use, repeatedly, in no ordinary degree, to his was even the more strikingly meritorious ~~of that~~ affection, which renders to a beloved object little more than an ~~of self~~.

After estranged from her his feelings must have been while she lived, her death restored them into their natural channel from a return of early fondness and power of the grave, or from the pros- trated in his future life, which this loss of with the past would leave, it is certain the death of his mother acutely, if not the night after his arrival at Newstead, woman of Mrs Byron, in passing the door where the deceased lady lay, heard a of some one sighing heavily from within; during the chamber, found, to her surprise, he, sitting in the dark, beside the bed. On coming to him the weakness of thus giving of, he burst into tears and exclaimed, "Oh, I had but one friend in the world, and she is

his real thoughts were thus confided to darkness, there was, in other parts of his life open to observation, a degree of eccentric malice which, with superficial ob- light will bring the sensibility of his nature on. On the morning of the funeral, having viewing the remains himself, he stood look- ing at the door, at the procession, till the moved off;—then turning to young Rush- was the only person left besides himself, he on to look the sparring-gloves, and proceeded and exercise with the boy. He was silent all the time, and, as if from an effort better of his feelings, threw more violence, might, into his blows than was his habit;—the struggle seeming too much for him, away the gloves, and retired to his room. sum, sufficient, perhaps, has been related us to enable the reader to form fully his as well with respect to the character of self, as to the degree of influence her conduct may have exercised on those of was said by one of the most extraordi-—who was himself, as he avowed, debted to maternal culture for the un- vention to which he subsequently rose, future good or bad conduct of a child ly on the mother." How far the heaven a mixed itself with the better nature of uncertain and wayward impulses,—his straint,—the occasional bitterness of the precipitance of his resentments,— their origin in his early collisions with ice and violence, is an inquiry for which trials have been, perhaps, furnished in but which every one will decide upon, be more or less weight he may attribute

\* Napoleon.

to the influence of such causes on the formation of character.

That, notwithstanding her injudicious and coarse treatment of him, Mrs Byron loved her son, with that sort of fitful fondness of which alone such a nature is capable, there can be little doubt,—and still less, that she was ambitiously proud of him. Her anxiety for the success of his first literary essays may be collected from the pains which he so considerably took to tranquillize her on the appearance of the hostile article in the Review. As his fame began to brighten, that notion of his future greatness and glory, which, by a singular forecast of superstition, she had entertained from his very childhood, became proportionably confirmed. Every mention of him in print was watched by her with eagerness, and she had got bound together in a volume, which a friend of mine once saw, a collection of all the literary notices that had then appeared of his early Poems and Satire,—written over, on the margin, with observations of her own, which to my informant appeared indicative of much more sense and ability than, from her general character, we should be inclined to attribute to her.

Among those lesser traits of his conduct through which an observer can trace a filial wish to uphold, and throw respect round, the station of his mother, may be mentioned his insisting, while a boy, on being called "George Byron Gordon"—giving thereby precedence to the maternal name,—and his continuing, to the last, to address her as "the Honourable Mrs Byron,"—a mark of rank to which, he must have been aware, she had no claim whatever. Neither does it appear that, in his habitual manner towards her, there was any thing denoting a want of either affection or deference,—with the exception, perhaps, occasionally, of a somewhat greater degree of familiarity than comports with the ordinary notions of filial respect. Thus, the usual name he called her by, when they were on good-humoured terms together, was "Kitty Gordon;" and I have heard an eye-witness of the scene describe the look of arch, dramatic humour, with which, one day, at Southwell, when they were in the height of their theatrical rage, he threw open the door of the drawing-room, to admit his mother, saying, at the same time, "Enter the Honourable Kitty."

The pride of birth was a feeling common alike to mother and son, and at times even became a point of rivalry between them, from their respective claims, English and Scotch, to high lineage. In a letter written by him from Italy, referring to some anecdote which his mother had told him, he says,—“My mother, who was as haughty as Lucifer with her descent from the Stuarts, and her right line from the old Gordons,—not the Seyton Gordons, as she disdainfully termed the ducal branch,—told me the story, always reminding me how superior her Gordons were to the southern Byrons, notwithstanding our Norman, and always masculine descent, which has never lapsed into a female, as my mother's Gordons had done in her own person.”

If, to be able to depict powerfully the painful emotions, it is necessary first to have experienced them, or, in other words, if, for the poet to be great, the man must suffer, Lord Byron, it must be owned, paid early this dear price of mastery. Few as were the

ties by which his affections held, whether within, or without, the circle of relationship, he was now doomed, within a short space, to see the most of them swept away by death.\* Besides the loss of his mother, he had to mourn over, in quick succession, the untimely fatalities that carried off, within a few weeks of each other, two or three of his most loved and valued friends. "In the short space of one month," he says, in a note on Childe Harold, "I have lost *her* who gave me being, and most of those who made that being tolerable."† Of these, young Wingfield, whom we have seen high on the list of his Harrow favourites, died of a fever at Coimbra; and Matthews, the idol of his admiration at college, was drowned while bathing in the waters of the Cam.

The following letter, written immediately after the latter event, bears the impress of strong and even agonized feeling, to such a degree as renders it almost painful to read it.

#### LETTER LVI.

TO MR SCROPE DAVIES.

"Newstead Abbey, August 7, 1811.

"MY DEAREST DAVIES.

"Some curse hangs over me and mine. My mother lies a corpse in this house: one of my best friends is drowned in a ditch. What can I say, or think, or do? I received a letter from him the day before yesterday. My dear Scrope, if you can spare a moment, do come down to me; I want a friend. Matthews's last letter was written on *Friday*,—on *Saturday* he was not. In ability, who was like Matthews? How did we all shrink before him? You do me but justice in saying, I would have risked my paltry existence to have preserved his. This very evening did I mean to write, inviting him, as I invite you, my very dear friend, to visit me. God forgive \* \* \* for his apathy! What will our poor Hobhouse feel! His letters breathe but of Matthews. Come to me, Scrope; I am almost desolate—left almost alone in the world—I had but you, and H. and M., and let me enjoy the survivors whilst I can. Poor M., in his letter of *Friday*, speaks of his intended contest for Cambridge,‡ and a speedy

\* In a letter written between two and three months after his mother's death, he states no less a number than six persons, all friends or relatives, who had been snatched away from him by death between May and the end of August.

† In continuation of the note quoted in the text, he says of Matthews—"His powers of mind, shown in the attainment of greater honours, against the *ablest candidates*, than those of any graduate on record at Cambridge, have sufficiently established his fame on the spot where it was acquired." One of the candidates thus described, was Mr Thomas Barnes, a gentleman whose career since has kept fully the promise of his youth, though, from the nature of the channels through which his literary labours have been directed, his great talents are far more extensively known than his name.

‡ It had been the intention of Mr Matthews to offer himself, at the ensuing election, for the university. In reference to this purpose, a manuscript Memoir of him, now lying before me, says—"If acknowledged and successful talents—if principles of the strictest honour—if the devotion of many friends could have secured the success of 'an independent pauper' (as he jocularly called himself in a letter on the subject), the vision would have been realized."

journey to London. Write or come, but can, or one or both. Yours ever."

Of this remarkable young man, Ch Matthews,\* I have already had occasion but the high station which he held in affection and admiration may justify ampler tribute to his memory.

There have seldom, perhaps, started life so many youths of high promise were to be found among the society of Byron formed a part at Cambridge. these, the names have since eminently themselves in the world, as the mere Mr Hobhouse and Mr William Banks is testify; while in the instance of another circle, Mr Scrope Davies,† the only friends is, that the social wit of which master should, in the memories of his life be likely to leave any record of its brilliancy all these young men of learning and talent Byron himself, whose genius was, how "an undiscovered world"), the superior every department of intellect, seems to by the ready consent of all, awarded to a concurrence of homage which, co persons from whom it came, gives such of the powers of his mind at that period the thought of what he might have been a matter of interesting, though vain speculation. To mere mental pre-eminence accompanied by the kindlier qualities of the a tribute, however deserved, might have been so uncontestedly paid. But thews appears,—in spite of some little temper and manner, which he was already to soften down when snatched away,—one of those rare individuals who, when mand deference, can, at the same time, and who, as it were, relieve the intense admiration which they excite by blending.

To his religious opinions, and their coincidence with those of Lord Byron, I adverted. Like his noble friend, ardent suit of Truth, he, like him too, unluckily in seeking her,—"the light that led astray both friends mistaken for hers. That ism he proceeded any farther than Lord ever suffered his doubting, but still ing

\* He was the third son of the late John M of Belmont, Herefordshire, representative in the parliament of 1802-6. The author of an *Invalid*,\* also untimely snatched away son of the same gentleman, as is likewise the bonyard of Hereford, the Reverend Arthur M by his ability and attainments, sustains veneration of the name.

The father of this accomplished family was of considerable talent, and the author of several poetical pieces; one of which, a *Parody* of written in early youth, has been erroneously the late Professor Porson, who was in the habit, and even printed an edition of the verses.

† One of the cleverest men I ever knew tion, was Scrope Berdmore Davies. Hobhouse good in that line, though it is of less consequence who has other ways of showing his talents than Scrope was always ready and often witty-witty, but not always so ready, being more of a *Journal of Lord Byron*.



itself into the "incredible creed" of and, notwithstanding an assertion in a noble poet to this effect) disproved by of these among his relations and friends, most ready to admit, and, of course, later heretics;—nor should I have felt that right to alude thus to the religious opinions I had never, by promulgating his heterodox himself within the jurisdiction of the law, but the wrong impression, as it appears, one opinions, on the authority of Lord and it an act of justice to both friends to compensation.

ders to Mrs Byron, written previously to her of her son on his travels, there occurs, collected, some mention of a Will, which intention to leave behind him in the hands of her. Whatever may have been the con- siderable instrument, we find that, in about the time of his mother's death, he thought it better to have a new form of will drawn up, and the latter, enclosing his instructions for that purpose, was addressed to the late Mr Bolton, a solicitor of Nottingham. Of the existence, in any formal shape, of the strange directions here respecting his own interment, I was for some time much inclined to doubt; but the circumstances here annexed put this remarkable fact in its true light beyond all question.

TO — BOLTON, ESQ.

*Newstead Abbey, August 12th, 1811.*

Enclosed I send a rough draft of my intended Will, which I have drawn up as soon as possible in consequence of the death of Mrs Byron. I request that it may be got ready in a few days, and have the honour to be, your most obedient, humble servant,

"BYRON."

*Newstead Abbey, August 12th, 1811.*

FOR THE CONTENTS OF A WILL TO BE DRAWN UP IMMEDIATELY.

of Newstead to be entailed (subject to issue) on George Anson Byron, heir at law, or may be the heir at law on the death of the Rochdale property to be sold in part according to the debts and legacies of Lord Byron.

Giraud of Athens, subject of France, recee, the sum of seven thousand pounds, to be paid from the sale of such estate, Newstead, or elsewhere, as may be directed by Nicolo Giraud (resident at Athens in the year 1810) to receive the above sum the age of twenty-one years.

Fletcher, Joseph Murray, and De- b (native of Greece), servants, the

He not (which they generally do), Deme- trius is at the head of the Athenian part of the expedition. He was my servant in 1809, 1810, and intervals in those years (for I left him when I went to Constantinople), and accom-

sum of fifty pounds pr. ann. each, for their natural lives. To Wm Fletcher the Mill at Newstead, on condition that he payeth rent, but not subject to the caprice of the landlord. To Rt. Rushton the sum of fifty pounds per ann. for life, and a further sum of one thousand pounds on attaining the age of twenty-five years.

"To Jn. Hanson, Esq., the sum of two thousand pounds sterling.

"The claims of S. B. Davies, Esq., to be satisfied on proving the amount of the same.

"The body of Lord B. to be buried in the vault of the garden of Newstead, without any ceremony or burial-service whatever, or any inscription, save his name and age. His dog not to be removed from the said vault.

"My library and furniture of every description to my friends Jn. Cam Hobhouse, Esq., and S. B. Davies, Esq., my executors. In case of their decease, the Rev. J. Becher, of Southwell, Notts., and R. C. Dallas, Esq., of Mortlake, Surrey, to be executors.

"The produce of the sale of Wymondham in Norfolk, and the late Mrs B.'s Scotch property,\* to be appropriated in aid of the payment of debts and legacies."

In sending a copy of the Will, framed on these instructions, to Lord Byron, the solicitor accompanied some of the clauses with marginal queries, calling the attention of his noble client to points which he considered inexpedient or questionable; and as the short, pithy answers to these suggestions are strongly characteristic of their writer, I shall here give one or two of the clauses in full, with the respective queries and answers annexed.

"This is the last will and testament of me the Rt. Honble. George Gordon Lord Byron, Baron Byron of Rochdale in the county of Lancaster.—I desire that my body may be buried in the vault of the garden of Newstead, without any ceremony or burial-service whatever, and that no inscription, save my name and age, be written on the tomb or tablet; and it is my will that my faithful dog may not be removed from the said vault. To the performance of this my particular desire, I rely on the attention of my executors hereinafter named."

"It is submitted to Lord Byron whether this clause relative to the funeral had not better be omitted. The substance of it can be given in a letter from his lordship to the executors, and accompany the will; and the will may state that the funeral shall be performed in such manner as his lordship may by letter direct, and, in default of any such letter, then at the discretion of his executors."

"It must stand.

"B."

"I do hereby specifically order and direct that all

panied me to England in 1811; he returned to Greece, spring, 1812. He was a clever, but not apparently an enterprising man; but circumstances make men. His two sons (then infants) were named Miltrades and Alcibiades: may the omen be happy!"—*MS. Journal.*

\* On the death of his mother a considerable sum of money, the remains of the price of the estate of Gight, was paid into his hands by her trustee, Baron Clerk.

the claims of the said S. B. Davies upon me shall be fully paid and satisfied as soon as conveniently may be after my decease, on his proving [by vouchers, or otherwise, to the satisfaction of my executors hereinafter named]\* the amount thereof and the correctness of the same."

"If Mr Davies has any unsettled claims upon Lord Byron, that circumstance is a reason for his not being appointed executor; each executor having an opportunity of paying himself his own debt without consulting his co-executors."

"So much the better—if possible, let him be an executor. "B."

The two following letters contain further instructions on the same subject.

#### LETTER LVII.

TO MR BOLTON.

\* Newstead Abbey, August 16th, 1811.

"SIR,

"I have answered the queries on the margin.† I wish Mr Davies's claims to be most fully allowed, and, further, that he be one of my executors. I wish the will to be made in a manner to prevent all discussion, if possible, after my decease; and this I leave to you, as a professional gentleman.

"With regard to the few and simple directions for the disposal of my *carcass*, I must have them implicitly fulfilled, as they will, at least, prevent trouble and expense;—and (what would be of little consequence to me, but may quiet the conscience of the survivors) the garden is *consecrated* ground. These directions are copied verbatim from my former will; the alterations in other parts have arisen from the death of Mrs B.

"I have the honour to be your most obedient, humble servant,

"BYRON."

#### LETTER LVIII.

TO MR BOLTON.

\* Newstead Abbey, August 20, 1811.

"SIR,

"The witnesses shall be provided from amongst my tenants, and I shall be happy to see you on any day most convenient to yourself. I forgot to mention that it must be specified by codicil, or otherwise, that my body is on no account to be removed from the vault where I have directed it to be placed; and, in case any of my successors within the entail (from bigotry, or otherwise) might think proper to remove the carcass, such proceeding shall be attended by forfeiture of the estate, which, in such case, shall go to my sister the Honble. Augusta Leigh and her heirs, on similar conditions. I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your very obedient, humble servant,

"BYRON."

\*Over the words which I have here placed between brackets, Lord Byron drew his pen.

† In the clause enumerating the names and places of abode of C. e executors, the solicitor had left blanks for the christian names of these gentlemen, and Lord Byron, having filled up all but that of Dallas, writes in the margin—

—"I forget the christian name of Dallas—cut him out."

In consequence of this last letter, declaration, in conformity with its insert in the will. He also executed of this month, a codicil, by which he bequest of his "household goods a library, pictures, sabres, watches, trinkets, and other personal estate (and securities) situate within the wall sion-house and premises at his decea queathed the same (except his wine a liquors) to his friends, the said J. J. B. Davies, and Francis Hodgson, tors, &c., to be equally divided betw their own use;—and he bequeathed spirituous liquors, which should be in premises at Newstead, "unto his f J. Becher for his own use, and requ J. C. Hobhouse, J. B. Davies, F. J. Becher, respectively, to accept the b contained, to them respectively, as a friendship."

The following letters, written while were fresh in his mind, will be read interest.

#### LETTER LIX.

TO MR DALLAS.

\* Newstead Abbey, Notts., Aug

"Peace be with the dead! Regret them. With a sigh to the departed, let dull business of life, in the certainty shall have our repose. Besides her being, I have lost more than one w being tolerable.—The best friend of m house, Matthews, a man of the first also not the worst of my narrow circle miserably in the muddy waves of the fatal to genius:—my poor school field, at Coimbra—within a month; an heard from *all three*, but not seen o wrote to me the very day before his though I feel for his fate, I am still m Hobhouse, who, I very much fear, w tain his senses; his letters to me s have been most incoherent. But let shall all one day pass along with the re is too full of such things, and our v selfish.

"I received a letter from you, w occupations prevented me from duly hope your friends and family will long I shall be glad to hear from you, on common-place, or any thing, or nothing—I am already too familiar with the strange that I look on the skulls which me (I have always had *four* in my a emotion, but I cannot strip the featu have known of their fleshy covering, without a hideous sensation; but the w ceremonious.—Surely, the Romans d they burned the dead.—I shall be h from you, and am, yours, &c."



## LETTER LX.

TO MR HODGSON.

\*Newstead Abbey, August 22d, 1811.

may have heard of the sudden death of my  
and poor Matthews, which, with that of  
id (of which I was not fully aware till just  
I left town, and indeed hardly believed it),  
to a sad chain in my connexions. Indeed the  
died each other so rapidly that I am yet  
has the shock, and though I do eat and  
I talk, and even laugh, at times, yet I can  
convince myself that I am awake, did not  
convince me mournfully to the con-  
shall now wave the subject,—the dead are  
and none but the dead can be so.

will feel for poor Hobhouse,—Matthews  
'god of his idolatry'; and if intellect could  
man above his fellows, no one could refuse him  
same. I knew him most intimately, and  
him proportionably; but I am recurring—so  
at life and the living.

you should feel a disposition to come here, you  
I had a sea-coal fire, and not ungene-  
re. Whether Otway's two other requisites  
epitaphs or not, I cannot tell, but probably  
one.—Let me know when I may expect you,  
say tell you when I go and when return.—I  
just been to Lanck.

has been here, and has invited me to Cam-  
a week in October, so that, peradventure,  
encounter glass to glass. His gaiety (death  
near it) has done me service; but, after all,  
is a hollow laughter.

you will write to me? I am solitary, and I never  
made anyone before. Your anxiety about the  
I am "hook is amusing; as it was anonym-  
ous it was of little consequence: I wish it  
had a little more confusion, being a lover of  
noise. Are you doing nothing? writing no-  
thing nothing? why not your Satire on  
the subject (supposing the public to be  
entirely) would do wonders. Besides, it would  
for a destined deacon to prove his ortho-  
doxy would give me pleasure to see you  
prosecuted. I say really, as, being an au-  
thority might be suspected. Believe me,  
I am always."

## LETTER LXI.

TO MR DALLAS.

\*Newstead, August 27, 1811.

ter gives me credit for more acute feel-  
ings; for though I feel tolerably miser-  
able at the same time subject to a kind of  
irritation, or rather laughter without mer-  
it I can neither account for nor conquer,  
not feel relieved by it; but an indifferent  
I think me in excellent spirits. 'We  
these things,' and have recourse to our  
efforts, or rather comfortable selfishness.  
I shall return to London immediately,  
before accept freely what is offered cour-

teously—your mediation between me and Murray.  
I don't think my name will answer the purpose, and  
you must be aware that my plaguy Satire will bring  
the north and south Grub-streets down upon the  
'Pilgrimage';—but, nevertheless, if Murray makes a  
point of it, and you coincide with him, I will do it  
daringly; so let it be entitled, 'By the Author of  
English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' My remarks  
on the Romaic, &c., once intended to accompany the  
'Hints from Horace,' shall go along with the other,  
as being indeed more appropriate; also the smaller  
poems now in my possession, with a few selected  
from those published in \*'s Miscellany. I have  
found amongst my poor mother's papers all my letters  
from the East, and one in particular of some length  
from Albania. From this, if necessary, I can work  
up a note or two on that subject. As I kept no  
journal, the letters written on the spot are the best.  
But of this anon, when we have definitively arranged.

"Has Murray shown the work to any one? He may  
—but I will have no traps for applause. Of course  
there are little things I would wish to alter, and per-  
haps the two stanzas of a buffooning cast on Lon-  
don's Sunday are as well left out. I much wish to  
avoid identifying Childe Harold's character with  
mine, and that, in sooth, is my second objection to  
my name appearing in the title-page. When you  
have made arrangements as to time, size, type, &c.,  
favour me with a reply. I am giving you a universe  
of trouble, which thanks cannot atone for. I made a  
kind of prose apology for my scepticism at the head  
of the MS., which, on recollection, is so much more  
like an attack than a defence, that, haply, it might  
better be omitted:—perpend, pronounce. After all,  
I fear Murray will be in a scrape with the orthodox;  
but I cannot help it, though I wish him well through  
it. As for me, 'I have supped full of criticism,'  
and I don't think that 'the most dismal treatise' will  
stir and rouse my 'fell of hair' till 'Birmam wood do  
come to Dunsinane.'

"I shall continue to write at intervals, and hope  
you will pay me in kind. How does Pratt get on, or  
rather get off Joe Blackett's posthumous stock? You  
killed that poor man amongst you, in spite of your  
Ionian friend and myself, who would have saved him  
from Pratt, poetry, present poverty, and posthumous  
oblivion. Cruel patronage! to ruin a man at his  
calling; but then he is a divine subject for subscrip-  
tion and biography; and Pratt, who makes the most  
of his dedications, has inscribed the volume to no less  
than five families of distinction.

"I am sorry you don't like Harry White; with a  
great deal of cant, which in him was sincere (indeed  
it killed him, as you killed Joe Blackett), certes there  
is poesy and genius. I don't say this on account of  
my simile and rhymes; but surely he was beyond all  
the Bloomfields and Blacketts, and their collateral  
cobblers, whom Lofft and Pratt have or may kidnap  
from their calling, into the service of the trade. You  
must excuse my shippancy, for I am writing I know  
not what, to escape from myself. Hobhouse is gone  
to Ireland. Mr Davies has been here on his way to  
Harrowgate.

"You did not know M.; he was a man of the most  
astonishing powers, as he sufficiently proved at Cam-  
bridge, by carrying off more prizes and fellowships,

against the ablest candidates, than any other graduate on record; but a most decided atheist, indeed noxiously so, for he proclaimed his principles in all societies. I knew him well, and feel a loss not easily to be supplied to myself—to Hobhouse never. Let me hear from you, and believe me, &c."

The progress towards publication of his two forthcoming works will be best traced in his letters to Mr Murray and Mr Dallas.

## LETTER LXII.

TO MR MURRAY.

Newstead Abbey, Notts., August 23, 1811.

"SIR,

"A domestic calamity in the death of a near relation has hitherto prevented my addressing you on the subject of this letter.—My friend Mr Dallas has placed in your hands a manuscript poem written by me in Greece, which he tells me you do not object to publishing. But he also informed me in London that you wished to send the MS. to Mr Gifford. Now, though no one would feel more gratified by the chance of obtaining his observations on a work than myself, there is in such a proceeding a kind of petition for praise, that neither my pride—or whatever you please to call it—will admit. Mr G. is not only the first satirist of the day, but editor of one of the principal Reviews. As such, he is the last man whose censure (however eager to avoid it) I would deprecate by clandestine means. You will therefore retain the MS. in your own care, or, if it must needs be shown, send it to another. Though not very patient of censure, I would fain obtain fairly any little praise my rhymes might deserve, at all events not by extortion and the humble solicitations of a handied about MS. I am sure a little consideration will convince you it would be wrong.

"If you determine on publication, I have some smaller poems (never published), a few notes, and a short dissertation on the literature of the modern Greeks (written at Athens), which will come in at the end of the volume.—And if the present poem should succeed, it is my intention, at some subsequent period, to publish some selections from my first work,—my Satire,—another nearly the same length, and a few other things, with the MS. now in your hands, in two volumes.—But of these hereafter. You will apprise me of your determination. I am, sir, your very obedient, &c."

## LETTER LXIII.

TO MR DALLAS.

Newstead Abbey, August 25, 1811.

"Being fortunately enabled to frank, I do not spare scribbling, having sent you packets within the last ten days. I am passing solitary, and do not expect my agent to accompany me to Rochdale before the second week in September, a delay which perplexes me, as I wish the business over, and should at present welcome employment. I sent you exordiums, annotations, &c., for the forthcoming quarto, if quarto it is to be; and I also have written

to Mr Murray my objection to sending the MS. to Juvenal, but allowing him to show it to any other of the calling. Hobhouse is amongst the types already; so, between his prose and my verse, the world will be decently drawn upon for its paper-money and patience. Besides all this, my 'Imitation of Horace' is gasping for the press at Cuthorn's, but I am hesitating as to the *how* and *when*, the single or the double, the present or the future. You must excuse all this, for I have nothing to say in this lone mansion but of myself, and yet I would willingly talk or think of aught else.

"What are you about to do? Do you think perching in Cumberland, as you opined when I was in the metropolis? If you mean to retire, why occupy Miss \*\*\*'s 'Cottage of Friendship,' late the seat of Cobbler Joe, for whose death you and others are answerable? His 'Orphan Daughter' (patience Pratt!) will, certes, turn out a shoemaking Sappho. Have you no remorse? I think that elegant address to Miss Dallas should be inscribed on the corner which Miss \*\*\* means to stitch to his memory.

"The newspapers seem much disappointed at his majesty's not dying, or doing something better. I presume it is almost over. If parliament meets in October, I shall be in town to attend. I am invited to Cambridge for the beginning of the month, but am first to jaunt to Rochdale. Now Matthews is gone, and Hobhouse in Ireland, I am hardly one left there to bid me welcome, except an inviter. At three-and-twenty I am left alone, and what more can we be at seventy? It is true, I am young enough to begin again, but with whom can I retrace the laughing part of life? It is odd how many of my friends have died a quiet death,—I mean, in their beds. But a quiet life is of more consequence. Yet one loves squabbling and jostling better than yawning. This last word admonishes me to rile you from yours, very truly, &c."

## LETTER LXIV.

TO MR DALLAS.

Newstead Abbey, August 27, 1811.

"I was so sincere in my note on the late Charles Matthews, and do feel myself so totally unable to do justice to his talents, that the passage must stand as the very reason you bring against it. To him all the men I ever knew were pygmies. He was an intellectual giant. It is true I loved W. better; he was the earliest and the dearest, and one of the few who could never repent of having loved: but in ability—ah! you did not know Matthews!

"Childe Harold may wait and welcome—but are never the worse for delay in the publication. You have got our heir, George Anson Byron, and his sister, with you.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You may say what you please, but you are one of the murderers of Blackett, and yet you won't allow Harry White's genius. Setting aside his biography, surely ranks next Chatterton. It is astonishing how little he was known; and at Cambridge no one thought or heard of such a man, till his death."





dered all notice useless. For my own part, I should have been most proud of such an acquaintance: his very prejudices were respectable. There is a sucking epic poet at Granta, a Mr Townsend, *protégé* of the late Cumberland. Did you ever hear of him and his 'Armageddon?' I think his plan (the man I don't know) borders on the sublime; though, perhaps, the anticipation of the 'Last Day' (according to you Nazarenes), is a little too daring; at least, it looks like telling the Lord what he is to do, and might remind an ill-natured person of the line—

And fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

"But I don't mean to cavil, only other folks will, and he may bring all the lambs of Jacob Behmen about his ears. However, I hope he will bring it to a conclusion, though Milton is in his way.

"Write to me—I dote on gossip—and make a bow to Ju—, and shake George by the hand for me; but, take care, for he has a sad sea paw.

"P. S.—I would ask George here, but I don't know how to amuse him—all my horses were sold when I left England, and I have not had time to replace them. Nevertheless, if he will come down and shoot in September, he will be very welcome; but he must bring a gun, for I gave away all mine to Ali Pacha, and other Turks. Dogs, a keeper, and plenty of game, with a very large manor, I have—a lake, a boat, house-room, and *neat wines*."

#### LETTER LXV.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Newstead Abbey, Notts., Sept. 5th, 1811.

"SIR,

"The time seems to be past when (as Dr Johnson said) a man was certain to 'hear the truth from his bookseller,' for you have paid me so many compliments, that, if I was not the veriest scribbler on earth, I should feel affronted. As I accept your compliments, it is but fair I should give equal or greater credit to your objections, the more so, as I believe them to be well founded. With regard to the political and metaphysical parts, I am afraid I can alter nothing; but I have high authority for my errors in that point, for even the *Aeneid* was a *political* poem, and written for a *political* purpose; and as to my unlucky opinions on subjects of more importance, I am too sincere in them for recantation. On Spanish affairs I have said what I saw, and every day confirms me in that notion of the result formed on the spot; and I rather think honest John Bull is beginning to come round again to that sobriety which Massena's retreat had begun to reel from its centre—the usual consequence of unusual success. So you perceive I cannot alter the sentiments; but if there are any alterations in the structure of the versification you would wish to be made, I will tag rhymes and turn stanzas as much as you please. As for the '*orthodox*,' let us hope they will buy, on purpose to abuse—you will forgive the one, if they will do the other. You are aware that any thing from my pen must expect no quarter, on many accounts; and as the present publication is of a nature very different from the former, we must not be sanguine.

"You have given me no answer to my question—tell me fairly, did you show the MS. to some of your corps?—I sent an introductory stanza to Mr Dallas, to be forwarded to you; the poem else will open too abruptly. The stanzas had better be numbered in Roman characters. There is a disquisition on the literature of the modern Greeks, and some smaller poems, to come in at the close. These are now at Newstead, but will be sent in time. If Mr D. has lost the stanza and note annexed to it, write, and I will send it myself.—You tell me to add two Cantos, but I am about to visit my *collieries* in Lancashire on the 15th inst., which is so unpoetical an employment that I need say no more. I am, sir, your most obedient, &c."

The manuscripts of both his Poems having been shown, much against his own will, to Mr Gifford, the opinion of that gentleman was thus reported to him by Mr Dallas:—"Of your Satire he spoke highly; but this Poem (Childe Harold) he pronounces not only the best you have written, but equal to any of the present age."

#### LETTER LXVI.

TO MR DALLAS.

\* Newstead Abbey, September 7th, 1811.

"As Gifford has been ever my '*Magnus Apollo*,' any approbation, such as you mention, would, of course, be more welcome than 'all Bokara's vaunted gold, than all the gems of Samarkand.' But I am sorry the MS. was shown to him in such a manner, and I had written to Murray to say as much, before I was aware that it was too late.

"Your objection to the expression '*central line*,' I can only meet by saying that, before Childe Harold left England, it was his full intention to traverse Persia, and return by India, which he could not have done without passing the equinoctial.

"The other errors you mention, I must correct in the progress through the press. I feel honoured by the wish of such men that the poem should be continued, but to do that, I must return to Greece and Asia; I must have a warm sun and a blue sky; I cannot describe scenes so dear to me by a sea-coal fire. I had projected an additional Canto when I was in the Troad and Constantinople, and if I saw them again, it would go on; but under existing circumstances and *sensations*, I have neither harp, 'heart, nor voice' to proceed. I feel that *you are all right* as to the metaphysical part; but I also feel that I am sincere, and that if I am only to write '*ad captandum vulgus*,' I might as well edit a magazine at once, or spin canzonettas for Vauxhall.

\* \* \* \* \*

"My work must make its way as well as it can; I know I have every thing against me, angry poets and prejudices; but if the poem is a *poem*, it will surmount these obstacles, and if *not*, it deserves its fate. Your friend's Ode I have read—it is no great compliment to pronounce it far superior to S \* \*'s on the same subject, or to the merits of the new Chancellor. It is evidently the production of a man of taste, and a poet, though I should not be willing to say it was fully equal to what might be expected

from the author of '*Horæ Ionice*.' I thank you for it, and that is more than I would do for any other Ode of the present day.

"I am very sensible of your good wishes, and, indeed, I have need of them. My whole life has been at variance with propriety, not to say decency; my circumstances are become involved; my friends are dead or estranged, and my existence a dreary void. In Matthews I have lost my 'guide, philosopher, and friend;' in Wingfield a friend only, but one whom I could have wished to have preceded in his long journey.

"Matthews was indeed an extraordinary man; it has not entered into the heart of a stranger to conceive such a man; there was the stamp of immortality in all he said or did; and now what is he? When we see such men pass away and be no more—men, who seem created to display what the Creator *could* make his creatures, gathered into corruption, before the maturity of minds that might have been the pride of posterity, what are we to conclude? For my own part, I am bewildered. To me he was much, to Hobhouse every thing.—My poor Hobhouse doted on Matthews. For me, I did not love quite so much as I honoured him; I was indeed so sensible of his infinite superiority, that though I did not envy, I stood in awe of it. He, Hobhouse, Davies, and myself, formed a coterie of our own at Cambridge and elsewhere. Davies is a wit and man of the world, and feels as much as such a character can do; but not as Hobhouse has been affected. Davies, who is not a scribbler, has always beaten us all in the war of words, and by his colloquial powers at once delighted and kept us in order. H. and myself always had the worst of it with the other two; and even M. yielded to the dashing vivacity of S. D. But I am talking to you of men or boys, as if you cared about such beings.

"I expect mine agent down on the 14th to proceed to Lancashire, where, I hear from all quarters, that I have a very valuable property in coals, &c. I then intend to accept an invitation to Cambridge in October, and shall, perhaps, run up to town. I have four invitations—to Wales, Dorset, Cambridge, and Chester; but I must be a man of business. I am quite alone, as these long letters sadly testify. I perceive, by referring to your letter, that the Ode is from the author; make my thanks acceptable to him. His muse is worthy a nobler theme. You will write, as usual, I hope. I wish you a good evening, and am, &c."

#### LETTER LXVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Newstead Abbey, Notts., Sept. 14, 1811.

"SIR,

"Since your former letter, Mr Dallas informs me that the MS. has been submitted to the perusal of Mr Gifford, most contrary to my wishes, as Mr D. could have explained, and as my own letter to you did, in fact, explain, with my motives for objecting to such a proceeding. Some late domestic events, of which you are probably aware, prevented my letter from being sent before; indeed, I hardly conceived you would so hastily thrust my productions into the

hands of a stranger, who could be as by receiving them, as their author is as offered in such a manner, and to such a

"My address, when I leave Newstead 'Rochdale, Lancashire;' but I have not the day of departure, and I will apprize you ready to set off.

"You have placed me in a very ridiculous position; but it is past, and nothing more is the subject. You hinted to me that you intended alterations to be made; if they have nothing to do with politics or religion, I will make them ready. I am, sir, &c. &c."

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Newstead Abbey, Sept. 14, 1811.

"I return the proof, which I should have shown to Mr Dallas, who understands the arrangements much better than I can. The printer may place the notes in his own way, so that they are out of my way, nothing about types or margins.

"If you have any communication to me, be here at least a week or ten days longer."

"I am, sir,

#### LETTER LXVIII.

TO MR DALLAS.

\* Newstead Abbey, Sept. 14, 1811.

"I can easily excuse your not writing, &c. I hope, something better to do, and you will excuse my frequent invasions on your attention. I have at this moment nothing to interpose to you and my epistles.

"I cannot settle to any thing, and not with the exception of bodily exercise to me, with uniform indolence, and idle insipidity. I have been expecting, and still expect, my agent shall have enough to occupy my reflection, of no very pleasant aspect. Before I go to Rochdale, you shall have due notice of my address—I believe at the post-office, or township. From Murray I received a letter of the same pages, which I requested you, that any thing which may have been observed may be detected before the corner-stone of an *errata* column.

"I am now not quite alone, having an audience and schoolfellow with me, so old, we have nothing new to say on any subject, yawn at each other in a sort of *quiet in* hear nothing from Cawthorn, or Captain and their *quarto*—Lord have mercy on us! We come on like Cerberus with our tri-

\* On a leaf of one of his paper-books I find written at this time, which, though not perhaps good, I consider myself bound to insert:—

On Moore's last Operatic Force, or Fervour.

Good plays are scarce,  
So Moore writes farce:  
The poet's fame grows brittle—  
We knew before  
That Little's Moore,  
But now 't is Moore that's little.

Sept. 14,



myself, by myself, I must be satisfied soon to Janus.

I am all pleased with Murray for showing that I am certain Gifford must see it in the end I do. His praise is nothing to the end could he say? He could not spit in the end who had praised him in every possible way that I wish to have the impression on his mind, that I had any concern in the transaction. The more I think, the more I am; so I will say no more about it. I am a scribbler, without having reach shifts to extort praise, or deprecate it; I am anticipating, it is begging, kneeling, the devil! the devil! the devil! and all wish, and contrary to my express desire. I may have been tied to *Payne's* neck when I was in the Paddington Canal,\* and so tell me the proper receptacle for publishers. I am thoughts of settling in the country, why then? I think there are places which would be a point, and then you are nearer the end. But of this anon.

"I am yours, &c."

## LETTER LXIX.

TO MR DALLAS.

\* Newstead Abbey, Sept. 21, 1811.

I am all pleased with Murray for showing that I am certain Gifford must see it in the end I do. His praise is nothing to the end could he say? He could not spit in the end who had praised him in every possible way that I wish to have the impression on his mind, that I had any concern in the transaction. The more I think, the more I am; so I will say no more about it. I am a scribbler, without having reach shifts to extort praise, or deprecate it; I am anticipating, it is begging, kneeling, the devil! the devil! the devil! and all wish, and contrary to my express desire. I may have been tied to *Payne's* neck when I was in the Paddington Canal,\* and so tell me the proper receptacle for publishers. I am thoughts of settling in the country, why then? I think there are places which would be a point, and then you are nearer the end. But of this anon.

There is *Hellas* deem'd of heavenly birth,  
The *Hellas* deem'd of heavenly birth,

There is *Hellas* deem'd of heavenly birth,  
The *Hellas* deem'd of heavenly birth,

There is *Hellas* deem'd of heavenly birth,  
The *Hellas* deem'd of heavenly birth,

There is *Hellas* deem'd of heavenly birth,  
The *Hellas* deem'd of heavenly birth,

There is *Hellas* deem'd of heavenly birth,  
The *Hellas* deem'd of heavenly birth,

There is *Hellas* deem'd of heavenly birth,  
The *Hellas* deem'd of heavenly birth,

There is *Hellas* deem'd of heavenly birth,  
The *Hellas* deem'd of heavenly birth,

Hodgson upon my back, on the score of revelation. You are fervent, but he is quite glowing; and if he takes half the pains to save his own soul, which he volunteers to redeem mine, great will be his reward hereafter. I honour and thank you both, but am convinced by neither. Now for notes. Besides those I have sent, I shall send the observations on the Edinburgh Reviewer's remarks on the modern Greek, an Albanian song in the Albanian (*not Greek*) language, specimens of modern Greek from their New Testament, a comedy of Goldoni's translated, *one scene*, a prospectus of a friend's book, and perhaps a song or two, all in Romaic, besides their Pater Noster; so there will be enough, if not too much, with what I have already sent. Have you received the 'Noctes Atticæ?' I sent also an annotation on Portugal. Hobhouse is also forthcoming."

## LETTER LXX.

TO MR DALLAS.

\* Newstead Abbey, Sept. 23, 1811.

"*Lisboa* is the Portuguese word, consequently the very best. *Ulyssipont* is pedantic; and, as I have *Hellas* and *Eros* not long before, there would be something like an affectation of Greek terms, which I wish to avoid, since I shall have a perils quantity of *modern Greek* in my notes, as specimens of the tongue; therefore *Lisboa* may keep its place. You are right about the 'Hints'; they must not precede the 'Romaunt'; but Cawthorn will be savage if they don't; however, keep them back, and him in good humour, if we can, but do not let him publish.

"I have adopted, I believe, most of your suggestions, but '*Lisboa*' will be an exception, to prove the rule. I have sent a quantity of notes, and shall continue; but pray let them be copied; no devil can read my hand. By the by, I do not mean to exchange the ninth verse of the 'Good Night.' I have no reason to suppose my dog better than his brother brutes, mankind; and *Argus* we know to be a fable. The '*Cosmopolite*' was an acquisition abroad. I do not believe it is to be found in England. It is an amusing little volume, and full of French flippancy. I read, though I do not speak, the language.

"I will be angry with Murray. It was a book-selling, back-shop, Paternoster-row, paltry proceeding, and if the experiment had turned out as it deserved, I would have raised all Fleet-street, and borrowed the giant's staff from St Dunstan's church, to immolate the betrayer of trust. I have written to him as he never was written to before by an author, I'll be sworn, and I hope you will amplify my wrath, till it has an effect upon him. You tell me always you have much to write about. Write it, but let us drop metaphysics;—on that point we shall never agree. I am dull and drowsy, as usual. I do nothing, and even that nothing fatigues me. Adieu."

## LETTER LXXI.

TO MR DALLAS.

\* Newstead Abbey, October 11, 1811.

"I have returned from Lancs., and ascertained that my property there may be made very valuable."

but various circumstances very much circumscribe my exertions at present. I shall be in town on business in the beginning of November, and perhaps at Cambridge before the end of this month; but of my movements you shall be regularly apprized. Your objections I have in part done away by alterations, which I hope will suffice; and I have sent two or three additional stanzas for both '*Fyttes*.' I have been again shocked with a *death*, and have lost one very dear to me in happier times; but 'I have almost forgot the taste of grief,' and 'supped full of horrors' till I have become callous, nor have I a tear left for an event which, five years ago, would have bowed down my head to the earth. It seems as though I were to experience in my youth the greatest misery of age. My friends fall around me, and I shall be left a lonely tree before I am withered. Other men can always take refuge in their families; I have no resource but my own reflections, and they present no prospect here or hereafter, except the selfish satisfaction of surviving my betters. I am indeed very wretched, and you will excuse my saying so, as you know I am not apt to cant of sensibility.

"Instead of tiring yourself with *my* concerns, I should be glad to hear *your* plans of retirement. I suppose you would not like to be wholly shut out of society? Now, I know a large village, or small town, about twelve miles off, where your family would have the advantage of very genteel society, without the hazard of being annoyed by mercantile affluence; where *you* would meet with men of information and independence; and where I have friends to whom I should be proud to introduce you. There are, besides, a coffee-room, assemblies, &c. &c., which bring people together. My mother had a house there some years, and I am well acquainted with the economy of Southwell, the name of this little commonwealth. Lastly, you will not be very remote from me; and though I am the very worst companion for young people in the world, this objection would not apply to *you*, whom I could see frequently. Your expenses too would be such as best suit your inclinations, more or less, as you thought proper; but very little would be requisite to enable you to enter into all the gaieties of a country life. You could be as quiet or bustling as you liked, and certainly as well situated as on the lakes of Cumberland, unless you have a particular wish to be *picturesque*.

"Pray, is your Ionian friend in town? You have promised me an introduction.—You mention having consulted some friends on the MSS.—Is not this contrary to our usual way? Instruct Mr Murray not to allow his shopman to call the work '*Child of Harrow's Pilgrimage!!!*' as he has done to some of my astonished friends, who wrote to inquire after my *sanity* on the occasion, as well they might. I have heard nothing of Murray, whom I scolded heartily.—Must I write more notes?—Are there not enough?—Cawthorn must be kept back with the '*Hints*.'—I hope he is getting on with Hobhouse's quarto.

"Good evening. Yours ever, &c."

Of the same date with this melancholy letter are the following verses, never before printed, which he wrote in answer to some lines received from a friend, exhorting him to be cheerful, and to "*banish care*."

They will show with what gloomy fidelity while under the pressure of recent sorrow, reverted to the disappointment of his early after the chief source of all his sufferings and present and to come.

Newstead Abbey, October 11,

"Oh! banish care;"—such ever be  
The motto of *thy* revelry!  
Perchance of *mine*, when wassail nights  
Renew those riotous delights,  
Wherewith the children of Despair  
Lull the lone heart, and "*banish care*."  
But not in morn's reflecting hour,  
When present, past, and future lower,  
When all I loved is changed or gone,  
Mock with such taunts the woes of one  
Whose every thought—but let them pass—  
Thou know'st I am not what I was.  
But, above all, if thou wouldst hold  
Place in a heart that ne'er was cold,  
By all the powers that men revere,  
By all unto thy bosom dear,  
Thy joys below, thy hopes above,  
Speak—speak of any thing but love.

"I were long to tell, and vain to hear,  
The tale of one who scorns a tear;  
And there is little in that tale  
Which better bosoms would bewail.  
But mine has suffer'd more than well  
"I would suit Philosophy to tell,  
I've seen my bride another's bride,—  
Have seen her seated by his side,—  
Have seen the infant which she bore,  
Wear the sweet smile the mother wore,  
When she and I in youth have smiled  
As fond and faultless as her child—  
Have seen her eyes, in cold disdain,  
Ask if I felt no secret pain,  
And I have acted well my part,  
And made my cheek belie my heart,  
Return'd the freezing glance she gave,  
Yet felt the while *that* woman's slave:—  
Have kiss'd, as if without design,  
The babe which ought to have been mine,  
And show'd, alas! in each caress  
Time had not made me love the less.

But let this pass—I'll whine no more,  
Nor seek again an eastern shore:  
The world befits a busy brain—  
I'll hie me to its haunts again.  
But if, in some succeeding year,  
When Britain's "*May*" is in the *seer*,"  
Thou hear'st of one, whose deepening crimes  
Suit with the sablest of the times,  
Of one, whom Love, nor Pity aways,  
Nor hope of fame, nor good men's praise,  
One whom, in stern Ambition's pride,  
Perchance not Blood shall turn aside,  
One rank'd in some recording page  
With the worst anarchy of the age,  
Him wilt thou *know*—and, *knowing* pause,  
Nor with the *effect* forget the cause.

The anticipations of his own future cast these concluding lines are of a nature, it is owned, to awaken more of horror than of interest, were we not prepared, by so many instances of exaggeration in this respect, not to be startled at lengths to which the spirit of self-libelling could carry him. It seemed as if, with the power of painting fierce and gloomy personages, he had the ambition to be, himself, the dark "*sublimity*," and that, in his fondness for the details of heroic crime, he endeavoured to fancy, what he could not find, in his own character, fit subject for his pencil.

It was about the time when he was thus



pressing the blight which his heart  
 on a *real* object of affection, that his  
 death of an *imaginary* one, "Thyrza,"  
 —is it any wonder, when we con-  
 sider circumstances under which these  
 ideas flowed from his fancy, that of all  
 of passions, they should be the most  
 and most pure. They were, indeed, the  
 abstract spirit, as it were, of many  
 absence of sad thoughts from many  
 row, refined and warmed in their pas-  
 sion's fancy, and forming thus one deep  
 mournful feeling. In retracing the happy  
 known with the friends now lost,  
 at tenderness of his youth came back  
 his school-sports with the favourites of  
 Wingfield and Tattersall,—his summer  
 ing,\* and those evenings of music and  
 which he had dreamed away in the society  
 of brother, Eddlestone,—all these re-  
 the young and dead now came to mingle  
 his mind with the image of her, who,  
 was, for him, as much lost as they,  
 that general feeling of sadness and  
 which his soul, which found a vent in

No friendship, however warm, could  
 know so passionate; as no love, how-  
 old have kept passion so chastened. It  
 day of the two affections, in his me-  
 moration, that thus gave birth to an  
 combining the best features of both, and  
 in these saddest and tenderest of love-  
 which we find all the depth and intensity  
 touched over with such a light as no

one writer gives some further account  
 of his thoughts and pursuits at this

## LETTER LXXII.

TO MR HODGSON.

\*Newstead Abbey, Oct. 13th, 1811.

begin to deem me a most liberal corres-  
 as my letters are free, you will over-  
 penance. I have sent you answers in  
 set† to all your late communications,  
 am invading your ease again, I don't  
 what to put down that you are not ac-  
 already. I am growing *nervous* (how  
 it)—but it is true,—really, wretch-  
 edly, *fineladically nervous*. Your cli-

I can neither read, write, or amuse  
 one else. My days are listless, and  
 easy; I have very seldom any society,  
 and, I run out of it. At 'this present  
 time in the next room three ladies, and  
 way to write this grumbling letter.—I  
 I shan't end with insanity, for I find  
 freedom in arranging my thoughts that  
 strangely; but this looks more like  
 madness, as Scrope Davies would face-  
 in his consoling manner. I must try  
 of your company; and a session of  
 set from one of his journals, page 27.  
 in the preceding page, dated October 11th.

Parliament would suit me well,—any thing to cure  
 me of conjugating the accursed verb '*ennuyer*.'

"When shall you be at Cambridge? You have  
 hinted, I think, that your friend Bland is returned  
 from Holland. I have always had a great respect  
 for his talents, and for all that I have heard of his  
 character; but of me, I believe, he knows nothing,  
 except that he heard my 6th form repetitions ten  
 months together, at the average of two lines a morn-  
 ing, and those never perfect. I remembered him and  
 his 'Slaves' as I passed between Capes Matapan,  
 St Angelo, and his Isle of Cerigo, and I always be-  
 wailed the absence of the Anthology. I suppose he  
 will now translate Vondel, the Dutch Shakspeare,  
 and 'Gysbert van Amstel' will easily be accommo-  
 dated to our stage in its present state; and I presume  
 he saw the Dutch poem, where the love of Pyramus  
 and Thisbe is compared to the *passion of Christ*;  
 also the love of *Lucifer* for Eve, and other varieties  
 of Low Country literature. No doubt you will think  
 me crazed to talk of such things, but they are all in  
 black and white and good repute on the banks of  
 every canal from Amsterdam to Alkmaar.

"Yours ever

"B.

"My Poesy is in the hands of its various pub-  
 lishers; but the 'Hints from Horace' (to which I  
 have subjoined some savage lines on Methodism, and  
 ferocious notes on the vanity of the triple Editory of  
 the Edin. Annual Register), my '*Hints*,' I say, stand  
 still, and why?—I have not a friend in the world  
 (but you and Drury) who can construe Horace's  
 Latin, or my English, well enough to adjust them for  
 the press, or to correct the proofs in a grammatical  
 way. So that, unless you have bowels when you  
 return to town (I am too far off to do it for myself),  
 this ineffable work will be lost to the world for—I  
 don't know how many *weeks*.

"'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage' must wait till Mur-  
 ray's is finished. He is making a tour in Middlesex,  
 and is to return soon, when high matter may be ex-  
 pected. He wants to have it in quarto, which is a  
 cursed unsaleable size; but it is pestilential long, and  
 one must obey one's bookseller. I trust Murray will  
 pass the Paddington Canal without being seduced by  
 Payne and Mackinlay's example,—I say Payne and  
 Mackinlay, supposing that the partnership held good.  
 Drury, the villain, has not written to me; 'I am  
 never (as Mrs Lumpkin says to Tony) to be gratified  
 with the monster's dear wild notes.'

"So you are going (going indeed!) into orders.  
 You must make your peace with the Eclectic  
 Reviewers—they accuse you of impiety, I fear, with  
 injustice. Demetrius, the 'Sieger of Cities,' is here,  
 with 'Gilpin Horner.' The painter\* is not necessary,  
 as the portraits he already painted are (by anticipa-  
 tion) very like the new animals.—Write, and send  
 me your 'Love Song'—but I want '*paulo majora*'  
 from you. Make a dash before you are a deacon, and  
 try a *dry* publisher.

"Yours always,

"B."

\* Barber, whom he had brought down to Newstead to  
 paint his wolf and his bear.

It was at this period that I first had the happiness of seeing and becoming acquainted with Lord Byron. The correspondence, in which our acquaintance originated, is, in a high degree, illustrative of the frankness of his character; and, as it was begun on my side, some egotism must be tolerated in the detail which I have to give of the circumstances that led to it. So far back as the year 1806, on the occasion of a meeting which took place at Chalk Farm between Mr Jeffrey and myself, a good deal of ridicule and raillery, founded on a false representation of what occurred before the magistrates at Bow-street, appeared in almost all the public prints. In consequence of this, I was induced to address a letter to the Editor of one of the Journals, contradicting the falsehood that had been circulated, and stating briefly the real circumstances of the case. For some time, my letter seemed to produce the intended effect,—but, unluckily, the original story was too tempting a theme for humour and sarcasm to be so easily superseded by mere matter of fact. Accordingly, after a little time, whenever the subject was publicly alluded to,—more especially by those who were at all “willing to wound,”—the old falsehood was, for the sake of its ready sting, revived.

In the year 1809, on the first appearance of “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,” I found the author, who was then generally understood to be Lord Byron, not only jesting on this subject—and with sufficiently provoking pliantry and cleverness—in his verse, but giving also in the more responsible form of a note, an outline of the transaction in accordance with the original misreport, and, therefore, in direct contradiction to my published statement. Still, as the Satire was anonymous and unacknowledged, I did not feel that I was, in any way, called upon to notice it, and therefore dismissed the matter entirely from my mind. In the summer of the same year appeared the Second Edition of the work, with Lord Byron’s name prefixed to it. I was, at the time, in Ireland, and but little in the way of literary society; and it so happened that some months passed away before the appearance of this new edition was known to me. Immediately on being apprized of it,—the offence now assuming a different form,—I addressed the following letter to Lord Byron, and, transmitting it to a friend in London, requested that he would have it delivered into his lordship’s hands.\*

\* Dublin, January 1st, 1810.

“MY LORD,

“Having just seen the name of ‘Lord Byron’ prefixed to a work, entitled ‘English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,’ in which, as it appears to me, *the lie is given* to a public statement of mine, respecting an affair with Mr Jeffrey some years since, I beg you will have the goodness to inform me whether I may consider your Lordship as the author of this publication.

\* This is the only entire letter of my own that, in the course of this war, I mean to obtrude upon my readers. Being short, and in terms explanatory of the feeling on which it is dictated, rather than any other that could be substituted, it might be suffered, thought, to form the single exception to my general rule. In all other cases, I shall merely give such extracts from my own letters, as may be necessary to elucidate those of my correspondent.

“I shall not, I fear, be able to rest for a week or two; but, in the mean time, your lordship will not deny me the knowing whether you agree the inn the passages alluded to.

“It is needless to suggest to you propriety of keeping our correspondence

“I have the honour to be

“Your lordship’s very humble servant

“Thos

“22, Mile-end-street.”

In the course of a week, the friend I trusted this letter wrote to inform me it had, as he learned on inquiring of his publisher immediately on the publication of the Edition; but that my letter had been handed of a gentleman named Hodgson, undertaken to forward it carefully. Though the latter step was not exactly have wished, I thought it as well, on the my letter take its chance, and again consideration of the matter.

During the interval of a year and elapsed before Lord Byron’s return, upon myself obligations, both as husband which make most men,—and especially have nothing to bequeath,—less will themselves unnecessarily to danger. therefore, of the arrival of the noble Greece, though still thinking it due to my up my first request of an explanation, prosecuting that object, to adopt such a pacific result, but show the entire free angry or resentful feeling with which

The death of Mrs Byron, for some time purpose. But as soon after that ever sistent with decorum, addressed a. Byron, in which, referring to my formation, and expressing some doubts as to reached him, re-stated, in pretty words, the nature of the insult, which, to me, the passage in his note was cal very. “It is now useless,” continued of the steps with which it was my into up that letter. The time which has then, though it has done away neither the feeling of it, has, in many respects altered my situation; and the only o have now in writing to your lordship some consistency with that former letter to you that the injured feeling still e: circumstances may compel me to be dates, at present. When say ‘injur me assure your lordship that there is vindictive sentiment in my mind to mean but to express that uneasiness, consider to be) a charge of falsehood haunt a man of any feeling to his grave sult be retracted or atoned for and w not feel, should, indeed, deserve f your lordship’s satire could inflict upon elusion I added, that, so far from being any angry or resentful feeling towards give me sincere pleasure, if, by any w



could enable me to seek the honour of  
ward ranked among his acquaintance.\*  
Lord Byron returned the following

## LETTER LXXIII.

TO MR MOORE.

"Cambridge, October 27th, 1811.

er followed me from Notts. to this place,  
must for the delay of my reply. Your  
I never had the honour to receive;—be  
whatever part of the world it had found  
have deemed it my duty to return and  
answer.

retachment you mention, I know nothing  
of your meeting with Mr Jeffrey, I  
entered College, and remember to have  
of a number of squibs on the occasion,  
recollection of these I derived all my  
the subject, without the slightest idea  
to an address which I never beheld.  
my name to the production, which has  
a correspondence, I became responsible  
might concern,—to explain, where it  
station, and, where insufficiently or too  
pleist, at all events to satisfy. My situa-  
no choice; it rests with the injured  
to obtain reparation in their own way.  
gard to the passage in question, you  
not the person towards whom I felt per-  
On the contrary, my whole thoughts  
and by one, whom I had reason to con-  
sider literary enemy, nor could I foresee  
an antagonist was about to become his.

You do not specify what you would wish  
me: I can neither retract nor apologise for  
what which I never advanced.

beginning of the week, I shall be at  
Anne's street.—Neither the letter or the  
has you stated your intention ever made  
known.

and, Mr Rogers, or any other gentleman  
you, will find me most ready to adopt  
my proposition which shall not compro-  
mise,—or, failing in that, to make the  
deem it necessary to require.

the honour to be, sir,

your most obedient, humble servant,

"BYRON."

to this, I commenced by saying that  
rather was, upon the whole, as satisfac-  
to expect. It contained all that, in the  
ique of explanation, could be required,  
he had never seen the statement which  
he wilfully to have contradicted,—that  
tion of bringing against me any charge  
ed that the objectionable passage of his  
levelled personally at me. This, I  
the explanation that I had a right to  
was, of course, satisfied with it.

different draughts of this letter among my  
be quite certain as to some of the terms  
have little doubt that they are here given

I then entered into some detail relative to the trans-  
mission of my first letter from Dublin,—giving, as my  
reason for descending to these minute particulars,  
that I did not, I must confess, feel quite easy under  
the manner in which his lordship had noticed the mis-  
carriage of that first application to him.

My reply concluded thus:—"As your lordship does  
not show any wish to proceed beyond the rigid formu-  
lary of explanation, it is not for me to make any fur-  
ther advances. We Irishmen, in businesses of this  
kind, seldom know any medium between decided  
hostility and decided friendship;—but, as any ap-  
proaches towards the latter alternative must now  
depend entirely on your lordship, I have only to re-  
peat that I am satisfied with your letter, and that I  
have the honour to be," &c. &c.

On the following day, I received the annexed re-  
joinder from Lord Byron.

## LETTER LXXIV.

TO MR MOORE.

"8, St James's street, October 29th, 1811.

"SIR,

"Soon after my return to England, my friend,  
Mr Hodgson, apprized me that a letter for me was  
in his possession, but a domestic event hurrying me  
from London, immediately after, the letter (which  
may most probably be your own) is still *unopened in  
his keeping*. If, on examination of the address, the  
similarity of the handwriting should lead to such a  
conclusion, it shall be opened in your presence, for  
the satisfaction of all parties. Mr H. is at present  
out of town;—on Friday I shall see him, and request  
him to forward it to my address.

"With regard to the latter part of both your  
letters, until the principal point was discussed be-  
tween us, I felt myself at a loss in what manner to  
reply. Was I to anticipate friendship from one,  
who conceived me to have charged him with false-  
hood? Were not *advances*, under such circum-  
stances, to be misconstrued,—not, perhaps, by the  
person to whom they were addressed, but by others?  
In my case, such a step was impracticable. If you,  
who conceived yourself to be the offended person,  
are satisfied that you had no cause for offence, it  
will not be difficult to convince me of it. My situa-  
tion, as I have before stated, leaves me no choice.  
I should have felt proud of your acquaintance, had  
it commenced under other circumstances; but it  
must rest with you to determine how far it may pro-  
ceed after so *auspicious* a beginning.

"I have the honour to be, etc."

Somewhat piqued, I own, at the manner in which  
my efforts towards a more friendly understanding,—  
ill-timed as I confess them to have been,—were re-  
ceived, I hastened to close our correspondence by a  
short note, saying, that his lordship had made me  
feel the imprudence I was guilty of, in wandering  
from the point immediately in discussion between us;  
and I should now, therefore, only add, that if, in my  
last letter, I had correctly stated the substance of his  
explanation, our correspondence might, from this  
moment, cease for ever, as with that explanation I  
declared myself satisfied.

This brief note drew immediately from Lord Byron the following frank and open-hearted reply.

### LETTER LXXV.

TO MR MOORE.

"8, St James's-street, October 30th, 1811.

"SIR,

"You must excuse my troubling you once more upon this very unpleasant subject. It would be a satisfaction to me, and, I should think, to yourself, that the unopened letter in Mr Hodgson's possession (supposing it to prove your own) should be returned 'in statu quo' to the writer; particularly as you expressed yourself 'not quite easy under the manner in which I had dwelt on its miscarriage.'

"A few words more, and I shall not trouble you further. I felt, and still feel, very much flattered by those parts of your correspondence, which held out the prospect of our becoming acquainted. If I did not meet them, in the first instance, as perhaps I ought, let the situation in which I was placed be my defence. You have *now* declared yourself *satisfied*, and on that point we are no longer at issue. If, therefore, you still retain any wish to do me the honour you hinted at, I shall be most happy to meet you, when, where, and how you please, and I presume you will not attribute my saying thus much to any unworthy motive.

"I have the honour to remain, etc."

On receiving this letter, I went instantly to my friend, Mr Rogers, who was, at that time, on a visit at Holland House, and, for the first time, informed him of the correspondence in which I had been engaged. With his usual readiness to oblige and serve, he proposed that the meeting between Lord Byron and myself should take place at his table, and requested of me to convey to the noble lord his wish, that he would do him the honour of naming some day for that purpose. The following is Lord Byron's answer to the note which I then wrote.

### LETTER LXXVI.

TO MR MOORE.

"8, St James's-street, November 1st, 1811.

"SIR,

"As I should be very sorry to interrupt your Sunday's engagement, if Monday, or any other day of the ensuing week, would be equally convenient to yourself and friend, I will then have the honour of accepting his invitation. Of the professions of esteem with which Mr Rogers has honoured me, I cannot but feel proud, though undeserving. I should be wanting to myself, if insensible to the praise of such a man; and, should my approaching interview with him and his friend lead to any degree of intimacy with both or either, I shall regard our past correspondence as one of the happiest events of my life.

"I have the honour to be,

"Your very sincere and obedient servant,  
"BYRON."

It can hardly, I think, be necessary to call the reader's attention to the good sense, self-possession, and frankness of these letters of Lord Byron. I had

placed him,—by the somewhat naïveté which I had made of the boundaries of war, of hostility and friendship,—in a position ignorant as he was of the character who addressed him, it required all the force of his sense of honour to guard from him the snare. Hence, the judicious reserve abstained from noticing my advance acquaintance, till he should have ascertained whether the explanation which he was about to give would be such as his correspondent was obliged to receive. The moment he was at this point, the frankness of his nature showed itself; and the disregard of all further etiquette with which he at once presented himself ready to meet me "when, where, and how" showed that he could be as pliant and as such an understanding, as he had been reserved and punctilious before it.

Such did I find Lord Byron, on my first meeting of him; and such,—so open and manly I find him to the last.

It was, at first, intended by Mr Rogers that company at dinner should not extend to Byron and myself; but Mr Thomas Costello called upon our host that morning, was admitted to the party, and consented. Such a meeting could be otherwise than interesting to us, it was the first time that Lord Byron was ever seen with three companions; while he, on his first time, found himself in the society of names had been associated with his dreams, and to *two* of whom he looked with tributary admiration, which youthfulness was ready to pay to its precursors.

Among the impressions which this first meeting made on me, what I chiefly remember to have been the nobleness of his air, his beauty, his voice and manners, and—what was the least attraction—his marked kindness. Being in mourning for his mother, the simplicity of his dress, as of his glossy, curling hair, gave more effect to the pureness of his features, in the expression of which, as he spoke, there was a perpetual play, and though melancholy was their habitual expression in repose.

As we had none of us been acquainted with respect to food, the conversation of our host was not a little, on discovery, was nothing upon the table which could eat or drink. Neither meat nor wine would Lord Byron touch; and of bottled water, which he asked for, there had been no provision. He professed, however, to be well pleased with potatoes and vinegar, and meagre materials contrived to make dinner.

I shall now resume the series of his notices with other friends.

\* In speaking thus, I beg to disclaim all partiality. Lord Byron had already made the same statement in the opinions which he expressed of others. I cannot but be aware that, for the praise bestowed on my writings, I was indebted to his partiality to myself.



## LETTER LXXVII.

TO MR. HARNES.

\* 8, St James's-street, December 6th, 1811.

MY DEAR HARNES,

write again, but don't suppose I mean to lay a tax on your pen and patience as to expect replies. When you are inclined, write; when not, I shall have the consolation of knowing that you are much better employed. Yesterday, Bland called on Mr. Miller, who, being then out, will be Bland to-day or to-morrow. I shall certainly endeavour to bring them together.—You are censorious; when you are a little older, you will be like every body, but abuse nobody.

With regard to the person of whom you speak, common sense must direct you. I never pretend to be an implicit believer in the old proverb. The present frost is detestable. It is the first I have felt these three years, though I longed for it in the oriental summer, when no such thing is to be had, when I had gone to the top of Hymettus for it.

I thank you most truly for the concluding part of your letter. I have been of late not much accustomed to kindness from any quarter, and I am not the less pleased to meet with it again from one, whom I had known it earliest. I have not changed all my feelings,—Harrow and, of course, yourself were left me, and the

Dices reminiscitur Argos

reminded me in the very spot to which that sentence alludes in the end of the fallen Argive.—Our intimacy began when we began to date at all, and it seems with you to continue it till the hour which almost numbers it and me with the things that were.

By read mathematics.—I should think *X plus Y* of last is answering as the Curse of Kehama, and much more intelligible. Master S.'s poems are, in fact, what parallel lines might be—viz., prolonged of infinity without meeting any thing half so absurd as themselves.

What news, what news? Queen Orcana,

What news of scribbles five?

S—, W—, C—, L—d, and L—e?—

All down'd, though yet alive.

— is lecturing. "Many an old fool," said Harnes to some each lecturer, "but such as this, never."

"Ever yours, &amp;c."

## LETTER LXXVIII.

TO MR. HARNES.

\* 8, St James's-street, Dec. 8th, 1811.

Behold a most formidable sheet, without gilt or edging, and consequently very vulgar and innumerable, particularly to one of your precision; but being Sunday, I can procure no better, and will be far its length by not filling it. Bland I have

The Rev. Robert Bland, one of the authors of "Collected from the Greek Anthology." Lord Byron was, at times, endeavouring to secure for Mr Bland the task of stating Lucien Buonaparte's Poem.

not seen since my last letter; but on Tuesday he dines with me and will meet M\*\*e, the epitome of all that is exquisite in poetical or personal accomplishments. How Bland has settled with Miller, I know not. I have very little interest with either, and they must arrange their concerns according to their own gusto. I have done my endeavours, at your request, to bring them together, and hope they may agree to their mutual advantage.

\* Coleridge has been lecturing against Campbell. Rogers was present, and from him I derive the information. We are going to make a party to hear this Manichean of poesy.—Pole is to marry Miss Long, and will be a very miserable dog for all that. The present ministers are to continue, and his majesty does continue in the same state. So there's folly and madness for you, both in a breath.

"I never heard but of one man truly fortunate, and he was Beaumarchais, the author of Figaro, who buried two wives and gained three lawsuits before he was thirty.

"And now, child, what art thou doing? *Reading, I trust.* I want to see you take a degree. Remember this is the most important period of your life; and don't disappoint your papa and your aunt, and all your kin—besides myself. Don't you know that all male children are begotten for the express purpose of being graduates? and that even I am an A. M., though how I became so, the Public Orator only can resolve. Besides, you are to be a priest; and to confute Sir William Drummond's late book about the Bible (printed, but not published), and all other infidels whatever. Now leave master H.'s gig, and master S.'s Sapphics, and become as immortal as Cambridge can make you.

"You see, mio carissimo, what a pestilent correspondent I am likely to become; but then you shall be as quiet at Newstead as you please, and I won't disturb your studies, as I do now. When do you fix the day, that I may take you up, according to contract? Hodgson talks of making a third in our journey: but we can't stow him, inside at least. Positively you shall go with me as was agreed, and don't let me have any of your *politesse* to H. on the occasion. I shall manage to arrange for both with a little contrivance. I wish H. was not quite so fat, and we should pack better. Has he left off vinous liquors? He is an excellent soul; but I don't think water would improve him, at least internally. You will want to know what I am doing—chewing tobacco.

"You see nothing of my allies, Scrope Davies and Matthews\*—they don't suit you; and how does it happen that I—who am a pipkin of the same pottery—continue in your good graces! Good night,—I will go on in the morning.

"Dec. 9th. In a morning I'm always sullen, and to-day is as sombre as myself. Rain and mist are worse than a sirocco, particularly in a beef-eating and beer-drinking country. My bookseller, Cawthorne, has just left me, and tells me, with a most important face, that he is in treaty for a novel of Madame D'Arblay's, for which 1000 guineas are asked! He wants me to read the MS. (if he obtains

\* The brother of his late friend Charles Skinner Matthews.

it), which I shall do with pleasure; but I should be very cautious in venturing an opinion on her, whose Cecilia Dr Johnson superintended. If he lends it to me, I shall put it into the hands of Rogers and M\* \*e, who are truly men of taste. I have filled the sheet, and beg your pardon; I will not do it again. I shall, perhaps, write again; but if not, believe, silent or scribbling, that I am, my dearest William, ever, &c."

## LETTER LXXIX.

TO MR HODGSON.

"London, Dec. 8th, 1811.

"I sent you a sad Tale of Three Friars, the other day, and now take a dose in another style. I wrote it a day or two ago, on hearing a song of former days.

Away, away, ye notes of woe,\* &c. &c.

"I have gotten a book by Sir W. Drammond (printed but not published), entitled *Œdipus Judaicus*, in which he attempts to prove the greater part of the Old Testament an allegory, particularly Genesis and Joshua. He professes himself a theist in the preface, and handles the literal interpretation very roughly. I wish you could see it. Mr W\* \* has lent it me, and, I confess, to me it is worth fifty Watsons.

"You and Harness must fix on the time for your visit to Newstead; I can command mine at your wish, unless any thing particular occurs in the interim. \* \* \* Bland dines with me on Tuesday to meet Moore. Coleridge has attacked the 'Pleasures of Hope,' and all other pleasures whatsoever. Mr Rogers was present, and heard himself indirectly *rowed* by the lecturer. We are going in a party to hear the new Art of Poetry by this reformed schismatic; and were I one of these poetical luminaries, or of sufficient consequence to be noticed by the man of lectures, I should not hear him without an answer. For, you know, 'an a man will be beaten with brains, he shall never keep a clean doublet.' C\* \* will be desperately annoyed. I never saw a man (and of him I have seen very little) so sensitive;—what a happy temperament! I am sorry for it; what can he fear from criticism? I don't know if Bland has seen Miller, who was to call on him yesterday.

"To-day is the Sabbath,—a day I never pass pleasantly, but at Cambridge; and, even there, the organ is a sad remembrancer. Things are stagnant enough in town,—as long as they don't retrograde, 'tis all very well. H\* \* writes and writes and writes, and is an author. I do nothing but eschew tobacco. I wish parliament were assembled, that I may hear, and perhaps some day be heard;—but on this point I am not very sanguine. I have many plans; sometimes I think of the East again, and dearly beloved Greece. I am well, but weakly. Yesterday Kinnaird told me I looked very ill, and sent me home happy.

"You will never give up wine;—see what it is to be thirty; if you were six years younger, you might

\* This poem is now printed in Lord Byron's Works.

leave off any thing. You drink and repent, repent and drink. Is Scrope still interesting as valid? And how does Hinde with his cursed mistry? To Harness I have written, and he has written, and we have all written, and have now to do but write again, till death splits up the and the scribbler.

"The Alfred has 354 candidates for six vacancies. The cook has run away and left us liable, &c. makes our committee very plaintive. Master Bland our head serving-man, has the gout, and our cook is none of the best. I speak from report, what is cookery to a leguminous-eating ascetic? now you know as much of the matter as I do. Bland and quiet are still there, and they may draw dishes in their own way for me. Let me know your determination as to Newstead, and believe me,

"Yours ever,

"Napier"

## LETTER LXXX.

TO MR HODGSON.

"8, St James's-street, Dec. 12th, 1811.

"Why, Hodgson! I fear you have left off with me at the same time;—I have written and written, and no answer!—My dear Sir Bland water disagrees with you,—drink sack and Bland did not come to his appointment, being sent but M\* \*e supplied all other vacancies most respectably. I have hopes of his joining us at Newstead. I am sure you would like him more and more as he develops,—at least I do.

"How Miller and Bland go on, I don't know. Coleridge talks of being in treaty for a novel of D'Arblay's, and if he obtains it (at 1000 gs.!) will me to see the MS. This I should read with pleasure,—not that I should ever dare to venture a criticism on her whose writings Dr Johnson once reviewed, for the pleasure of the thing. If my worthy publisher wanted a sound opinion, I should send the MS. to Rogers and M\* \*e, as men most alive to truth. I have had frequent letters from Wm. Harness, &c. you are silent; certes, you are not a scholar. However, I have the consolation of knowing that you are better employed, viz. reviewing. You don't serve that I should add another syllable, and I am Yours, &c.

"P. S.—I only wait for your answer to fix a meeting.

## LETTER LXXXI.

TO MR HARNESS.

"8, St James's-street, December 13, 1811.

"I wrote you an answer to your last, which, as reflection, pleases me as little as it probably has pleased yourself. I will not wait for your rejoinder; but I intend to tell you, that I had just then been (just) with an epistle of \* \*s, full of his petty grievances and this at the moment when (from circumstance is not necessary to enter upon) I was bearing against recollections to which his imaginary sufferings are as a scratch to a cancer. These things combined put me out of humour with him and all such



it), which I shall  
very cautious of  
Cecilia Dr John  
me, I shall  
who are truly  
and beg you  
shall, perhaps  
or scribble  
&c."

all  
other  
my  
for

...the first months of our ac-  
...together alone; and as we had no  
...to insert to,—the Alfred being the  
...at that period, belonged, and I  
...none but Watier's,—our  
...at the St Alban's, or at his  
...Though at times he would  
...he still adhered to his  
...in food. He appeared, indeed,  
...a notion that animal food has some  
...on the character; and I remember,  
...I sat opposite to him, employed, I sup-  
...over a beef-steak, after watch-  
...for a few seconds, he said, in a grave tone of  
...Moore, "don't you find eating beef-steak  
...you precious?"  
...me to have expressed a wish to be-  
...of the Alfred, he very good-naturedly  
...time in proposing me as a candidate; but as  
...the resolution which I had then nearly formed of be-  
...a country life, rendered an additional  
...in London superfluous, I wrote to beg that he  
...for the present, at least, withdraw my name;  
...his answer, though containing little, being the  
...first familiar note he ever honoured me with, I may  
...for feeling a peculiar pleasure in insert-  
...it.

#### LETTER LXXXII.

TO MR MOORE.

"December 11, 1811.

"MY DEAR MOORE,

"If you please, we will drop our formal monosyl-

\* Written beneath the picture of ———.

lables, and adhere to the appellations  
our godfathers and godmothers. If you  
point, I will withdraw your name; at  
there is no occasion, as I have this  
your election 'sine die,' till it shall su  
to be amongst us. I do not say  
awkwardness the erasure of your p  
occasion to me, but simply such is t  
case; and, indeed, the longer your na  
stronger will become the probability o  
your voters more numerous. Of co  
decide—your wish shall be my law. I  
already outrun discretion, pardon me,  
my officiousness to an excusable moti

"I wish you would go down with me  
Hodgson will be there, and a young  
Harness, the earliest and dearest I  
the third form at Harrow to this hou  
mise you good wine, and, if you lik  
manor of 4000 acres, fires, books, y  
will, and my own very indifferent compo  
vina \* \* \* \*

"Hodgson will plague you, I fear,  
for my own part, I will conclude, with  
recitabo tibi; and surely the last ind  
the least. Ponder on my proposition  
me, my dear Moore,

"Yours

Among those acts of generosity and  
which every year of Lord Byron's life w  
there is none, perhaps, that, for its  
seasonableness and delicacy, as well  
fect worthiness of the person who was  
it, deserves more honourable mention th  
I am now about to record, and whic  
nearly at the period of which I am sp  
friend, whose good fortune it was to in  
ing thus testified, was Mr Hodgson,  
to whom so many of the preceding l  
dressed; and as it would be unjust to  
grace and honour of being, himself, th  
obligations so signal, I shall here b  
readers an extract from the letter w  
reference to a passage in one of his  
Journals, he has favoured me.

"I feel it incumbent upon me to e  
cumstances to which this passage allu  
private their nature. They are, indee  
to do honour to the memory of my lan  
Having become involved, unfortunatel  
ties and embarrassments, I received fra  
(besides former pecuniary obligations)  
the time in question, to the amount  
pounds. Aid of such magnitude was  
licit and unexpected on my part; I  
long-cherished, though secret, purpose  
to afford that aid; and he only waited  
when he thought it would be of most  
own words were, on the occasion of c  
overwhelming favour, 'I always intena

During all this time, and through t  
January and February, his Poem of  
roid" was in its progress through the  
the changes and additions which he

ing, some of the most beautiful passages owe their existence. On comparing his rough draft of the two Cantos and form in which they exist at present, sensible of the power which the man possesses, not only of surpassing others, but on himself. Originally, the "little Yeoman" of the Childe were introduced in the following tame tramping the substance of which into light, lyric shape, it is almost needless to say the poet has gained in variety of effect :—

There was a benchman page,  
 Who served his master well :  
 And his praiseworthy prate engaged  
 His ear, when his proud heart did swell  
 With thoughts that he disdain'd to tell.  
 He smile on him, and Alwin smiled,  
 That from his young lips archly fell  
 From Harold's eye beguiled.

Yeoman only did he take  
 Steward to a far country :  
 The boy was grieved to leave the lake  
 To banks he grew from infancy.  
 Little heart beat merrily,  
 Of foreign nations to behold,  
 Things right marvellous to see,  
 Of wandering travellers oft have told,  
 Which . . . . . I

of that mournful song "to Inez," in the which contains some of the dreariest verses that even his pen ever let fall, he original construction of the Poem, been chosen as to content himself with such young as the following :—

Will you gain to me  
 Between climes and British ladies  
 Whom your lot to see,  
 For the lovely girl of Cadiz.  
 Her eyes be not of blue,  
 Nor her locks, like English tresses, &c. &c.

also, originally, several stanzas full of wit, and some that degenerated into a familiar and ludicrous than that of the *London Sunday*, which still disfigures thus mixing up the light with the the intention of the poet to imitate is far easier to rise, with grace, from strain generally familiar, into an occasion of pathos or splendour, than to prolong tone of solemnity by any e ludicrous or burlesque." In the transition may have the effect of vating, while, in the latter, it almost is :—for the same reason, perhaps, author or high feeling, in comedy, has a, while the intrusion of comic scenes

be any doubt as to his intention of deliv-  
 his hero, this adoption of the old Nor-  
 family, which he seems to have at first  
 could be sufficient to remove it.  
 he names "Robin" and "Rupert" had  
 inserted here and scratched out again.  
 script is illegible.

known blemishes of Milton's great  
 pt transition, in this manner, into an  
 style, in the "Paradise of Fools."

into tragedy, however sanctioned among us by habit and authority, rarely fails to offend. The noble poet was himself convinced of the failure of the experiment, and in none of the succeeding Cantos of Childe Harold repeated it.

Of the satiric parts, some verses on the well-known traveller, Sir John Carr, may supply us with, at least, a harmless specimen :—

Ye who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,  
 Sights, saints, antiques, arts, anecdotes, and war,  
 Go, hie ye hence to Paternoster-row,—  
 Are they not written in the boke of Carr?  
 Green Erin's Knight, and Europe's wandering star!  
 Then listen, readers, to the Man of Ink,  
 Hear what he did, and sought, and wrote afar,  
 All these are coop'd within one Quarto's brink,  
 This borrow, steal (don't buy), and tell us what you think.

Among those passages which, in the course of revision, he introduced, like pieces of "rich inlay," into the Poem, was that fine stanza—

Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be  
 A land of souls beyond that sable shore, &c.

through which lines though, it must be confessed, a tone of scepticism breathes (as well as in those tender verses,

Yes,—I will dream that we may meet again),

it is a scepticism whose sadness calls far more for pity than blame; there being discoverable, even through its very doubts, an innate warmth of piety, which they had been able to obscure, but not to chill. To use the words of the poet himself, in a note which it was once his intention to affix to these stanzas, "Let it be remembered that the spirit they breathe is desponding, not sneering, scepticism,"—a distinction never to be lost sight of; as, however hopeless may be the conversion of the scoffing infidel, he who feels pain in doubting has still alive within him the seeds of belief.

At the same time with Childe Harold, he had three other works in the press,—his "Hints from Horace," "The Curse of Minerva," and a fifth edition of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." The note upon the latter Poem, which had been the lucky origin of our acquaintance, was withdrawn in this edition, and a few words of explanation, which he had the kindness to submit to my perusal, substituted in its place.

In the month of January, the whole of the Two Cantos being printed off, some of the poet's friends, and, among others, Mr Rogers and myself, were so far favoured as to be indulged with a perusal of the sheets. In adverting to this period in his "Memoranda," Lord Byron, I remember, mentioned,—as one of the ill omens which preceded the publication of the Poem,—that some of the literary friends to whom it was shown expressed doubts of its success, and that one among them had told him "it was too good for the age." Whoever may have pronounced this opinion,—and I have some suspicion that I am, myself, the guilty person,—the age has, it must be owned, most triumphantly refuted the calumny upon its taste which the remark implied.

It was in the hands of Mr Rogers I first saw the sheets of the Poem, and glanced hastily over a few



of the stanzas which he pointed out to me as beautiful. Having occasion, the same morning, to write a note to Lord Byron, I expressed strongly the admiration which this foretaste of his work had excited in me; and the following is,—as far as relates to literary matters,—the answer I received from him.

## LETTER LXXXIII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* January 29th, 1812.

"MY DEAR MOORE,

"I wish very much I could have seen you; I am in a state of ludicrous tribulation.

"Why do you say that I dislike your poetry? I have expressed no such opinion, either in *print* or elsewhere. In scribbling myself it was necessary for me to find fault, and I fixed upon the trite charge of immorality, because I could discover no other, and was so perfectly qualified, in the innocence of my heart, to 'pluck that mote from my neighbour's eye.'

"I feel very, very much obliged by your approbation; but, at *this moment*, praise, even *your* praise, passes by me like 'the idle wind.' I meant and mean to send you a copy the moment of publication; but now, I can think of nothing but damned, deceitful,—delightful woman, as Mr Liston says in the Knight of Snowdon.

"Believe me, my dear Moore,

"Ever yours, most affectionately,

"BYRON."

The passages here omitted contain rather *too* amusing an account of a disturbance that had just occurred in the establishment at Newstead, in consequence of the detected misconduct of one of the maid-servants, who had been supposed to stand rather too high in the favour of her master, and, by the airs of authority which she thereupon assumed, had disposed all the rest of the household to regard her with no very charitable eyes. The chief actors in the strife were this Sultana and young Rushton; and the first point in dispute that came to Lord Byron's knowledge (though circumstances, far from creditable to the damsel, afterwards transpired) was, whether Rushton was bound to carry letters to "the Hut" at the bidding of this female. To an episode of such a nature I should not have thought of alluding, were it not for the two rather curious letters that follow, which show how gravely and coolly the young lord could arbitrate on such an occasion, and with what considerate leaning towards the servant whose fidelity he had proved, in preference to any new liking or fancy, by which it might be suspected he was actuated towards the other.

## LETTER LXXXIV.

TO ROBERT RUSHTON.

\* 8, St James's-street, Jan. 21st, 1812.

"Though I have no objection to your refusal to carry letters to Menley's, you will take care that the letters are taken by *Spero* at the proper time. I have also to observe, that Susan is to be treated with civi-

lity, and not *insulted* by any person over whom the smallest control, or, indeed, by any one while I have the power to protect her. I am sorry to have any subject of complaint against you. I have too good an opinion of you to think I have occasion to repeat it, after the care I have of you, and my favourable intentions in your favour. I see no occasion for any communication between you and the *women*, and wish you to yourself in preparing for the situation in which you will be placed. If a common sense of decency prevent you from conducting yourself towards them with rudeness, I should at least hope that your *own interest*, and regard for a master who has treated you with unkindness, will have some effect.

"Yours, &c.

"BYRON."

"P.S.—I wish you to attend to your *arrangements* to occupy yourself in surveying, measuring, making yourself acquainted with every part relative to the *land* of Newstead, and you will send me *one letter every week*, that I may know you go on."

## LETTER LXXXV.

TO ROBERT RUSHTON.

\* 8, St James's-street, January 21st, 1812.

"Your refusal to carry the letter was not a subject of remonstrance; it was not a part of your *business* but the language you used to the girl was *stated* it) highly improper.

"You say that you also have something to *plain* of; then state it to me *immediately*; it will be very unfair, and very contrary to my *disposition* not to hear both sides of the question.

"If any thing has passed between you *before* since my last visit to Newstead, do not *mention* it. I am sure you would not *do* it though *she* would. Whatever it is, you shall be given. I have not been without some *subject* the subject, and am certain that, at your time the blame could not attach to you. You *consult* any one as to your answer, but write *immediately*. I shall be more ready to hear what you have to advance, as I do not remember ever to have heard a word from you before *against* any being, which convinces me you would not *make* assert an untruth. There is not any one who at the least injury to you while you conduct *properly*. I shall expect your answer *immediately*.

"Yours, &c.

"BYRON."

It was after writing these letters that he got the knowledge of some improper levities on the part of the girl, in consequence of which he dismissed her, and another female servant from Newstead. How strongly he allowed this discovery to affect his mind, will be seen in a subsequent letter to Hodgson.

## LETTER LXXXVI.

TO MR HODGSON.

\* 8, St James's-street, February 21st, 1812.

"DEAR HODGSON,

"I send you a proof. Last week I was very

th stone in the kidney, but I am  
ed. If the stone had got into my  
kidneys, it would have been all  
women are gone to their relatives,  
to explain what was already too  
I have quite recovered *that* also,  
at my folly in excepting my own  
the general corruption,—albeit a two  
is better than ten years. I have  
make, which is, never mention a wo-  
y letter to me, or even allude to the  
sex. I won't even read a word of  
nder; it must all be 'propria quæ

g of 1813 I shall leave England for  
thing in my affairs tends to this, and  
and health do not discourage it.  
this *not* constitution are improved by  
your climate. I shall find employ-  
myself a good oriental scholar. I  
mission in one of the fairest islands,  
at intervals, the most interesting por-  
East. In the mean time, I am ad-  
me, which will (when arranged)  
wealth sufficient even for home, but  
a principality in Turkey. At present  
red, but I hope, by taking some neces-  
sary steps, to clear every thing.  
expected daily in London; we shall be  
see him; and, perhaps, you will come  
to *camp* ere he depart; if not, 'Mahomet  
the mountain';—but Cambridge will  
collections to him, and worse to me,  
very different reasons. I believe the only  
ing that ever loved me in truth and en-  
d, as belonging to, Cambridge, and in  
camp can now take place. There is one  
to *camp*—where he sets his seal, the  
can neither be melted or broken, but en-  
dure.

"Yours always, B."

new lesser memorials of his good-nature  
now, which, while they are precious to  
them, are not unworthy of admi-  
ration, may be reckoned such letters as  
to a youth at Eton, recommending  
was about to be entered at that school,

#### LETTER LXXXVII.

TO MASTER JOHN COWELL.

\* 8, St James's-street, Feb. 12th, 1812.

DEAR JOHN,

probably long ago forgotten the writer  
who would, perhaps, be unable to re-  
call, from the difference which must  
taken place in your stature and ap-  
pearance, he saw you last. I have been  
in Portugal, Spain, Greece, &c. &c.,  
and have found so many changes on  
it would be very unfair not to ex-  
pect to have had your share of altera-  
tion with the rest. I write to re-  
mind you: a little boy of eleven years,  
\*, my particular friend, is about to

become an Etonian, and I should esteem any act of  
protection or kindness to him as an obligation to my-  
self; let me beg of you then to take some little notice  
of him at first, till he is able to shift for himself.

"I was happy to hear a very favourable account  
of you from a schoolfellow a few weeks ago, and  
should be glad to learn that your family are as well  
as I wish them to be. I presume you are in the  
upper school;—as an *Etonian*, you will look down  
upon a *Harrow* man; but I never, even in my boyish  
days, disputed your superiority, which I once ex-  
perienced in a cricket match, where I had the hon-  
our of making one of eleven, who were beaten to  
their hearts' content by your college in *one innings*.

"Believe me to be, with great truth, &c. &c."

On the 27th of February, a day or two before the  
appearance of Childe Harold, he made the first  
trial of his eloquence in the House of Lords; and it  
was on this occasion he had the good fortune to be-  
come acquainted with Lord Holland,—an acquaint-  
ance no less honourable than gratifying to both, as  
having originated in feelings the most generous, per-  
haps, of our nature, a ready forgiveness of injuries,  
on the one side, and a frank and unqualified atone-  
ment for them, on the other. The subject of de-  
bate was the Nottingham Frame-breaking Bill, and  
Lord Byron having mentioned to Mr Rogers his  
intention to take a part in the discussion, a commu-  
nication was, by the intervention of that gentleman,  
opened between the noble poet and Lord Holland,  
who, with his usual courtesy, professed himself  
ready to afford all the information and advice in his  
power. The following letters, however, will best  
explain their first advances towards acquaintance.

#### LETTER LXXXVIII.

TO MR ROGERS.

\* February 4th, 1812.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"With my best acknowledgments to Lord Holland,  
I have to offer my perfect concurrence in the pro-  
priety of the question previously to be put to minis-  
ters. If their answer is in the negative, I shall, with  
his lordship's approbation, give notice of a motion for  
a Committee of Inquiry. I would also gladly avail  
myself of his most able advice, and any information or  
documents with which he might be pleased to intrust  
me, to bear me out in the statement of facts it may be  
necessary to submit to the House.

"From all that fell under my own observation  
during my Christmas visit to Newstead, I feel con-  
vinced that, if *conciliatory* measures are not very  
soon adopted, the most unhappy consequences may  
be apprehended. Nightly outrage and daily depreda-  
tion are already at their height; and not only the  
masters of frames, who are obnoxious on account of  
their occupation, but persons in no degree connected  
with the malcontents or their oppressors, are liable  
to insult and pillage.

"I am very much obliged to you for the trouble  
you have taken on my account, and beg you to believe  
me ever your obliged and sincere, &c."



## LETTER LXXXIX.

8, St James's-street, Feb. 25th, 1812.

"MY LORD,

"With my best thanks, I have the honour to return the Notts. letter to your lordship. I have read it with attention, but do not think I shall venture to avail myself of its contents, as my view of the question differs in some measure from Mr Coldham's. I hope I do not wrong him, but his objections to the bill appear to me to be founded on certain apprehensions that he and his coadjutors might be mistaken for the 'original advisers' (to quote him) of the measure. For my own part, I consider the manufacturers as a much-injured body of men, sacrificed to the views of certain individuals who have enriched themselves by those practices which have deprived the frame-workers of employment. For instance;—by the adoption of a certain kind of frame, one man performs the work of seven—six are thus thrown out of business. But it is to be observed that the work thus done is far inferior in quality, hardly marketable at home, and hurried over with a view to exportation. Surely, my lord, however we may rejoice in any improvement in the arts which may be beneficial to mankind, we must not allow mankind to be sacrificed to improvements in mechanism. The maintenance and well-doing of the industrious poor is an object of greater consequence to the community than the enrichment of a few monopolists by any improvement in the implements of trade, which deprives the workman of his bread, and renders the labourer 'unworthy of his hire.' My own motive for opposing the bill is founded on its palpable injustice, and its certain inefficacy. I have seen the state of these miserable men, and it is a disgrace to a civilized country. Their excesses may be condemned, but cannot be subject of wonder. The effect of the present bill would be to drive them into actual rebellion. The few words I shall venture to offer on Thursday will be founded upon these opinions, formed from my own observations on the spot. By previous inquiry, I am convinced these men would have been restored to employment, and the county to tranquillity. It is, perhaps, not yet too late, and is surely worth the trial. It can never be too late to employ force in such circumstances. I believe your lordship does not coincide with me entirely on this subject, and most cheerfully and sincerely shall I submit to your superior judgment and experience, and take some other line of argument against the bill, or be silent altogether, should you deem it more advisable. Condemning, as every one must condemn, the conduct of these wretches, I believe in the existence of grievances which call rather for pity than punishment. I have the honour to be, with great respect, my lord,

"Your lordship's

"Most obedient and obliged servant,

"BYRON.

"P. S.—I am a little apprehensive that your lordship will think me too lenient towards these men, and half a *framebreaker* myself."

It would have been, no doubt, the ambition of Lord Byron to acquire distinction as well in oratory as in

poesy; but Nature seems to set her realities in fame. He had prepared debate,—as most of the best orators their first essays,—not only by comparison down, the whole of his speech before reception he met with was flattering; speakers on his own side complied warmly; and that he was himself his success appears from the answer Mr Dallas, which gives a lively notation on the occasion.

"When he left the great chamber him in the passage; he was glowing and much agitated. I had an umbrella in my hand, not expecting that he would come to me;—in my haste to take it when he advanced my left hand—'What,' said my friend your left hand upon such a day showed the cause, and immediately an umbrella to the other hand, I gave him, which he shook and pressed with great elation, and repeated some of which had been paid him, and mentioned the peers who had desired to be in his company. He concluded with saying, that he had given me the best advertisement for Pilgrimage."

The speech itself, as given by Mr Dallas, is a noble speaker's own manuscript, vigorous; and the same sort of interest in reading the poetry of a Burke, perhaps, by a few specimens of the orator. In the very opening of his speech he himself by the melancholy avowal of the assembly of his brother nobles he was a stranger.

"As a person in some degree connected with the suffering county, though a stranger to the House in general, but to almost every member whose attention I presume to solicit some portion of your lordships' industry."

The following extracts comprise, I think, the sages of most spirit.

"When we are told that these men are together, not only for the destruction of their comfort, but of their very means of subsistence, we forget that it is the bitter political warfare, of the last eighteen years with their comfort, your comfort, all men's comfort, policy which, originating with 'greedy no more,' has survived the dead and the living, unto the third and fourth generation. These men never destroyed their looms, but become useless, worse than useless, become actual impediments to their obtaining their daily bread. Can you in times like these, when bank fraud, and imputed felony, are found far beneath that of your lordships, and once most useful portion of the people their duty in their distresses; and guilty than one of their representatives the exalted offender can find means to new capital punishments must be done of death must be spread for the wretch who is furnished into guilt. These

side was in other hands: they were beg, but there was none to relieve; means of subsistence were cut off; men pre-occupied; and their exertions deplored and condemned, can figt of surprise.

and the seat of war in the peninsula; one of the most oppressed provinces of Italy, under the most despotic of em, did I behold such squalid wretchedness since my return, in the very island country. And what are your ramblings of inaction, and months of an inactivity, at length comes forth like the never-failing nostrum of all, from the days of Draco to the like feeding the pulse and shaking the patient, prescribing the usual water and bleeding—the warm water in pulse, and the lancets of your stomachs must terminate in death, mutation of the prescriptions of all this. Setting aside the palpable intrinsic inefficiency of the bill, are its punishments sufficient on your want blood enough upon your penal must be poured forth to succeed to fly against you? How will you carry it? Can you commit a whole county into? Will you erect a gibbet in it hang up men like scarecrows? or if as you must, to bring this measure to nothing: place the country under despotism and lay waste all around to Sherwood Forest as an acceptable one in its former condition of a royal asylum for outlaws? Are these the starving and desperate populace? Will you who has known your galled by your gibbets? When death liberally relief it appears that you will it be dispensed into tranquillity? Would not be effected by your gratified by your exertions? If you know of him, where is your evidence? hard to impeach their accomplices, when only was the punishment. Will it be to-morrow? then when death With all due deference to the name I think a little investigation. since I would induce even there to change but most fortunate state measure, as measure as many and recent measures, and not be without its advantage in proposed to make to contribute to state, you deliberate for years, you agree with the means of men, not a or present of heart, without a thought man."

is the case, parliamentary debates on speech in particular. I had the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance for the whether or was not to not answer but Lady Caroline told me that to end the same with the measure was an important issue

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' He told me that he did not care about poetry (or about mine—at least, any but *that* poem of mine), but he was sure, from *that* and other symptoms, I should make an orator, if I would but take to speaking and grow a parliament man. He never ceased harping upon this to me to the last; and I remember my old tutor, Dr Drury, had the same notion when I was a boy; but it never was my turn of inclination to try. I spoke once or twice, as all young peers do, as a kind of introduction into public life; but dissipation, shyness, haughty and reserved opinions, together with the short time I lived in England after my majority (only about five years in all), prevented me from resuming the experiment. As far as it went, it was not discouraging, particularly my *first* speech (I spoke three or four times in all), but just after it, my poem of Childe Harold was published, and nobody ever thought about my *prose* afterwards, nor indeed did I; it became to me a secondary and neglected object, though I sometimes wonder to myself if I should have succeeded."

His immediate impressions with respect to the success of his first speech may be collected from a letter addressed soon after to Mr Hodgson.

## LETTER XC.

TO MR HODGSON

"9, St James's street, March 5th, 1822.

"MY DEAR HODGSON,

"We are not answerable for reports of speeches in the papers; they are always given incorrectly, and on this occasion more so than usual, from the debate in the Commons on the same night. The *Morning Post* should have said *eighteen* years. However, you will find the speech, as spoken, in the *Parliamentary Register*, when it comes out. Lord Holland and (I think) the *particulars* the actor, you see even such misstatements in the course of their speeches, as you may have seen in the papers, and Lord Eldon and the *very* statement me. I have had many misstatements collected in the course of my journey, and by your, from those persons mentioned—you, misstatements—as well as representations: of them I shall very much mention the P. B. B. He says it is the best speech by a Lord since the 'Lord' since then, you may have a better feeling in the estimation. Lord H. tells me I shall not find all I I perceive and Lord G. mentioned that the construction of some of my periods are very like *Baron's*. had as much for vanity. I agree very much concerned with a sort of modest indignation, without every thing and every word and yet the Lord Chancellor very much out of temper and if I may believe what I hear, some are not very generous by the experiment. He is very in every and and honest enough, perhaps a little too strict. I could not imagine myself to say the same as the newspapers.

"The paper seems well as satisfactory. *Edinburgh* is very good and well as written. We have a great deal to present, but I fear a part of my talent. We are all sick of a sort of *anti-suffrage*.

"Yours ever



Of the same date as the above is the following letter to Lord Holland, accompanying a copy of his new publication, and written in a tone that cannot fail to give a high idea of his good feeling and candour.

### LETTER XCI.

\* St James's-street, March 5th, 1812.

"MY LORD,

"May I request your lordship to accept a copy of the thing which accompanies this note? You have already so fully proved the truth of the first line of Pope's couplet,

Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,

that I long for an opportunity to give the lie to the verse that follows. If I were not perfectly convinced that any thing I may have formerly uttered in the boyish rashness of my misplaced resentment had made as little impression as it deserved to make, I should hardly have the confidence—perhaps your lordship may give it a stronger and more appropriate appellation—to send you a quarto of the same scribbler. But your lordship, I am sorry to observe to-day, is troubled with the gout: if my book can produce a *laugh* against itself or the author, it will be of some service. If it can set you to *sleep*, the benefit will be yet greater; and as some facetious personage observed half a century ago, that 'poetry is a mere drug,' I offer you mine as a humble assistant to the 'eau médecinale.' I trust you will forgive this and all my other buffooneries, and believe me to be, with great respect,

"Your lordship's

"Obliged and sincere servant,

"BYRON."

It was within two days after his speech in the House of Lords, that Childe Harold appeared; \*—and the impression it produced upon the public was as instantaneous as it has proved deep and lasting. The permanence of such success genius alone could secure, but to its instant and enthusiastic burst, other causes, besides the merit of the work, concurred.

There are those who trace in the peculiar character of Lord Byron's genius strong features of relationship to the times in which he lived; who think that the great events which marked the close of the last century, by giving a new impulse to men's minds, by habituating them to the daring and the free, and allowing full vent to "the flash and outbreak of fiery spirits," had led naturally to the production of such a poet as Byron; and that he was, in short, as much the child and representative of the Revolution, in poesy, as another great man of the age, Napoleon, was in statesmanship and warfare. Without going the full length of this notion, it will, at least, be conceded, that the free loose which had been given to all the passions and energies of the human mind, in the great struggle of that period, together with the constant spectacle of such astounding vicissitudes as were passing almost daily on the

theatre of the world, had created in all in every walk of intellect, a taste for stimulation, which the stimulants supplied from sources were insufficient to gratify;—the deference to established authorities had disrepute, no less in literature than in y that the poet who should breathe into his fierce and passionate spirit of the age, untrammelled and unawed, the high genius, would be the most sure of an audience in sympathy with his strains.

It is true that, to the licence on religion which revelled through the first acts of that drama, a disposition of an opposite tenor for some time, succeeded. Against the scoffer not only piety, but a better taste and had Lord Byron, in touching on such Childe Harold, adopted a tone of levity (such as, unluckily, he sometimes afterwards descended to), not all the originality and beauty of his work would have secured for it a prompt and tested triumph. As it was, however, the of scepticism with which he darkened his from checking his popularity, were among the reasons which, as I have said, independent charms of the poetry, accelerated and he success. The religious feeling that has through Europe since the French revolution the political principles that have emerged from the same event—in rejecting all the licentiousness of the period, have preserved much of its spirit of inquiry; and among the best fruits of this and enlightened piety, is the liberty which men to accord to the opinions, and even to others. To persons thus sincerely, and in time tolerantly, devout, the spectacle of a like that of Byron, labouring in the ecstasies of scepticism, could not be otherwise than an object of solemn interest. If they had allowed what it was to doubt themselves, they would have fallen into his fate with mournful sympathy; but in the tranquil haven of faith, they would have pity on one who was still a wanderer, erring and dark as might be his views. In the end, there were circumstances in his life and fate that gave a hope of better thoughts; and upon him. From his temperament and his could be little fear that he was yet torn by heresies, and as, for a heart wounded by what was, they knew, but one true source of so it was hoped that the love of truth, so all he wrote, would one day enable him to

Another, and not the least of those which concurred with the intrinsic claims of his genius, to give an impulse to the tide of success that upon him, was, unquestionably, the peculiarities of his personal history and character. Then in his very first introduction of himself to a sufficient portion of singularity to attract attention and interest. While all other talents, in his high station, are heralded by the applauses and anticipations of a host, young Byron stood forth alone, unannounced by praise or promise,—the representative of a house, whose name, long lost in the gloom of Newstead, seemed to have just awa

\* To his sister, Mrs Leigh, one of the first presentation copies was sent, with the following inscription in it:—

"To Augusta, my dearest sister, and my best friend, who has ever loved me much better than I deserved, this volume is presented by her father's son, and most affectionate brother. B."

of a century in his person. The cir-  
cumstances which followed,—the prompt  
rejoinders upon the assaults of his  
appearance after this achievement  
of his triumph, without deigning even  
the laurels which he had earned, and his  
far pilgrimage, whose limits he left to  
say,—all these successive incidents had  
of adventure round the character of  
him, which prepared his readers to meet  
the impressions of his genius. Instead of  
a nearer view, full short of their ima-  
gined new features of his disposition now  
them far outwent, in peculiarity and  
whatever they might have preconceived;  
curiosity and sympathy awakened by what  
he transpired of his history were still more  
by the mystery of his allusions to much  
remained untold. The late losses by death  
had sustained, and mourned, it was mani-  
festly, gave a reality to the notion formed of  
a sadness which seemed to authorise them  
all the more; and what has been said of  
Young, that he found out the art of "mak-  
ing a party to his private sorrows," may  
be more force and truth, applied to  
him.

circle of society with whom he came in-  
tercourse, these personal influences acted  
power, from being assisted by others,  
female imaginations especially, would have  
a sufficiency of attraction, even without  
any union joined with them. His youth,—  
beauty of his countenance, and its constant  
light and shadows,—the gentleness of his  
manner to women, and his occasional  
singularity,—the alleged singularities of his  
life, which kept curiosity alive and inquisi-  
tive, these traits and habitudes concurred  
to the quick spread of his fame; nor can it be  
said, among many purer sources of interest in  
the situations which he makes to instances  
of "passion" in his career "were not  
of influence on the fancies of that sex,  
new it is to be most easily won by those  
recommended by the greatest number of  
others.

He was also to be numbered among  
the advantages appears to have been,—  
from a feeling of modesty at the  
own persuasion. "I may place a great  
aid he to Mr Dallas, "to my being a  
might be supposed that it is only on a  
to his own such a charm could operate;  
speech is, in itself, a proof, that in no  
is the advantage of being noble more  
related than among nobles themselves.

new she, that seeming marble heart,  
ask'd in silence, or withheld by pride,  
is unkind to the spoiler's art,  
read its scars licentious far and wide.

*Childe Harold, Canto II.*

another instance of his propensity to self-  
denial. However great might have been the  
this college life, such phrases as the "art of  
"spreading snares" were in nowise ap-  
propriate.

It was also natural that, in that circle, the admi-  
ration of the new poet should be, at least, quickened  
by the consideration that he had sprung up among  
themselves, and that their order had, at length,  
produced a man of genius, by whom the arrears of  
contribution, long due from them to the treasury  
of English literature, would be at once fully and  
splendidly discharged.

Altogether, taking into consideration the various  
points I have here enumerated, it may be asserted,  
that never did there exist before, and, it is most  
probable, never will exist again, a combination of  
such vast mental power and surpassing genius, with  
so many other of those advantages and attractions,  
by which the world is in general dazzled and capti-  
vated. The effect was accordingly electric;—his  
fame had not to wait for any of the ordinary gradua-  
tions, but seemed to spring up, like the palace of a  
fairy tale, in a night. As he himself briefly described  
it in his Memoranda,—"I awoke one morning, and  
found myself famous." The first edition of his work  
was disposed of instantly; and, as the echoes of its  
reputation multiplied on all sides, "Childe Harold"  
and "Lord Byron" became the theme of every  
tongue. At his door, most of the leading names of  
the day presented themselves,—some of them per-  
sons whom he had much wronged in his Satire, but  
who now forgot their resentment in generous admi-  
ration. From morning till night the most flattering  
testimonies of his success crowded his table,—from  
the grave tributes of the statesman and the philoso-  
pher down to (what flattered him still more) the ro-  
mantic billet of some *incognita*, or the pressing note  
of invitation from some fair leader of fashion; and,  
in place of the desert which London had been to  
him but a few weeks before, he now not only saw  
the whole splendid interior of High Life thrown  
open to receive him, but found himself, among its  
illustrious crowds, the most distinguished object.

The copyright of the Poem, which was purchased  
by Mr Murray for £600, he presented, in the most  
delicate and unostentatious manner, to Mr Dallas,\*  
saying, at the same time, that he "never would re-  
ceive money for his writings;"—a resolution, the  
mixed result of generosity and pride, which he after-  
wards wisely abandoned, though borne out by the  
example of Swift† and Voltaire, the latter of whom  
gave away most of his copyrights to Prault and  
other booksellers, and received books, not money,  
for those he disposed of otherwise. To his young  
friend, Mr Harness, it had been his intention, at  
first, to dedicate the work, but, on further consid-  
eration, he relinquished his design; and in a letter to  
that gentleman (which, with some others, is unfor-  
tunately lost) alleged, as his reason for this change,  
the prejudice which, he foresaw, some parts of the  
poem would raise against himself, and his fear lest,  
by any possibility, a share of the odium might so

\* After speaking to him of the sale, and settling the  
new edition, I said, 'How can I possibly think of this rapid  
sale, and the profits likely to ensue, without recollecting—'  
'What?'—'Think what sum your work may produce.' 'I  
shall be rejoiced, and wish it doubled and trebled; but do  
not talk to me of money. I never will receive money for  
my writings.'—*Dallas's Recollections.*

† In a letter to Pulteney, 12th May, 1736, Swift says, "I  
never got a farthing for any thing I writ, except once."



far extend itself to his friend, as to injure him in the profession to which he was about to devote himself.

Not long after the publication of *Childe Harold*, the noble author paid me a visit, one morning, and, putting a letter into my hands, which he had just received, requested that I would undertake to manage for him whatever proceedings it might render necessary. This letter, I found, had been delivered to him by Mr Leckie (a gentleman well known by a work on Sicilian affairs), and came from a once active and popular member of the fashionable world, Colonel Greville,—its purport being to require of his lordship, as author of "*English Bards, &c.*" such reparation as it was in his power to make for the injury which, as Colonel Greville conceived, certain passages in that satire, reflecting upon his conduct, as manager of the Argyle Institution, were calculated to inflict upon his character. In the appeal of the gallant colonel, there were some expressions of rather an angry cast, which Lord Byron, though fully conscious of the length to which he himself had gone, was but little inclined to brook, and, on my returning the letter into his hands, he said, "To such a letter as that there can be but one sort of answer." He agreed, however, to trust the matter entirely to my discretion, and I had, shortly after, an interview with the friend of Colonel Greville. By this gentleman, who was then an utter stranger to me, I was received with much courtesy, and with every disposition to bring the affair intrusted to us to an amicable issue. On my premising that the tone of his friend's letter stood in the way of negotiation, and that some obnoxious expressions which it contained must be removed before I could proceed a single step towards explanation, he most readily consented to remove this obstacle. At his request I drew a pen across the parts I considered objectionable, and he undertook to send me the letter, re-written, next morning. In the mean time I received from Lord Byron the following paper for my guidance.

"With regard to the passage on Mr Way's loss, no unfair play was hinted at, as may be seen by referring to the book; and it is expressly added that the *managers were ignorant* of that transaction. As to the prevalence of play at the Argyle, it cannot be denied that there were *billiards* and *dice*;—Lord B. has been a witness to the use of both at the Argyle Rooms. These, it is presumed, come under the denomination of play. If play be allowed, the President of the Institution can hardly complain of being termed the 'Arbiter of play,'—or what becomes of his authority?

"Lord B. has no personal animosity to Colonel Greville. A public institution, to which he himself was a subscriber, he considered himself to have a right to notice *publicly*. Of that institution, Colonel Greville was the avowed director;—it is too late to enter into the discussion of its merits or demerits.

"Lord B. must leave the discussion of the reparation for the real or supposed injury, to Colonel G.'s friend and Mr Moore, the friend of Lord B.—begging them to recollect that, while they consider Colonel G.'s honour, Lord B. must also maintain his own. If the business can be settled amicably, Lord B. will do as much as can and ought to be

done by a man of honour towards another; if not, he must satisfy Colonel G. in the most conducive to his farther wishes."

In the morning I received the letter in form, from Mr Leckie, with the annexed

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I found my friend very ill in bed; but he ever, managed to copy the inclosed, with the alterations proposed. Perhaps you may wish to see the morning; I shall therefore be glad to see you time till twelve o'clock. If you rather wish to see me on you, tell me, and I shall obey your wishes."

"Yours, very truly,

"G. T.

With such facilities towards pacification, almost needless to add that there was but little in settling the matter amicably.

While upon this subject, I shall avail myself of an opportunity which it affords of extracting an account given by Lord Byron himself of this description, in which he was, at the time employed as mediator.

"I have been called in as mediator, at least twenty times, in violent quarrels, always contrived to settle the business, promising the honour of the parties, or to mortal consequences, and this too, in very difficult and delicate circumstances, to deal with very hot and haughty spirits, gamblers, guardsmen, captains, and colonels, and the like. This was, of course, in my day, I lived in hot-headed company. I have had challenges from gentlemen to noblemen, from captains to captains, from lawyers to clergymen, once from a clergyman to an officer in the army, but I found the latter by far the most difficult.

to compose

The bloody duel without blows

the business being about a woman: I remember that I never saw a woman behave so ill, so blooded, heartless but as she was,—but some, for all that. A certain Susan called. I never saw her but once; and I induced her but to say two words (which compromised herself), and which would have the effect of saving a priest or a lieutenant. She would not say them, and neither Noddy (the son of Sir E. Noddy, and a friend of both parties) could prevail upon her to say them. Both of us used to deal in some sort with such parties. At last I managed to quiet the combatant, her talisman, and, I believe, to her great regret: she was the damndest but that I have seen a great many. Though I was sure to lose either his life or his livelihood as the Bishop of Beauvais, and he was pacified; but then he was in love, and martial passion."

However disagreeable it was to find the consequences of his Satire thus rising up against him in a hostile shape, he was far more embarrassed

retribution took a friendly form. in the habit of meeting and receiving persons who, either in themselves, or latives, had been wounded by his pen, fresh instance of courtesy from such (as he sometimes, in the strong language, expressed it) like "heaping coals on head." He was, indeed, in a remarkable to the kindness or displeasure of each; and had he passed a life subject to the influence of society, it may be that he ever would have ventured upon exertions of energy, in which he, at once, could abused his power. At the period of his Satire, society had not yet within its pale; and in the time of his *Joan*, he had again broken loose from his instinct towards a life of solitude and seclusion, the true element of his strength. In the exercise of imagination he could defy the world; while in real life, a frown or smile of a nobleman. The facility with which he sacrificed to the mere suggestion of his friend, was a strong proof of this pliability; and the influence of Child Harold, such influence had on Mr Gifford and Mr Dallas on his mind, was only derived from his original design of identifying himself with his hero, but surrendered to the influence of his most favourite stanzas, whose heterodoxy he objected to; nor is it too much, perhaps, to say, that had a more extended force of influence been exerted upon him, he would have been able to resist the sceptical parts of his poem. Certain it is that, during the remainder of his life, no such doctrines were ever presented to his readers; and in all those beautiful stanzas of his poetry, with which he brightened the period, keeping the public eye in one process of admiration, both the bitterness and the impetuous spirit were kept effectually in check. The world, indeed, had yet to do what he was capable of, when emancipated from restraint. For, graceful and powerful as he was while society had still a hold of him, it was from the leash that he rose into the full strength; and though almost in possession of strength was, too frequently, his abuse of it. Magnificent are the very excesses of his strength; that it is impossible, even while we are admiring.

It is by which I have been led into these remarks, his sensitiveness on the subject of one of those instances that show how the spirit could be, if not held down, but, by the small ties of society. The which he had been guilty was not only many of those most injured, forgiven; but, it must be allowed, to the credit of age,—the idea of living familiarly and warmly, respecting whose character or were such opinions of his on record, be so inopportune to him; and, though in a fifth edition of "English Bards, to the resolution of suppressing the work; and orders were sent to Cawthorne, to commit the whole impression to the

flames. At the same time, and from similar motives, —aided, I rather think, by a friendly remonstrance from Lord Elgin, or some of his connexions,—the "Curse of Minerva," a poem levelled against that nobleman, and already in progress towards publication, was also sacrificed; while the "Hints from Horace," though containing far less personal satire than either of the others, shared their fate.

To exemplify what I have said of his extreme sensibility to the passing sunshine or clouds of the society in which he lived, I need but cite the following notes, addressed by him to his friend Mr William Bankes, under the apprehension that this gentleman was, for some reason or other, displeased with him.

## LETTER XCII.

TO MR WILLIAM BANKES

"April 20th, 1812.

"MY DEAR BANKES,

"I feel rather hurt (not savagely) at the speech you made to me last night, and my hope is, that it was only one of your *profane* jests. I should be very sorry that any part of my behaviour should give you cause to suppose that I think higher of myself, or otherwise of you, than I have always done. I can assure you that I am as much the humblest of your servants as at Trin. Coll.; and if I have not been at home when you favoured me with a call, the loss was more mine than yours. In the bustle of buzzing parties, there is, there can be, no rational conversation; but when I can enjoy it, there is nobody's I can prefer to your own.

"Believe me ever faithfully

"And most affectionately yours,

"BYRON."

## LETTER XCIII.

TO MR WILLIAM BANKES.

"MY DEAR BANKES,

"My eagerness to come to an explanation has, I trust, convinced you that whatever my unlucky manner might inadvertently be, the change was as unintentional as (if intended) it would have been ungrateful. I really was not aware that, while we were together, I had evinced such caprices; that we were not so much in each other's company as I could have wished, I well know, but I think so *acute* an observer as yourself must have perceived enough to explain this, without supposing any slight to one in whose society I have pride and pleasure. Recollect that I do not allude here to 'extended' or 'extending' acquaintances, but to circumstances you will understand, I think, on a little reflection.

"And now, my dear Bankes, do not distress me by supposing that I can think of you, or you of me, otherwise than I trust we have longthought. You told me not long ago that my temper was improved, and I should be sorry that opinion should be revoked. Believe me, your friendship is of more account to me than all those absurd vanities in which, I fear, you conceive me to take too much interest. I have never disputed your superiority, or doubted (seriously) your good will, and no one shall ever 'make mischief between us' without the sincere regret on the part of your ever affectionate, &c.



"P. S.—I shall see you, I hope, at Lady Jersey's. Hobhouse goes also."

In the month of April he was again tempted to try his success in the House of Lords, and, on the motion of Lord Donoughmore for taking into consideration the claims of the Irish catholics, delivered his sentiments strongly in favour of the proposition. His display, on this occasion, seems to have been less promising than in his first essay. His delivery was thought mouthing and theatrical, being infected, I take for granted (having never heard him speak in parliament), with the same chaunting tone that disfigured his recitation of poetry,—a tone contracted at most of the public schools, but more particularly, perhaps, at Harrow, and encroaching just enough on the boundaries of song to offend those ears most by which song is best enjoyed and understood.

On the subject of the negotiations for a change of ministry which took place during this session, I find the following anecdotes recorded in his note-book.

"At the opposition meeting of the Peers, in 1812, at Lord Grenville's, when Lord Grey and he read to us the correspondence upon Moira's negotiation, I sat next to the present Duke of Grafton, and said, 'What is to be done next?'—'Wake the Duke of Norfolk' (who was snoring away near us), replied he: 'I don't think the negotiators have left any thing else for us to do this turn.'

"In the debate, or rather discussion, afterwards in the House of Lords upon that very question, I sat immediately behind Lord Moira, who was extremely annoyed at Grey's speech upon the subject; and, while Grey was speaking, turned round to me repeatedly, and asked me whether I agreed with him. It was an awkward question to me, who had not heard both sides. Moira kept repeating to me, 'It was *not so*, it was *so* and *so*,' &c. I did not know very well what to think, but I sympathised with the acuteness of his feelings upon the subject."

The subject of the catholic claims was, it is well known, brought forward a second time this session by Lord Wellesley, whose motion for a future consideration of the question was carried by a majority of one. In reference to this division, another rather amusing anecdote is thus related.

"Lord \* \* affects an imitation of two very different Chancellors, Thurlow and Loughborough, and can indulge in an oath now and then. On one of the debates on the catholic question, when we were either equal or within one (I forget which), I had been sent for in great haste to a ball, which I quitted, I confess, somewhat reluctantly, to emancipate five millions of people. I came in late, and did not go immediately into the body of the House, but stood just behind the woollack. \* \* turned round, and, catching my eye, immediately said to a peer (who had come to him for a few minutes on the woollack, as is the custom of his friends), 'Damn them! they'll have it now,—by G-d! the vote that is just come in will give it them.'"

During all this time, the impression which he had produced in society, both as a poet and a man, went on daily increasing; and the facility with which he gave himself up to the current of fashionable life, and mingled in all the gay scenes through which it led,

showed that the novelty, at least, of this existence had charms for him, however he might estimate its pleasures. That sort of vanity almost inseparable from genius, and which even an extreme sensitiveness on the subject of it, as Byron, I need not say, possessed in no ordinary degree; and never was there a career in which sensibility to the opinions of others was extended more constant and various excitement than which he was now entered. I find in a note own to him, written at this period, some jests allusions to the "circle of star-gazers" whom I found around him at some party on the preceding evening; and such, in fact, was the flattering ordeal he underwent wherever he went. On these occasions particularly before the range of his acquaintance became sufficiently extended to set him at ease,—his air and port were those of one whose thoughts were elsewhere, and who looked with a melancholy abstraction on the gay crowd around him. This deportment, so rare in such scenes, was in accordant with the romantic notions entertained by him, was the result partly of shyness, and partly, perhaps, of that love of effect and impression to which the poetical character of his mind naturally led. No man, indeed, could be more amusing and delightful in the contrast which his manner afterwards, when he was alone, presented to his proud reserve. In the brilliant circle we had just left. It was the bursting gaiety of a boy let loose from school seemed as if there was no extent of fun or wit which he was not capable. Finding him thus lively when we were together, I often reproached him on the gloomy tone of his poetry, as well as his constant answer was (and I soon came to doubt of its truth), that, though thus merry in the midst of laughter with those he liked, he was, at the bottom, one of the most melancholy wretches in existence.

Among the numerous notes which I received from him at this time,—some of them relating to his engagements in society, and others to matters better forgotten,—I shall select a few that (as to his haunts and habits) may not, perhaps, be uninteresting.

\* March 21st

"Know all men by these presents, that Thomas Moore, stand indicted—so—invisibly by special and particular solicitation, to Lady C. to-morrow even., at half-past nine o'clock, when I will meet with a civil reception and decent entertainment. Pray come—I was so examined about this morning, that I entreat you to answer in."

"Believe me, etc."

\* Friday

"I should have answered your note yesterday. I hoped to have seen you this morning. I must consult with you about the day we dine with Sir F. I suppose we shall meet at Lady Spencer's to-morrow. I did not know that you were at Miss Berry's the other night, or I should have certainly gone thither."

"As usual, I am in all sorts of scrapes, and none, at present, of a martial description. I am, &c."

\* May 8th, 1812.

proud of being your friend to care with  
linked in your estimation, and, God  
friends more at this time than at any  
"taking care of myself" to no great pur-  
I knew my situation in every point of  
could excuse apparent and unintentional  
I shall leave town, I  
do not you leave it without seeing me.  
time my soul, every happiness you can  
of; and I think you have taken the road  
Peace be with you! I fear she has  
me. Ever, &c."

\* May 20th, 1812.

body, after sitting up all night, I saw  
launched into eternity," and at three the  
"launched into the country. . . .  
in the beginning of June, I shall be  
in Notts. If so, I shall beat you  
with Hobhouse, who is endeavour-  
ing every body else, to keep me out of

you have written you a long letter, but I  
want. If any thing remarkable occurs, you  
is from me—if good; if bad, there are  
all I. In the mean time, do you be happy.  
"Ever yours, &c."

—My best wishes and respects to Mrs \* \* \*  
could. I may say so even to you, for I  
am struck with a countenance."

the rhimes to his fame, this spring, it  
was then mentioned that, at some evening  
"had the honour of being presented, at that  
moment, our desire, to the Prince Regent.  
Regent," says Mr Dallas, "expressed his  
of *Old Harold's Pilgrimage*, and com-  
mencement, which so fascinated the poet,  
I at last for an accidental deferring of  
me, he bade fair to become a visitor at  
me, I am a complete courtier."

wise prognostic, the writer adds,—“I  
in the morning for which the levee had  
not, and found him in a full-dress court  
in, with his fine black hair in powder,

on a window opposite for the purpose, and  
on the occasion by his old schoolfellows,  
Mr John Maddocks. They went together  
singly, and, on their arriving at the spot,  
sick in the morning, not finding the house  
five then open, Mr Maddocks undertook  
nates, while Lord Byron and Mr Bailey  
and arm, up the street. During this in-  
painful scene occurred. Seeing an un-  
lying on the steps of a door, Lord Byron,  
motion of compassion, offered her a few  
stead of accepting them, she violently  
hand, and, starting up with a yell of  
a mimic the lameness of his gait. He did  
but "I could feel," said Mr Bailey, "his  
thin mine, as we left her."  
opportunity of mentioning another anecd-  
rich his lameness. In coming out, one  
with Mr Rogers, as they were on their  
age, one of the link-boys ran on before  
us. "This way, my lord." "He seems to  
Mr Rogers. "Know me!" answered Lord  
degree of bitterness in his tone—"every  
am deformed."

which by no means suited his countenance. I was  
surprised, as he had not told me that he should go  
to court; and it seemed to me as if he thought it  
necessary to apologize for his intention, by his ob-  
serving that he could not in decency but do it, as the  
Regent had done him the honour to say that he hoped  
to see him soon at Carlton House."

In the two letters that follow we find his own  
account of the introduction.

#### LETTER XCIV.

TO LORD HOLLAND.

\* June 25th, 1812.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"I must appear very ungrateful, and have, indeed,  
been very negligent, but till last night I was not ap-  
prized of Lady Holland's restoration, and I shall call  
to-morrow to have the satisfaction, I trust, of hearing  
that she is well.—I hope that neither politics nor gout  
have assailed your lordship since I last saw you, and  
that you also are 'as well as could be expected.'

"The other night, at a ball, I was presented by  
order to our gracious Regent, who honoured me with  
some conversation, and professed a predilection for  
poetry.—I confess it was a most unexpected honour,  
and I thought of poor B——s's adventure, with some  
apprehensions of a similar blunder. I have now great  
hope, in the event of Mr Pye's decease, of 'warbling  
truth at court,' like Mr Mallet of indifferent memory.  
—Consider, 100 marks a year! besides the wine and  
the disgrace; but then remorse would make me  
drown myself in my own butt before the year's end,  
or the finishing of my first dithyrambic.—So that,  
after all, I shall not meditate our laureate's death by  
pen or poison.

"Will you present my best respects to Lady Hol-  
land, and believe me hers and yours very sincerely."

The second letter, entering much more fully into  
the particulars of this interview with Royalty, was in  
answer, it will be perceived, to some inquiries which  
Sir Walter Scott (then Mr Scott) had addressed to  
him on the subject; and the whole account reflects  
even still more honour on the Sovereign himself than  
on the two poets.

#### LETTER XCV.

TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

\* St James's street, July 6th, 1812.

"SIR,

"I have just been honoured with your letter.—I  
feel sorry that you should have thought it worth while  
to notice the 'evil works of my nonage,' as the thing  
is suppressed *voluntarily*, and your explanation is too  
kind not to give me pain. The *Satire* was written  
when I was very young and very angry, and fully  
bent on displaying my wrath and my wit, and now I  
am haunted by the ghosts of my wholesale assertions.  
I cannot sufficiently thank you for your praise; and  
now, waving myself, let me talk to you of the Prince  
Regent. He ordered me to be presented to him at a  
ball; and after some sayings peculiarly pleasing  
from royal lips, as to my own attempts, he talked to  
me of you and your immortalities: he preferred you



to every bard past and present, and asked which of your works pleased me most. It was a difficult question. I answered, I thought the 'Lay.' He said his own opinion was nearly similar. In speaking of the others, I told him that I thought you more particularly the poet of *Princes*, as *they* never appeared more fascinating than in 'Marmion' and the 'Lady of the Lake.' He was pleased to coincide, and to dwell on the description of your Jameses as no less royal than poetical. He spoke alternately of Homer and yourself, and seemed well acquainted with both; so that (with the exception of the Turks and your humble servant) you were in very good company. I defy Murray to have exaggerated his royal highness's opinion of your powers, nor can I pretend to enumerate all he said on the subject; but it may give you pleasure to hear that it was conveyed in language which would only suffer by my attempting to transcribe it, and with a tone and taste which gave me a very high idea of his abilities and accomplishments, which I had hitherto considered as confined to *manners*, certainly superior to those of any living gentleman.

"This interview was accidental. I never went to the levee; for having seen the courts of Mussulman and Catholic sovereigns, my curiosity was sufficiently allayed; and my politics being as perverse as my rhymes, I had, in fact, 'no business there.' To be thus praised by your sovereign must be gratifying to you; and if that gratification is not alloyed by the communication being made through me, the bearer of it will consider himself very fortunately and sincerely

"Your obliged and obedient servant,

"BYRON."

"P.S.—Excuse this scrawl, scratched in a great hurry, and just after a journey."

During the summer of this year he paid visits to some of his noble friends, and, among others, to the Earl of Jersey and the Marquis of Lansdowne. "In 1812," he says, "at Middleton (Lord Jersey's), amongst a goodly company of lords, ladies and wits, &c., there was \* \* \*."

"Erskine, too! Erskine was there; good, but intolerable. He jested, he talked, he did every thing admirably, but then he *would* be applauded for the same thing twice over. He would read his own verses, his own paragraph, and tell his own story, again and again; and then, 'the Trial by Jury!!!' I almost wished it abolished, for I sate next him at dinner. As I had read his published speeches, there was no occasion to repeat them to me.

"C \* \* (the fox-hunter) nicknamed 'Cheek C \* \*', and I sweated the claret, being the only two who did so. C \* \*, who loves his bottle, and had no notion of meeting with a 'bon-vivant' in a scribbler,† in mak-

\* A review, somewhat too critical, of some of the guests is here omitted.

† For the first day or two, at Middleton, he did not join his noble host's party till after dinner, but took his scanty repast of biscuits and soda water in his own room. Being told by somebody that the gentleman above-mentioned had pronounced such habits to be "effeminate," he resolved to show the "fox-hunter" that he could be, on occasion, as good a *bon vivant* as himself, and by his prowess at the claret next day, after dinner, drew forth from Mr C \* \* the eulogium here recorded.

ing my eulogy to somebody one evening, sum up in—"By G—d, he drinks like a man!"

"Nobody drank, however, but C \* \* and I. Sure, there was little occasion, for we swept it was on the table (a most splendid board, as supposed, at Jersey's) very sufficiently. By we carried our liquor discreetly, like the late Bradwardine."

In the month of August this year, on the eve of the new Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, the Committee of Management, desirous of procuring an opening for the theatre, took the raffish mode of inviting, by an advertisement in the papers, the competition of all the poets towards this object. Though the contributions ensued were sufficiently numerous, it did not occur to the Committee that there was any one number worthy of selection. In this difficulty, resorted to Lord Holland that they could not but have recourse to Lord Byron, whose presence would give additional vogue to the solemnity of opening, and to whose transcendent claims, as it was taken for granted (though without allowance, as it proved, for the irritability of brotherhood), even the rejected candidates would bow without a murmur. The first result of application to the noble poet will be hereafter what follows.

#### LETTER XCVI.

TO LORD HOLLAND.

"Cheltenham, September 10th,

"MY DEAR LORD,

"The lines which I sketched off on your behalf, still, or rather *were*, in an unfinished state, for I just committed them to a flame more decisive than that of Drury. Under all the circumstances, I hardly wish a contest with Philo-drama—Philo—Asbestos H \* \*, and all the anonymes and nymes of the Committee candidates. Serious think you have a chance of something much better for prologuising is not my forte, and, at all either my pride or my modesty won't let me in hazard of having my rhymes buried in next Magazine, under 'Essays on the Murder of M. ceval,' and 'Cures for the Bite of a Mad Dog.' Goldsmith complained of the fate of far superior performances.

"I am still sufficiently interested to wish to the successful candidate; and, amongst so many have no doubt some will be excellent, particularly an age when writing verse is the easiest of all attempts.

"I cannot answer your intelligence with the comfort, unless, as you are deeply theatrical, may wish to hear of Mr \* \*, whose acting is, utterly inadequate to the London engagements which the managers of Covent-garden have tolerated. His figure is fat, his features flat, his unmanageable, his action ungraceful, and, as I says, I defy him to extort that d—d muffin from his into madness. I was very sorry to see him character of the 'Elephant on the slack rope when I last saw him, I was in raptures with his performance. But then I was sixteen,—an age to

condescended to subside. After all, we have admired, and may again; 'prognosticate a prophecy' (see the next page) will not succeed.

Mr Rogers has stuck fast on 'the  
Helvellyn'—I hope not for ever.  
In Lady H.—her departure, with  
her friends, was a sad event for me, now  
in the most cynical solitude. By  
Beltenham I sat down and drank, when  
there, O Georgiana Cottage! As for  
I shared them up upon the willows that

Then they said, 'Sing us a song of  
etc.—but I am dumb and dreary as the  
The waters have disordered me to my  
—you were *right*, as you always are.  
Believe me ever your obliged

and affectionate servant.

"BYRON."

port of the Committee for his aid having been urgently repeated, he, at length, noting the difficulty and invidiousness of the task, and his strong wish to oblige Lord Holland, undertook it; and the following series of communications and letters, which he addressed to the completion of the Address, to his friends, will, by the literary reader at least, be found of great personal,—as affording a proof (in common with others, of still more interest, yet of the pains he, at this time, took in improving his first conceptions, and the wisdom he wisely attached to a judicious choice of means, as a means of enriching both the music and the words. They also show,—what, in the estimation of his character, is even still more valuable,—the crowding pliancy and good humour of his mind, yielding to friendly suggestions and criticisms, and never to be questioned, I think, but that these invariably exhibited by him, on points of music, are found to be tenacious and irritable, and equally natural to his disposition, and that there have been turned to account in far more instances, had he been fortunate enough to have been surrounded by persons capable of understanding and

TO LORD HOLLAND.

\* Sept. 22d, 1812.

DEAR LORD,  
 In two I will send you something which  
 give the liberty to reject if you dislike it.  
 I have had more time, but will do my  
 happy if I can oblige you, though I  
 scribbles and the discerning public.

"Ever yours.

give a secret ; or I shall be beset by all  
of them, perhaps, damned by a party."

LETTER XCVII.

TO LORD HOLLAND.

\*Cheltenham, September 23d, 1812.

have marked some passages with *dou-*  
*une* between them—*cut—add—reject*

—or *destroy*—do with them as you will—I leave it to you and the Committee—you cannot say so called a *non committendo*.<sup>7</sup> What will they do (and I do) with the hundred and one rejected Troubadours?<sup>8</sup> With trumpets, yea, and with shawms,<sup>9</sup> will you be assailed in the most diabolical doggerel. I wish my name not to transpire till the day is decided. I shall not be in town, so it won't much matter; but let us have a good *deliverer*. I think Elliston should be the man, or Pope; not Raymond, I implore you, by the love of Rhythmus!

"The passages marked thus —, above and below, are for you to chuse between epithets, and such like poetical furniture. Pray, write me a line, and believe me ever, etc.

"My best remembrances to Lady H. Will you be good enough to decide between the various readings marked, and erase the other; or our *deliverer* may be as puzzled as a commentator, and belike repeat both. If these *versicles* won't do, I will hammer out some more endecasyllables.

"P. S.—Tell Lady H. I have had sad work to keep out the Phoenix—I mean the Fire-Office of that name. It has insured the theatre, and why not the Address?"

TO LORD HOLLAND.

September 24th.

<sup>22</sup> I send a recast of the four first lines of the concluding paragraph.

This greeting o'er, the ancient rule obey'd,  
The drama's homage by her Herald paid,  
Receive our welcome too, whose every tone  
Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.  
The curtain rises, &c. &c.

And do forgive all this trouble. See what it is to have to do even with the *genteel*est of us. Ever, &c."

LETTER XCVIII.

TO LORD HOLLAND.

\* Cheltenham, Sept. 25th, 1812.

<sup>44</sup> Still 'a more matter for a May morning. Having patched the middle and end of the Address, I send one more couplet for a part of the beginning, which, if not too turgid, you will have the goodness to add. After that flagrant image of the *Thames* (I hope no unlucky wag will say I have set it on fire, though Dryden, in his 'Anno Mirabilis,' and Churchill, in his 'Times,' did it before me), I mean to insert this:

As flashing far the new Volcano shone  
And swept the skies with { meteors }  
  { lightnings } not their own,  
While thousands throng'd around the burning dome, &c.

I think 'thousands' less flat than 'crowds collected'—but don't let me plunge into the bathos, or rise into Nat. Lee's *Bedlam* metaphors. By the by, the best view of the said fire (which I myself saw from a house-top in Covent-garden) was at Westminster Bridge, from the reflection on the Thames.

"Perhaps the present couplet had better come in after 'trembled for their homes,' the two lines after;—as otherwise the image certainly sinks, and it will run just as well.



"The lines themselves, perhaps, may be better thus—('chuse,' or 'refuse'—but please *yourself*, and don't mind 'Sir Fretful')—

As flash'd the volum'd blaze, and { *sadly* } shone  
The skies with lightnings awful as their own.

The last *runs* smoothest and, I think, best; but you know *better* than *best*. 'Lurid' is also a less indistinct epithet than 'livid wave,' and, if you think so, a dash of the pen will do.

"I expected one line this morning; in the mean time, I shall remodel and condense, and, if I do not hear from you, shall send another copy.

"I am ever, etc."

### LETTER XCIX.

TO LORD HOLLAND.

\* September 26th, 1812.

"You will think there is no end to my villanous emendations. The fifth and sixth lines I think to alter thus:

Ye who beheld—O sight admired and mourn'd!  
Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it adorn'd;

because 'night' is repeated the next line but one; and, as it now stands, the conclusion of the paragraph, 'worthy him (Shakspeare) and *you*,' appears to apply the '*you*,' to those only who were out of bed and in Covent-garden market on the night of conflagration, instead of the audience or the discerning public at large, all of whom are intended to be comprised in that comprehensive and, I hope, comprehensible pronoun.

"By the by, one of my corrections in the fair copy sent yesterday has dived into the bathos some sixty fathom—

When Garrick died, and Brinsley ceased to write.

Ceasing to *live* is a much more serious concern, and ought not to be first; therefore I will let the old couplet stand, with its half rhymes 'sought' and 'wrote.'\* Second thoughts in every thing are best, but, in rhyme, third and fourth don't come amiss. I am very anxious on this business, and I do hope that the very trouble I occasion you will plead its own excuse, and that it will tend to show my endeavour to make the most of the time allotted. I wish I had known it months ago, for in that case I had not left one line standing on another. I always scrawl in this way, and smooth as much as I can, but never sufficiently; and latterly, I can weave a nine-line stanza faster than a couplet, for which measure I have not the cunning. When I began 'Childe Harold,' I had never tried Spenser's measure, and now I cannot scribble in any other.

"After all, my dear lord, if you can get a decent Address elsewhere, don't hesitate to put this aside. Why did you not trust your own Muse? I am very sure she would have been triumphant, and saved the Committee their trouble—" 'tis a joyful one' to

\* Such are the names that here your plaudits sought,  
When Garrick acted, and when Brinsley wrote.

At present, the couplet stands thus:—

Dear are the days that made our annals bright,  
Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley ceased to write.

me, but I fear I shall not satisfy even my the account you sent me, 'tis no compli you would have beaten your candidates; that, in *that* case, there would have been for their being beaten at all.

"There are but two decent prologues i —Pope's to Cato—Johnson's to Drury-l with the epilogue to the 'Distrest Mo think, one of Goldsmith's, and a prologu man's to Beaumont and Fletcher's Phil best things of the kind we have.

"P.S.—I am diluted to the throat w for the stone; and Boisragon wants me to climate for the winter—but I won't.

### LETTER C.

TO LORD HOLLAND.

\* Septembe

"I have just received your very kin hope you have met with a second copy addressed to Holland-house, with some o this new couplet,

As glared each rising flash,\* and ghastly  
The skies with lightnings awful as their

As to remarks, I can only say I will altesce in any thing. With regard to the Whitbread wishes to omit, I believe the go off *quicker* without it, though, like the Hottentot, at the expense of its vigo to your choice entirely the different stucco-work; and a *brick* of your own w improve my Babylonish turret. I should to have it. With your leave, 'adorn' are lawful rhymes in Pope's Death of the Lady—Gray has 'forlorn' and 'mourn'; and 'mourn' are in Smollet's famous T land.

"As there will probably be an outery rejected, I hope the Committee will needful) that I sent in nothing to t whatever, with or without a name, as well knows. All I have to do with it through you; and though I, of course, w the audience, I do assure you my first comply with your request, and in so doing sense I have of the many obligations yferred upon me.

"Yours e

TO LORD HOLLAND.

\* Septemb

"I believe this is the third scrawl since all about epithets. I think the epithet won't convey the meaning I intend; as hate compounds, for the present I will ( messo) the word '*genius-gifted* patriarch instead. Johnson has 'many-coloured pound—but they are always best avoided it is the only one in ninety lines, but will

\* At present, \* As glared the volum'd blaz  
† This, as finally altered, is

Immortal names, emblazon'd on our li

etter. I am ashamed to intrude any  
nces on Lady H., or letters upon you ;  
tunately for me, gifted with patience  
a tried by

"Your, &c. &c."

## LETTER CI.

TO LORD HOLLAND.

\* September 28th, 1812.

Is better? the metaphor is more com-

*the lava of the*  
*spont volcanic* } wave,  
burning ashes mark'd the Muses' grave.

Will say 'burning' wave, and instead of  
me, is in the line some couplets back,

had determined to castrate all my ca-  
I don't see why t'other house should  
besides, it is the public, who ought to  
and you recollect Johnson was against  
series of Rich's—but, certes, I am not

of effects, say 'labours'—'degenerate'  
Mr Betty is no longer a babe, there-  
cannot be personal.

is do?

*the burning* }  
*the lava of* } that molten } wave,†

ring home, in case you prefer 'burning'  
the 'wave' metaphorical. The word 'fiery'  
suggested by the 'pillar of fire' in the  
 Exodus, which went before the Israelites  
 the Red Sea. I once thought of saying 'like  
 lava,' and making it a simile, but I did not  
 the great temptation was leaving the epithet  
 the supplementary wave. I want to work  
 away as it is the only new ground us pro-  
 ceed upon—

the place where, if a poet  
in description, he might show it.

the possibility of a future conflagration,  
a compliment to Shakspeare. However,  
send it thus :

he here alludes to, and which, in spite of all  
chain there, were omitted by the Committee,

er still, the Drama yet deplores  
she delg'd to crawl upon all-fours,  
third runs in Danforth for a hour,  
second, the stood must come in course.  
too, the stage must condense  
the sickly taste we dare not mend.  
our judgment should no acquiesce,  
by you more by showing less.  
that stamp the Drama's laws,  
mark us with unguessed applause;  
it proves he ne'er again disgraced,  
even to man recall }  
his and brother's rodem } a nation's taste ;  
shall doubly nerve the actors' powers,  
and voice be echoed back by ours.

et but one was again altered in a subse-

prunch let present scenes refuse,  
new men be better, from hale to brute.

his couplet, as printed, is as follows:—  
ending ashes and the lovely wall  
the Muse's realm, and mark'd her fall.

Yes, it shall be—the magic of that name,  
That scorns the scythe of Time, the torch of Flame,  
On the same spot, &c. &c.

There—the deuce is in it, if that is not an improve-  
ment to Whitbread's content. Recollect, it is the  
'name,' and not the 'magic,' that has a noble con-  
tempt for those same weapons. If it were the  
'magic,' my metaphor would be somewhat of the  
maddest—so the 'name' is the antecedent. But, my  
dear lord, your patience is not quite so immortal—  
therefore, with many and sincere thanks, I am

"Yours ever, most affectionately.

"P.S.—I foresee there will be charges of par-  
tiality in the papers; but you know I sent in no  
Address, and glad both you and I must be that I did  
not, for, in that case, their plea had been plausible.  
I doubt the Pit will be testy; but conscious inno-  
cence (a novel and pleasing sensation) makes me  
bold."

## LETTER CII.

TO LORD HOLLAND.

\* September 28th.

"I have altered the middle couplet, so as I hope  
partly to do away with W.'s objection. I do think,  
in the present state of the stage, it had been unpar-  
donable to pass over the horses and Miss Mudie, &c.  
As Betty is no longer a boy, how can this be applied  
to him? He is now to be judged as a man. If he  
acts still like a boy, the public will but be more  
ashamed of their blunder. I have, you see, now  
taken it for granted that these things are reformed.  
I confess, I wish that part of the Address to stand;  
but if W. is inexorable, e'en let it go. I have also  
new-cast the lines, and softened the hint of future  
combustion,\* and sent them off this morning. Will  
you have the goodness to add, or insert, the ap-  
proved alterations as they arrive? They 'come like  
shadows, so depart; occupy me, and, I fear, disturb  
you.

"Do not let Mr W. put his Address into Elliston's  
hands till you have settled on these alterations. E.  
will think it too long:—much depends on the speak-  
ing. I fear it will not bear much curtailing, without  
chasms in the sense.

"It is certainly too long in the reading; but if El-  
liston exerts himself, such a favourite with the public  
will not be thought tedious. I should think it so, if  
he were not to speak it.

"Yours ever, &c.

"P.S.—On looking again, I doubt my idea of  
having obviated W.'s objection. To the other House,  
allusion is a 'non sequitur'—but I wish to plead for  
this part, because the thing really is not to be passed  
over. Many after-pieces at the Lyceum by the same  
company have already attacked this 'Augean Stable'  
—and Johnson, in his prologue against 'Lunn' (the  
harlequin manager, Rich),—'Hunt,'—'Mahomet,'  
&c. is surely a fair precedent."

\* It had been, originally,

Though other piles may sink in future flame,  
On the same spot, &c. &c.



## LETTER CIII.

TO LORD HOLLAND.

\* September 29th, 1812.

"Shakspeare certainly ceased to reign in *one* of his kingdoms, as George III did in America and George IV may in Ireland.\* Now, we have nothing to do out of our own realms, and when the monarchy was gone, his majesty had but a barren sceptre. I have *cut away*, you will see, and altered, but make it what you please; only I do implore, for my *own* gratification, one lash on those accursed quadrupeds—"a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me." I have altered 'wave,' &c., and the 'fire,' and so forth, for the timid.

"Let me hear from you when convenient, and believe me, &c.

"P. S.—Do let *that* stand, and cut out elsewhere. I shall choke, if we must overlook their d—d menagerie."

## LETTER CIV.

TO LORD HOLLAND.

\* September 30th, 1812.

"I send you the most I can make of it; for I am not so well as I was, and find I 'pall in resolution.'

"I wish much to see you, and will be at Tetbury by twelve on Saturday; and from thence I go on to Lord Jersey's. It is impossible not to allude to the degraded state of the Stage, but I have lightened *it*, and endeavoured to obviate your *other* objections. There is a new couplet for Sheridan, allusive to his Monody. All the alterations I have marked thus |, as you will see by comparison with the other copy. I have cudgelled my brains with the greatest willingness, and only wish I had more time to have done better.

"You will find a sort of clap-trap laudatory couplet inserted for the quiet of the Committee, and I have added, towards the end, the couplet you were pleased to *like*. The whole Address is seventy-three lines, still perhaps too long; and, if shortened, you will save time, but, I fear, a little of what I meant for sense also.

"With myriads of thanks, I am ever, &c.

"My sixteenth edition of respects to Lady H.—How she must laugh at all this!

"I wish Murray, my publisher, to print off some copies as soon as your lordship returns to town—it will ensure correctness in the papers afterwards."

## LETTER CV.

TO LORD HOLLAND.

Far be from him that hour which asks in vain  
Tears such as flow for Garrick in his strain;

or,

Far be that hour that vainly asks in turn  
Such verse for him as { *crown'd his* }  
  { *wept o'er* } Garrick's urn.

\* Sept. 30, 1812.

"Will you chuse between these added to the lines

\* Some objection, it appears from this, had been made to the passage, \* and Shakspeare ceased to reign."

on Sheridan? \* I think they will wind up the gyric, and agree with the train of thought in them.

"Now, one word as to the Committee—*how* they resolve on a rough copy of an Address are in, unless you had been good enough to me in memory, or on paper, the thing they have been enough to adopt? By the by, the circumstances the case should make the Committee less 'gloried,' for all praise of them would look playful. If necessary to be stated at all, the facts bear them out. They surely had a right as they pleased. My sole object is one which my whole conduct has shown; viz. that I did not insidious—sent in no Address *whatever*—but applied to, did my best for them and myself above all, that there was no undue partiality, will be what the rejected will endeavour to make. Fortunately—most fortunately—I sent in to the occasion. For I am sure that had they, in case, been preferred, it would have been as that I was known, and owed the preference to friendship. This is what we shall probably encounter, but, if once spoken and apparent, sha'n't be much embarrassed by their brilliant lectures, and as to criticism, an *old* author, like bull, grows cooler (or ought) at every baiting.

"The only thing would be to avoid a party on night of delivery—afterwards, the more the better, and the whole transaction inevitably tends to a deal of discussion. Murray tells me there are myriads of ironical Addresses ready,—some a notion of what is called *my style*. If they were as the Probationary Odes, or Hawkins's Tobacco, it will not be bad fun for the initiated."

\* Ever, &amp;c.

## LETTER CVI.

TO LORD HOLLAND.

\* October 1st.

"A copy of this *still altered* is sent by the post, but this will arrive first. It must be '*humble* yet *aspiring*' does away the modesty, and, *truth is truth*. Besides, there is a puff directed to please your *plaguy* renters.

"I shall be at Tetbury by 12 or 1—but wait for you to ponder over. There are several things marked thus / altered for your perusal. I have dismounted the cavalry, and, I hope, secured your general satisfaction."

\* Ever, &amp;c.

"At Tetbury by noon.—I hope, after 24 hours there will be no more elisions. It is not so long—73 lines—two less than allotted. I will permit *Elliston* to have any voice *whatever*, in speaking it."

The time comprised in this series of letters to Lord Holland,—which, as being exclusively on the subject, I have thought it right to give without interruption,—Lord Byron passed, for the most part, Cheltenham; and during the same period, following letters to other correspondents were written.

\* These added lines, as may be seen by reference to the printed Address, were not retained.

## LETTER CVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

High-street, Cheltenham, Sept. 5th, 1812.  
 the goodness to send those dispatches, the Edinburgh Review with the rest. I written to Mr Thompson, thanked for his present, and told him that happy to comply with his request.—  
 out? and when is the graven image, *the wicked rhyme upon't*, to grace, or of our tardy editions?

*Rokeby*. Who the devil is he?—no good connexions, and will be well in thank you for your inquiries: I am so grammar is sadly below the poetical will you give me or mine for a poem of when complete—no rhyme, no recom- of the last two as I can make them? I saw that one day may be embodied, and shall have much leisure.

My last question is in the true style of best, like Jeremy Diddler, I only 'ask you.'—Send me Adair on Diet and Regimen, published by Ridgway."

## LETTER CVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Cheltenham, Sept. 14, 1812.

which sustained some letters and verse, anonymous and complimentary, and very fine my conversion from certain infidelities to my well-saturated correspondents conceive new ideas. The books were presents of a kind. Aho, 'Christian Knowledge' and a religious Dial of Life explained;—a number of the former (Cadell, publisher), I forward my best thanks for his letter, his above all, his good intentions. The contained a MS. copy of very excellent whom I know not, but evidently the of some one in the habit of writing, and I do not know if he be the author of which accompanied them; but who you can discover him, thank him from my. The other letters were from ladies, one to convert me when they please; discover them, and they be young, as are, I could convince them perhaps of I had also a letter from Mr Walpole his world, which I have answered.

Lucien's publisher? I am promised with him, and think I shall ask you for direction, as 'the gods have made him in whom could it come with a better in his publisher and mine? Is it not possible in you to have to do with a re-creful foe,' as the Morning Post calls

ask on 'Diet and Regimen,' where is Scott's Rokeby; let me have your copy. The Anti-Jacobin Review is all not a bit worse than the Quarterly,

and at least less harmless. By the by, have you secured my books? I want all the Reviews, at least the critiques, quarterly, monthly, &c., Portuguese and English extracted, and bound up in one volume for my old age; and pray, sort my Romanc books, and get the volumes lent to Mr Hobhouse—he has had them now a long time. If any thing occurs, you will favour me with a line, and in winter we shall be nearer neighbours.

"P. S.—I was applied to, to write the Address for Drury-lane, but the moment I heard of the contest, I gave up the idea of contending against all Grub-Street, and threw a few thoughts on the subject into the fire. I did this out of respect to you, being sure you would have turned off any of your authors who had entered the lists with such scurvy competitors. To triumph would have been no glory; and to have been defeated—'death!—I would have choked myself, like Otway, with a quartern loaf; so remember I had, and have, nothing to do with it, upon my honour!"

## LETTER CIX.

TO MR WILLIAM BANKS.

\* Cheltenham, September 28th, 1812.

"MY DEAR BANKS,

"When you point out to one how people can be intimate at the distance of some seventy leagues, I will plead guilty to your charge, and accept your farewell, but not *willingly*, till you give me some better reason than my silence, which merely proceeded from a notion founded on your own declaration of *old*, that you hated writing and receiving letters. Besides, how was I to find out a man of many residences? If I had addressed you *now*, it had been to your borough, where I must have conjectured you were amongst your constituents. So now, in despite of Mr N. and Lady W., you shall be as 'much better' as the Hexham post-office will allow me to make you. I do assure you I am much indebted to you for thinking of me at all, and can't spare you even from amongst the superabundance of friends with whom you suppose me surrounded.

"You heard that Newstead\* is sold—the sum £140,000; sixty to remain in mortgage on the estate for three years, paying interest, of course. Rochdale is also likely to do well—so my worldly matters are mending. I have been here some time drinking the waters, simply because there are waters to drink, and they are very medicinal, and sufficiently disgusting. In a few days I set out for Lord Jersey's, but return here, where I am quite alone, go out very little, and enjoy in its fullest extent the 'douce far niente.' What you are about, I cannot guess, even from your date; not daunting to the sound of the gitourney in the Halls of the Lowthers? one of whom is here, ill, poor thing, with a phthisic. I heard that

\* Early in the autumn of 1812,\* says Mr Dallas, "he told me that he was urged by his man of business, and that Newstead *must* be sold." It was accordingly brought to the hammer at Garraway's, but not, at that time, sold, only £90,000 being offered for it. The private sale to which he alludes in this letter took place soon after,—Mr Clough-ton, the agent for Mr Leigh, being the purchaser. It was never, however, for reasons which we shall see, completed.



account, be prefixed; but let *all* the  
and the plate broken. I will be at t  
has been incurred; it is but fair th  
I cannot permit the publication.  
cular favour, that you will lose no  
done, for which I have reasons that  
I see you. Forgive all the trouble  
you.

"I have received no account of the Address, but see it is vituperative, which does not much embarrass an orator; it is to your own judgment to add in the next edition when required. Pray with my wishes as to the engraving, &c.

"P.S.—Favour me with an answer, as I cannot be easy till I hear that the ship has been destroyed. I hear that the *Satir* Childe Harold, in what manner it was destroyed. I wish to know if the old personal acquaintance I have a better reason for asking than merely concerns myself; but in public kind, others, particularly female friends, are sometimes introduced."

TO LORD HOLLAND

"MY DEAR LORD,

“ Ever yours, most affectionately,  
“ Νεαίρων.” \*

TO MR MURRAY.

"Do the Committee mean to en-  
nation of their proceedings? You  
a leaning towards a charge of part  
at least, acquit me of any great  
myself before so many elder and b  
to whom the 20 guineas (which I  
two thousand pounds *Bank* curren  
would have been equally welcome.

"I wish to know how it went, reading, and whether any one has given it a glance of approbation. I have but Perry's, and two Sunday ones. And the others silent. If, however, your committee are not now dissatisfied with my comments, I shall not much embarrass brilliant remarks of the journals. Upon it is what it always was, per that of the public.

"Believe me, my dear

TO MR MURRAY.

"P. S.—My best respects to  
smiles will be very consolatory, e  
tance."

which the portrait prefixed to this was reference to the latter picture, Lord Byron to Mr Rogers, "If you think the picture ray's worth your acceptance, it is yours a *glove* or masque on it, if you like."

## LETTER CXIII.

TO MR. MURRAY.

\*Cheltenham, Oct. 19th, 1822.

be so good as to get this Parody of *Walter* all the first lines are *Busby's* (correctly—*edit*: my hand is difficult)—particular *Cheltenham*? Tell Mr. Perry I forgive him, and may say against my advice me to deal with the doctor—and not let him say. I cannot believe Mr. Perry, for if you were to—let me say, only get this in—*Walter* for you, of which I trust, but it must be anonymous. It is of English Bards and Scotch R-

to the next edition of *Childe Harold* (he first fifty or a hundred opening lines of *Minerva*, down to the couplet

and I was then the speaker), &c.

(must the *Satire* begin, there you do opening in the best part.)

## LETTER CXIV.

TO MR. MURRAY.

\*Oct. 19, 1822.

but, but I must pay the damage, and I will tell me the amount for the *en-  
dorse* 'Rejected Addresses' by far with kind since the *Ballad*, and with *William*. Tell the author 'I forgive him, and may say against my advice me to deal with the doctor—and not let him say. I cannot believe Mr. Perry, for if you were to—let me say, only get this in—*Walter* for you, of which I trust, but it must be anonymous. It is of English Bards and Scotch R-

editor of the *Satire* ought to be *renewed*; it is done handsomely, *enough*."

*Addresses* sent into the *Drury-lane* Com-  
p. Dr. Busby, entitled a *Monologue*, of  
I was enclosed in this letter. A short  
the will be sufficient. The four first lines  
are as follows:—

giving objects new names,  
for privileges they cannot feel  
after you have named,  
the value of the other day?

as these children, unconsciously, in the

giving objects new names,  
for privileges they cannot feel  
after you have named,  
the value of the other day?"

## LETTER CXV.

TO MR. MURRAY.

\*Oct. 22, 1822.

"Thanks, as usual. You go on boldly; but have a care of *glutting* the public, who have by this time had enough of *Childe Harold*. 'Walter' shall be prepared. It is rather above two hundred lines, with an introductory Letter to the Publisher. I think of publishing, with *Childe Harold*, the opening lines of the 'Curse of *Minerva*,' as far as the first speech of *Pallas*,—because some of the readers like that part better than any I have ever written; and as it contains nothing to affect the subject of the subsequent portion, it will find a place as a *Descriptive Fragment*.

"The plate is broken? between ourselves, it was unlike the picture; and besides, upon the whole, the frontispiece of an author's visage is but a paltry exhibition. At all events, this would have been no recommendation to the book. I am sure Sanders would not have survived the engraving. By the by, the picture may remain with you or him (which you please) till my return. The one of two remaining copies is at your service till I can give you a letter; the other must be burned peremptorily. Again, do not forget that I have an account with you, and that this is included. I give you too much trouble to allow you to incur expense also.

"You best know how far this 'Address list' will affect the future sale of *Childe Harold*. I like the volume of 'Rejected Addresses' better and better. The other parody which Perry has received is mine also (I believe.) It is Dr. Busby's speech verified. You are removing to Albemarle-street, I find, and I rejoice that we shall be nearer neighbours. I am going to Lord Oxford's, but letters here will be forwarded. When at leisure, all communications from you will be willingly received by the humblest of your scribbles. Did Mr. Ward write the Review of *Home Tuske's Life in the Quarterly*? it is excellent."

## LETTER CXVI.

TO MR. MURRAY.

\*Cheltenham, November 22, 1822.

"On my return here from Lord Oxford's, I found your obliging note, and will thank you to retain the letters, and any other subsequent ones to the same address, till I arrive in town to claim them, which will probably be in a few days. I have in charge a curious and very long MS. poem, written by Lord Brooke (the friend of Sir Philip Sidney), which I wish to submit to the inspection of Mr. Gifford, with the following queries:—first, whether it has ever been published, and, secondly (if not), whether it is worth publication? It is from Lord Oxford's library, and must have escaped or been overlooked amongst the MSS. of the Harleian Manuscript. The writing is Lord Brooke's, except a different hand towards the close. It is very long, and in the six-line stanza. It is not for me to hazard an opinion upon its merits; but I would take the liberty, if not too troublesome, to submit it to Mr. Gifford's judgment, which, from



his excellent edition of Massinger, I should conceive to be as decisive on the writings of that age as on those of our own.

"Now for a less agreeable and important topic.—How came Mr *Mac-Somebody*, without consulting you or me, to prefix the Address to his volume\* of '*Dejected Addresses*?' Is not this somewhat larcenous? I think the ceremony of leave might have been asked, though I have no objection to the thing itself; and leave the 'hundred and eleven' to tire themselves with 'base comparisons.' I should think the ingenious public tolerably sick of the subject, and, except the Parodies, I have not interfered, nor shall; indeed I did not know that Dr Busby had published his Apologetical Letter and Postscript, or I should have recalled them. But I confess I looked upon his conduct in a different light before its appearance. I see some mountebank has taken Alderman Birch's name to vituperate Dr Busby; he had much better have pilfered his pastry, which I should imagine the more valuable ingredient—at least for a puff.—Pray secure me a copy of Woodfall's new Junius, and believe me, etc."

#### LETTER CXVII.

TO MR WILLIAM BANKES.

\* December 26.

"The multitude of your recommendations has already superseded my humble endeavours to be of use to you, and, indeed, most of my principal friends are returned. Leake from Joannina, Canning and Adair from the city of the Faithful, and at Smyrna no letter is necessary, as the consuls are always willing to do every thing for personages of respectability. I have sent you *three*, one to Gibraltar, which, though of no great necessity, will, perhaps, put you on a more intimate footing with a very pleasant family there. You will very soon find out that a man of any consequence has very little occasion for any letters but to ministers and bankers, and of them you have already plenty, I will be sworn.

"It is by no means improbable that I shall go in the spring, and if you will fix any place of rendezvous about August, I will *write* or *join* you.—When in Albania, I wish you would inquire after Dervise Tahiri and Vascillie (or Basil), and make my respects to the viziers, both there and in the Morea. If you mention my name to Suleyman of Thebes, I think it will not hurt you; if I had my dragoman, or wrote Turkish, I could have given you letters of *real service*; but to the English they are hardly requisite, and the Greeks themselves can be of little advantage. Liston you know already, and I do not, as he was not then minister. Mind you visit Ephesus and the Troad, and let me hear from you when you please. I believe G. Forresti is now at Yanina, but if not, whoever is there will be too happy to assist you. Be particular about *firmauns*; never allow yourself to be bullied, for you are better protected in Turkey than any where; trust not the

\* \* The Genuine Rejected Addresses, presented to the Committee of Management for Drury-lane Theatre: preceded by that written by Lord Byron and adopted by the Committee:—published by B. M'Millan.

Greeks; and take some *knicker* *patches*, *pistols*, &c. &c., to the B. If you find one Demetrius, at Athens I can recommend him as a good draught to join you, however; but you will find English now in the Levant.

"Believe

#### LETTER CXVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Fe

"In '*Horace in London*,' I perceive on Lord Elgin, in which (waving mention to myself) I heartily concur. The pleasure of Mr Smith's acquaintance communicates the curious anecdote of T.'s letter. If he would like it, he stands for his second edition; if not, our next, though I think we already read Lord Elgin.

"What I have read of this work done. My praise, however, is not author's having; but you may thank for *his*. The idea is new—we have notions of the Satires, &c., by Pope; but one imitative Ode in his work where else. I can hardly suppose lost any fame by the fate of the should this be the case, the present again place them on their pinnacle.

"Y.

It has already been stated that the copies, which he found it necessary to at majority, were procured for him on usurious terms.† To some transact with this subject, the following epigram refers.

#### LETTER CXIX.

TO MR ROGERS.

"I enclose you a draft for the due to Lord \*\*\*'s *protégé*:—I also would state thus much for me. Though the transaction speaks plain the borrower's folly and the lender was my intention to *quash* the debt might, nor to withhold payment perhaps, even *unlawful* interest.

\* In the Ode entitled '*The Parthenon*' speaks:

All who beheld my mutilated pile,  
Shall brand its ravager with classic  
And soon a titled bard from Britain  
Thy country's praise and suffrage  
And fire with Athens' wrongs an art

† It is said that persons living on annuities are longer lived than others,—and unless to plague the grantors,—yet that some, I really think, do not. Of any creditors, the worst a few. And that's their mode of furnishing. In my young days they lent me cash, which I found very troublesome to

has been, and what it is. I have an estate (which has been in my family three hundred years, and was never dis- being in possession of a lawyer, a church- woman, during that period), to liquidate similar demands; and the payment of the is all withheld, and may be, perhaps, for W. therefore, I am under the necessity of these persons await for their money (which, on the terms, they can afford to suffer), it is

On my arrival at majority in 1809, I offered my on legal interest, and it was refused. I will not accede to this. This man I may see, but I have no recollection of the names of but the agents and the securities. The law, it is assuredly my intention to pay my. Tupper's case may be a hard one; but, in circumstances, what is mine? I could not the purchaser of my estate was to de- for it.

What it happens to be in my power so far to my lunatic, and only wish I could do to the rest of the Twelve Tribes.

Ever yours, dear R.

"Bn."

At the beginning of this year, Mr Murray having it to publish an edition of the two of Childe Harold with engravings, the noble man took much zeal into his plan; and, in the subject to Mr Murray, says:—"Westall I have agreed to illustrate your book, and I say so of the engravings will be from the pretty get you the other day," though without her name, but only as a model for some sketch connected with its subject. I would also have the (which you saw to-day) of the friend who is mentioned in the text at the close of Canto 1st, and the sun, - which are subjects sufficient to

Early in the spring he brought out, anonymously, a Walsingham, which, though full of very fine, fell so far short of what was now ex- him by the public, that the disavowal of it was seen by the following letter, he thought not first, found ready credence.

#### LETTER CXX.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* April 26th, 1812.

He is in town by Sunday next, and will call on conversation on the subject of Westall's to sit to him for a picture at the request of mine, and as Sanders's is not a good one, I probably prefer the other. I wish you to ver's taken down and sent to my lodgings - before my arrival. I hear that a cer- publication on Walsingham is attributed to report, I suppose, you will take care to as the author, I am sure, will not like to wear his cap and bells. Mr Holdhouse's be out immediately; pray send to the

Charlotte Harley, to whom, under the name of introductory lines to Childe Harold were ad- sent.

author for an early copy, which I wish to take abroad with me.

"P. S.—I see the Examiner threatens some observations upon you next week. What can you have done to share the wrath which has heretofore been principally expended upon the Prince? I presume all your Scriblers will be drawn up in battle array in defence of the modern Tonsion—Mr Bucke, for instance.

"Send in my account to Bennet-street, as I wish to settle it before sailing."

In the month of May appeared his wild and beautiful "Fragment," *The Giaour*;—and though, in its first flight from his hands, some of the fairest feathers of its wing were yet wanting, the public hailed this new offspring of his genius with wonder and delight. The idea of writing a Poem in fragments had been suggested to him by the *Columbus* of Mr Rogers; and, whatever objections may lie against such a plan in general, it must be allowed to have been well suited to the impatient temperament of Byron, as enabling him to overleap those mechanical difficulties, which, in a regular narrative, embarrass, if not chill, the poet,—leaving it to the imagination of his readers to fill up the intervals between those abrupt bursts of passion in which his chief power lay. The story, too, of the Poem possessed that stimulating charm for him, almost indispensable to his fancy, of being in some degree connected with himself,—an event in which he had been personally concerned, while on his travels, having supplied the ground-work on which the fiction was founded. After the appearance of the *Giaour*, some incorrect statement of this romantic incident having got into circulation, the noble author requested of his friend, the Marquis of Sligo, who had visited Athens soon after it happened, to furnish him with his recollections on the subject; and the following is the answer which Lord Sligo returned.

\* Albany, Monday, August 31st, 1811.

"MY DEAR BYRON,

"You have requested me to tell you all that I heard at Athens about the affair of that girl who was so near being put an end to while you were there; you have asked me to mention every circumstance, in the remotest degree relating to it, which I heard. In compliance with your wishes, I write to you all I heard, and I cannot imagine it to be very far from the fact, as the circumstance happened only a day or two before I arrived at Athens, and consequently was a matter of common conversation at the time.

"The new governor, unaccustomed to have the same intercourse with the Christians as his predecessor, had of course the barbarous Turkish ideas with regard to women. In consequence, and in compliance with the strict letter of the Mohammedan law, he ordered this girl to be sewed up in a sack, and thrown into the sea.—as is, indeed, quite customary at Constantinople. As you were returning from bathing in the Forum, you met the procession going down to execute the sentence of the Waywale on this unfortunate girl. Report continues to say, that on finding out what the object of their journey was, and who was the miserable sufferer, you immediately interfered; and on some delay in obeying your orders, you were obliged



to inform the leader of the escort, that force should make him comply;—that, on farther hesitation, you drew a pistol, and told him, that if he did not immediately obey your orders, and come back with you to the Aga's house, you would shoot him dead. On this, the man turned about and went with you to the governor's house; here you succeeded, partly by personal threats, and partly by bribery and entreaty, to procure her pardon on condition of her leaving Athens. I was told that you then conveyed her in safety to the convent, and dispatched her off at night to Thebes, where she found a safe asylum. Such is the story I heard, as nearly as I can recollect it at present. Should you wish to ask me any further questions about it, I shall be very ready and willing to answer them.

"I remain, my dear Byron,

"Yours, very sincerely,

"SLIGO.

"I am afraid you will hardly be able to read this scrawl; but I am so hurried with the preparations for my journey, that you must excuse it."

Of the prodigal flow of his fancy, when its sources were once opened on any subject, the *Giour* affords one of the most remarkable instances,—this Poem having accumulated under his hand, both in printing and through successive editions, till from four hundred lines, of which it consisted in his first copy, it at present amounts to nearly fourteen hundred. The plan indeed, which he had adopted, of a series of fragments,—a set of "orient pearls at random strung,"—left him free to introduce, without reference to more than the general complexion of his story, whatever sentiments or images his fancy, in its excursions, could collect; and how little fettered he was by any regard to connexion in these additions, appears from a note which accompanied his own copy of the paragraph, commencing "Fair clime, where every season smiles,"—in which he says, "I have not yet fixed the place of insertion for the following lines, but will, when I see you—as I have no copy."

Even into this new passage, rich as it was at first, his fancy afterwards poured a fresh infusion,—the whole of its most picturesque portion, from the line "For there, the rose o'er crag or vale," down to "And turn to groans his roundelay," having been suggested to him during revision. In order to show, however, that though so rapid in the first heat of composition, he formed no exception to that law which imposes labour as the price of perfection, I shall here extract a few verses from his original draft of this paragraph, by comparing which with the form they wear at present\* we may learn to appreciate the value of these after-touches of the master.

\* The following are the lines in their present shape, and it will be seen that there is not a single alteration in which the music of the verse has not been improved as well as the thought.

Fair clime! where every season smiles  
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,  
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,  
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,  
And lend to loneliness delight.  
There, mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek  
Reflects the tints of many a peak  
Caught by the laughing tides that lave  
These Edens of the eastern wave:

Fair clime, where ceaseless  
Benignant o'er those blessed  
Which, seen from far Colonna  
Make glad the heart that hails  
And give to loneliness delight  
There shine the bright abodes  
Like dimples upon Ocean's cheek  
So smiling round the waters  
These Edens of the eastern wave  
Or if, at times, the transient  
Break the smooth crystal of the  
Or brush one blossom from the  
How grateful is the gentle air  
That wakes and wafts the frag

Among the other passages added (which was either the third or fourth) and the first there intervened (which was the first there intervened) was that most beautiful illustration of the lifeless aspect of "He who hath bent him o'er the most gifted critic of our day" has that "it contains an image more full, and more exquisitely finished, recollect in the whole compass of the same edition also were added, as signs of wealth,† those lines, "T walks the water," and the impassioned memory now is but the tomb."

On my rejoicing him in town the the enthusiasm about his writing which I had left so prevalent, both literature and in society, grown, if a general and intense. In the immemorial, around him, familiarity of have begun to produce its usual dis His own liveliness and unreserve, acquaintance, would not be long charm of poetic sadness, which to observers hung about him; while tions, connected by some of his those past and nameless loves alluded ran some risk of abatement from too ance with the supposed objects of h ness at present. A poet's mistress possible, as imaginary a being to o of the attributes he clothes her with himself;—the reality, however fa sure to fall short of the picture w fancy has drawn of it. Could we before us all the beauties whom the immortalized, from the high-born beian damsel,—from the Lauras down to the Chloes and Jeannies,—

And if at times a transient breeze  
Break the blue crystal of the sea  
Or sweep one blossom from the  
How welcome is each gentle air  
That wakes and wafts the odours

\* Mr Jeffrey.

† In Dallaway's Constantinople, a Byron is not unlikely to have consulted quoted from Gillies's History of Greece perhaps, the first seed of the thought full perfection by genius:—"The present compared to the ancient, is the silent ob contrasted with the vivid lustre of active

‡ Among the recorded instances of thoughts in poetry may be mentioned, memorable, Denham's four lines, "Oh thee," &c., which were added in the second poem.

ly impeople our imaginations of many that poetry has lodged there, and find, for instance, our admiration of the faith of the worshipper increased by our disbeliever's blindness of the idol.

Of its first romantic impression the character of the poet may, from such causes, be out of its circle he most frequented, this disapprobation of his imagination was far more than compensated by his frank, social, and engaging qualities, his easy and manner, which, on a nearer introduction, as well as by that entire abstinence from literary assumption or pedantry, which was usually to the praise bestowed by Sprat that few could "ever discover he was by his discourse." While thus, by his own merits, those who had got, as it were, behind his fame, he was seen in his true colours, the plainness as of amiableness, on strangers were out of this immediate circle, the poetical character still continued to operate gloom and sternness of his imaginations were, by the greater number of persons to belong, not only as regarded mind, but to himself. So prevalent and persevering this notion, that, in some disquisitions published since his death, and even many just and striking views, we refused portrait drawn of him, such as the following:—"Lord Byron had a stern, morose mind: a sarcastic, disdainful, gloomy, and to light sympathy with heartless upon the surface was sourness, disapprobation, ill-will. Beneath all this weight of sadness," &c. &c.

Of double aspect which he thus presented by the world and by his friends, he was aware; and it not only amused him, but the versatility of his powers, flattered him.

He was, indeed, as I have already said, means insensible or inattentive to the influence personally on society: and at station he had attained, since the first acquaintance with him, made a great alteration in the unaffectedness of his character, I could perceive, I thought, with external world, some slight changes which seemed indicative of the effects upon him. Among other circumstances, that, whether from shyness of the public or a notion, like Livy's, that men do not too much familiarize the public, he avoided showing himself in crowded places, much more so when we first became acquainted. But, before his name had grown "so loud," we had gone together to the theatre, to the house, and other such places, to

character and Poetical Genius of Lord Byron, &c.

the minute veridical magical homines

city that struck me on those various occasions which he seemed to feel in the circle of those which, from his constant residence in England, he was almost wholly ignorant of which, after that year, I do not re-

and the true reason, no doubt, of his present reserve, in abstaining from all such miscellaneous haunts, was the sensitiveness, so often referred to, on the subject of his lameness,—a feeling which the curiosity of the public eye, now attracted to this infirmity by his fame, could not fail, he knew, to put rather painfully to the proof.

Among the many gay hours we passed together this spring, I remember particularly the wild flow of his spirits one evening, when we had accompanied Mr Rogers home from some early assembly, and when Lord Byron, who, according to his frequent custom, had not dined for the last two days, found his hunger no longer governable, and called aloud for "something to eat." Our repast,—of his own choosing,—was simple bread and cheese; and seldom have I partaken of so joyous a supper. It happened that our host had just received a presentation copy of a volume of Poems, written professedly in imitation of the old English writers, and containing, like many of these models, a good deal that was striking and beautiful, mixed up with much that was trifling, fantastic, and absurd. In our mood, at the moment, it was only with these latter qualities that either Lord Byron or I felt disposed to indulge ourselves; and, in turning over the pages, we found, it must be owned, abundant matter for mirth. In vain did Mr Rogers, in justice to the author, endeavour to direct our attention to some of the beauties of the work;—it suited better our purpose (as is too often the case with more deliberate critics) to pounce only on such passages as ministered to the laughing humour that possessed us. In this sort of hunt through the volume, we, at length, lighted on the discovery that our host, in addition to his sincere approbation of some of its contents, had also the motive of gratitude for standing by its author, as one of the poems was a warm and, I need not add, well-deserved panegyric on himself. We were, however, too far gone in nonsense for even this eulogy, in which we both so heartily agreed, to stop us. The opening line of the poem was, as well as I can recollect, "When Rogers o'er this labour bent;" and Lord Byron undertook to read it aloud;—but he found it impossible to get beyond the first two words. Our laughter had now increased to such a pitch that nothing could restrain it. Two or three times he began; but no sooner had the words "When Rogers" passed his lips, than our fit burst forth afresh,—till even Mr Rogers himself, with all his feeling of our injustice, found it impossible not to join us; and we were, at last, all three, in such a state of uncontrollable laughter that, had the author himself been of the party, I question whether he could have resisted the infection.

A day or two after, Lord Byron sent me the following.

"MY DEAR MOORE,

"When Rogers must not see the enclosed, which I send for your perusal. I am ready to fix any day you like for our visit. Was not Sheridan good upon the whole? The 'Postmaster' was the first and best."

"Ever yours, &c."

member to have ever seen upon him again. Alas! he always wore a kind of fencing cap.

\* He here alludes to a dinner at Mr Rogers's, of which I have elsewhere given the following account:—



## 1.

When T \* \* this damn'd nonsense sent  
(I hope I am not violent),  
Nor men nor gods knew what he meant.

## 2.

And since not ev'n our Rogers' praise  
To common sense his thoughts could raise—  
Why *would* they let him print his lays?

## 3.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 4.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 5.

To me, divine Apollo, grant—O!  
Hermilda's first and second canto,—  
I'm fitting up a new portmanteau;

## 6.

And thus to furnish decent lining,  
My own and others' bays I'm twining—  
So, gentle T \* \*, throw me thine in.

On the same day I received from him the following additional scraps. The lines in *Italics* are from the eulogy that provoked his waggish comments.

## TO ———.

## 1.

*I lay my branch of laurel down.*

*Thou "lay thy branch of laurel down!"*  
Why, what thou 'st stole is not enow;  
And, were it lawfully thine own,  
Does Rogers want it most, or thou?  
Keep to thyself thy wither'd bough,  
Or send it back to Doctor Donne—  
Were justice done to both, I trow,  
He 'd have but little, and thou—none.

## 2.

*Then thus to form Apollo's crown.*

A crown! why twist it how you will,  
Thy chaplet must be foolscap still.  
When next you visit Delphi's town,  
Inquire amongst your fellow-lodgers,  
They 'll tell you Phoebus gave his crown,  
Some years before your birth, to Rogers.

## 3.

*Let every other bring his own.*

When coals to Newcastle are carried,  
And owls sent to Athens, as wonders,  
From his spouse when \* \* 's unmarried,  
Or Liverpool weeps o'er his blunders;  
When Tories and Whigs cease to quarrel,  
When C \* \* 's wife has an heir,  
Then Rogers shall ask us for laurel,  
And thou shalt have plenty to spare.

The mention which he makes of Sheridan in the note just cited, affords a fit opportunity of producing,

\* The company consisted but of Mr Rogers himself, Lord Byron, Mr Sheridan, and the writer of this Memoir. Sheridan knew the admiration his audience felt for him; the presence of the young poet, in particular, seemed to bring back his own youth and wit; and the details he gave of his early life were not less interesting and animating to himself than delightful to us. It was in the course of this evening that, describing to us the poem which Mr Whitbread had written, and sent in, among the other addresses for the opening of Drury-lane theatre, and which, like the rest, turned chiefly on allusions to the Phoenix, he said—'But Whitbread made more of this bird than any of them:—he entered into particulars, and described its wings, beak, tail, &c.—in short, it was a *Poulterer's* description of a Phoenix.'—*Life of Sheridan.*

from one of his journals, some papers has noted down respecting this evening for whose talents he entertained the admiration,—rating him, in natural all his great political contemporaries.

"In society I have met Sheridan was superb! He had a sort of li never attacked me, at least to my every body else—high names, and some of them poets also. I have Whitbread, quiz Madame de Sta man, and do little less by some oth as friends, I set not down) of good

"The last time I met him was Gilbert Elliot's, where he was as it was not the last time; the last time was Kinnaird's.

"I have met him in all places Whitehall with the Melbournes, Tavistock's, at Robins's the au Humphrey Davy's, at Sam Roge most kinds of company, and alway convivial and delightful.

"I have seen Sheridan weep t It may be that he was maudlin; ders it more impressive, for who w

From Marlborough's eyes the tear  
And Swift expire a driveller and a

Once I saw him cry at Robins's after a splendid dinner, full of great spirits. I had the honour of sitting The occasion of his tears was son other upon the subject of the Whigs in resisting office and keepi ples: Sheridan turned round:—"S my Lord G. or Earl G. or Marquis with thousands upon thousands a either *presently* derived, or *inherit* acquisitions from the public money patriotism, and keep aloof from they do not know from what temp kept aloof who had equal pride, lents, and not unequal passions, knew not in the course of their live have a shilling of their own.' And wept.

"I have more than once heard h never had a shilling of his own.' contrived to extract a good many of

"In 1815, I had occasion to vi Chancery-lane: he was with Sheri tual greetings, &c., Sheridan retir recurring to my own business, I ca quiring *that* of Sheridan. 'Oh,' torney, 'the usual thing! to stave t his wine-merchant, my client.'—"W what do you mean to do?"—"Not present," said he: "would you b against old Sherry? what would b and here he began laughing, and dan's good gifts of conversation.

"Now, from personal experi that my attorney is by no means men, or particularly accessible to any

statute or record; and yet Sheridan, had found the way to soften and such a manner, that I almost think thrown his client (an honest man, and some justice on his side) out had he come in at the moment.

Sheridan! he could soften an attorney has been nothing like it since the

I saw him take up his own 'Monody' He lighted upon the Dedication to Lady \*'. On seeing it, he flew into exclaimed, 'that it must be a forgery, never dedicated any thing of his to such &c. &c. &c.—and so went on for abusing his own dedication, or at least of it. If all writers were equally it would be ludicrous.

that, on the night of the grand success for Scandal, he was knocked down the watch-house for making a row in being found intoxicated by the watch-

ing, he was requested to undergo 'an he replied, that he had already submitted, which were enough for one man's asked what they were, he answered his hair cut, and sitting for his

met George Colman occasionally, and extremely pleasant and convivial. or, rather wit, was always sometimes savage; he never laughed (at me, and I watched him), but Colman to chase, and could not have both at the way, 'Let me begin the evening and finish it with Colman.' Sheridan Colman for supper; Sheridan for Colman for every thing, from the champagne at dinner, the claret with between the glasses, up to the punch down to the grog, or gin and water, all these I have threaded with both Colman was a grenadier company of Colman a whole regiment—of light sure, but still a regiment."

time that Lord Byron became acquainted I regret to have to add, partly with Mr Leigh Hunt, the editor of the weekly journal, the Examiner. I had myself formed an acquaintance year 1811, and, in common with a the public, entertained a sincere admiration and courage as a journalist. took in him personally had been recommended by the manly spirit which he throughout a prosecution instituted against his brother, for a libel that had appeared on the Prince Regent, and which they were both sentenced for two years. It will be recollected among the whig party, at this feeling of indignation at the late desecrations and their principles of the age who had been so long looked up to and patron of both. Being myself,

at the time, warmly—perhaps, intemperately—under the influence of this feeling, I regarded the fate of Mr Hunt with more than common interest, and, immediately on my arrival in town, paid him a visit in his prison. On mentioning the circumstance, soon after, to Lord Byron, and describing my surprise at the sort of luxurious comforts with which I had found the "wit in the dungeon" surrounded,—his trellised flower-garden without, and his books, busts, pictures, and piano-forte within,—the noble poet, whose political view of the case coincided entirely with my own, expressed a strong wish to pay a similar tribute of respect to Mr Hunt, and accordingly, a day or two after, we proceeded for that purpose to the prison. The introduction which then took place was soon followed by a request from Mr Hunt that we would dine with him, and the noble poet having good-naturedly accepted the invitation, the Cold Bath Fields prison had, in the month of June, 1813, the honour of receiving Lord Byron, as a guest, within its walls.

On the morning of our first visit to the journalist, I received from Lord Byron the following lines, written, it will be perceived, the night before.

"May 19th, 1813.

Oh you, who in all names can tickle the town,  
Anacreon, Tom Little, Tom Moore, or Tom Brown,—  
For hang me if I know of which you may most brag,  
Your Quarto two-pounds, or your Twopenny Post Bag:

But now to my letter—to yours 't is an answer—  
To-morrow be with me, as soon as you can, sir,  
All ready and dress'd for proceeding to sponge on  
(According to compact) the wit in the dungeon;—  
Pray Phœbus at length our political malice  
May not get us lodgings within the same palace!  
I suppose that to-night you're engaged with some codgers,  
And for Sotheby's Blues have deserted Sam Rogers;  
And I, though with cold I have nearly my death got,  
Must put on my breeches, and wait on the Heathcote.  
But to-morrow, at four, we will both play the *Scurra*,  
And you 'll be Catallus, the R—t Mamurra.

"Dear M.—Having got thus far, I am interrupted by \* \* \* \*. 10 o'clock.

"Half-past 11. \* \* \* \* is gone. I must dress for Lady Heathcote's.—Addio."

Our day in the prison was, if not agreeable, at least novel and odd. I had, for Lord Byron's sake, stipulated with our host beforehand, that the party should be, as much as possible, confined to ourselves; and, as far as regarded dinner, my wishes had been attended to;—there being present, besides a member or two of Mr Hunt's own family, no other stranger, that I can recollect, but Mr Mitchell, the ingenious translator of Aristophanes. Soon after dinner, however, there dropped in some of our host's literary friends, who, being utter strangers to Lord Byron and myself, rather disturbed the ease into which we were all settling. Among these, I remember, was Mr John Scott,—the writer, afterwards, of some severe attacks on Lord Byron; and it is painful to think that, among the persons then assembled round the poet, there should have been one so soon to step forth the assailant of his living fame, while another, less manful, would reserve the cool-venom for his grave.

On the 2d of June, in presenting a petition to the



House of Lords, he made his third and last appearance, as an orator, in that assembly. In his way home from the House that day, he called, I remember, at my lodgings, and found me dressing in a very great hurry for dinner. He was, I recollect, in a state of most humorous exaltation after his display, and, while I hastily went on with my task in the dressing-room, continued to walk up and down the adjoining chamber, spouting forth for me, in a sort of mock-heroic voice, detached sentences of the speech he had just been delivering. "I told them," he said, "that it was a most flagrant violation of the Constitution—that, if such things were permitted, there was an end of English freedom, and that—" "But what was this dreadful grievance?" I asked, interrupting him in his eloquence.—"The grievance?" he repeated, pausing as if to consider—"Oh, *that* I forget."\* It is impossible, of course, to convey an idea of the dramatic humour with which he gave effect to these words; but his look and manner on such occasions were irresistibly comic, and it was, indeed, rather in such turns of fun and oddity than in any more elaborate exhibition of wit that the pleasantry of his conversation consisted.

Though it is evident that, after the brilliant success of Childe Harold, he had ceased to think of Parliament as an arena of ambition, yet, as a field for observation, we may take for granted it was not unstudied by him. To a mind of such quick and various views, every place and pursuit presented some aspect of interest; and whether in the ball-room, the boxing-school, or the senate, all must have been, by genius like his, turned to profit. The following are a few of the recollections and impressions which I find recorded by himself of his short parliamentary career.

"I have never heard any one who fulfilled my ideal of an orator. Grattan would have been near it, but for his harlequin delivery. Pitt I never heard. Fox but once, and then he struck me as a debater, which to me seems as different from an orator as an improvisatore, or a versifier, from a poet. Grey is great, but it is not oratory. Canning is sometimes very like one. Windham I did not admire, though all the world did; it seemed sad sophistry. Whitbread was the Demosthenes of bad taste and vulgar vehemence, but strong, and English. Holland is impressive from sense and sincerity. Lord Lansdowne good, but still a debater only. Grenville I like vastly, if he would prune his speeches down to an hour's delivery. Burdett is sweet and silvery as Belial himself, and I think the greatest favourite in Pandemonium, at least I always heard the country gentlemen and the ministerial devilry praise his speeches up stairs, and run down from Bellamy's when he was upon his legs. I heard Bob Milnes make his *second* speech; it made no impression. I like Ward—studied, but keen, and sometimes eloquent. Peel, my school and form-fellow (we sat within two of each other), strange to say, I have never heard, though I often wished to do so; but from what I remember of him at Harrow, he *is*, or *should* be, among the best of them. Now, I do not admire Mr. Wilberforce's speaking; it is nothing but a flow of words—words, words alone."

"I doubt greatly if the English have any eloquence,

\* His speech was on presenting a Petition from Major Cartwright.

properly so called; and am inclined to think Irish *had* a great deal, and that the French *had* and have had in Mirabeau. Lord Chatham and Burke are the nearest approaches to orators in our land. I don't know what Erskine may have the *bar*, but in the House, I wish him at once more. Lauderdale is shrill, and Scott acute.

\* \* \* \* \*

"But amongst all these, good, bad, and indifferent, I never heard the speech which was not *heard* by the auditors, and not very intelligible, and there. The whole thing is a gradual and as tedious and tiresome as may be *heard* must be often present. I heard Sheridan, and that briefly, but I liked his voice, and his wit; and he is the only one of *them* I wished to hear at greater length.

"The impression of Parliament upon its members are not formidable as *speakers* much so as an *audience*; because in *so* body there may be little eloquence (*after* were but *two* thorough orators in all *ant* suspect still *fewer* in modern times), but be a haven of thought and good sense makethem *know* what is right, though *it* press it nobly.

"Horne Tooke and Roscoe both are declared that they left Parliament with opinion of its aggregate integrity and a that with which they entered it. The *gen* of both in most Parliaments is probably same, as also the number of *speakers* and I except *orators*, of course, because the of ages, and not of septennial or triennial. Neither House ever struck me with more respect than the same number of Turks in a of Methodists in a barn, would have done. ever diffidence or nervousness. I felt (and I *is* in a great degree) arose from the number *rich* the quality of the assemblage, and the thought of the *public* without than the person *with* knowing (as all know) that Cicero himself, *un* bably the Messiah, could never have altered *to* of a single lord of the bedchamber or *bish* thought *our* House dull, but the other *and* enough upon great days.

"I have heard that when Grattan made *his* speech in the English Commons, it was *five* minutes doubtful whether to laugh at or cheer. The *début* of his predecessor Flood had been *complete* failure under nearly similar circumstances when the ministerial part of our senators had *seen* Pitt (their thermometer) for the cue, and *nod* repeatedly his stately nod of approbation took the hint from their huntsman, and *he* into the most rapturous cheers. Grattan's *indeed*, deserved them; it was a *chef-d'œuvre* did not hear that speech of his (being then *in* row), but heard most of his others on the same

\* Of Grattan he says, in another place,—"I *was* struck with the simplicity of Grattan's manner in *life*;—they were odd, but they were natural. *Cur* to take him off, bowing to the very ground, and *God* that he had no peculiarities of gesture or *app* in a way irresistibly ludicrous."

on the war of 1815. I differed from the latter question, but coincided in admiration of his eloquence.

old Courtenay, the orator, at Rogers 1811-12, I was much taken with the of his fine figure, and the still acute conversation. It was he who silenced English House by a crushing reply to a of the rival of Grattan in Ireland. I say (for I like to trace motives) if he personal provocation; for the acrimony seemed to me, as I had read it, to in- Courtenay said 'he had; that, when in g an Irishman), at the bar of the Irish commons, Flood had made a personal and upon himself, who, not being a mem- house, could not defend himself, and that afterwards, the opportunity of retort e English Parliament, he could not re- certainly repaid Flood with interest, for made any figure, and only a speech or he, in the English House of Commons. It, however, his speech on Reform in or called 'the best he ever heard upon

time he had entertained thoughts of broad; and it appeared, indeed, to be of to him, whenever he felt melancholy to turn to the freedom and solitude of a as his resource. During the depression which he laboured under, while printing d. "he would frequently," says Mr Dal- ling Newstead, and of going to reside the Grecian Archipelago,—to adopt the and customs, and to pass his time the Oriental languages and literature." of the triumph that soon after en- success which, in other pursuits besides time, attended him, again diverted his these migratory projects. But the returned; and we have seen, from ters to Mr William Bankes, that he to finding himself, in the course of this the mountains of his beloved Greece for a time, this plan was exchanged for project of accompanying his friends, Lord Oxford, to Sicily; and it was in his preparatives for this expedition ed letters were written.

## LETTER CXXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Maidenhead, June 13th, 1813.

ve read the 'Strictures,' which are and not grossly abusive, in very fair re is a note against Massinger near we cannot quarrel with one's company. The author detects some incongruous ssage of English Bards, page 23, but I do not know. In the sole copy in —I mean the *fifth* edition—you may iterations, that I may profit (though a by his remarks:—For 'hellish instinct,' dal instinct; 'harpies' alter to 'felons;'

and for 'blood-hounds' write 'hell-hounds.'\* These be 'very bitter words, by my troth,' and the alterations not much sweeter; but as I shall not publish the thing, they can do no harm, but are a satisfaction to me in the way of amendment. The passage is only twelve lines.

"You do not answer me about H.'s book; I want to write to him, and not to say any thing unpleasing. If you direct to Post-office, Portsmouth, till called for, I will send and receive your letter. You never told me of the forthcoming critique on Columbus, which is not *too* fair; and I do not think justice quite done to the 'Pleasures,' which surely entitle the author to a higher rank than that assigned him in the Quarterly. But I must not cavil at the decisions of the *invisible infallibles*; and the article is very well written. The general horror of 'fragments' makes me tremulous for the 'Giaour;' but you would publish it—I presume, by this time, to your repentance. But as I consented, whatever be its fate, I won't now quarrel with you, even though I detect it in my pastry; but I shall not open a pie without apprehension for some weeks.

"The books which may be marked G. O. I will carry out. Do you know Clarke's *Naufragia*? I am told that he asserts the *first* volume of Robinson Crusoe was written by the first Lord Oxford, when in the Tower, and given by him to Defoe; if true, it is a curious anecdote. Have you got back Lord Brooke's MS.? and what does Heber say of it? Write to me at Portsmouth.

" Ever yours, &amp;c.

" N."

TO MR MURRAY.

\* June 18th, 1813.

" DEAR SIR,

"Will you forward the enclosed answer to the kindest letter I ever received in my life, my sense of which I can neither express to Mr Gifford himself nor to any one else.

" Ever yours,

" N."

## LETTER CXXII.

TO W. GIFFORD, ESQ.

\* June 18th, 1813.

" MY DEAR SIR,

"I feel greatly at a loss how to write to you at all—still more to thank you as I ought. If you knew the veneration with which I have ever regarded you, long before I had the most distant prospect of becoming your acquaintance, literary or personal, my embarrassment would not surprise you.

\* In an article on this Satire (written for Cumberland's Review, but never printed) by that most amiable man and excellent poet, the late Rev. William Crowe, the incongruity of these metaphors is thus noticed:—"Within the space of three or four couplets he transforms a man into as many different animals. Allow him but the compass of three lines, and he will metamorphose him from a wolf into a harpy, and in three more he will make him a blood-bound."

There are also in this MS. critique some curious instances of oversight or ignorance adduced from the Satire; such as "Fish from *Helicon*"—"Attic Bowers Aonian odours breathe," &c. &c.



# NOTICES OF THE

as will be seen by the following letters; ceded so far in his preparations for the purchase of Love, the jeweller, of Old B about a dozen snuff-boxes, as presents to his old Turkish acquaintances.

LETTER CXXIV.

TO MR MOORE.

"4, Benedictine-street, St James's, July 1813.

"I presume by your silence that I have been into something noxious in my reply to you, the which I beg leave to send, before making apology, which you may apply to any of that unfortunate epistle. If I err in my I expect the like from you, in putting on defence so long in quarantine. God he have said; but he also knows (if he is not) mortals as the *nonchalant* desires that you are the last person I want to see I have,—why the devil don't you say it expectorate your spleen?

"Rogers is out of town with Madam who hath published an Essay against Sun I presume, will make somebody shoot a sermon by Blinkensop, in proof of Christ a hitherto most orthodox acquaintance of a chapel of ease a perfect atheist. Hay or founded a residence yet? and have you finished a Poem? If you won't tell me done, pray say what you have done, or yourself. I am still in equipment for you anxious to hear from, or of, you before I anxiety you should remove more readily, as I sha'n't cogitate about you afterwards. I the lie to that calumny by fifty foreign letters cularly from any place where the plague without a drop of vinegar or a whiff of sulphur you from infection. Pray write: I am sure that "

## LETTER CXXIII.

TO MR MOORE.

"June 22d, 1813.

"Yesterday I dined in company with '...', the Episcopus, whose politics are sadly changed. She is for the Lord of Israel and the Lord of Liverpool—a vile antithesis of a Methodist and a Tory—talks of nothing but devotion and the ministry, and, I presume, expects that God and the government will help her to a pension.

"Murray, the *arrogant* of publishers, the Anac of stationers, has a design upon you in the paper line. He wants you to become the staple and stipendiary Editor of a periodical work. What say you? Will you be bound, like 'Kit Smart', to write for ninety-nine years in the Universal Visitor? Seriously, he talks of hundreds a year, and—though I hate prating of the beggarly elements—his proposal may be to your honour and profit, and, I am very sure, will be to our pleasure.

"I don't know what to say about 'friendship.' I never was in friendship but once, in my nineteenth year, and then it gave me as much trouble as love. I am afraid, as Whitbread's sire said to the king, when he wanted to knight him, that I am 'too old': but, nevertheless, no one wishes you more friends, honour, and felicity, than

"Yours, &c."

Having relinquished his design of accompanying the Oxforde to Sicily, he again thought of the East,

The remainder of this letter, it appears, has been lost.

## LETTER CXXV

TO MR MOORE.

"July 13th,

"Your letter set me at ease; for I really (as I hear of your susceptibility) that I had

—but something I should have been  
ad it, or I, offended you ;—though I  
man with a beautiful wife—his own  
fame—competency and friends (I  
thousand, which is more than I will  
own behalf), can be offended with

me, Moore, I am amazingly inclined—  
y but inclined—to be seriously ena-  
lady A. F.—but this \* \* has ruined  
a. However, you know her ;—is she  
sible, or good-tempered ? either *would*  
out the will. I don't ask as to her  
I see ; but my circumstances are  
were not my other prospects blacken-  
take a wife, and that should be the  
a chance. I do not yet know her much,  
I did. \* \* \*

get away, but find difficulty in com-  
age in a ship of war. They had better  
I cannot, patriotism is the word—' nay,  
uh, I'll rant as well as they.' Now,  
doing !—writing, we all hope, for our  
Remember you must edit my posthu-  
with a *Life of the Author*, for which I  
in *Confessions*, dated 'Lazarretto,'  
at Palermo—one can die any where.  
to be a thing on Tuesday yeled a

The Regent and \* \* \* are to be  
my body else, who has shillings enough  
once a guinea. Vauxhall is the scene  
tickets issued for the modest women,  
good there will be three to spare. The  
the lax are beyond my arithmetic.  
The Stael last night attacked me most  
did that I had 'no right to make love—  
and \* \* barbarously—that I had no  
totally insensible to *la belle passion*,  
all my life.' I am very glad to hear  
know it before. Let me hear from you

## LETTER CXXVI.

TO MR MOORE.

\* July 25th, 1813.

tell versed enough in the ways of single  
e much matrimonial progress. \* \*  
is dining like the dragon of Wantley  
ek. My head aches with the vintage  
rs, and my brains are muddled as their  
your friends the D \* \*s : she sung  
est songs so well, that, but for the  
affectation, I could have cried ; he  
f Hunt, but handsomer, and more  
d, perhaps. I wish to God he may  
rible anomalous complaint. The upper  
ce is beautiful, and she seems much  
r husband. He is right, nevertheless,  
s nauseous town. The first winter  
y destroy her complexion,—and the  
robably, every thing else.

It you a story. M \* \* (of indifferent  
dining out the other day, and com-  
P—e's coldness to his old wassailers.

D \* \* (a learned Jew) bored him with questions—  
why this ? and why that ? ' Why did the P—e act  
thus ?—' Why, sir, on account of Lord \* \*, who  
ought to be ashamed of himself.' ' And why ought  
Lord \* \* to be ashamed of himself ?—' Because the  
P—e, sir, \* \* \* \* \* ' And why, sir,  
did the P—e cut you ?—' Because, G—d d—mme,  
sir, I stuck to my principles.' ' And why did you  
stick to your principles ?'

" Is not this last question the best that ever was  
put, when you consider to whom ? It nearly killed  
M \* \*. Perhaps you may think it stupid, but, as  
Goldsmith said about the peas, it was a very good  
joke when I heard it—as I did from an ear-witness—  
and is only spoilt in my narration.

" The season has closed with a Dandy Ball ;—but  
I have dinners with the Harrowbys, Rogers, and  
Frere and Mackintosh, where I shall drink your  
health in a silent bumper, and regret your absence  
till ' too much canaries' wash away my memory, or  
render it superfluous by a vision of you at the oppo-  
site side of the table. Canning has disbanded his  
party by a speech from his \* \* \* \*—the true  
throne of a Tory. Conceive his turning them off in  
a formal harangue, and bidding them think for them-  
selves. ' I have led my ragamuffins where they are  
well peppered. There are but three of the 150 left  
alive, and they are for the *Town's-end* (query, might  
not Falstaff mean the Bow-street officer ? I dare say  
Malone's posthumous edition will have it so) for life."

" Since I wrote last, I have been into the country.  
I journeyed by night—no incident or accident, but an  
alarm on the part of my valet on the outside, who, in  
crossing Epping Forest, actually, I believe, flung  
down his purse before a mile-stone, with a glow-worm  
in the second figure of number XIX—mistaking it  
for a footpad and dark lantern. I can only attribute  
his fears to a pair of new pistols, wherewith I had  
armed him ; and he thought it necessary to display  
his vigilance by calling out to me whenever we passed  
any thing—no matter whether moving or stationary.  
Conceive ten miles, with a tremor every furlong. I  
have scribbled you a fearfully long letter. This sheet  
must be blank, and is merely a wrapper, to preclude  
the tabellarians of the post from peeping. You once  
complained of my *not* writing ;—I will heap ' coals of  
fire upon your head' by *not* complaining of your *not*  
reading. Ever, my dear Moore, your'n (isn't that  
the Staffordshire termination ?)

" BYRON."

## LETTER CXXVII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* July 27th, 1813.

" When you next imitate the style of ' Tacitus,'  
pray add, ' de moribus Germanorum ;'—this last was  
a piece of barbarous silence, and could only be taken  
from the *Woods*, and, as such, I attribute it entirely  
to your sylvan sequestration at Mayfield Cottage.  
You will find, on casting up accounts, that you are  
my debtor by several sheets and one epistle. I shall  
bring my action ;—if you don't discharge, expect to  
hear from my attorney. I have forwarded your letter  
to Ruggiero ; but don't make a postman of me again,



for fear I should be tempted to violate your sanctity of wax or wafer.

"Believe me ever yours *indignantly*,  
"BN."

## LETTER CXXVIII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* July 28th, 1813.

"Can't you be satisfied with the pangs of my jealousy of Rogers, without actually making me the pander of your epistolary intrigue? This is the second letter you have enclosed to my address, notwithstanding a miraculous long answer, and a subsequent short one or two of your own. If you do so again, I can't tell to what pitch my fury may soar. I shall send you verse or arsenic, as likely as any thing,—four thousand complets on sheets beyond the privilege of franking; that privilege, sir, of which you take an undue advantage over a too susceptible senator, by forwarding your lucubrations to every one but himself. I won't frank *from* you, or *for* you, or *to* you—may I be curst if I do, unless you mend your manners. I disown you—I disclaim you—and by all the powers of Eulogy, I will write a panegyric upon you—or dedicate a quarto—if you don't make me ample amends.

"P. S.—I am in training to dine with Sheridan and Rogers this evening. I have a little spite against R. and will shed his 'Clary wines pottle-deep.' This is nearly my ultimate or penultimate letter; for I am quite equipped, and only wait a passage. Perhaps I may wait a few weeks for Sligo; but not if I can help it."

He had, with the intention of going to Greece, applied to Mr Croker, the Secretary of the Admiralty, to procure him a passage on board a king's ship to the Mediterranean; and, at the request of this gentleman, Captain Barlton, of the Boyne, who was just then ordered to reinforce Sir Edward Pellew, consented to receive Lord Byron into his cabin for the voyage. To the letter announcing this offer, the following is the reply.

## LETTER CXXIX.

TO MR CROKER.

\* Bl. Str., August 2d, 1813.

"DEAR SIR,

"I was honoured with your unexpected\* and very obliging letter when on the point of leaving London, which prevented me from acknowledging my obligation as quickly as I felt it sincerely. I am endeavouring all in my power to be ready before Saturday—and even if I should not succeed, I can only blame my own tardiness, which will not the less enhance the benefit I have lost. I have only to add my hope of forgiveness for all my trespasses on your time and patience, and with my best wishes for your public and private welfare, I have the honour to be, most truly,

"Your obliged and most obedient servant,

"BYRON."

\* He calls the letter of Mr Croker "unexpected," because, in their previous correspondence and interviews on the subject, that gentleman had not been able to hold out so early a prospect of a passage, nor one which was likely to be so agreeable in point of society.

So early as the autumn of this year of the Giaour was required; and a teemed with fresh materials for its pages commencing "The browsing camels ling," and the four pages that follow love indeed is light from heaven," was this time. Nor had the overflowings of yet ceased, as I find in the Poem, as I sent, still further additions,—and among four brilliant lines,—

She was a form of life and light,  
That, seen, became a part of sight  
And rose, where'er I turn'd my sight  
The Morning-star of memory!

The following notes and letters during these outpourings, will show what was the impulse under which he vented

"If you send more proofs, I shall tell an infernal story—'Ecce signum'—these lines enclosed! to the utter discomfiture and, I fear, not to your advantage.

\* Half-past two in the morning, Aug.

"DEAR SIR,

"Pray suspend the proofs, for I am and have quantities for other parts of Yours ever,

"P. S.—You shall have them in the day."

## LETTER CXXX.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Aug.

"I have looked over and corrected not so carefully (God knows if you can) but I can't) as to preclude your eye from some omission of mine or commission. If you have patience, look it over. Do body who can stop—I mean *point*—forth? for I am, I hear, a sad hand at it. I have, but with some difficulty any more to this snake of a Poem, lengthening its rattles every month. fully long, being more than a Canto Childe Harold, which contains but 882 with all late additions inclusive.

"The last lines Hodgson likes. It does, and when he don't, he tells energy, and I fret and alter. I have to soften the ferocity of our Infidel, a man, have given him a good deal to

\* \* \* \* \*

"I was quite sorry to hear you sat town on my account, and I hope since mean so superfluous a piece of politeness

"Our six critiques!—they would be Quarterly by themselves; but this is criticism."

The following refer apparently to criticism.

## LETTER CXXXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Stilton, Oct. 3d, 1813.

recollected an alteration you may wish to be sent to Aston.—Among the Serai, not far from the beginning, is

et for Solitude to share.

applies more than one, and Solitude is one; it must be thus—

may a gilded chamber 's there,  
& Solitude might well forbear;

address is Aston-Hall, Rotherham.

accept this correction? and pray accept me from me for your trouble. Ever

“B.”

I line stands, let the other run thus—

there will weary traveller halt,  
Near the sacred bread and salt.

Wartake of food—to break bread and  
A your host, ensures the safety of the  
though an enemy, his person from that  
no sacred.

another additional note sent yesterday  
it in the Confessional.

leave this to your discretion; if any  
the old line a good one, or the cheese a  
it except either. But, in that case, the  
expected soon after, in the line—

When the master's bread and salt;

replied to—

When the master's bread and salt.

well, though—confound it!”

## LETTER CXXXII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Oct. 12th, 1813.

look the Giaour again over carefully;  
hapness, particularly in the last page.  
was false; she could not die, it was,  
—“I knew.” Pray, observe this and

ayed and read the British Review. I  
writer in most points very right. The  
thing is the accusation of imitation.  
ge I never saw;† and Scott I no further  
than in his lyric measure, which is  
s, and any one's who likes it. The

on on a separate slip of paper enclosed.

referred to by the Reviewers is in the  
lamentation; \* and the following is, I take  
part which Lord Byron is accused by them  
of.

e like was—apply them to the fire,  
they take th' impressions you desire;  
sould, and fashion as you please,  
is moulded with an equal ease:  
find less these the forms remain,  
e impow'd, will never melt again

Giaour is certainly a bad character, but not dangerous; and I think his fate and his feelings will meet with few proselytes. I shall be very glad to hear from or of you, when you please; but don't put yourself out of your way on my account.”

## LETTER CXXXIII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Bennet-street, August 23d, 1813.

“As our late—I might say, deceased—correspondence had too much of the town-life leaven in it, we will now, ‘paulo majora,’ prattle a little of literature in all its branches; and first of the first—criticism. The Prince is at Brighton, and Jackson, the boxer, gone to Margate, having, I believe, decoyed Yarmouth to see a milling in that polite neighbourhood. Made de Stael Holstein has lost one of her young barons, who has been carbonadoed by a vile Teutonic adjutant,—kilt and killed in a coffee-house at Scrawsenhawsen. Corinne is, of course, what all mothers must be,—but will, I venture to prophesy, do what few mothers could—write an Essay upon it. She cannot exist without a grievance—and somebody to see, or read, how much grief becomes her. I have not seen her since the event; but merely judge (not very charitably) from prior observation.

“In a ‘mail-coach copy’ of the Edinburgh, I perceive the Giaour is 2d article. The numbers are still in the Leith smack—*pray, which way is the wind?* The said article is so very mild and sentimental, that it must be written by Jeffrey *in love*;—you know he is gone to America to marry some fair one, of whom he has been, for several quarters, *éperdument amoureux*. Seriously—as Winifred Jenkins says of Lis-mahago—Mr Jeffrey (or his deputy) \* has done the handsome thing by me, and I say *nothing*. But this I will say—if you and I had knocked one another on the head in his quarrel, how he would have laughed, and what a mighty bad figure we should have cut in our posthumous works! By the by, I was called in the other day to mediate between two gentlemen bent upon carnage, and,—after a long struggle between the natural desire of destroying one's fellow-creatures, and the dislike of seeing men play the fool for nothing,—I got one to make an apology, and the other to take it, and left them to live happy ever after. One was a peer, the other a friend untitled, and both fond of high play;—and one, I can swear for, though very mild, ‘not fearful,’ and so dead a shot, that, though the other is the thinnest of men, he would have split him like a cane. They both conducted themselves very well, and I put them out of *pain* as soon as I could.

“There is an American life of G. F. Cooke, *Scurra*, deceased, lately published. Such a book!—I believe, since Drunken Barnaby's Journal, nothing like it has drenched the press. All green-room and tap-room—drams and the drama—brandy, whisky-punch, and, *latterly*, toddy, overflow every page. Two things are rather marvellous—first, that a man should live so long drunk, and, next, that he should have found a sober biographer. There are some very laughable things in it, nevertheless;—but the



pints he swallowed and the parts he performed are too regularly registered.

"All this time you wonder I am not gone: so do I; but the accounts of the plague are very perplexing—not so much for the thing itself as the quarantine established in all ports, and from all places, even from England. It is true the forty or sixty days would, in all probability, be as foolishly spent on shore as in the ship; but one likes to have one's choice, nevertheless. Town is awfully empty; but not the worse for that. I am really puzzled with my perfect ignorance of what I mean to do;—not stay, if I can help it, but where to go? \* Sligo is for the North,—a pleasant place, Petersburgh, in September, with one's ears and nose in a muff, or else tumbling into one's neck-cloth or pocket-handkerchief! If the winter treated Buonaparte with so little ceremony, what would it inflict upon your solitary traveller?—Give me a *sun*, and I care not how hot, and sherbet, I care not how cool, and *my* Heaven is as easily made as your Persian's.† The Giaour is now 1000 and odd lines. Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day; 'eh, Moore?—thou wilt needs be a wag, but I forgive it.

"Yours ever,

"BN.

"P. S.—I perceive I have written a flippant and rather cold-hearted letter; let it go, however. I have said nothing, either, of the brilliant sex; but the fact is, I am at this moment in a far more serious, and entirely new, scrape than any of the last twelve-month's,—and that is saying a good deal. \* \* \* It is unlucky we can neither live with nor without these women.

"I am now thinking and regretting that, just as I have left Newstead, you reside near it. Did you ever see it? *do*—but don't tell me that you like it. If I had known of such intellectual neighbourhood, I don't think I should have quitted it. You could have come over so often, as a bachelor,—for it was a thorough bachelor's mansion—plenty of wine and such sordid sensualities—with books enough, room enough, and an air of antiquity about all (except the lasses) that would have suited you, when pensive, and served you to laugh at when in glee. I had built myself a bath and a *vault*—and now I sha'n't even be buried in it. It is odd that we can't even be certain of a *grave*, at least a particular one. I remember, when about fifteen, reading your poems there,—which I can repeat almost now,—and asking all kinds of questions about the author, when I heard

\* One of his travelling projects appears to have been a visit to Abyssinia:—at least, I have found, among his papers, a letter founded on that supposition, in which the writer entreats of him to procure information concerning "a kingdom of Jews mentioned by Bruce as residing on the mountain of Samen, in that country. I have had the honour," he adds, "of some correspondence with the Rev. Dr Buchanan and the Reverend and learned G. S. Faber, on the subject of the existence of this kingdom of Jews, which, if it prove to be a fact, will more clearly elucidate many of the scripture prophecies: . . . . . and, if Providence favours your lordship's mission to Abyssinia, an intercourse might be established between England and that country, and the English ships, according to the Rev. Mr Faber, might be the principal means of transporting the kingdom of Jews, now in Abyssinia, to Egypt, in their way to their own country, Palestine."

† A Persian's Heaven is easily made—

'T is but black eyes and lemonade.

that he was not dead according to the preface, deriving if I should ever see him—and though time, without the smallest poetical proposal, very much taken, as you may imagine, in volume. Adieu—I commit you to the care of the gods—Hindoo, Scandinavian, and Hellenic!

"P. S. 2d.—There is an excellent new volume of Grimm's Correspondence and Mad. de Staël No. of the E. R. \* \* \* \* \* Jeffrey, was my critic last year; but this is, I believe, another hand. I hope you are going to make a *grand coup*—pray do—or that damned *Lazarus* will beat us all. I have seen many a poem in MS., and he really surpasses every one beneath Tasso. Hodgson is translating him, another bard. You (and, I believe, Rogers, Gifford and myself, are to be referred to as between the twain,—that is, if you accept of it. Conceive our different opinions! I think we are (I am talking very impudently, you will think indeed!) have a way of our own,—at least, Scott certainly have."

#### LETTER CXXXIV.

TO MR MOORE.

\* August 23.

"Ay, my dear Moore, \* there was a time—heard of your tricks, when 'you was caught at the King of Bohemy.' I'm much obliged to some fine London spring, about the year 1810, time does not come again. After all, I was in marriage; and I can conceive nothing more lightful than such a state in the country, with a county newspaper, etc., and kissing one's maid. Seriously, I would incorporate with a man of decent demeanour to-morrow—would a month ago, but, at present, \* \* \*

"Why don't you \* parody that Ode?—I think I should be *tetchy*? or have you *done*? won't tell me?—You are quite right about *schid*, and I have reduced it to a *disyllable* this half-hour.† I am glad to hear you like Richardson, because it tells me what you think that you are going to beat *Lascien*. At least, me how far you have proceeded. Do you think less interested about your works, or less about our friend Ruggiero? I am not—and not in that thing of mine, the 'English Bark' time when I was angry with all the world. I 'disparaged your parts,' although I did not

\* The Ode of Horace,

Natis in nudiis Istitur, &c.

some passages of which I told him might be justly allusion to some of his late adventures:

Quanta laboras in Charybdi,  
Digne puer meliore famam!

† In his first edition of the *Giaour* he had used it as a trisyllable,—"Bright as the gem of Giamschid" on my remarking to him, upon the authority of Richardson's Persian Dictionary, that this was incorrect, I altered it to "Bright as the ruby of Giamschid." On my remarking, however, I wrote to him \* that, as the complexion of his heroine's eye to a 'ruby' might unluckily call to mind of its being bloodshot, he had better change it to "Bright as the jewel of Giamschid;"—which he accordingly did in the following edition.

—and have always regretted that I had an *entire* work, and not sprinkle beautiful pieces—beautiful, I allow, and in language,\* but still giving us a *Shah Namah* (is that the name?) Stick to the East;—the oracle, it was the only poetical policy. The East and West, have all been exhausted; but, we have nothing but S \* \* 's und these he has contrived to spoil, by their most outrageous fictions. His interest us, and yours will. You competitor; and, if you had, you did of it. The little I have done in merely a 'voice in the wilderness' for I has had any success, that also will public are orientalizing, and pave the

am thinking of a story, grafted on the tri and a mortal—something like, only repudiated than, Cazotte's *Diable Amoureux* require a good deal of poesy, and of my forte. For that, and other reasons up the idea, and merely suggest me, in intervals of your greater work, object you might make much of.† If I sure books, there is 'Castellan's *Stanzas*,' the best compendium of the art with, in six small tomes. I am liberty by talking in this style to my my betters;—pardon it, and don't my motives."

## LETTER CXXXV.

TO MR. MOORE.

August—September, I mean—1st, 1813.

I beg your acceptance, Castellan, I on Turkish Literature, not yet the last I will thank you to read, expect, and return in a week, as they by that brightest of Northern constellations,—amongst many other kind in India has warmed him, for I am a Scotsman is of a less genial de-

by endeavoured to obviate the charge of an *sware* I expose myself by being thus publication of eulogies, so warm and so myself, I shall here only add, that it will be me under such a charge, if, in whatever end of my noble friend may be called in praise, he shall, in the same proportion, the good-nature and warm-heartedness dictated.

singularly enough, anticipated this suggestion the daughter of a Peri the heroine of and detailing the love-adventures of her on episode. In acquainting Lord Byron once, in my answer to the above letter, I of your friendship is—not that you will be on my account, for that is too much (or, at least, author's) nature—but that, as to pay your addresses to any of these will, at once, tell me so, frankly and in, at least, have my choice whether I shall go to go on, with such a rival, or at once be race into your hands, and take, for the evians with Mr Montgomery."

"Your Peri, my dear M., is sacred and inviolable; I have no idea of touching the hem of her petticoat. Your affectation of a dislike to encounter me is so flattering, that I begin to think myself a very fine fellow. But you are laughing at me—'stap my vitals, Tam! thou art a very impudent person;' and, if you are not laughing at me, you deserve to be laughed at. Seriously, what on earth can you, or have you, to dread from any poetical flesh breathing? It really puts me out of humour to hear you talk thus.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The 'Ginour' I have added to a good deal; but still in foolish fragments. It contains about 1200 lines, or rather more—now printing. You will allow me to send you a copy. You delight me much by telling me that I am in your good graces, and more particularly as to temper; for, unluckily, I have the reputation of a very bad one. But they say the devil is amusing when pleased, and I must have been more venomous than the old serpent, to have hissed or stung in your company. It may be, and would appear to a third person, an incredible thing; but I know you will believe me when I say that I am as anxious for your success as one human being can be for another's,—as much as if I had never scribbled a line. Surely the field of fame is wide enough for all; and if it were not, I would not willingly rob my neighbour of a rood of it. Now you have a pretty property of some thousand acres there, and when you have passed your present Inclosure Bill, your income will be doubled (there's a metaphor, worthy of a Templar, namely, pert and low), while my wild common is too remote to incommode you, and quite incapable of such fertility. I send you (which return per post, as the printer would say) a curious letter from a friend of mine,\* which will let you into the origin of 'the Ginour.' Write soon.

"Ever, dear Moore, yours most entirely, &c.

"P. S.—This letter was written to me on account of a *different story* circulated by some gentlewomen of our acquaintance, a little too close to the text. The part erased contained merely some Turkish names, and circumstantial evidence of the girl's detection, not very important or decorous."

## LETTER CXXXVI.

TO MR. MOORE.

\* Sept. 5, 1813.

"You need not tie yourself down to a day with Toderini, but send him at your leisure, having anatomized him into such annotations as you want; I do not believe that he has ever undergone that process before, which is the best reason for not sparing him now.

"\* \* \* has returned to town, but not yet recovered of the Quarterly. What follows these reviewers are: 'these bugs do fear us all.' They made you fight, and me (the milkiest of men) a satirist, and will end by making \* \* madder than Ajax. I have been reading Memory again, the other day, and Hope together, and retain all my preference of the former.

\* The letter of Lord Billo, already given.



His elegance is really wonderful—there is no such thing as a vulgar line in his book. \* \* \* \*

"What say you to Buonaparte? Remember, I back him against the field, barring Catalepsy and the Elements. Nay, I almost wish him success against all countries but this,—were it only to choke the Morning Post, and his undutiful father-in-law, with that rebellious bastard of Scandinavian adoption, Bernadotte. Rogers wants me to go with him on a crusade to the Lakes, and to besiege you on our way. This last is a great temptation, but I fear it will not be in my power, unless you would go on with one of us somewhere—no matter where. It is too late for Matlock, but we might hit upon some scheme, high life or low,—the last would be much the best for amusement. I am so sick of the other, that I quite sigh for a cider-cellar, or a cruise in a smuggler's sloop.

"You cannot wish more than I do that the Fates were a little more accommodating to our parallel lines, which prolong ad infinitum without coming a jot the nearer. I almost wish I were married, too—which is saying much. All my friends, seniors and juniors, are in for it, and ask me to be godfather,—the only species of parentage which, I believe, will ever come to my share in a lawful way; and, in an unlawful one, by the blessing of Lucina, we can never be certain,—though the parish may. I suppose I shall hear from you to-morrow. If not, this goes as it is; but I leave room for a P. S., in case any thing requires an answer. Ever, &c.

"No letter—*n'importe*. R. thinks the Quarterly will be at me this time: if so, it shall be a war of extermination—no *quarter*. From the youngest devil down to the oldest woman of that Review, all shall perish by one fatal lampoon. The ties of nature shall be torn asunder, for I will not even spare my hook-seller; nay, if one were to include readers also, all the better."

#### LETTER CXXXVII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Sept. 8th 1813.

"I am sorry to see Tod. again so soon, for fear your scrupulous conscience should have prevented you from fully availing yourself of his spoils. By this coach I send you a copy of that awful pamphlet 'the Giaour,' which has never procured me half so high a compliment as your modest alarm. You will (if inclined in an evening) perceive that I have added much in quantity,—a circumstance which may truly diminish your modesty upon the subject.

"You stand certainly in great need of 'a lift' with Mackintosh. My dear Moore, you strangely underrate yourself. I should conceive it an affectation in any other; but I think I know you well enough to believe that you don't know your own value. However, 'tis a fault that generally mends; and, in your case, it really ought. I have heard him speak of you as highly as your wife could wish; and enough to give all your friends the jaundice.

"Yesterday I had a letter from *Ali Pacha*! brought by Doctor Holland, who is just returned from Albania. It is in Latin, and begins 'Excehentsissime, nec non Carissime,' and ends about a gun he wants

made for him;—it is signed 'Ali Vizir' think he has been about? H. tells spring, he took a hostile town, where, ago, his mother and sisters were taken. Cunigonde was by the Bulgarian cave the town, selects all the survivors of children, grand-children, &c., to the hundred, and has them shot before him. I lect, he spared the rest of the city himself to the Tarquin pedigree,—which I would. So much for 'dearest friend

#### LETTER CXXXVI.

TO MR MOORE.

"I write to you from Murray's, and from Murray, who, if you are not in favour of any other publisher, would treat with you, at a fitting time, for I can safely recommend him, as fair, liberal, and certainly, in point of reputation among the first of 'the trade.' I am doing you justice. I have written to you, that you will be glad to see so little of

#### LETTER CXXXIII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Sept.

"THOMAS MOORE,

"(Thou wilt never be called 'true' He of Ercildoune), why don't you write as you won't, I must. I was near you other day, and hope I soon shall be you must and shall meet me, and go elsewhere, and take what, in *flash* dically termed 'a lark,' with Rogers and plies. Yesterday, at Holland-house, I to Southey—the best-looking bard I some time. To have that poet's head I would almost have written his Sa certainly a prepossessing person to man of talent, and all that, and—*there*

"\* \* \* read me *part* of a letter from foot of Pharaoh, I believe there was stopped short, so he did, after a fine our correspondence, and looked—I will avenge myself by attacking you, or by I have *had* to defend you—an agreeable one's friends have of recommending saying—'Ay, ay, I gave it Mr S what he said about your being a plagiarist and so on.' But do you know that the very few whom I never have the hearing abused, but the reverse; suppose I will forgive *that*?

"I have been in the country, and the Doncaster races. It is odd,—I the same house which came to my sister with Lady Carmarthen (with whom before his majority—by the by, remember not my mamma)—and they thrust a room, with a nauseous picture over which I should suppose my papa regarded with respect, and which, inheriting the

with great satisfaction. I staid a week  
ily, and behaved very well—though the  
use is young and religious, and pretty,  
ies is my particular friend. I felt no  
g thing but a poodle dog, which they  
me. Now, for a man of my courses, not  
ve needed is a sign of great amendment.  
on all this nonsense, and don't 'snub me  
is quits." Ever yours, BN."

is as unprompted for you by a 'person of  
since last week, on being reproached for

from the heart where Sorrow sits,  
f dusky shadow mounts too high,  
er the changing aspect flits,  
f clouds the brow, or fills the eye—  
nd that gloom which soon shall sink :  
thoughts their dungeon know too well ;  
e my breast the wanderers shrink,  
died within their silent cell.

## LETTER CXL.

TO MR MOORE.

\* October 2, 1813.

and answered some six letters of  
therefore, is my penultimate. I will  
are more, but, after that—I swear by  
—I am silent and supercilious. I have  
Holland-house—he beats every body ;  
is beyond human, and his humour  
define what is wit perfect. Then he  
and twice as many voices, when he  
met his equal. Now, were I a  
a virgin, that is the man I would  
nder. He is quite fascinating. Re-  
met him but once; and you, who  
long, may probably deduct from  
almost fear to meet him again, lest  
ould be lowered. He talked a great  
theme never tiresome to me, nor any  
know. What a variety of expression  
that naturally not very fine counte-  
e absolutely changes it entirely. I  
can't describe him, and you know  
I return to \* \*, where I shall not  
Perhaps I shall hear from you in  
good night.

m.—Your letter has cancelled all  
did not suspect you in earnest.  
because I don't do a very shabby  
don't fear your competition.' If  
o an alternative of preference, I  
as much as Satan does Michael.  
room enough in our respective  
will soon be my turn to forgive.  
Mackintosh and Mrs Stale—as  
pleased to denominate Corinne—  
night, at Covent-garden, yawning  
of Falstaff.

s of 'gloom,' if one's friends are  
reputants, is of great service; as  
egion of impertinents, in the shape  
acquaintance. But thou know'st I

printed in his Works.

can be a right merry and conceited fellow, and rarely  
'larmoyant.' Murray shall reinstate your line forth-  
with.\* I believe the blunder in the motto was mine ;  
—and yet I have, in general, a memory for you, and  
am sure it was rightly printed at first.

"I do 'blush' very often, if I may believe Ladies  
H. and M.—but luckily, at present, no one sees me.  
Adieu."

## LETTER CXLI.

TO MR MOORE.

\* November 30th, 1813.

"Since I last wrote to you, much has occurred,  
good, bad, and indifferent,—not to make me forget  
you, but to prevent me from reminding you of one  
who, nevertheless, has often thought of you, and to  
whom your thoughts, in many a measure, have fre-  
quently been a consolation. We were once very near  
neighbours this autumn; and a good and bad neigh-  
bourhood it has proved to me. Suffice it to say, that  
your French quotation was confoundedly to the pur-  
pose,—though very unexpectedly pertinent, as you  
may imagine by what I said before, and my silence  
since. \* \* \* \* \*

However, 'Richard's himself again,' and except all  
night and some part of the morning, I don't think very  
much about the matter.

"All convulsions end with me' in rhyme; and, to  
solace my midnights, I have scribbled another Turkish  
story†—not a Fragment—which you will receive soon  
after this. It does not trench upon your kingdom in  
the least, and, if it did, you would soon reduce me to  
my proper boundaries. You will think, and justly,  
that I run some risk of losing the little I have gained  
in fame, by this further experiment on public pa-  
tience; but I have really ceased to care on that head.  
I have written this, and published it, for the sake of  
the employment,—to wring my thoughts from reality,  
and take refuge in 'imaginings,' however 'horrible;'  
and, as to success! those who succeed will console  
me for a failure—excepting yourself and one or two  
more, whom luckily I love too well to wish one leaf of  
their laurels a tint yellower. This is the work of a  
week, and will be the reading of an hour to you, or  
even less,—and so, let it go. \* \* \* \* \*

"P. S.—Ward and I talk of going to Holland. I  
want to see how a Dutch canal looks, after the Bou-  
phorus. Pray respond."

## LETTER CXLI.

TO MR MOORE.

\* December 10th, 1813.

"Your letter, like all the best, and even kindest,  
things in this world, is both painful and pleasing.  
But, first, to what sits nearest. Do you know I was  
actually about to dedicate to you,—and in a formal  
inscription, as to one's elders,—but through a shrewd  
prefatory letter, in which I located myself your in-  
timate, and held forth the prospect of your Poems—

\* The motto to the *Viscount*, which is taken from some one of  
the Irish Melodies, had been quoted by him inaccurately in  
the first editions of the *Poems*. He made afterwards a  
similar mistake in the lines from *Beena* prefixed to the  
*Bride of Abydos*.

† The *Bride of Abydos*.



His elegance is really wonderful—there is no such thing as a vulgar line in his book. \* \* \* \*

"What say you to Buonaparte? Remember, I back him against the field, barring Catalepsy and the Elements. Nay, I almost wish him success against all countries but this,—were it only to choke the Morning Post, and his undutiful father-in-law, with that rebellious bastard of Scandinavian adoption, Bernadotte. Rogers wants me to go with him on a crusade to the Lakes, and to besiege you on our way. This last is a great temptation, but I fear it will not be in my power, unless you would go on with one of us somewhere—no matter where. It is too late for Mallock, but we might hit upon some scheme, life or low,—the last would be much the better amusement. I am so sick of the other, that I sigh for a cider-cellar, or a cruise in a sloop.

"You cannot wish more than I do were a little more accommodating lines, which prolong ad infinitum jot the nearer. I almost wish I which is saying much. All my juniors are in for it, and as the only species of parent ever come to my share in unlawful one, by the bye, be certain,—though I shall hear from you. I leave it to you; but I leave requires an answer.

"No letter will be at extermination down to the perisher; but I leave the seller; the buyer;

made for him;—it think he has been spring, he took ago, his mother Cunigonde the town childre hand lee b—

This last thing of mine may have the and I assure you I have great doubts about it even if not, its little day will be over before ready and willing. Come out—screw your to the sticking place.' Except the Post surely you cannot complain of a want of there), you have not been regularly out for years. No man stands higher,—whatever you think on a rainy day, in your provincial re 'Aucun homme, dans aucune langue, n'a été, être, plus complètement le poète du cœur et le des femmes. Les critiques lui reprochent de représenté le monde ni tel qu'il est, ni tel qu'il être; mais les femmes répondent qu'il l'a représenté tel qu'elles le désirent.'—I should have thought mondi had written this for you, instead of M—

"Write to me, and tell me of yourself. Do remember what Rousseau said to some one—'we quarrelled? you have talked to me often never once mentioned yourself.'

"P. S.—The last sentence is an indirect appeal for my own egotism,—but I believe in letters allowed. I wish it was mutual. I have not an odd reflection in Grimm; it shall not—at the bad part—be applied to you or me, though of us has certainly an indifferent name—but this is: 'Many people have the reputation of being wicked, with whom we should be too happy to pass our lives.' I need not add it is a woman's saying—a Mademoiselle de Sommers's."

At this time Lord Byron commenced a Journal or Diary, from the pages of which I have already selected a few extracts, and of which I shall now say much more as is producible before the reader. Employed chiefly,—as such a record, from its nature must be,—about persons still living and occurrences still recent, it would be impossible, of course, to submit it to the public eye, without the omission of some portion of its contents, and unluckily, too, of the very portion which, from its reference to the secret pursuits and feelings of the writer, would the most lively pique and gratify the curiosity of the reader. Enough, however, will, I trust, still remain, even after all this necessary winnowing, to enlarge and further the view we have here opened into the interior of the poet's life and habits, and to indulge less than taste, as general as it is natural, which leads us to contemplate with pleasure a great mind in its undress, and to rejoice in the discovery so consoling to human pride, that even the mightiest,

case and weakness resemble our-

BEGUN NOVEMBER 14, 1813.

been begun ten years ago, and faithful! there are too many things I remember, as it is. Well,—I use of what are called the pleasures have seen more of the European and as I have made a good use of. They own reward,—it certainly should be trouble. At five-and-twenty, when life is over, one should be somewhat I? nothing but five and twenty months. What have I seen? the world,—ay, and woman too. A man who never asks questions, and the race, who saves one the trouble of But for this same plague—yellow- instead delay, I should have been by all time close to the Euxine. If I can at, I don't so much mind your pesti- any rate, the spring shall see me I neither marry myself nor unmarry the interval. I wish one was,—I at I wish. It is odd I never set my- wishing without attaining it—and again to believe with the good old should only pray for the nation, and ridical—but, on my principle, this is patriotic.

lections.—Let me see—last night I ia,' my second Turkish Tale. I be- sition of it kept me alive—for it was my thoughts from the recollection of— and name, rest ever unreveal'd.

ere, my hand would tremble to write soon I have burnt the scenes of my edy. I have some idea of expectorator rather a tale, in prose;—but what equal the events—

queque ipse . . . . . vidi,  
ocum pars magna fui.

ry Byron called on me with my little She will grow up a beauty and a the mean time, it is the prettiest e and eyelashes, black and long as ren. I think she is prettier even than gina,—yet I don't like to think so ough older, she is not so clever.

ed before I was up, so we did not so—who seems out of humour with What can be the matter? he is not e lost his own mistress, or any other Hodgson, too, came. He is going to he is the kind of man who will be has talent, cheerfulness, every thing him a pleasing companion; and his some and young, and all that. But one much improved by matrimony. contemporaries are bald and discon-

it aux hommes qui sont hors de toute le génie, qu'on aime à ressembler au leues."—Ginguent.

tented. W. and S. have both lost their hair and good-humour; and the last of the two had a good deal to lose. But it don't much signify what falls off a man's temples in that state.

"Mem. I must get a toy to-morrow for Eliza, and send the device for the seals of myself and \* \* \*. Mem. too, to call on the Staël and Lady Holland to-morrow, and on \* \*, who has advised me (without seeing it, by the by) not to publish 'Zuleika'; I believe he is right, but experience might have taught him that not to print is *physically* impossible. No one has seen it but Hodgson and Mr Gifford. I never in my life read a composition, save to Hodgson, as he pays me in kind. It is a horrible thing to do too frequently;—better print, and they who like may read, and, if they don't like, you have the satisfaction of knowing that they have, at least, *purchased* the right of saying so.

"I have declined presenting the Debtor's Petition, being sick of parliamentary mummeries. I have spoken thrice; but I doubt my ever becoming an orator. My first was liked; the second and third—I don't know whether they succeeded or not. I have never yet set to it *con amore*;—one must have some excuse to oneself for laziness, or inability, or both, and this is mine. 'Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me;'—and then, I have 'drunk medicines,' not to make me love others, but certainly enough to hate myself.

"Two nights ago, I saw the tigers sup at Exeter Change. Except Veli Pacha's lion in the Morea,—who followed the Arab keeper like a dog,—the fondness of the hyæna for her keeper amused me most. Such a conversazione!—There was a 'hippopotamus,' like Lord L—I in the face; and the 'Ursine Sloth' hath the very same voice and manner of my valet—but the tiger talked too much. The elephant took and gave me my money again—took off my hat—opened a door—trunked a whip—and behaved so well, that I wish he was my butler. The handsomest animal on earth is one of the panthers; but the poor antelopes were dead. I should hate to see one *here*:—the sight of the *camel* made me pine again for Asia Minor. 'Oh quando te aspiciam?'

\* Nov. 16th.

"Went last night with Lewis to see the first of Antony and Cleopatra. It was admirably got up and well acted—a salad of Shakspeare and Dryden. Cleopatra strikes me as the epitome of her sex—fond, lively, sad, tender, teasing, humble, haughty, beautiful, the devil!—coquettish to the last, as well with the 'asp' as with Antony. After doing all she can to persuade him that—but why do they abuse him for cutting off that poltroon Cicero's head? Did not Tully tell Brutus it was a pity to have spared Antony? and did he not speak the Philippics? and are not 'words things?' and such 'words' very pestilent 'things' too? If he had had a hundred heads, they deserved (from Antony) a rostrum (his was stuck up there) apiece—though, after all, he might as well have pardoned him, for the credit of the thing. But to resume—Cleopatra, after securing him, says, 'yet go'—'it is your interest,' &c.—how like the sex! and the questions about Octavia—it is woman all over.



"To-day received Lord Jersey's invitation to Middleton—to travel sixty miles to meet Madame \* \* \* I once travelled three thousand to get among silent people; and this same lady writes octavos and *talks* folios. I have read her books—like most of them, and delight in the last; so I won't hear it, as well as read. \* \* \* \*

"Read Burns to-day. What would he have been, if a patrician? We should have had more polish—less force—just as much verse, but no immortality—a divorce and a duel or two, the which had he survived, as his potations must have been less spirituous, he might have lived as long as Sheridan, and outlived as much as poor Brinsley. What a wreck is that man! and all from bad pilotage; for no one had ever better gales, though now and then a little too squally. Poor dear Sherry! I shall never forget the day he and Rogers and Moore and I passed together; when *he* talked, and *we* listened, without one yawn, from six to one in the morning.

"Got my seals \* \* \* \*. Have again forgot a plaything for *ma petite cousine* Eliza; but I must send for it to-morrow. I hope Harry will bring her to me. I sent Lord Holland the proofs of the last 'Giaour,' and the 'Bride of Abydos.' He won't like the latter, and I don't think that I shall long. It was written in four nights, to distract my dreams from \* \*. Were it not thus, it had never been composed; and had I not done something at that time, I must have gone mad, by eating my own heart—bitter diet!—Hodgson likes it better than the Giaour, but nobody else will,—and he never liked the fragment. I am sure, had it not been for Murray, *that* would never have been published, though the circumstances which are the groundwork make \* \* \* heigh-ho!

"To-night I saw both the sisters of \* \* \* my God! the youngest so like! I thought I should have sprung across the house, and am so glad no one was with me in Lady H.'s box. I hate those likenesses—the mock-bird, but not the nightingale—so like as to remind, so different as to be painful.\* One quarrels equally with the points of resemblance and of distinction.

\* Nov. 17th.

"No letter from \* \* \*;—but I must not complain. The respectable Job says, 'Why should a *living man* complain!' I really don't know, except it be that a *dead man* can't; and he, the said patriarch, *did* complain, nevertheless, till his friends were tired, and his wife recommended that pious prologue, 'Curse — and die;' the only time, I suppose, when but little relief is to be found in swearing. I have had a most kind letter from Lord Holland on 'The Bride of Abydos,' which he likes, and so does Lady H. This is very good-natured in both, from whom I don't deserve any quarter. Yet I *did* think, at the time, that my cause of enmity proceeded from Holland-house, and am glad I was wrong, and wish I had not been in such a hurry with that confounded satire, of which I would suppress even the memory;—but

\* Earth holds no other like to thee,  
Or, if it doth, in vain for me:  
For worlds I dare not view the dame  
Resembling thee, yet not the same.

The Giaour.

people, now they can't get it, make a fuss, [sic] believe, out of contradiction.

"George Ellis and Murray have been talking something about Scott and me, George pro Scott—very right too. If they want to depose him, I wish they would not set me up as a competitor. Even if I had my choice, I would rather be the Duke of Warwick than all the *kings* he ever made! John and Gifford I take to be the monarch-maker in poetry and prose. The British Critic, in their late Review, have pre-supposed a comparison, which I am sure my friends never thought of, and which subjects are injudicious in descending to. I hate the man—and admire his works to what Mr. B. calls *Entusiasmus*. All such stuff can only vex and do me no good. Many hate his politics—[his all politics]; and here, a man's politics are like a Greek *soul*—an *εἶδός*, besides God knows *other soul*; but their estimate of the two parties go together.

"Harry has not brought *ma petite cousine*. Let us go to the play together:—she has been once. Another short note from Jersey, inviting me and me on the 23d. I must see my agent now. I wonder when that Newstead business will be finished. It cost me more than words to part with it—and to have parted with it! What name what I do? or what becomes of me?—but I remember Job's saying, and console myself with 'a living man.'

"I wish I could settle to reading again,—my books are monotonous, and yet desultory. I take up books, fling them down again. I began a comedy, but I dropped it because the scene ran into *reality*;—a word the same reason. In rhyme, I can keep more from facts; but the thought always runs through. . . . yes, yes, through. I have a letter from Lady Melbourne—the best friend I had in my life, and the cleverest of women. \* \*

"Not a word from \* \*. Have they set off \* \*? or has my last precious epistle fallen in Lion's jaws? If so—and this silence looks so—I must clap on 'my musty morion' and 'idle my iron.' I am out of practice,—but I will begin again at Manton's now. Besides, I would not let his shot. I was once a famous wafer-eater, then the bullies of society made it necessary. Since I began to feel that I had a bad cause to support, I have left off the exercise.

"What strange tidings from that Anakin-dragon! —Bonaparte! Ever since I defended my brother at Harrow against the rascally time-servers, when war broke out in 1803, he has been a 'lame old man' of mine—on the continent; I don't want him here. But I don't like those same flights,—of armies, &c. &c. I am sure when I taught his bust at school, I did not think he would get away from himself. But I should not wonder if I banged them yet. To be beat by men would be nothing; but by three stupid, legitimate-old-dog boobies of regular-bred sovereigns—O-hone-a-rie! It must be, as Cobbett says, a marriage with the thick-lipped and thick-lipped *Autrichienne* brood. He had better have kept who was kept by Barras. I never knew any good of your young wife, and legal espousals, to say

might be worth seeing; though I prefer a cigar, or a hooka, with the rose-leaf mixed with the milder herb of the Levant. I don't know what liberty means,—never having seen it,—but wealth is power all over the world;—and as a shilling performs the duty of a pound (besides sun and sky and beauty for nothing) in the East,—that is the country. How I envy Herodes Atticus!—more than Pomponius. And yet a little *tumult*, now and then, is an agreeable quickener of sensation;—such as a revolution, a battle, or an *aventure* of any lively description. I think I rather would have been Bonneval, Ripperda, Albeironi, Hayreddin, or Horuc Barbarossa, or even Wortley Montague, than Mahomet himself.

"Rogers will be in town soon?—the 23d is fixed for our Middleton visit. Shall I go? umph!—In this island, where one can't ride out without overtaking the sea, it don't much matter where one goes.

"I remember the effect of the *first* Edinburgh Review on me. I heard of it six weeks before,—read it the day of its denunciation,—dined and drank three bottles of claret (with S. B. Davies, I think),—neither ate nor slept the less, but, nevertheless, was not easy till I had vented my wrath and my rhyme, in the same pages, against every thing and every body. Like George, in the Vicar of Wakefield, 'the fate of my paradoxes' would allow me to perceive no merit in another. I remembered only the maxim of my boxing-master, which, in my youth, was found useful in all general riots,—'Whoever is not for you is against you—*mill away right and left*,' and so I did;—like Ishmael, my hand was against all men, and all men's anent me. I did wonder, to be sure, at my own success—

And marvels so much wit is all his own,

as Hobhouse sarcastically says of somebody (not unlikely myself, as we are old friends);—but were it to come over again, I would *not*. I have since redde\* the cause of my couplets, and it is not adequate to the effect. C\*\* told me that it was believed I alluded to poor Lord Carlisle's nervous disorder in one of the lines. I thank Heaven I did not know it—and would not, could not, if I had,—I must naturally be the last person to be pointed on defects or maladies.

"Rogers is silent,—and, it is said, severe. When he does talk, he talks well; and, on all subjects of taste, his delicacy of expression is pure as his poetry. If you enter his house—his drawing-room—his library—you of yourself say, this is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor. But this very delicacy must be the misery of his existence. Oh the jarrings his disposition must have encountered through life!

"Southey, I have not seen much of. His appearance is *Epic*; and he is the only existing entire man of letters. All the others have some pursuit annexed to their authorship. His manners are mild, but not those of a man of the world, and his talents,

\* It was thus that he, in general, spelled this word.

of the first order. His prose is perfect. poetry there are various opinions: there is, perhaps, too much of it for the present generation;—poetry will probably select. He has *passages* equal to anything. At present, he has a *party*, but not except for his prose writings. The *Life of* is beautiful.

"\*\* is a *Littérateur*, the oracle of the C of the \* \* s, L\* W\* (Sydney Smith's 'Virgin,') Mrs Wilmot (she, at least, is a *sonnet* might frequent a purer stream), Lady B\*, the Blues, with Lady C\*\* at their head—*nothing of her*—'look in her face and *see* them all,' and every thing else. Oh that *diva* 'te Diva potens Cypri,' I would, to be like that woman, build and burn another Troy.

"M\*\*e has a peculiarity of talent, *all* talents,—poetry, music, voice, all his own; an expression in each, which never was, nor will be possessed by another. But he is capable of higher flights in poetry. By the by, what *was* what—every thing in the 'Post-Bag!' *There* nothing M\*\*e may not do, if he will but *set* set about it. In society, he is gentlemanly, and altogether more pleasing than any *with* whom I am acquainted. For his *conduct*, principle, and independence, his conduct to *speaks* 'trumpet-tongued.' He has but one *and* that one I daily regret—he is not *here*.

\* *Now*

"Ward—I like Ward.\* By Mahomet! *to* think I like every body;—a disposition *encouraged*;—a sort of social gluttony, that *every* thing set before it. But I like Ward, *piquant*; and, in my opinion, will stand *in* the House and every where else—if he *regularly*. By the by, I dine with him *which* may have some influence on my opinion, is as well not to trust one's gratitude *after* I have heard many a host libelled by his *with* his burgundy yet reeking on their *racily*.

"I have taken Lord Salisbury's box at Co garden for the season;—and now I must *prepare* to join Lady Holland and party, in the Drury-lane, *questa sera*.

"Holland doesn't think the man is *Justin* that the yet unpublished journal throws *on* the obscurities of that part of George the *reign*.—What is this to George the Third's? know what to think. Why should Junius *dead*? If suddenly apoplexied, would he *grave* without sending his *sidewalk* to shout ears of posterity, 'Junius was X. Y. Z. Esq., in the parish of \* \* \*. Repair his *monument* churchwardens! Print a new Edition of his *ye* booksellers!' Impossible,—the man *alive*, and will never die without the *discovery* like him;—he was a good hater.

"Came home unwell and went to bed,—sleepy as might be desirable.

\* The present Lord Dudley.



\* Tuesday morning.

from a dream—well! and have not  
!—Such a dream!—but she did not  
I wish the dead would rest, however.  
blood chilled—and I could not wake  
sigh!

Shadows to-night

ask more terror to the soul of Richard,  
all the substance of ten thousand \* \* \*,  
in proof, and led by shallow \* \* \*.

this dream,—I hate its 'foregone con-  
am I to be shaken by shadows? Ay,  
mind us of—no matter—but, if I dream  
will try whether *all* sleep has the like  
I rose, I've been in considerable bodily  
it is gone, and now, like Lord Ogleby,  
up for the day.

Mr Mountmorris—I dine with Ward;—  
be there, Frere, and Sharpe,—perhaps  
to be one of 'the five' (or rather six),  
said a little sneeringly yesterday.  
good to meet, particularly Canning, and  
he likes. I wish I may be well enough  
se intellectuals.

to-day;—so much the better,—there  
s. I must not dream again;—it spoils

I will go out of doors, and see what  
for me. Jackson has been here: the  
much as usual; but the Club increases.

at Crib's to-morrow:—I like energy—  
energy—of all kinds; and I have need  
d and corporeal. I have not dined out,  
at all, lately; have heard no music—  
body. Now for a *plunge*—high life and  
out *alterna Cameræ*!

my *roman*—as I did the first scenes  
by comedy—and, for aught I see, the  
burning is quite as great as that of  
two last would not have done. I  
more than ever; and some would  
quizzed and others guessed at.

Reminiscences—a collection of Essays, by  
able, old man (Sir E. B.) and a half-  
author of a Poem on the Highlands,  
Alarique. The word 'sensibility'

tion) occurs a thousand times in these  
seems, is to be an excuse for all  
dent. This young man can know

and, if he cherishes the disposition  
ough his papers, will become useless,  
not even a poet, after all, which he  
ed to be. God help him! no one  
ner who could be any thing better.

annoys one, to see Scott and Moore,  
and Rogers, who might have all been  
re, now mere spectators. For, though  
ther ostensible avocations, these last

secondary consideration. \* \* \*, too,  
his time among dowagers and un-  
if it advanced any *serious* affair, it  
se; but, with the unmarried, that is  
ulation, and tiresome enough, too;  
erans, it is not much worth trying,  
s, one in a thousand.

views in this country, they would  
amentary. But I have no ambition;

at least, if any, it would be 'aut Cæsar aut nihil.'  
My hopes are limited to the arrangement of my  
affairs, and settling either in Italy or the East (rather  
the last), and drinking deep of the languages and  
literature of both. Past events have unnerved me:  
and all I can now do is to make life an amusement,  
and look on while others play. After all—even the  
highest game of crowns and sceptres, what is it?  
*Vide* Napoleon's last twelvemonth. It has completely  
upset my system of fatalism. I thought, if crushed,  
he would have fallen, when 'fractus illabatur orbis,'  
and not have been pared away to gradual insigni-  
ficance;—that all this was not a mere *jeu* of the gods,  
but a prelude to greater changes and mightier events.  
But Men never advance beyond a certain point;—  
and here we are, retrograding to the dull, stupid,  
old system,—balance of Europe—poising straws  
upon kings' noses, instead of wringing them off!  
Give me a republic, or a despotism of one, rather  
than the mixed government of one, two, three. A  
republic!—look in the history of the Earth—Rome,  
Greece, Venice, France, Holland, America, our short  
(*ehou!*) Commonwealth, and compare it with what  
they did under masters. The Asiatics are not quali-  
fied to be republicans, but they have the liberty of  
demolishing despots,—which is the next thing to it.  
To be the first man—not the Dictator—not the Sylla,  
but the Washington or the Aristides—the leader in  
talent and truth—is next to the Divinity! Franklin,  
Penn, and next to these, either Brutus or Cassius—  
even Mirabeau—or St Just. I shall never be any  
thing, or rather always be nothing. The most I can  
hope is, that some will say, 'He might, perhaps, if  
he would.'

\* 12, midnight.

"Here are two confounded proofs from the printer.  
I have looked at the one, but, for the soul of me, I  
can't look over that 'Giaour' again,—at least, just  
now, and at this hour—and yet there is no moon.

"Ward talks of going to Holland, and we have  
partly discussed an *ensemble* expedition. It must be  
in ten days, if at all—if we wish to be in at the  
Revolution. And why not? \* \* \* is distant, and will  
be at \* \* \*, still more distant, till spring. No one else,  
except Augusta, cares for me—no ties—no trammels  
—*andiamo dunque—se torniamo, bene—se non, ch'*  
*importa?* Old William of Orange talked of dying  
in 'the last ditch' of his dingy country. It is lucky  
I can swim, or I suppose I should not well weather  
the first. But let us see. I have heard hyænas and  
jackalls in the ruins of Asia; and bull-frogs in the  
marshes,—besides wolves and angry Mussulmans.  
Now, I should like to listen to the shout of a free  
Dutchman.

"Alla! Viva! For ever! Hourra! Huzza!—which  
is the most rational or musical of these cries? 'Orange  
Boven,' according to the *Morning Post*.

\* Wednesday, 24th.

"No dreams last night of the dead nor the living—  
so—I am 'firm as the marble, founded as the rock'  
—till the next earthquake.

"Ward's dinner went off well. There was not a  
disagreeable person there—unless I offended any  
body, which I am sure I could not by contradiction.  
for I said little, and opposed nothing. Sharpe (a man  
20

of elegant mind, and who has lived much with the best—Fox, Horne Tooke, Windham, Fitzpatrick, and all the agitators of other times and tongues) told us the particulars of his last interview with Windham, a few days before the fatal operation, which sent ‘that gallant spirit to aspire the skies.’ Windham—the first in one department of oratory and talent, whose only fault was his refinement beyond the intellect of half his hearers,—Windham, half his life an active participator in the events of the earth, and one of those who governed nations.—*he* regretted, and dwelt much on that regret, that ‘he had not entirely devoted himself to literature and science!!!’ His mind certainly would have carried him to eminence there, as elsewhere;—but I cannot comprehend what debility of that mind could suggest such a wish. I, who have heard him, cannot regret any thing but that I shall never hear him again. What! would he have been a plodder? a metaphysician?—perhaps a thymmer? a scribbler? Such an exchange must have been suggested by illness. But he is gone, and Time, ‘shall not look upon his like again.’

“I am tremendously in arrears with my letters,—except to \* \*, and to her my thoughts overpower me,—my words never compass them. To Lady Melbourne I write with most pleasure—and her answers, so sensible, so *tactique*—I never met with half her talent. If she had been a few years younger, what a fool she would have made of me, had she thought it worth her while,—and I should have lost a valuable and most agreeable friend. Mem.—a mistress never is nor can be a friend. While you agree, you are lovers; and, when it is over, any thing but friends.

“I have not answered W. Scott’s last letter,—but I will. I regret to hear from others that he has lately been unfortunate in pecuniary involvements. He is undoubtedly the Monarch of Parnassus, and the most *English* of bards. I should place Rogers next in the living list—(I value him more as the last of the *best* school)—Moore and Campbell both *third*—Southey and Wordsworth and Coleridge—the rest, *ὅτι πολλοί*—thus:

W. SCOTT.



There is a triangular ‘Gradus ad Parnassum!’—the names are too numerous for the base of the triangle. Poor Thurlow has gone wild about the poetry of

Queen Bess’s reign—*c’est dommy*, the names upon my triangle more popular opinion than any decided. For, to me, some of M \* \* e’s ‘As a beam o’er the face of the w who adores thee’—‘Oh blame not his name’—are worth all the E composed.

“ \* \* thinks that the Quarter next. Let them. I have been ‘in my time, *both* ways, that it m aloe to make me taste. I can am not very much alive *now* to tracing this—I rather believe, th my not attaching that importa which many do, and which, when ‘One gets tired of every thing, m mont. The ‘angels’ are the ou I am not a little sick—but I do th of *writers* to *agents*—the mighty scribbling and scribes, by them sign of effeminacy, degeneracy, as would write, who had any th ‘Action’—‘action’—‘action’—‘Actions—actions,’ I say, and no all, rhyme. Look at the querulo lives of the ‘genus’—except Dante, Ariosto, Kleist (who wer citizens), Æschylus, Sophocles, the antiques also—what a worthle

“T

“Just returned from dinner, Emperor of Pugilism) and another Crib’s, the Champion’s. I drank and have brought away some th fair claret—for I have no headac \* \* up after dinner;—very faceti what prolix. He don’t like his fight again—pray Pollux (or Cas miller) he may! Tom has been heaven—and some other genteel p took to the cestus. Tom has be and is now only three-and-thirty. A wife and a mistress, and convers some sad omissions and misapplic rate. Tom is an old friend of some of his best battles in my non publican, and, I fear, a sinner;—alimony, and \* \*’s daughter livi pion. This \* \* told me,—Tom, of my morals, passed her off a Talking of her, he said ‘she women’—from which I immedi could not be his wife, and so it tur

“These panegyrics don’t belong for, if ‘true,’ a man don’t think so; and if not, the less he says the is the only man, except \* \* harangue upon his wife’s virtue; both with great credence and pat my handkerchief into my mouth, w ing irresistible.—By the by, I am good night to thee.—*Nedipm.*



\* Thursday, 26th Nov.

little feverish, but no headache—no  
r, thanks to stupor! Two letters, one  
\*, the other from Lady Melbourne—  
t in their respective styles. \* \* \* \*  
so a very pretty lyric on 'concealed  
her own, yet very like her. Why did  
the stanzas were, or were not, of her  
el—I do not know whether to wish them  
a. I have no great esteem for poetical  
specially women;—they have so much of  
in practice, as well as *ethica*.  
then thinking lately a good deal of Mary  
for &c. &c.\*

Holland invited me to dinner to-day; but  
dining would destroy me. So, without  
all since yesterday, I went to my box at  
opera.

\* \* \* \* \*

... looking very pretty, though quite a  
style of beauty from the other two. She  
most eyes in the world, out of which she  
not to see, and the longest eyelashes I ever  
Lella's and Phannio's Moslem curtains of  
She has much beauty,—just enough,—  
link, *méchante*.

\* \* \* \* \*

been pondering on the miseries of separa-  
—oh how seldom we see those we love! yet  
in moments, *when met*. The only  
miseries me during absence is the reflect-  
mental or personal estrangement, from  
disengagement, can take place;—and when  
not hereafter, even though many changes  
place in the mean time, still—unless  
each other—they are ready to re-  
do not blame each other for the circum-  
covered them. \* \* \*

why, 27th (I believe—or rather am in doubt,  
such is the ne plus ultra of mortal faith).

missed a day; and, as the Irishman said,  
says for him, 'have gained a loss,' or  
very thing is settled for Holland, and no-  
ough, or a caprice of my fellow-traveller's.  
Carriage ordered—funds prepared—  
y, a gale of wind into the bargain.  
believe, with Clym o' the Clow, or  
'By our Mary (dear name!), that art  
nd May, I think it never was a man's  
re his day.' Heigh for Helvoetsluys,

I went with young Henry Fox to see  
—a drama, which the Morning Post  
y charge, but of which I cannot even  
or. I wonder what they will next in-

They cannot well sink below a Melo-  
sat is better than a Satire (at least, a  
with which I stand truly arraigned,  
ent of which I am resolved to bear  
ticism, abuses, and even praises for  
es never composed by me,—without  
factory aspect. I suppose the root of

savage has been already extracted.

this report is my loan to the manager of my Turkish  
drawings for his dresses, to which he was more wel-  
come than to my name. I suppose the real author  
will soon own it, as it has succeeded; if not, Job be  
my model, and Lethe my beverage!

" \* \* \* \* has received the portrait safe; and, in  
answer, the only remark she makes upon it is, 'in-  
deed it is like'—and again, 'indeed it is like.' \* \* \*  
With her the likeness 'covered a multitude of sins;'  
for I happen to know that this portrait was not a  
flatterer, but dark and stern,—even black as the  
mood in which my mind was scorching last July,  
when I sate for it. All the others of me—like most  
portraits whatsoever—are, of course, more agree-  
able than nature.

" Redde the Ed. Review of Rogers. He is  
ranked highly,—but where he should be. There is  
a summary view of us all—*Moore* and *me* among  
the rest; and both (the *first* justly) praised—though,  
by implication (justly again), placed beneath our  
memorable friend. 'Mackintosh is the writer, and  
also of the critique on the *Staël*. His grand essay  
on Burke, I hear, is for the next number. But I  
know nothing of the Edinburgh, or of any other Re-  
view, but from rumour; and I have long ceased—  
indeed, I could not, in justice, complain of any, even  
though I were to rate poetry in general, and my  
rhymes in particular, more highly than I really do.  
To withdraw *myself* from *myself* (oh that cursed  
selfishness!) has ever been my sole, my entire, my  
sincere motive in scribbling at all; and publishing is  
also the continuance of the same object, by the action  
it affords to the mind, which else recoils upon itself.  
If I valued fame, I should flatter received opinions,  
which have gathered strength by time, and will yet  
wear longer than any living works to the contrary.  
But, for the soul of me, I cannot and will not give  
the lie to my own thoughts and doubts, come what  
may. If I am a fool, it is, at least, a doubting one;  
and I envy no one the certainty of his self-approved  
wisdom.

" All are inclined to believe what they covet, from  
a lottery-ticket up to a passport to paradise,—in  
which, from description, I see nothing very tempt-  
ing. My restlessness tells me I have something  
within that 'passeth show.' It is for Him, who  
made it, to prolong that spark of celestial fire which  
illuminates, yet burns, this frail tenement; but I see  
no such horror in a 'dreamless sleep,' and I have no  
conception of any existence which duration would  
not render tiresome. How else 'fell the angels,'  
even according to your creed? They were immortal,  
heavenly, and happy as their *Apostate Abdiel* is now  
by his treachery. Time must decide; and eternity  
won't be the less agreeable or more horrible because  
one did not expect it. In the mean time, I am grate-  
ful for some good, and tolerably patient under cer-  
tain evils—grâce à Dieu et mon bon tempérament.

\* Sunday, 28th.

\* Monday, 29th.

\* Tuesday, 30th.

" Two days missed in my log-book;—hiatus *hand*  
defandus. They were as little worth recollection as

the rest; and, luckily, laziness or society prevented me from *notching* them.

"Sunday, I dined with the Lord Holland in St James's-square. Large party—among them Sir S. Romilly and Lady Ry.—General Sir Somebody Bentham, a man of science and talent, I am told—Horner—the Horner, an Edinburgh reviewer, an excellent speaker in the 'Honourable House,' very pleasing too, and gentlemanly in company, as far as I have seen—Sharpe—Phillips of Lancashire—Lord John Russell, and others, 'good men and true.' Holland's society is very good; you always see some one or other in it worth knowing. Stuffed myself with sturgeon, and exceeded in champagne and wine in general, but not to confusion of head. When I do dine, I gorge, like an Arab or a Boa snake, on fish and vegetables, but no meat. I am always better, however, on my tea and biscuit than any other regimen,—and even *that* sparingly.

"Why does Lady H. always have that damned screen between the whole room and the fire? I, who bear cold no better than an antelope, and never yet found a sun quite *done* to my taste, was absolutely petrified, and could not even shiver. All the rest, too, looked as if they were just unpacked, like salmon, from an ice-basket, and set down to table for that day only. When she retired, I watched their looks as I dismissed the screen, and every cheek thawed, and every nose reddened with the anticipated glow.

"Saturday, I went with Harry Fox to Nourjahad; and, I believe, convinced him, by incessant yawning, that it was not mine. I wish the precious author would own it, and release me from his fame. The dresses are pretty, but not in costume;—Mrs Horne's, all but the turban, and the want of a small dagger (if she is a Sultana), *perfect*. I never saw a Turkish woman with a turban in my life—nor did any one else. The Sultans have a small poniard at the waist. The dialogue is drowsy—the action heavy—the scenery fine—the actors tolerable. I can't say much for their seraglio—Teresa, Phannio, or \* \* \* were worth them all.

"Sunday, a very handsome note from Mackintosh, who is a rare instance of the union of very transcendent talent and great good-nature. To-day (Tuesday), a very pretty billet from M. la Baronne de Staël Holstein. She is pleased to be much pleased with my mention of her and her last work in my notes. I spoke as I thought. Her works are my delight, and so is she herself, for—half an hour. I don't like her politics—at least, her *having changed* them; had she been *qualis ab incepto*, it were nothing. But she is a woman by herself, and has done more than all the rest of them together, intellectually;—she ought to have been a man. She *flatters* me very prettily in her note;—but I *know* it. The reason that adulation is not displeasing is, that, though untrue, it shows one to be of consequence enough, in one way or other, to induce people to lie, to make us their friend;—that is their concern.

"\* \* \* is, I hear, thriving on the repute of a *pun* (which was *mine* at Mackintosh's dinner some time back), on Ward, who was asking 'how much it would take to *re-whig* him?' I answered that, probably, he, 'must first, before he was *re-whigged*, be *re-garded*.' This foolish quibble, before the Staël and

Mackintosh and a number of conversation been mouthed about, and at last settled on that of \* \*, where long may it remain!

"George\* is returned from aloft to get ship. He looks thin, but better than I expect like George much more than most people like heirs. He is a fine fellow, and every inch a man would do any thing, *but apostatize*, to get him his profession.

"Lewis called. It is a good and good-humoured man, but pestilently prolix and paradoxical as *sonal*. If he would but talk half, and rest visits to an hour, he would add to his popularity as an author, he is very good, and his vanity is like Erskine's, and yet not offending.

"Yesterday, a very pretty letter from Ann which I answered. What an odd situation friendship is ours!—without one spark on either side, and produced by circumstances which general lead to coldness on one side, and on the other. She is a very superior woman, a little spoiled, which is strange in an heir twenty—a peeress that is to be, in her only child, and a *savante*, who has always her own way. She is a poetess—a mathematician, metaphysician, and yet, withal, very kind, and gentle, with very little pretension. Her head would be turned with half her acquaintance a tenth of her advantages.

Wednesday, December 1st.

"To-day, responded to La Baronne de Staël Holstein, and sent to Leigh Hunt (an acquaintance—through Moore—of last summer copy of the two Turkish Tales. Hunt is an ordinary character, and not exactly of the press. He reminds me more of the Pym and Hampden—much talent, great independence of spirit, austere, yet not repulsive, aspect. If he *qualis ab incepto*, I know few men who will more praise or obtain it. I must go and see him again)—the rapid succession of adventures last summer, added to some serious unsuccessfulness, have interrupted our acquaintance; but a man worth knowing; and though, for his own wish him out of prison, I like to study such situations. He has been unshaken, and will continue so. I don't think him deeply versed—he is the bigot of virtue (not religion), enamoured of the beauty of that 'empty name,' last breath of Brutus pronounced, and even proves it. He is, perhaps, a little opinionated men who are the *centre of circles*, wide or as the Sir Oracles, in whose name two or three gathered together—must be, and as even I was; but, withal, a valuable man, and less successful and even the consciousness of preferring right to the expedient\* might excuse.

"To-morrow there is a party of purple 'blue' Miss \* \* \*. Shall I go? um!—I don't affect your blue-bottles;—but one ought to! There will be, 'I guess now' (as the American the Staëls and Mackintoshes—good—the \* \* \* \*—not so good—the \* \* \*, &c. &c.—nothing. Perhaps that blue-winged Kashmir

\* His cousin, the present Lord Byron.

† Miss Milbanke, afterwards Lady Byron.



arning, Lady \* \* \*, will be there. a pleasure to look upon that most s.

—he has been telling that I—. \* I t, I did not mention it, and I wish he a good fellow, and I obliged myself by being of use than I did him,—and m't.

boring me to present their King's t. I presented Cartwright's last year; and I stood against the whole House, it valiantly—and had some fun and a our opposition. But 'I am not i' th' business. Now, had \* \* been here, she ad me do it. There is a woman, who, adination, always urged a man to use y. Had she remained, she had been us.

very importunate—but, poor fellow, at, I can't get out—said the starling. ' had as that dog Sterne, who preferred a dead ass to relieving a living mother, write—slave—sycophant! But I am re I cannot stimulate myself to a speech t these unfortunates; and three words de of \* \*, had she been here to urge it she infallibly would—at least, she alme on senatorial duties, and particuue of weakness), would have made me if not an orator. Curse on Rochefou always right! In him a lie were virtue, a comfort to his readers.

tem has not called to-day; I hope he and, perhaps, Lord Byron into the he would but marry, I would engage myself, or cut him out of the heirship. e happier, and I should like nephews m.

be six-and-twenty (January 22d, ere any thing in the future that can us for not being always *twenty-five*?

Oh Gioventù!  
primavera! gioventù dell'anno.  
primavera! primavera della vita.

\* Sunday, December 5th.

phew (son to the American Attorney-ved in this country, and tells Dallas are very popular in the United States. first tidings that have ever sounded ears—to be redde on the banks of greatest pleasure I ever derived, of rom an extract, in Cooke the actor's urnal, stating that in the reading-room r Washington, he perused English e Reviewers. To be popular in a rising as a kind of *posthumous feel*, very difphemeral *éclat* and *sête-ing*, buzzing ompliments of the well-dressed multiely say that, during my *reign* in the I regretted nothing but its duration of

e words are here scratched out in the he import of the sentence evidently is, (to whom the passage refers) had been friends the secret of Lord Byron's kind-

six weeks instead of a fortnight, and was heartily glad to resign.

"Last night I supped with Lewis;—and, as usual, though I neither exceeded in solids nor fluids, have been half dead ever since. My stomach is entirely destroyed by long abstinence, and the rest will probably follow. Let it—I only wish the *pain* over. The 'leap in the dark' is the least to be dreaded.

"The Duke of \* \* called. I have told them forty times that, except to half-a-dozen old and specified acquaintances, I am invisible. His grace is a good, noble, ducal person; but I am content to think so at a distance, and so—I was not at home.

"Galt called.—Mem.—to ask some one to speak to Raymond in favour of his play. We are old fellow-travellers, and, with all his eccentricities, he has much strong sense, experience of the world, and is, as far as I have seen, a good-natured philosophical fellow. I showed him Sligo's letter on the reports of the Turkish girl's *aventure* at Athens soon after it happened. He and Lord Holland, Lewis, and Moore, and Rogers, and Lady Melbourne have seen it. Murray has a copy. I thought it had been *unknown*, and wish it were; but Sligo arrived only some days after, and the *rumours* are the subject of his letter. That I shall preserve,—it is as well. Lewis and Galt were both *horrified*; and L. wondered I did not introduce the situation into 'the Giaour. He may wonder;—he might wonder more at that production's being written at all. But to describe the *feelings* of that situation were impossible—it is *icy* even to recollect them.

"The *Bride of Abydos* was published on Thursday the second of December; but how it is liked or disliked, I know not. Whether it succeeds or not is no fault of the public, against whom I can have no complaint. But I am much more indebted to the tale than I can ever be to the most partial reader; as it wrung my thoughts from reality to imagination—from selfish regrets to vivid recollections—and recalled me to a country replete with the *brightest* and *darkest*, but always most *lively* colours of my memory. Sharpe called, but was not let in,—which I regret.

"Saw \* \* yesterday. I have not kept my appointment at Middleton, which has not pleased him, perhaps; and my projected voyage with \* \* will, perhaps, please him less. But I wish to keep well with both. They are instruments that don't do in concert; but surely their separate tones are very musical, and I won't give up either.

"It is well if I don't jar between these great discords. At present, I stand tolerably well with all, but I cannot adopt their *dislikes*;—so many *sets*. Holland's is the first;—every thing *distingué* is welcome there, and certainly the *ton* of his society is the best. Then there is M<sup>de</sup> de Staël's—there I never go, though I might, had I courted it. It is composed of the \* \*s and the \* \* family, with a strange sprinkling,—orators, dandies, and all kinds of *Blue*, from the regular Grub-street uniform, down to the azure jacket of the *Littérateur*. To see \* \* and \* \* sitting together, at dinner, always reminds me of the grave where all distinctions of friend and foe are levelled; and they—the Reviewer and Reviewee—the Rhinoceros and Elephant—the Mammoth and Megalonyx—all will

lie quietly together. They now *sit* together, as silent, but not so quiet, as if they were already im-mured.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I did not go to the Berrys' the other night. The elder is a woman of much talent, and both are handsome, and must have been beautiful. To-night asked to Lord H.'s,—shall I go? um!—perhaps.

\* Morning, two o'clock.

"Went to Lord H.'s—party numerous—*milady* in perfect good humour, and consequently *perfect*. No one more agreeable, or perhaps so much so, when she will. Asked for Wednesday to dine and meet the Staël—asked particularly, I believe out of mischief, to see the first interview after the *note*, with which Corinne professes herself to be so much taken. I don't much like it;—she always talks of *myself* or *herself*, and I am not (except in soliloquy, as now) much enamoured of either subject—especially one's Works. What the devil shall I say about 'De l'Allemagne?' I like it prodigiously; but unless I can twist my admiration into some fantastical expression, she won't believe me; and I know, by experience, I shall be overwhelmed with fine things about rhyme, &c. &c. The lover, Mr \*\*\*, was there to-night, and C \*\* said 'it was the only proof *he* had seen of her good taste.' Monsieur L'Amant is remarkably handsome; but I don't think more so than her book.

"C \*\* looks well,—seemed pleased, and dressed to *sprucery*. A blue coat becomes him,—so does his new wig. He really looked as if Apollo had sent him a birthday suit, or a wedding-garment, and was witty and lively. \*\*\* He abused Corinne's book, which I regret; because, firstly, he understands German, and is consequently a fair judge; and, secondly, he is *first-rate*, and, consequently, the best of judges. I reverence and admire him; but I won't give up my opinion—why should I? I read *her* again and again, and there can be no affectation in this. I cannot be mistaken (except in taste) in a book I read and lay down, and take up again; and no book can be totally bad, which finds *one*, even *one* reader, who can say as much sincerely.

"C. talks of lecturing next spring; his last lectures were eminently successful. Moore thought of it, but gave it up,—I don't know why. \*\* had been prating *dignity* to him, and such stuff; as if a man disgraced himself by instructing and pleasing at the same time.

"Introduced to Marquis Buckingham—saw Lord Gower—he is going to Holland;—Sir J. and Lady Mackintosh and Horner, G. Lamb, with I know not how many (R. Wellesley, one—a clever man) grouped about the room. Little Henry Fox, a very fine boy, and very promising in mind and manner,—he went away to bed before I had time to talk to him. I am sure I had rather hear him than all the *savans*.

\* Monday, December 6th.

"Murray tells me that C—r asked him why the thing was called the *Bride* of Abydos? It is a cursed awkward question, being unanswerable. *She* is not a *bride*, only about to be one; but for, &c. &c. &c.

"I don't wonder at his finding out the *Bull*; but the detection \* \* \* is too late to do any good. I was

a great fool to make it, and am ashamed to be an Irishman.

"C—I last night seemed a little *naïf* in thing or other—I know not what. We in the ante-saloon, when Lord H. brought other room a vessel of some composition that which is used in catholic churches, he exclaimed, 'Here is some *incense*.' C—I answered—'Carry it to Lord H. and use it to it.'

"Now, this comes of 'bearing no burden.' I, who have no throne, nor will *now*—whatever I may have done—peace with all the poetical fraternity; if I dislike any, it is not *poetically*, but *surely* the field of thought is infinite; signify who is before or behind in a race is no *goal*? The temple of Fame is like Persians, the Universe;—our altar, mountains. I should be equally content with Caucasus or Mount Anything; and the may have Mont Blanc or Chimborazo in envy of their elevation.

"I think I may *note* speak thus; for I published a Poem, and am quite ignorant if it is *likely* to be *liked* or not. I have little in its commendation, and no one will abuse it to one's face, except in print. I am good, or I should not have stumbled over and blundered in my very title. But I have my heart full of \* \* \*, and my head full of (I can't call them *isms*,) and wrote on it.

"This journal is a relief. When I generally am—out comes this, and does nothing. But I can't read it over;—as it contains what contradictions it may contain. I write myself (but I fear one lies more than to any one else), every page at a refutation, and utterly abjure its predecessor.

"Another scribble from Martin Baktioner: I have neither head nor nerves. That confounded supper at Lewis's has digested and my philanthropy. I have more charity than a cruet of vinegar. Woodcock and dieted on fire-irons,—or my gizzard could get the better of.

"To-day saw W. His uncle is dying, but don't much affect our Dutch determination with him on Thursday, provided I come upon, or peremptorily bespoke by the poet, cures, before that day. I wish he may for *our* dinner's sake, but to disappoint taker, and the rascally reptiles that are since they *will* dine at last.

"Gell called—he of Troy—after Mem.—to return his visit. But my Memory very landmarks of forgetfulness;—some lighthouse, with a ship wrecked under the lantern. I never look at a Mem. without have remembered to forget. Mem.—I don't pay Pitt's taxes, and suppose I shall be 'An I do not turn rebel when thou art I believe my very biscuit is leavened by postor's imposts.

"L. Me. returns from Jersey's to must call. A Mr Thomson has sent a



I hate annoying them with censure and yet I hate lettering.

and Glenbervie and his Prospectus, at a new Treatise on Timber. Now here are useful than all the historians and planted. For by preserving our woods he furnishes materials for all the history work reading, and all the odes worth

a god deal, but desultorily. My head is not the most useless lumber. It is odd I do read, I can only bear the chicken my *finny* but Novels. It is many a year I looked into one (though they are somewhat, by way of experiment, but never I looked yesterday at the worst parts of

These descriptions ought to have been Tiberius at Caprea—they are forced—the loss of a jaded voluptuary. It is to me how they could have been composed of only twenty—his age when he wrote they have no nature—all the sour cream of

I should have suspected Buffon of on on the deathbed of his detestable dog never redde this edition, and merely from curiosity and recollection of the made, and the name they have left to it they could do no harm, except \* \* \*

this evening on my agent—my business our strange adventures are the only inheritance family that have not diminished. \* \* \*

now smoke two cigars, and get me to bed. I don't keep well here. They get as old as *quarant' anni* in the sun of Africa. The are the best;—but neither are so pleasant as a *chibouque*. The Turkish tobacco is their horses entire—two things as they I am so far obliged to this Journal, that

in *metrum* verse,—at least from keeping it. I just thrown a Poem into the fire (which it did to my great comfort), and have smoked and the plan of another. I wish I could get rid of thinking, or, at least, the confusion.

\* Tuesday, December 7th.

(bed, and slept dreamlessly, but not re-awoke, and up an hour before being lawfully three hours in dressing. When I came from life infancy (which is vegetation), and swelling—buttoning and unbuttoning—much remains of downright existence? of a dormouse. \* \* \*

in papers and tea-ed and soda-watered, at that the fire was badly lighted. Ld. wants me to go to Brighton—um!

ving, a very pretty billet from the Staël going her at Ld. H.'s to-morrow. She has we say, twenty such this morning to diffuse, all equally flattering to each. So much her and those who believe all she wishes wish to believe. She has been pleased with my slight eulogy in the note and "Bride." This is to be accounted for in :—firstly, all women like all, or any, ally, this was unexpected, because I

have never courted her; and thirdly, as Scrub says, those who have been all their lives regularly praised, by regular critics, like a little variety, and are glad when any one goes out of his way to say a civil thing; and fourthly, she is a very good-natured creature, which is the best reason, after all, and, perhaps, the only one.

"A knock—knocks single and double. Bland called. He says Dutch society (he has been in Holland) is second-hand French; but the women are like women every where else. This is a bore; I should like to see them a little unlike; but that can't be expected.

"Went out—came home—this, that, and the other—and 'all is vanity, saith the preacher,' and so say I, as part of his congregation. Talking of vanity—whose praise do I prefer? Why, Mrs Iachbald's, and that of the Americans. The first, because her 'Simple Story' and 'Nature and Art' are, to me, true to their titles; and, consequently, her short note to Rogers about the 'Giaour' delighted me more than any thing, except the Edinburgh Review. I like the Americans, because I happened to be in Asia, while the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers were redde in America. If I could have had a speech against the *Slave Trade*, in Africa, and an Epitaph on a Dog, in Europe (i. e. in the Morning Post), my *vertex sublimis* would certainly have displaced stars enough to overthrow the Newtonian system.

\* Friday, December 10th, 1813.

"I am *ennuyé* beyond my usual tense of that yawning verb, which I am always conjugating; and I don't find that society much mends the matter. I am too lazy to shoot myself—and it would annoy Augusta, and perhaps \* \* \*; but it would be a good thing for George, on the other side, and no bad one for me; but I won't be tempted.

"I have had the kindest letter from M \* \* e. I do think that man is the best-hearted, the only *hearted* being I ever encountered; and then, his talents are equal to his feelings.

"Dined on Wednesday at Lord H.'s—the Staffords, Staëls, Cowpers, Ossulstones, Melbournes, Mackintoshes, &c. &c.—and was introduced to the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford,—an unexpected event. My quarrel with Lord Carlisle (their or his brother-in-law) having rendered it improper, I suppose, brought it about. But, if it was to happen at all, I wonder it did not occur before. She is handsome, and must have been beautiful—and her manners are *princessly*. \* \* \*

"The Staël was at the other end of the table, and less loquacious than heretofore. We are now very good friends; though she asked Lady Melbourne whether I had really any *bonhomme*. She might as well have asked that question before she told C. L. 'c'est un démon.' True enough, but rather premature, for she could not have found it out, and so—she wants me to dine there next Sunday.

"Murray prospers, as far as circulation. For my part, I adhere (in liking) to my Fragment. It is no wonder that I wrote one—my mind is a fragment.

"Saw Lord Gower, Tierney, &c. in the square. Took leave of Lord Gr. who is going to Holland and

Germany. He tells me, that he carries with him a parcel of 'Harolds', and 'Giaours' &c., for the readers of Berlin, who, it seems, read English, and have taken a caprice for mine. Um!—have I been *German* all this time, when I thought myself *oriental*? \* \* \*

"Lent Tierney my box for to-morrow; and received a new Comedy sent by Lady C. A.—but *not hers*. I must read it, and endeavour not to displease the author. I hate annoying them with cavi; but a comedy I take to be the most difficult of compositions, more so than tragedy.

"G—t says there is a coincidence between the first part of 'the Bride' and some story of his—whether published or not, I know not, never having seen it. He is almost the last person on whom any one would commit literary larceny, and I am not conscious of any *witting* thefts on any of the genus. As to originality, all pretensions are ludicrous,—'there is nothing new under the sun.'

"Went last night to the play. \* \* \* Invited out to a party, but did not go;—right. Refused to go to Lady \* \* 's on Monday;—right again. If I must fritter away my life, I would rather do it alone. I was much tempted;—C \* \* looked so Turkish with her red turban, and her regular dark and clear features. Not that *she* and *I* ever were, or could be, any thing; but I love any aspect that reminds me of the 'children of the sun.'

"To dine to-day with Rogers and Sharpe, for which I have some appetite, not having tasted food for the preceding forty-eight hours. I wish I could leave off eating altogether.

\* Saturday, December 11th.

\* Sunday, December 12th.

"By G—t's answer, I find it is some story in *real life*, and not any work with which my late composition coincides. It is still more singular, for mine is drawn from *existence* also.

"I have sent an excuse to M. de Staël. I do not feel sociable enough for dinner to-day;—and I will not go to Sheridan's on Wednesday. Not that I do not admire and prefer his unequalled conversation; but—that '*but*' must only be intelligible to thoughts I cannot write. Sheridan was in good talk at Rogers's the other night, but I only staid till *nine*. All the world are to be at the Staël's to-night, and I am not sorry to escape any part of it. I only go out to get me a fresh appetite for being alone. Went out—did not go to the Staël's, but to Ld. Holland's. Party numerous—conversation general. Staid late—made a blunder—got over it—came home and went to bed, not having eaten. Rather empty, but *fresco*, which is the great point with me.

\* Monday, December 13th, 1813.

"Called at three places—read, and got ready to leave town to-morrow. Murray has had a letter from his brother Bibliopole of Edinburgh, who says 'he is lucky in having such a *poet*'—something as if one was a pack-horse, or 'ass, or any thing that is his:' or, like Mrs Packwood, who replied to some inquiry after the Odes on Razors, 'Laws, sir, we keeps a Poet.' The same illustrious Edinburgh bookseller once sent an order for books, poesy, and

cookery, with this agreeable postscript—'*T rold and Cookery* are much wanted.' Such a one, and, after all, quite as good as any other 'other's breath.' 'Tis much the same to purchasers with Hannah Glass or Hannah M

"Some editor of some Magazine has *announced* Murray his intention of abusing the thing '*reading it*.' So much the better; if he *redde* he would abuse it more.

"Allen (Lord Holland's Allen—the best of and one of the ablest men I know—a perfect *becchi*—a devourer, a Helluo of books, and a server of men) has lent me a quantity of *unpublished*, and never-to-be published, *L*. They are full of oaths and obscene songs. *With* antithetical mind!—tenderness, roughness—*coarseness*—sentiment, sensuality—*scoring*—velling, dirt and deity—all mixed up in that pound of inspired clay!

"It seems strange; a true voluptuary *will* abandon his mind to the grossness of reality—by exalting the earthly, the material, the *of* our pleasures, by veiling these ideas, by *leaving* them altogether, or, at least, never *namely* hardly to one's self, than we alone can *prevail* from disgusting.

\* December 14, 1813.

"Much done, but nothing to record. *It is* enough to set down my thoughts,—my *actions* rarely bear retrospection.

\* December 15, 1813.

"Lord Holland told me a curious *piece of* mentality in Sheridan." The other night *was* all delivering our respective and various opinions him and other *hommes marquans*, and mine *was*. 'Whatever Sheridan has done or chosen to *be* been, *par excellence*, always the *best* of his kind has written the *best* comedy (School for Scandal the *best* drama (in my mind, far before *the* Giles's lampoon, the Beggar's Opera), the *best* (the Critic—it is only too good for a farce), *some* best Address (Monologue on Garrick), and, to *say* all, delivered the very best Oration (the *fine* Begum Speech) ever conceived or heard *in* country.' Somebody told S. this the next *day* on hearing it, he burst into tears!

"Poor Brinsley! if they were tears of pleasure would rather have said these few, but most *well* words, than have written the Iliad or made *the* celebrated Philippic. Nay, his own comedy gratified me more than to hear that he had *done* a moment's gratification from any praise of humble as it must appear to 'my elders and *better*s.'

"Went to my box at Covent-garden to-night my delicacy felt a little shocked at seeing S *the* mistress (who, to my certain knowledge, *was* educated, from her birth, for her profession) with her mother, 'a three piled *b—d*, b—d, b—d Major to the army,' in a private box opposite—rather indignant; but, casting my eyes round

\* This passage of the Journal has already appeared in my Life of Sheridan.



the next box to me, and the next, and the most distinguished old and young of quality;—so I burst out a laughing-odd; Lady \*\* divorced—Lady \*\* and et, Lady \*\*, both divorceable—Mrs \*\*, the like, and still nearer \*\*\*\*! What age to me, who know all their histories. The house had been divided between your poor understood courtesans;—but the much outnumbered the regular mercenary the other side were only Pauline and and, next box to her, three of inferior, where lay the difference between her and Lady \*\* and daughter? except the last may enter Carleton and any other the two first are limited to the opera and. How I do delight in observing life as and myself, after all, the worst of any. I must avoid egotism, which, just be no vanity.

ately written a wild, rambling, unfinished all 'The Devil's Drive,' † the notion of k from Porson's 'Devil's Walk.'

ers are all left blank in the original.

age, with Poem, which extends to about 250 copy that Lord Byron, I believe, ever wrote, is Lord Holland. Though with a good deal of imagination, it is, for the most part, rather and, wanting the point and condensation of verses of Mr Coleridge which Lord Byron, since long prevalent, has attributed to Pro- There are, however, some of the stanzas of 'Drive' well worth preserving.

## 1.

sum'd to hell by two,  
and at home till five;  
and no more homicides done in rages,  
there so in an Irish stew,  
the mode of a self-slain Jew,  
right himself what next to do,  
"think he," "I'll take a drive;  
the morning, I'll ride to-night;  
my children take most delight,  
how my favourites thrive.

## 2.

"I shall I ride in!" quoth Lucifer, then—  
"I'll say taste, indeed,  
rest in a wagon of wounded men,  
to see them bleed.  
"I'll be ferrish'd again and again,  
toss my purpose to speed;  
murder as much as I may,  
that no souls shall be poach'd away.

## 3.

late-couch at C—House,  
in Seymour-place;  
and to two friends, who make me friends  
my favourite pair;  
with their reins with such a grace,  
sing for both at the end of their race.

## 4.

"the earth to take my chance."  
the earth spring he;  
a jump from Moscow to France,  
I across the sea,  
his head on a toropike road,  
at way from a bishop's abode.

## 5.

he flew, I forgot to say,  
"I'd a sacrament upon his way  
was Lelpic pism;  
to his eye was its sulphury glare,  
to his ear was the cry of despair,  
cri'd on a mountain of slain;

"Redde some Italian, and wrote two Sonnets on  
\* \* \*. I never wrote but one sonnet before, and  
that was not in earnest, and many years ago, as an  
exercise—and I will never write another. They are  
the most puling, petrifying, stupidly platonic composi-  
tions. I detest the Petrarch so much,\* that I would  
not be the man even to have obtained his Laura,  
which the metaphysical, whining dotard never could.

\* \* \* \* \*

And he gazed with delight from its growing height,  
Nor often on earth had he seen such a sight,  
Nor his work done half as well:  
For the field ran so red with the blood of the dead,  
That it blush'd like the waves of Hell!  
Then loudly, and wildly, and long laugh'd he:  
"Methinks they have here little need of me."

\* \* \* \* \*

## 8.

But the softest note that sooth'd his ear  
Was the sound of a widow sighing;  
And the sweetest sight was the icy tear,  
Which Horror froze in the blue eye clear  
Of a maid by her lover lying—  
As round her fell her long fair hair;  
And she look'd to Heaven with that frenzied air  
Which seem'd to ask if a God were there!  
And, stretch'd by the wall of a ruin'd hut,  
With its hollow cheek, and eyes half shut,  
A child of famine dying:  
And the carnage begun, when resistance is done,  
And the fall of the valiant flying!

\* \* \* \* \*

## 10.

But the Devil has reach'd our cliffs so white,  
And what did he there, I pray?  
If his eyes were good, he but saw by night  
What we see every day;  
But he made a tour, and kept a journal  
Of all the wondrous sights nocturnal.  
And he sold it in shares to the Men of the Row,  
Who bid pretty well—but they cheated him, though!

## 11.

The Devil first saw, as he thought, the Mail,  
Its coachman and his coat;  
So instead of a pistol he cock'd his tail,  
And seized him by the throat;  
"Aha," quoth he, "what have we here!  
'Tis a new barouche, and an ancient peer!"

## 12.

So he sat him on his box again,  
And bade him have no fear,  
But be true to his club, and staunch to his rein,  
His brothel, and his beer;  
"Next to seeing a lord at the council board,  
I would rather see him here."

\* \* \* \* \*

## 17.

The Devil gat next to Westminster,  
And he turn'd to "the room" of the Commons;  
But he heard, as he purposed to enter in there,  
That "the Lords" had received a summons;  
And he thought, as a "quondam Aristocrat,"  
He might peep at the peers, though to *hear* them were flat;  
And he walk'd up the house so like one of our own,  
That they say that he stood pretty near the throne.

## 18.

He saw the Lord L———I seemingly wise,  
The Lord W———d certainly silly,  
And Johnny of Norfolk—a man of some size—  
And Chatham, so like his friend Billy:  
And he saw the tears in Lord E———n's eyes,  
Because the Catholics would not rise,  
In spite of his prayers and his prophecies;  
And he heard—which set Satan himself a staring—  
A certain Chief Justice say something like *swearing*.  
And the Devil was shock'd—and quoth he, "I must go,  
For I find we have much better manners below,  
If thus he harangues when he passes my border,  
I shall hint to friend Moloch to call him to order."

\* He learned to think more reverently of "the Petrarch" afterwards.

\* January 16th, 1814.

"To-morrow I leave town for a few days. I saw Lewis to-day, who is just returned from Oatlands, where he has been squabbling with Mad. de Staël about himself, Clarissa Harlowe, Mackintosh, and me. My homage has never been paid in that quarter, or we would have agreed still worse. I don't talk—I can't flatter, and won't listen, except to a pretty or a foolish woman. She bored Lewis with praises of himself till he sickened—found out that Clarissa was perfection, and Mackintosh the first man in England. There I agree; at least, one of the first—but Lewis did not. As to Clarissa, I leave to those who can read it to judge and dispute. I could not do the one, and am, consequently, not qualified for the other. She told Lewis wisely, he being my friend, that I was affected, in the first place, and that, in the next place, I committed the heinous offence of sitting at dinner with my eyes shut, or half shut. \* \* \* I wonder if I really have this trick. I must cure myself of it if true. One insensibly acquires awkward habits, which should be broken in time. If this is one, I wish I had been told of it before. It would not so much signify if one was always to be checkmated by a plain woman, but one may as well see some of one's neighbours, as well as the plate upon the table.

"I should like, of all things, to have heard the Annabæan eclogue between her and Lewis—both obstinate, clever, odd, garrulous, and shrill. In fact, one could have heard nothing else. But they fell out, alas!—and now they will never quarrel again. Could not one reconcile them for the 'nonce?' Poor Corinne—she will find that some of her fine sayings won't suit our fine ladies and gentlemen.

"I am getting rather into admiration of \* \*, the youngest sister of \* \*. A wife would be my salvation. I am sure the wives of my acquaintances have hitherto done me little good. \* \* is beautiful, but very young, and, I think, a fool. But I have not seen enough to judge; besides, I hate an *esprit* in petticoats. That she won't love me is very probable, nor shall I love her. But, on my system, and the modern system in general, that don't signify. The business (if it came to business) would probably be arranged between papa and me. She would have her own way; I am good-humoured to women, and docile; and, if I did not fall in love with her, which I should try to prevent, we should be a very comfortable couple. As to conduct, *that* she must look to. \* \* \* But if I love, I shall be jealous;—and for that reason I will not be in love. Though, after all, I doubt my temper, and fear I should not be so patient as becomes the *bienveillance* of a married man in my station. \* \* \* Divorce ruins the poor *femme*, and damages are a paltry compensation. I do fear my temper would lead me into some of our oriental tricks of vengeance, or, at any rate, into a summary appeal to the court of twelve paces. So 'I'll none on't', but e'en remain single and solitary:—though I should like to have somebody, now and then, to yawn with one.

"W. and, after him, \* \*, has stolen one of my buffooneries about Mde de Staël's Metaphysics and the Fog, and passed it, by speech and letter, as their

own. As Gibbet says, 'they are a gentleman of any on the road.' 'W. is the Whigs about this Review of For him;—all the epigrammatists and him. I hate *odds*, and wish he may for me, by the blessing of indifference my politics into an utter detestation governments; and, as it is the disagreeable and summary feeling in moment of an universal republic into an advocate for single and untolism. The fact is, riches are power slavery, all over the earth, and one ment is no better, nor worse, for another. I shall adhere to my party, not be honourable to act otherwise *nions*, I don't think politics *worth a duct* is another thing:—if you begin on with them. I have no consistencies; and *that* probably arises from on the subject altogether."

I must here be permitted to inter the progress of this Journal,—which some months of the succeeding year of noticing, without infringement. In order, such parts of the poet's literary correspondence as belong properly year 1813.

At the beginning, as we have seen of December, the Bride of Abydos having been struck off, like its predecessor, in one of those paroxysms of indignation, which adventures such as engaged in were, in a temperamental to excite. As the mathematician but a spot to stand upon, to be able to move the world, so a certain degree in fact seemed necessary to Byron, which he knew how to apply to the visions could be wielded by him. So was, in many instances, the connection which satisfied him, that to aim at his stories these links with his own which were, after all, perhaps, visual fancy, would be a task as uncertain this remark applies not only to the but to the Corsair, Lara, and all the fictions that followed, in which, though expressed by the poet may be, in as vivid recollections of what had, as agitated his own bosom, there are but—however he might himself, occasion such a supposition,—for connection with the groundwork or incidents of

While yet uncertain about the fate of the poem, the following observations of an ingenious follower in the same track

#### LETTER CXLII

TO MR MURRAY.

\* De

"I have redde through your Pers

\* Poems by Mr Galley Knight, of which transmitted the MS. to Lord Byron, communicating the name of the author.



liberty of making some remarks on the  
There are many beautiful passages,  
ling story; and I cannot give you a  
that such is my opinion than by the  
at—two o'clock, till which it has kept  
about a year. The conclusion is not  
in costume: there is no *Mussulman*  
at least for love. But this matters  
must have been written by some one  
on the spot, and I wish him, and he  
me. Will you apologise to the author  
I have taken with his MS.? Had I  
like to, and interested in, his theme, I  
obtrusive; but you know I always take  
art, and I hope he will. It is difficult  
succeed, and still more to pronounce  
I am at this moment in *that uncer-*  
*tain score*, and it is no small proof of  
powers to be able to *charm* and *fix* a  
on similar subjects and climates in  
ment. That he may have the same  
his readers is very sincerely the wish,  
doubt, of yours truly, "B."

le of Abydos he made additions, in the  
ling, amounting altogether to near two  
; and, as usual, among the passages  
are some of the happiest and most bril-  
liant Poem. The opening lines, "Know  
ke.—supposed to have been suggested  
song of Goethe's\*—were among the  
new insertions, as were also those  
"Who hath not proved how feebly  
ke. Of one of the most popular lines  
passage, it is not only curious, but in-  
crease the progress to its present state of  
it, at first, written—

her lip and music in her face,

altered it to

of music breathing in her face.

satisfying him, the next step of correc-  
the line to what it is at present—

the music breathing from her face.†

est, as well as most splendid, of those  
which the perusal of his own strains,  
inspired him, was that rich flow of  
g which follows the couplet, "Thou,  
are and bless my bark," &c.—a strain

as Land wo die Citronen blühen, &c.

puted plagiarisms so industriously hunted  
as, this line has been, with somewhat more  
is frequent in such charges, included,—the  
see having, it seems, written,

a melody and music of her face.

rowa, too, in his *Religio Medici*, says—  
even in beauty," &c. The coincidence,  
in observing, and the task of "tracking"  
errier" in the snow (as Dryden expresses  
sometimes not unamusing; but to those  
such resemblances a general charge of  
may apply what Sir Walter Scott says, in  
his work, his *Lives of the Novelists*:—"It  
one of laborious dulness to trace such co-  
incidence they appear to reduce genius of  
the usual standard of humanity, and of  
be another nearer to a level with his critics."

of poetry which, for energy and tenderness of thought,  
for music of versification, and selectness of diction,  
has, throughout the greater portion of it, but few  
rivals in either ancient or modern song. All this pas-  
sage was sent, in successive scraps, to the printer,—  
correction following correction, and thought reinforced  
by thought. We have here, too, another example of  
that retouching process, by which some of his most  
exquisite effects were attained. Every reader re-  
members the four beautiful lines—

Or, since that hope denied in worlds of strife,  
Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!  
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,  
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!

In the first copy of this passage sent to the pub-  
lisher, the last line was written thus—

And tints to-morrow with { an airy }  
{ a fancied } ray.

The following note being annexed:—"Mr Murray,—  
Chuse which of the two epithets, 'fancied,' or 'airy,'  
may be the best; or, if neither will do, tell me, and  
I will dream another." The poet's dream was, it  
must be owned, lucky,—"prophetic" being the  
word, of all others, for his purpose.\*

I shall select but one more example, from the  
additions to this Poem, as a proof that his eagerness  
and facility, in producing, was sometimes almost  
equalled by his anxious care in correcting. In the  
long passage, just referred to, the six lines beginning  
"Blest as the Muezzin's strain," &c., having been  
dispatched to the printer too late for insertion, were,  
by his desire, added in an errata page; the first  
couplet, in its original form, being as follows:—

Soft as the Mecca-Muezzin's strains invite  
Him who hath journey'd far to join the rite.

In a few hours after, another scrap was sent off,  
containing the lines thus—

Blest as the Muezzin's strains from Mecca's dome,  
Which welcomes Faith to view her Prophet's tomb.

With the following note to Mr Murray:—

\* December 3d, 1813.

"Look out in the Encyclopedia, article *Mecca*,  
whether it is there or at *Medina* the Prophet is en-  
tomb'd. If at *Medina*, the first lines of my alteration  
must run—

Blest as the call which from Medina's dome  
Invites Devotion to her Prophet's tomb, &c.

If at *Mecca*, the lines may stand as before. Page 45,  
canto 2d, *Bride of Abydos*. "Yours," "B."

"You will find this out either by article *Mecca*,  
*Medina*, or *Mohammed*. I have no book of reference  
by me.

Immediately after succeeded another note:—

"Did you look out? Is it *Medina* or *Mecca* that  
contains the *Holy Sepulchre*? Don't make me blas-  
pheme by your negligence. I have no book of

\* It will be seen, however, from a subsequent letter to  
Mr Murray, that he himself was at first unaware of the  
peculiar felicity of this epithet; and it is therefore pro-  
bable, that, after all, the merit of the choice may have be-  
longed to Mr Gifford.

reference, or I would save you the trouble. *I blush*,  
as a good Mussulman, to have confused the point.

"Yours,  
"B."

Notwithstanding all these various changes, the  
couplet in question stands, at present, thus :

Blest as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's wall  
To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call.

In addition to his own watchfulness over the birth  
of his new Poem, he also, as will be seen from the  
following letter, invoked the veteran taste of Mr  
Gifford on the occasion.

#### LETTER CXLIV.

TO MR GIFFORD.

"November 12th, 1813.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I hope you will consider, when I venture on any  
request, that it is the reverse of a certain Dedication,  
and is addressed, *not* to 'The Editor of the Quarterly  
Review,' but to Mr Gifford. You will understand  
this, and on that point I need trouble you no farther.

"You have been good enough to look at a thing  
of mine in MS.—a Turkish story, and I should feel  
gratified if you would do it the same favour in its  
probationary state of printing. It was written, I  
cannot say for amusement, nor 'obliged by hunger  
and request of friends,' but in a state of mind, from  
circumstances which occasionally occur to 'us  
youth,' that rendered it necessary for me to apply my  
mind to something, any thing but reality; and under  
this not very brilliant inspiration it was composed.  
Being done, and having at least diverted me from  
myself, I thought you would not perhaps be offended  
if Mr Murray forwarded it to you. He has done so,  
and to apologise for his doing so a second time is the  
object of my present letter.

"I beg you will *not* send me any answer. I  
assure you very sincerely I know your time to be  
occupied, and it is enough, more than enough, if you  
read; you are not to be bored with the fatigue of  
answers.

"A word to Mr Murray will be sufficient, and  
send it either to the flames, or

A hundred hawkers' load,  
On wings of winds to fly or fall abroad.

It deserves no better than the first, as the work of a  
week, and scribbled 'stans pede in uno' (by the by,  
the only foot I have to stand on); and I promise  
never to trouble you again under forty Cantos, and  
a voyage between each.

"Believe me ever

"Your obliged and affectionate servant,

"BYRON."

The following letters and notes, addressed to Mr  
Murray at this time, cannot fail, I think, to gratify  
all those to whom the history of the labours of  
genius is interesting.

#### LETTER CXLV.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Two friends of mine (Mr Rogers and  
have advised me not to risk at pres  
publication separately, for various rea  
have not seen the one in question, the  
bias for or against the merits (if it h  
faults of the present subject of our  
You say all the last of the 'Giaour'  
least out of your hands. Now, if  
publishing any new edition with the  
which have not yet been before the r  
distinct from the two-volume publica  
add the 'Bride of Abydos,' which  
quietly into the world: if liked, we c  
off some copies for the purchase  
'Giaours'; and, if not, I can omit it  
publication. What think you? I reall  
of those things, and with all my nat  
for one's own productions, I would rat  
one's judgment than my own.

"P. S.—Pray let me have the proof  
night. I have some alterations that I  
of that I wish to make speedily. I l  
will be on separate pages, and no  
together on a mile-long ballad-singing  
of the Giaour sometimes are; for then  
them distinctly."

TO MR MURRAY.

"Will you forward the letter to M  
the proof? There is an alteration I  
Zuleika's speech, in second Canto (th  
hers in that Cantó). It is now thus :

And curse, if I could curse, the de

It must be—

And mourn—I dare not curse—the  
That saw my solitary birth, &c. &c.

"E

"In the last MS. lines sent, instea  
heart,' convert to 'quivering heart.' I  
of the MS. passage.

"Ever you

TO MR MURRAY.

"Alteration of a line in Canto second  
Instead of—

And tints to-morrow with a *fancied* r

Print—

And tints to-morrow with *prophetic* r  
The evening beam that smiles the clou  
And tints to-morrow with prophetic r

Or,

{ *glids* }  
And { *tints* } the hope of morning with

Or

And glids to-morrow's hope with heav



you would ask Mr Gifford which of them  
either *not worst*.

"Ever, etc.

in send the request contained in this at  
me with the *revise*, after I have seen the

TO MR MURRAY.

"Nov. 13, 1813.

Do you suppose that no one but the  
acquainted with *Adam*, and *Eve*, and  
*Nash*?—Surely, I might have had Solo-  
Abraham, and David, and even Moses.  
know that *Zuleika* is the *Persian poetical*  
*Poliphar's* wife, on whom and Joseph there  
own, in the *Persian*, this will not surprise  
us want authority, look at Jones, D'Her-  
ek, or the notes to the *Arabian Nights*;  
think it necessary, model this into a

in the inscription, 'the most affectionate  
' with every sentiment of regard and

TO MR MURRAY.

"Nov. 14, 1813.

you a note for the *ignorant*, but I really  
adding you among them. I don't care one  
for my *poetry*; but for my *costume* and  
as on those points (of which I think the  
a proof), I will combat lustily.

"Yours, etc."

"Nov. 14th, 1813.

revise which I sent just now (and *not* the  
Gifford's possession) be returned to the  
some are several additional corrections  
lines in it.

Yours, etc."

#### LETTER CXLVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"November 15th, 1813.

has looked over and *stopped*, or ra-  
this *revise*, which must be the one to  
has also made some suggestions, with  
I have complied, as he has always, for  
ars, been a very sincere, and by no  
es) flattering, intimate of mine. He  
all think *flatteringly*, in this instance)  
Giaour, but doubts (and so do I) its  
ar; but, contrary to some others, ad-  
publication. On this we can easily  
few I like the *double* form better.  
it is *better verified* than any of the  
odd, if true, as it has cost me less  
ore hours at a time) than any attempt

attend to the punctuation: I can't,  
a comma—at least where to place

of a printer has omitted two lines of  
d *perhaps* more, which were in the

ed been expressed by Mr Murray as to the  
cutting the name of Cain into the mouth of

MS. Will you, pray, give him a hint of accuracy? I  
have reinserted the *two*, but they were in the manu-  
script, I can swear."

#### LETTER CXLVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"November 17, 1813.

"That you and I may distinctly understand each  
other on a subject, which, like 'the dreadful reckoning  
when men smile no more,' makes conversation not  
very pleasant, I think it as well to *write* a few lines  
on the topic.—Before I left town for Yorkshire, you  
said that you were ready and willing to give five  
hundred guineas for the copyright of 'The Giaour';  
and my answer was—from which I do not mean to  
recede—that we would discuss the point at Christmas.  
The new story may or may not succeed; the proba-  
bility, under present circumstances, seems to be,  
that it may at least pay its expenses—but even that  
remains to be proved, and till it is proved one way or  
another, we will say nothing about it. Thus then be  
it: I will postpone all arrangement about it, and the  
Giaour also, till Easter, 1814; and you shall then,  
according to your own notions of fairness, make your  
own offer for the two. At the same time, I do not  
rate the last in my own estimation at half the Giaour;  
and according to your own notions of its worth and  
its success within the time mentioned, be the addition  
or deduction to or from whatever sum may be your  
proposal for the first, which has already had its suc-  
cess.

"The pictures of Phillips I consider as *mine*, all  
three; and the one (not the Arnaout) of the two best  
is much at *your service*, if you will accept it as a  
present.

"P. S.—The expense of engraving from the mini-  
ature send me in my account, as it was destroyed by  
my desire; and have the goodness to burn that de-  
testable print from it immediately.

"To make you some amends for eternally pestering  
you with alterations, I send you Cobbett, to confirm  
your orthodoxy.

"One more alteration of *a* into *the* in the MS.; it  
must be—'The heart whose softness,' &c.

"Remember—and in the inscription 'to the Right  
Honourable Lord Holland,' *without* the previous  
names, Henry, &c."

TO MR MURRAY.

"November 20, 1813.

"More work for the *Row*. I am doing my best to  
heat the 'Giaour,'—no difficult task for any one but  
the author."

TO MR MURRAY.

"November 22, 1813.

"I have no time to *cross*-investigate, but I believe  
and hope all is right. I care less than you will be-  
lieve about its success, but I can't survive a single  
*misprint*: it *chokes* me to see words misused by the  
printers. Pray look over, in case of some eyefore  
escaping me.

"P. S.—Send the earliest copies to Mr Frere, Mr  
Canning, Mr Heber, Mr Gifford, Lord Holland, Lord  
Melbourne (Whitehall), Lady Caroline Lamb (Broc-

ket), Mr Hodgson (Cambridge), Mr Merivale, Mr Ward, from the author."

TO MR MURRAY.

\* November 23, 1813.

"You wanted some reflections, and I send you *per Selim* (see his speech in Canto 2d, page 46), eighteen lines in decent couplets, of a pensive, if not an *ethical*, tendency. One more revise—positively the last, if decently done—at any rate the *penultimate*. Mr Canning's approbation (if he did approve) I need not say makes me proud.\* As to printing, print as you will and how you will—by itself, if you like; but let me have a few copies in *sheets*.

\* November 24th, 1813.

"You must pardon me once more, as it is all for your good: it must be thus—

He makes a solitude, and calls it peace.

'*Makes*' is closer to the passage of Tacitus, from which the line is taken, and is, besides, a stronger word than '*leaves*.'

Mark where his carnage and his conquests cease,  
He makes a solitude, and calls it—peace.

#### LETTER CXLVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* November 27th, 1813.

"If you look over this carefully by the *last proof* with my corrections, it is probably right; this you can do as well or better;—I have not now time. The copies I mentioned to be sent to different friends last night, I should wish to be made up with the new *Giaours*, if it also is ready! If not, send the *Giaour* afterwards.

"The Morning Post says I am the author of *Nour-jahad*!! This comes of lending the drawings for their dresses; but it is not worth a *formal contradiction*. Besides, the criticisms on the *supposition* will, some of them, be quite amusing and furious. The *Orientalism*—which I hear is very splendid—of the melodrame (whosoever it is, and I am sure I don't know) is as good as an advertisement for your Eastern Stories, by filling their heads with glitter.

"P. S.—You will of course *say* the truth, that I am *not* the melodramatist—if any one charges me in your presence with the performance."

#### LETTER CXLIX.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* November 28th, 1813.

"Send another copy (if not too much of a request) to Lady Holland of the *Journal*, † in my name, when you receive this; it is for *Earl Grey*—and I will relinquish my *own*. Also to Mr Sharpe, and Lady Holland, and Lady Caroline Lamb, copies of '*The Bride*,' as soon as convenient.

\* Mr Canning's note was as follows:—"I received the books, and among them, the *Bride of Abydos*. It is very, very beautiful. Lord Byron (when I met him, one day, at dinner at Mr Ward's) was so kind as to promise to give me a copy of it. I mention this, not to save my purchase, but because I should be really flattered by the present."

† Penrose's *Journal*, a book published by Mr Murray at this time.

"P. S.—Mr Ward and myself still continue a purpose; but I shall not trouble you on any argument on the score of the *Giaour* and the *Bride* till return—or, at any rate, before *May*, 1814—*that* six months from hence: and before that time I will be able to ascertain how far your offer may be losing one; if so, you can deduct proportionally and if not, I shall not, at any rate, allow you a higher than your present proposal, which is a handsome and more than fair." \*

"I have had,—but this must be *entire* and very kind note, on the subject of '*the Bride*,' Sir James Mackintosh, and an invitation to print this evening, which it is now too late to accept."

TO MR. MURRAY.

\* November 28, 1813.

\* Sunday—Monday morning—3 o'clock—my doublet and hose, awaiting.

"I send you in time an errata page, containing omission of mine, which must be thus added, too late for insertion in the text. The passage is imitation altogether from *Medea* in *Ovid*, and is complete without these two lines. Pray let this be done, and directly; it is necessary, will add *nothing* to your book (*making*), and can do no harm, yet in time for the *public*. Answer me, then, in the affirmative. You can send the loose paper to those who have copies already, if they like; but certainly to all the *critical* copy-holders.

"P. S.—I have got out of my bed (in which, however, I could not sleep, whether I had *assembled* or not), and so good morning. I am trying whether *De L'Allemagne* will act as an opiate, but I doubt it."

TO MR MURRAY.

\* November 29th, 1813.

"You have looked at it!" to much purpose, allow so stupid a blunder to stand; it is not a *rage*, but '*carnage*;' and if you don't want to cut my own throat, see it altered.

"I am very sorry to hear of the fall of *Draught*."

#### LETTER CL.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Nov. 29th, 1813, Monday.

"You will act as you please upon that point, whether I go or stay, I shall not say another word on the subject till May—nor then, unless quite convenient to yourself. I have many things I wish to put to your care, principally papers. The *manuscript* not be now sent, as Mr Ward is gone to Scotland. You are right about the errata page; place it at the beginning. Mr Perry is a little premature in his compliments: these may do harm by creating expectation, and I think we ought to be above that, though I see the next paragraph is on the *Journal*, which makes me suspect you as the author of both."

"Would it not have been as well to have said '*Two Cantos*' in the advertisement? they will be thought of *fragments*, a species of composition very rare for once, like one ruin in a view; but one would build a town of them. The *Bride*, such as it is, is a

\* Mr Murray had offered him a thousand guineas for two Poems.

† Penrose's *Journal*.



composition of any length (except the *Satanstoe*—d to it), for the *Giaour* is but a string and *Childe Harold* is, and I rather think be, uncompleted. I return Mr Hay's thanks to him and you.

There have been some epigrams on Mr Ward:—The first I did not see, but heard of. The second seems very bad. I only hope you does not believe that I had any consideration. I like and value him too well to stoop to contract into spleen, or to admire intended to annoy him or his. You need trouble to answer this, as I shall see you in the afternoon.

I have said this much about the epigrams, and so much in the *opposite camp*, and, as an engineer, might be suspected as of these hand-grenades; but with a worthy for open war, and not this bush-fighting, and, nor will have, any thing to do with it, nor the author."

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Nov. 30th, 1813.

at the end of all that is of the '*Bride of the errata*' page.

\* BN.

canto 2d, page 47, after line 449,

these arms cling closer round my neck.

or lip once murmur, it must be  
for safety, but a prayer for thee.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Tuesday evening, Nov. 30th, 1813.

make of correctness, particularly in an alteration of the couplet I have just (four ago) must take place, in spite of (I); let me see the *proof* early to-morrow. *murmur* to be a neuter verb, and have to alter the line so as to make it a sub-

et murmur of this lip shall be  
for safety, but a prayer for thee!

the copies to the country till this is all

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Dec. 2d, 1813.

can, let the couplet enclosed be in the page, or in the errata page. I for some of the copies. This alteration part—the page but one before the sent.

a afraid, from all I hear, that people finite in their expectations, which is but cannot now be helped. This try and one's wise friends; but do not hopes of success to the same pitch, for s, and I can assure you that my phisand the test very fairly; and I have ag to ensure you, at all events, from which will be some satisfaction to

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Dec. 3d, 1813.

"I send you a *scratch* or *two*, the which *heal*. The *Christian Observer* is very savage, but certainly well written—and quite uncomfortable at the naughtiness of book and author. I rather suspect you won't much like the *present* to be more moral, if it is to share also the usual fate of your virtuous volumes.

"Let me see a proof of the *six* before incorporation."

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Monday evening, Dec. 6th, 1813.

"It is all very well, except that the lines are not numbered properly, and a diabolical mistake, page 67, which *must* be corrected with the *pen*, if no other way remains; it is the omission of '*not*' before '*disagreeable*,' in the note on the *amber rosary*. This is really horrible, and nearly as bad as the stumble of mine at the threshold—I mean the *misnomer* of *Bride*. Pray do not let a copy go without the '*not*;' it is nonsense and worse than nonsense as it now stands. I wish the printer was saddled with a vampire.

"P.S.—It is still *hath* instead of *have* in page 20; never was any one so *misused* as I am by your devils of printers.

"P.S.—I hope and trust the '*not*' was inserted in the first edition. We must have something—any thing—to set it right. It is enough to answer for one's own bulls, without other people's."

#### LETTER CLI.

TO MR MURRAY.

December 27th, 1813.

"Lord Holland is laid up with the gout, and would feel very much obliged if you could obtain, and send as soon as possible, Madame D'Arblay's (or even Miss Edgeworth's) new work. I know they are not out; but it is perhaps possible for your *Majesty* to command what we cannot with much suing purchase, as yet. I need not say that when you are able or willing to confer the same favour on me, I shall be obliged. I would almost fall sick myself to get at Madame D'Arblay's writings.

"P.S.—You were talking to-day of the American edition of a certain unquenchable memorial of my younger days. As it can't be helped now, I own I have some curiosity to see a copy of Transatlantic typography. This you will perhaps obtain, and one for yourself; but I must beg that you will not *import more*, because, *seriously*, I *do wish* to have that thing forgotten as much as it has been forgiven.

"If you send to the *Globe* editor, say that I want neither excuse nor contradiction, but merely a discontinuance of a most ill-grounded charge. I never was consistent in any thing but my politics; and as my redemption depends on that solitary virtue, it is murder to carry away my last anchor."

Of these hasty and characteristic missives with which he dispatched off his "still-breeding thoughts," there yet remain a few more that might be presented to the reader; but enough has here been given to show the fastidiousness of his self-criticism, as well

as the restless and unsatisfied ardour with which he pressed on in pursuit of perfection,—still seeing, according to the usual doom of genius, much farther than he could reach.

An appeal was, about this time, made to his generosity, which the reputation of the person from whom it proceeded would, in most minds, have justified him in treating with disregard, but which a more enlarged feeling of humanity led him to view in a very different light; for, when expostulated with by Mr Murray on his generous intentions towards one "whom nobody else would give a single farthing to," he answered, "it is for that very reason I give it, because nobody else will." The person in question was Mr Thomas Ashe, author of a certain notorious publication called "The Book," which, from the delicate mysteries discussed in its pages, attracted far more notice than its talent, or even mischief, deserved. In a fit, it is to be hoped, of sincere penitence, this man wrote to Lord Byron, alleging poverty as his excuse for the vile uses to which he had hitherto prostituted his pen, and soliciting his lordship's aid towards enabling him to exist, in future, more respectably. To this application the following answer, marked, in the highest degree, by good sense, humanity, and honourable sentiment, was returned by Lord Byron.

## LETTER CLII.

TO MR ASHE.

\* 4, Bennet-street, St James's, Dec. 14th, 1813.

"SIR,

"I leave town for a few days to-morrow: on my return, I will answer your letter more at length. Whatever may be your situation, I cannot but commend your resolution to abjure and abandon the publication and composition of works such as those to which you have alluded. Depend upon it, they amuse *few*, disgrace both *reader* and *writer*, and benefit *none*. It will be my wish to assist you, as far as my limited means will admit, to break such a bondage. In your answer, inform me what sum you think would enable you to extricate yourself from the hands of your employers, and to regain at least temporary independence, and I shall be glad to contribute my mite towards it. At present, I must conclude. Your name is not unknown to me, and I regret, for your own sake, that you have ever lent it to the works you mention. In saying this, I merely repeat your *own words* in your letter to me, and have no wish whatever to say a single syllable that may appear to insult your misfortunes. If I have, excuse me; it is unintentional.

"Yours, &amp;c.

"BYRON."

In answer to this letter, Ashe mentioned, as the sum necessary to extricate him from his difficulties, £150—to be advanced at the rate of ten pounds per month; and, some short delay having occurred in the reply to this demand, the modest applicant, in renewing his suit, complained, it appears, of neglect: on which Lord Byron, with a good temper which few, in a similar case, could imitate, answered him as follows.

## LETTER CLIII.

TO MR ASHE.

\* Janus

"SIR,

"When you accuse a stranger of forget that it is possible business or a London may have interfered to delay as has actually occurred in the present in to the point. I am willing to do what extricate you from your situation. scheme \* I was considering; but your tience appears to have rendered it abo irreticvable. I will deposit in Mr Mu (with his consent) the sum you ment advanced for the time at ten pounds per

"P. S.—I write in the greatest hurry make my letter a little abrupt; but, as I have no wish to distress your feelings."

The service thus humanely proffered punctually performed; and the following the many acknowledgments of payment in Ashe's letters to Mr Murray:—"honour to enclose you another memorandum of ten pounds, in compliance with the instructions of Lord Byron." †

His friend Mr Merivale, one of the those Selections from the Anthology which he regretted so much not having taken on his travels, published a Poem about which he thus honours with his praise.

## LETTER CLIV.

TO MR MERIVALE.

\* J

"MY DEAR MERIVALE.

"I have redde Roncesvaux with very good and (if I were so disposed) see very little criticism. There is a choice of two lines last Cantos,—I think 'Live and protest cause 'Oh who?' implies a doubt of R or inclination. I would allow the—b you yourself must determine on—I mean as to where to place a part of the Po between the actions or no. Only if you all the success you deserve, *never list* and—as I am not the least troublesome member—least of all, to me.

"I hope you will be out soon. March is the month for the *trade*, and they considered. You have written a very noble nothing but the detestable taste of the you harm,—but I think you will be measure is uncommonly well chosen as

\* \* \* \* \*

\* His first intention had been to go out. Botany Bay.

† When these monthly disbursements had £70, Ashe wrote to beg that the whole ten £80 might be advanced to him at one payment enable him, as he said, to avail himself of a part South Wales, which had been again offered sum was, accordingly, by Lord Byron's own hands.

‡ This letter is but a fragment,—the rest lost.



acts from his Journal, just given, there cannot fail to have been remarked, taking of his admiration of some lady he has himself left blank, the noble "a wife would be the salvation of me." this conviction, which not only himself his friends entertained, of the prudence timely refuge in matrimony from those which form the sequel of all less regular had been induced, about a year before, sought seriously to marriage,—at least, as his thoughts were ever capable of, and,—and chiefly, I believe, by the intervention of his friend Lady Melbourne a suitor for the hand of a relative

Miss Milbanke. Though his proposal accepted, every assurance of friendship accompanied the refusal; a wish was that they should continue to write to and a correspondence,—somewhat since two young persons of different sexes, was not the subject of it,—ensued. We have seen how highly Lord valued as well the virtues as the accomplishments of the young lady, but it is evident that, at this period, was love either felt

time, new entanglements, in which his willing dupe of his fancy and vanity, as the young poet; and still, as the of such pursuits followed, he again sighing for the sober yoke of wedlock, city against their recurrence. There in the interval between Miss Milbanke's acceptance of him, two or three other of rank who, at different times, formed his matrimonial dreams. In the society, whose family had long honoured meadship, he and I passed much of our this and the preceding spring; and it that, in a subsequent part of his correspondence represents me as having entertained an that he should so far cultivate my fair as to give a chance, at least, of matrimonial result.

re than once, expressed some such subtly true. Fully concurring with at only of himself but of others of his a marriage lay his only chance of sale sort of perplexing attachments into now constantly tempted, I saw in none he admired with more legitimate views sites for the difficult task of winning and happiness as in the lady in questing beauty of the highest order with at and ingenious,—having just learned refinement to her taste, and far to make pretensions to learning,—a spirit proud as his own, but showing acute generosity of spirit, a feminine as, which would have led her to tole-

as already seen what Lord Byron himself said, on this subject:—"What an odd situation is ours!—without one spark of love on

rate his defects in consideration of his noble qualities and his glory, and even to sacrifice silently some of her own happiness, rather than violate the responsibility in which she stood pledged to the world for his;—such was, from long experience, my impression of the character of this lady; and perceiving Lord Byron to be attracted by her more obvious claims to admiration, I felt a pleasure no less in rendering justice to the still rarer qualities which she possessed, than in endeavouring to raise my noble friend's mind to the contemplation of a higher model of female character than he had, unluckily for himself, been much in the habit of studying.

To this extent do I confess myself to have been influenced by the sort of feeling which he attributes to me. But in taking for granted (as it will appear he did from one of his letters) that I entertained any very decided or definite wishes on the subject, he gave me more credit for seriousness in my suggestions than I deserved. If even the lady herself, the unconscious object of these speculations, by whom he was regarded in no other light than that of a distinguished acquaintance, could have consented to undertake the perilous,—but still possible and glorious,—achievement of attaching Byron to virtue, I own that, sanguinely as, in theory, I might have looked to the result, I should have seen, not without trembling, the happiness of one whom I had known and valued from her childhood risked in the experiment.

I shall now proceed to resume the thread of the Journal, which I had broken off, and of which, it will be perceived, the noble author himself had for some weeks, at this time, interrupted the progress.

#### "JOURNAL, 1814.

\* February 18th.

"Better than a month since I last journalized:—most of it out of London, and at Notts., but a busy one and a pleasant, at least three weeks of it. On my return, I find all the newspapers in hysterics,\* and town in an uproar, on the avowal and republication

\* Immediately on the appearance of the Corsair (with those obnoxious verses, "Weep, daughter of a royal line," appended to it), a series of attacks, not confined to Lord Byron himself, but aimed also at all those who had lately become his friends, was commenced in the Courier and Morning Post, and carried on through the greater part of the months of February and March. The point selected by these writers, as a ground of censure on the poet, was one which now, perhaps, even themselves would agree to class among his claims to praise,—namely, the atonement which he had endeavoured to make for the youthful violence of his Satire by a measure of justice, amiable even in its overflows, to every one whom he conceived he had wronged.

Notwithstanding the careless tone in which, here and elsewhere, he speaks of these assaults, it is evident that they annoyed him;—an effect which, in reading them over now, we should be apt to wonder they could produce, did we not recollect the property which Dryden attributes to "small wits," in common with certain other small animals:—

We scarce could know they live, but that they bite.

The following is a specimen of the terms in which these party scribes could then speak of one of the masters of English song:—"They might have slept in oblivion with Lord Carlisle's Dramas and Lord Byron's Poems."—"Some certainly extol Lord Byron's Poems much, but most of the best judges place his lordship rather low in the list of our minor poets."

# NOTICES OF THE

Charlotte's weeping at the death of her mother in 1812. They are all of the above good, all of it is the best of a nation in our House upon it

The Morning Post, containing the description of the Custom-house, is as long as my pedigree, and is as long as my pedigree, and is as long as my pedigree.

He is my friend, the most lively, and a man of the most

The "Observer" has been conceived, written, published, and is now in the hands of the public. They all say it has great success:—it was written *con* and much from residence. Murray is satisfied with the progress; and if the public are equally so with the personal, there's an end of the matter.

\*Nine o'clock.

Went to Henson's on business. Saw Rogers, and had a word from Lady Melbourne, who says, it is said that I am 'much out of spirits.' I wonder if I really am. I have certainly enough of 'that perilous state' which weighs upon the heart, and it is better to be the result of these attacks than to be the cause; but—ay, ay, always *but* to the end of the chapter.

Hobhouse has told me ten thousand anecdotes of Napoleon, all good and true. My friend H. is the most interesting of companions, and a fine fellow to

write a book—wrote notes and letters, and am sure, as Locke says, is bad company. 'Be not alone,' he has said—'Oh!—the idleness is troublesome; but I can't see so much to regret in the solitude. When I have a few of men, the less I like them. If I could have six or seven women too, all would be well. Why you are now six and twenty; my passions have had time to cool them; my affections more than enough to make them—'and yet—and yet—always *yet* and *but* 'Kee! well, you are a fishmonger—get thee to a fishmonger.' 'They feed me to the top of my bent.'

\*Midnight.

Wrote a letter, which I threw into the fire. Redde but in vain purpose. Did not visit Hobhouse, as I intended and ought. No matter, the loss is mine.

Napoleon this week will decide his fate. All eyes are upon him; but I believe and hope he will not be made head back the invaders. What right have we to prescribe sovereigns to France? Oh for a Republic! 'Hutus, thou sleepest,' Hobhouse says, in continental anecdotes of this extraordinary man, all in favour of his intellect and courage, but nothing for his *bonhomie*. No wonder;—how should we, who know mankind well, do other than despise and deride them?

The greater the equality, the more impartially is it distributed, and becomes lighter by the division among so many—therefore, a Republic!

More notes from Mad. de \* \* \* unanswered—and no more shall remain. I admire her abilities, but not her society is overwhelming—an avalanche that rolls on in glancing nonsense—all snow and so-

"Shall I go to Mackintosh's on Tuesday? I did not go to Marquis Lansdowne's, nor to Mr. Ry's, though both are pleasant. So is but I don't know—I believe one is not parties; at least, unless some *reynolds*

"I wonder how the deuce any body can live in such a world; for what purpose diables were ordained—and kings—and fello—and women of 'a certain age'—and any age—and myself, most of all!

*Divesne prisco et natas ab Ina  
Nil interest, an pauper et Ina  
De gente, sub dio moreris,  
Victima nil miserantia Ory*

*Omnes eodem cogimur.*

"Is there any thing beyond?—*What* that can't tell. Who tells that there don't know. And when shall he know when he don't expect, and, generally, I wish it. In this last respect, however, alike: it depends a good deal upon something upon nerves and habits—by digestion.

\*Saturday

"Just returned from seeing Kean in Jove, he is a soul! Life—nature—exaggeration or diminution. Kemble's defect;—but Hamlet is not Nature. Rich and Kean is Richard. Now to my own

"Went to Waite's. Teeth all right as he says that I grind them in my sleep edges. That same sleep is no friend of I court him sometimes for half the 24.

\*1

"Got up and tore out two leaves of the book. I don't know why. Hodgson just called, and has much *bonhomie* with his other, and more talent than he has yet had ere his circle.

"An invitation to dine at Holland-Kean. He is worth meeting; and I hope into good society, he will be prevented like Cooke. He is greater now on the stage than ever. There is a stupor rating criticism upon him in one of the papers. I thought that, last night, though greatly underacted more than the first time. The effect of these cavils; but I hope he has more than to mind them. He cannot expect to present eminence, or to advance still his the envy of his green-room fellows, and of their admirers. But, if he don't b why, then—merit hath no purchase in 'fishmonger days.'

"I wish that I had a talent for the drama to write a tragedy *now*. But no,—it is no talk of one,—he will do it well;—and should try. He has wonderful powers, a variety; besides, he has lived and felt. To bring home to the heart, the heart must be tried,—but, perhaps, ceased to be so. Under the influence of passions, you cannot describe them,—any more than



old turn round and tell the story to your  
is! When all is over,—all, all, and  
trust to memory—she is then but too

, and answered some letters, yawned  
t, and redde the Robbers. Fine,—but  
er; and Alfieri and Monti's Aristodemo  
are more equal than the Tedeschi dra-

2—or, rather, acknowledged—the re-  
ing Reynolds's Poem, Safie. The lad is  
much of his thoughts are borrowed,—  
Reviewers may find out. I hate discou-  
ing one; and I think,—though wild, and  
d than he would be, had he seen the  
e he has placed his tale, that he has  
and, certainly, fire enough.

d a very singular epistle; and the mode  
vance, through Lord H.'s hands, as  
e letter itself. But it was gratifying and

\* Sunday, Feb. 27th.

am, alone, instead of dining at Lord  
I was asked,—but not inclined to go  
Hobbouse says I am growing a *loup*  
ditary hobgoblin. True;—I am my-

The last week has been passed in  
ing plays—now and then, visitors—  
awning and sometimes sighing, but no  
ve of letters. If I could always read,  
ter feel the want of society. Do I regret  
Man delights not me,' and only one  
a time.

is something to me very softening in the  
woman,—some strange influence, even  
alive with them,—which I cannot at all  
be, having no very high opinion of the sex.  
I always feel in better humour with myself  
thing else, if there is a woman within ken.  
Hair, \* my fire-lighter,—the most ancient  
ed of her kind,—and (except to myself) not  
impered—always makes me laugh,—no  
when I am 'i' the vein.

best housemaid, of whose gaunt and witch-like  
I would be impossible to convey any idea but  
furnished one among the numerous instances  
m's proneness to attach himself to any thing.  
ely, that had once inlisted his good-nature in  
d become associated with his thoughts. He  
is old woman at his lodgings in Bennet-street,  
whole season, she was the perpetual scare-  
crows. When, next year, he took chambers  
one of the great advantages which his friends  
the change was, that they should get rid of

But, no,—there she was again—he had  
ght her with him from Bennet-street. The  
er saw him married, and, with a regular  
of servants, in Piccadilly; and here,—as Mrs  
appeared to any of the visitors,—it was con-  
; that the witch had vanished. One of those  
ver, who had most fondly indulged in this  
upening to call one day when all the male  
tablishment were abroad, saw, to his dismay,  
sed by the same grim personage, improved  
in point of habiliments since he last saw her,  
pace with the increased scale of her master's  
a new peruke, and other symptoms of pro-  
fied. When asked 'how he came to carry  
on about with him from place to place,' Lord  
answer was, 'the poor old devil was so kind

"Heigho! I would I were in mine island!—I am  
not well; and yet I look in good health. At times, I  
fear, 'I am not in my perfect mind;'—and yet my  
heart and head have stood many a crash, and what  
should ail them now?' They prey upon themselves,  
and I am sick—sick—'Prithee, undo this button—  
why should a cat, a rat, a dog, have life—and thou  
no life at all?' Six-and-twenty years, as they call them  
—why, I might and should have been a Pasha by  
this time. 'I 'gin to be a weary of the sun.'

"Buonaparte is not yet beaten; but has rebutted  
Blucher, and repiqued Swartzenburg. This it is to  
have a head. If he again wins, 'Vae victis!'

\* Sunday, March 6th.

"On Tuesday last dined with Rogers,—Mad. de  
Stael, Mackintosh, Sheridan, Erskine, and Payne  
Knight, Lady Donegall and Miss R. there. Sheridan  
told a very good story of himself and Made de Re-  
camier's handkerchief; Erskine a few stories of himself  
only. She is going to write a big book about  
England, she says;—I believe her. Asked by her  
how I liked Miss \*'s thing, called \*\*, and answer-  
ed (very sincerely) that I thought it very bad for  
her, and worse than any of the others. Afterwards  
thought it possible Lady Donegall, being Irish,  
might be a Patroness of \*\*, and was rather sorry  
for my opinion, as I hate putting people into fusses,  
either with themselves, or their favourites; it looks  
as if one did it on purpose. The party went off very  
well, and the fish was very much to my gusto. But  
we got up too soon after the women; and Mrs Co-  
rinne always lingers so long after dinner, that we  
wish her in the drawing-room.

"To-day C. called, and, while sitting here, in came  
Merivale. During our colloquy, C. (ignorant that  
M. was the writer) abused the 'mawkishness of the  
Quarterly Review of Grimm's Correspondence.' I  
(knowing the secret) changed the conversation as  
soon as I could; and C. went away, quite convinced  
of having made the most favourable impression on  
his new acquaintance. Merivale is luckily a very  
good-natured fellow, or, God he knows what might  
have been engendered from such a malaprop. I did  
not look at him while this was going on, but I felt  
like a coal,—for I like Merivale, as well as the ar-  
ticle in question.

"Asked to Lady Keith's to-morrow evening—I  
think I will go; but it is the first party invitation I  
have accepted this 'season,' as the learned Fletcher  
called it, when that youngest brat of Lady \*'s cut  
my eye and cheek open with a misdirected pebble—  
'Never mind, my lord, the scar will be gone before  
the season;' as if one's eye was of no importance in  
the mean time.

"Lord Erskine called, and gave me his famous  
pamphlet, with a marginal note and corrections in his  
handwriting. Sent it to be bound superbly, and  
shall treasure it.

"Sent my fine print of Napoleon to be framed.  
It is framed; and the emperor becomes his robes as  
if he had been hatched in them.

\* March 7th.

"Rose at seven—ready by half past eight—went  
to Mr Hanson's, Berkeley-square—went to church  
with his eldest daughter, Mary Anne (a good girl),

and gave her away to the Earl of Portsmouth. Saw her fairly a countess—congratulated the family and groom (bride)—drank a bumper of wine (wholesome sherries) to their felicity, and all that,—and came home. Asked to stay to dinner, but could not.—At three sat to Phillips for faces. Called on Lady M.—I like her so well, that I always stay too long. (Mem. to mend of that.)

"Passed the evening with Hobhouse, who has begun a Poem, which promises highly;—wish he would go on with it. Heard some curious extracts from a life of Morosini, the blundering Venetian, who blew up the Acropolis at Athens with a bomb, and be d—d to him! Waxed sleepy—just come home—must go to bed, and am engaged to meet Sheridan to-morrow at Rogers's.

"Queer ceremony that same of marriage—saw many abroad, Greek and Catholic—one, at home, many years ago. There be some strange phrases in the prologue (the exhortation), which made me turn away, not to laugh in the face of the surpliceman. Made one blunder, when I joined the hands of the happy—rammed their left hands, by mistake, into one another. Corrected it—bustled back to the altar-rail, and said 'Amen.' Portsmouth responded as if he had got the whole by heart; and if any thing, was rather before the priest. It is now midnight, and

\* \* \* \* \*

\* March 10th, Thor's day.

"On Tuesday dined with Rogers,—Mackintosh, Sheridan, Sharpe,—much talk, and good,—all, except my own little prattlement. Much of old times—Horne Tooke—the Trials—evidence of Sheridan, and anecdotes of those times, when I, alas! was an infant. If I had been a man, I would have made an English Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

"Set down Sheridan at Brookes's—where, by the by, he could not have well set down himself, as he and I were the only drinkers. Sherry means to stand for Westminster, as Cochrane (the stock-jobbing boxer) must vacate. Brougham is a candidate. I fear for poor dear Sherry. Both have talents of the highest order, but the youngster has yet a character. We shall see, if he lives to Sherry's age, how he will pass over the red-hot ploughshares of public life. I don't know why, but I hate to see the old ones lose; particularly Sheridan, notwithstanding all his *méchancetés*.

"Received many, and the kindest, thanks from Lady Portsmouth, *père* and *mère*, for my match-making. I don't regret it, as she looks the countess well, and is a very good girl. It is odd how well she carries her new honours. She looks a different woman, and high-bred, too. I had no idea that I could make so good a peeress.

"Went to the play with Hobhouse. Mrs Jordan superlative in *Hoyden*, and Jones well enough in *Poppington*. *What plays!* what wit!—*hélas!* Congreve and Vanbrugh are your only comedy. Our society is too insipid now for the like copy. Would not go to Lady Keith's. Hobhouse thought it odd. I wonder *he* should like parties. If one is in love, and wants to break a commandment and covet any thing that is there, they do very well. But to go out amongst the mere herd, without a motive, pleasure, or pursuit—

'sdeath! 'I'll none of it.' He told me.—that I am the actual Conrad, the very and that part of my travels are supposed to be in privacy. Um!—people sometimes tell the truth; but never the whole truth. But what I was about the year after he left nor does any one—nor—nor—nor—*hoh!*—but, 'I doubt the equivocation of lies like truth!'

"I shall have letters of importance. Which, \* \* \*, or \* \* \*? heigh!—heart, \* \* \* is in my head, \* \* \* in my single one, Heaven knows where. All will be answered. 'Since I have coped with myself, I must maintain it; but I see my person,' though I think others have.

"\* \* \* called to-day in great despair at a tress, who has taken a freak of \* \* \*. I wrote a letter to her, but was obliged to stop short of it for him, and he copied and sent it out and keeps to my instructions of allience, she will lower her colours. If I will, at least, get rid of her, and she don't worth keeping. But the poor lad is in the case, she will win. When they get their power, *finita è la musica*.

"Sleepy, and must go to bed.

\* Tuesday.

"Dined yesterday with R., Mackintosh, Sheridan could not come. Sharpe told amusing anecdotes of Henderson, the till late, and came home, having drunk that I did not get to sleep till six this says I am to be in *this Quarterly*—cut up as they 'hate us youth.' *N'importe*, was passing by the doors of some Deb (the Westminster Forum) in his way saw rubricated on the walls, *Scott's name*—'Which the best poet?' being the question evening; and I suppose all the *Templar* *bes* took our rhimes in vain, in the controversy. Which had the greater shot neither know nor care; but I feel the names as a compliment,—though I think serves better company.

"W. W. called—Lord Erskine, I &c. &c. Wrote to \* \* the Corsair report she don't wonder, since 'Conrad is a odd that one, who knows me so thoroughly tell me this to my face. However, if she nobody can.

"Mackintosh is, it seems, the writer of the letter in the Morning Chronicle. I am kind, and more than I did for myself.

"Told Murray to secure for me *Bar* Novels at the sale to-morrow. To me *unfs*. Redde a satire on myself, called and told Murray to publish it if he liked the author is to prove me a systematic conspirator against law and Some of the verse is good; the prose



asserts that my "deleterious works" effect upon civil society, which re-  
flects on his own poetry. It is a  
long preface, with a harmonious  
the fly in the fable, I seem to have  
feel which makes much dust; but,  
fly, I do not take it all for my own

in *Bella*, which I answered. I shall  
try again, if I don't take care.

is a more regular system of reading

\* Thursday, March 17th.

sparring with Jackson for exercise  
and mean to continue and renew my  
with the muffs. My chest, and arms,  
very good plight, and I am not in  
to be a hard hitter, and my arms are  
height (5 feet 8 inches and a half).  
exercise is good, and this the severest of  
the broad-sword never fatigued me

Quarrels of Authors' (another sort of  
new work, by that most entertaining  
writer, Israeli. They seem to be an  
and I wish myself well out of it. 'I'll  
ough Coventry with them, that's flat.'  
I had I to do with scribbling? It is  
sure, and all regret is useless. But,  
again,—I should write again, I sup-  
human nature, at least my share of it;  
all think better of myself, if I have  
new. If I have a wife, and that wife  
any body—I will bring up mine heir  
poetical way—make him a lawyer,  
—any thing. But if he writes too, I  
is none of mine, and cut him off with  
Must write a letter—three o'clock.

\* Sunday, March 20th.

to go to Lady Hardwicke's, but won't.  
the day with a bias towards going to  
the evening advances, my stimulus  
rdly ever go out—and, when I do,  
This might have been a pleasant  
the hostess is a very superior woman.  
ne's to-morrow—Lady Heathcote's,  
Jim!—I must spur myself into going  
, or it will look like rudeness, and it  
other people do—confound them!  
hiavel, parts of Chardin, and Sis-  
dello,—by starts. Redde the Edin-  
come out. In the beginning of the  
worth's Patronage, I have gotten a  
t. I perceive. Whether this is cre-  
I know not; but it does honour to  
tuse he once abused me. Many a  
it praise; none but a high-spirited  
to its censure, or can praise the man  
cked. I have often, since my return  
rd Jeffrey most highly commended by  
him for things independent of his  
re him for *this*—not because he has  
have been so praised elsewhere and

abused, alternately, that mere habit has rendered me  
as indifferent to both as a man at twenty-six can be  
to any thing], but because he is, perhaps, the *only*  
*man* who, under the relations in which he and I stand,  
or stood, with regard to each other, would have had  
the liberality to act thus; none but a great soul dared  
hazard it. The height on which he stands has not  
made him giddy;—a little scribbler would have gone  
on cavilling to the end of the chapter. As to the  
justice of his panegyric, that is matter of taste.  
There are plenty to question it, and glad, too, of the  
opportunity.

"Lord Erskine called to-day. He means to carry  
down his reflections on the war—or rather wars—to  
the present day. I trust that he will. Must send to Mr  
Murray to get the binding of my copy of his pamphlet  
finished, as Lord E. has promised me to correct  
it, and add some marginal notes to it. Any thing in  
his handwriting will be a treasure, which will gather  
compound interest from years. Erskine has high  
expectations of Mackintosh's promised History. Un-  
doubtedly it must be a classic, when finished.

"Sparred with Jackson again yesterday morning,  
and shall to-morrow. I feel all the better for it, in  
spirits, though my arms and shoulders are very stiff  
from it. Mem. to attend the pugilistic dinner—Mar-  
quis Huntley is in the chair.

"Lord Erskine thinks that ministers must be in  
peril of going out. So much the better for him. To  
me it is the same who are in or out;—we want  
something more than a change of ministers, and some  
day we will have it.

"I remember,\* in riding from Chrisso to Castri  
(Delphos) along the sides of Parnassus, I saw six  
eagles in the air. It is uncommon to see so many  
together; and it was the number—not the species  
which is common enough—that excited my atten-  
tion.

"The last bird I ever fired at was an *eaglet*, on  
the shore of the Gulf of Lepanto, near Vostitza. It  
was only wounded, and I tried to save it, the eye was  
so bright; but it pined, and died in a few days; and  
I never did since, and never will, attempt the death  
of another bird. I wonder what put these two things  
into my head just now? I have been reading Sis-  
mondi, and there is nothing there that could induce  
the recollection.

"I am mightily taken with Braccio di Montone,  
Giovanni Galeazzo, and Eccelino. But the last is *not*  
Bracciaferro (of the same name), Count of Ravenna,  
whose history I want to trace. There is a fine en-  
graving in Lavater, from a picture by Fuseli, of *that*  
Ezzelin, over the body of Meduna, punished by  
him for a *hitch* in her constancy during his absence  
in the Crusades. He was right—but I want to know  
the story.

\* Tuesday, March 22d.

"Last night, *party* at Lansdowne-house. To-  
night, *party* at Lady Charlotte Greville's—deplor-

\* Part of this passage has been already extracted, but I  
have allowed it to remain here in its original position, on  
account of the singularly sudden manner in which it is in-  
troduced.

and gave her away to the Earl of Portsmouth. Saw her fairly a countess—congratulated the family and groom (bride)—drank a bumper of wine (wholesome sherris) to their felicity, and all that,—and came home. Asked to stay to dinner, but could not.—At three sat to Phillips for faces. Called on Lady M.—I like her so well, that I always stay too long. (Mem. to mend of that.)

"Passed the evening with Hobhouse, who has begun a Poem, which promises highly;—wish he would go on with it. Heard some curious extracts from a life of Morosini, the blundering Venetian, who blew up the Acropolis at Athens with a bomb, and be d—d to him! Waxed sleepy—just come home—must go to bed, and am engaged to meet Sheridan to-morrow at Rogers's.

"Queer ceremony that same of marriage—saw many abroad, Greek and Catholic—one, at home, many years ago. There be some strange phrases in the prologue (the exhortation), which made me turn away, not to laugh in the face of the surpliceman. Made one blunder, when I joined the hands of the happy—rarned their left hands, by mistake, into one another. Corrected it—bustled back to the altar-rail, and said 'Amen.' Portsmouth responded as if he had got the whole by heart; and if any thing, was rather before the priest. It is now midnight, and

\* \* \* \* \*

\* March 10th, Thor's day.

"On Tuesday dined with Rogers,—Mackintosh, Sheridan, Sharpe,—much talk, and good,—all, except my own little prattlement. Much of old times—Horn Tooke—the Trials—evidence of Sheridan, and anecdotes of those times, when I, alas! was an infant. If I had been a man, I would have made an Ensign Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

"Set down Sheridan at Brookes's—where, by, he could not have well set down himself, and I were the only drinkers. Sherry means for Westminster, as Cochrane (the stock-exchange-hoaxer) must vacate. Brougham is a candidate with fear for poor dear Sherry. Both have taken the highest order, but the youngster has yet to pass over the red-hot ploughshares of don't know why, but I hate to see the particularly Sheridan, notwithstanding his *cele*.

"Received many, and the kind Lady Portsmouth, *père* and *mère*, and a young lady, who is a very good girl. It is odd, that she looks like her new honours. She looks like a high-bred, too. I had no idea of a good a peeress.

"Went to the play with superlative in Haydon, and pington. *What plays!* what and Vanbrugh are your is too insipid now for the Lady Keith's. Hobhouse he should like parties to break a command there, they do very well. My mind is much re-

'sdeath! 'I T  
—that I am th  
and that part  
in privacy.

truth; but m  
what I was a  
nor does any  
lie—but, 'I d  
lies like truth

"I shall h  
Which, \* \*  
heart, \* \* is i  
single one, H  
will be answe  
with myself, I  
my person, 'th

"\* \* call  
tress, who h  
letter to he  
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amiss, had  
Charles the  
of all. Wh  
then talk of  
gone!! 'W  
cheat!' 'Sd  
king to this.

—if it had be  
'I see men's  
I am utterly l

"I don't k  
compared wi  
casts not a mi  
a crown may  
outlive Lodi  
son could rise  
in duce sum  
in the balance  
dust weighed  
diamond hath  
stick in a glaz  
won't rate it  
'Psha! '  
won't give hi  
mirers have,

\* He adopte  
Napoleon, as w  
following parag



amuse yourself with my suspense, and put all the justices of peace in requisition, in case I come into your country with 'hackbut bent.'

"Seriously, whether I am to hear from her or him, it is a *pause*, which I shall fill up with as few thoughts of my own as I can borrow from other people. Any thing is better than stagnation; and now, in the interregnum of my autumn and a strange summer adventure, which I don't like to think of (I don't mean \* \* s, however, which is laughable only), the antithetical state of my lucubrations makes me alive, and Macbeth can 'sleep no more: '—he was lucky in getting rid of the drowsy sensation of waking again.

"Pray write to me. I must send you a copy of the letter of Dedication. When do you come out? I am sure we don't *clash* this time, for I am all at sea, and in action,—and a wife, and a mistress, &c. &c.

"Thomas, thou art a happy fellow; but if you wish us to be so, you must come up to town, as you did last year; and we shall have a world to say, and to see, and to hear. Let me hear from you.

"P.S.—Of course you will keep my secret, and don't even talk in your sleep of it. Happen what may, your Dedication is ensured, being already written; and I shall copy it out fair to-night, in case business or amusement—*Amant alterna Camenæ*."

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Jan. 7, 1814.

"You don't like the Dedication—very well; there is another: but you will send the other to Mr Moore, that he may know I *had* written it. I send also mottoes for the Cantos. I think you will allow that an elephant may be more sagacious, but cannot be more docile.

"Yours,

"BN.

"The name is again altered to *Medora*." \*

#### LETTER CLVI.

TO MR MOORE.

\* January 8th, 1814.

"As it would not be fair to press you into a Dedication, without previous notice, I send you *two*, and will tell you *why two*. The first, Mr M., who sometimes takes upon him the critic (and I bear it from *astonishment*), says, may do you *harm*—God forbid!—this alone makes me listen to him. The fact is, he is a damned Tory, and has, I dare swear, something of *self*, which I cannot divine, at the bottom of his objection, as it is the allusion to Ireland to which he objects. But he be d—d—though a good fellow enough (your sinner would not be worth a d—n).

"Take your choice;—no one, save he and Mr Dallas, has seen either, and D. is quite on my side, and for the first. † If I can but testify to you and

\* It had been at first *Genevra*,—not *Francesca*, as Mr Dallas asserts.

† The first was, of course, the one that I preferred. The other ran as follows:—

\* My dear Moore,

\* January 7th, 1814.

\* I had written to you a long letter of dedication, which I suppress, because, though it contained something relating to you which every one had been glad to bear, yet there was

the world how truly I admire and be quite satisfied. As to *prose*, disson's from Johnson's; but I cacology. Pray perpend, pronounced with either.

"My last epistle would probably get. But the devil, who ought to have been on such occasions, proved so, and took no place.

\* \* \*

"Is it not odd?—the very first escaped from \* \*, she has now a worthy \* \*. Like Mr Fitzgerald, to the character of 'Vates?'—as the Herald for prophesying the fall of the house of Stuart, who, by the by, I don't think is yet, would rally and rout your legs, having a mortal hate to all royal scrawling a treatise. Good night

TO MR MURRAY.

"Correct this proof by Mr Gifford (MSS.), particularly as to the proposed section for *Gulnare*, to fill up, dismiss her more ceremoniously. you dislike, 'tis but a *sponge* and better employed than in yawning who, by the by, may soon return

"Weds

"P.S.—I have redde \* \*. It Lord Ellenborough!!! (from which dear relations at the bar), and \*

"I do not love Madame de Staël; she beats all your natives hollow in my opinion; and I would not help it.

"P.S.—Pray report my best to Mr Gifford in any words that may truly his kindness obliges me. I will *lip* thanks or notes."

TO MR MOORE.

\*

"I have but a moment to write should be. I have said really far more than I mean, but if you think enough, I will return the proof by the post, on Sunday, and have no other correction, 'servant,' as being less familiar to me, because I don't like presuming upon forms. As to the other, be sure it is one I cannot hear of. I write in an agony of haste Perdonate."

too much about politics, and poetry, and ever, ending with that topic on which and none very amusing—*one's self*. re-written—but to what purpose? I nothing to your well-earned and firm and with my most hearty admiration delight in your conversation, you are In availing myself of your friendly pen this Poem to you, I can only wish for worthy your acceptance as your regard

"Yours, most affectionately and

**SECRET**

**22 JUL 1994**

42 E. 74

of your good to Mr. Gifford. I may be  
in the wrong there, but surely another  
person has the sacred power what he is  
to do is not the prerogative of Mr.  
Gifford and more reason for a better  
man, and especially preferred the just  
balance of. If every opinion were a  
power, what a position! they should  
not. But those who cannot swallow  
justice or honesty, or should even  
say himself as all no better against  
the rule of your strange Gifford and  
his no, certainly is wrong: a—what will  
this be a no justice. Is it the justice  
to women. The transmission from the  
old enough, and the best of the other  
— must have been already present.  
In power—any, so I shall be content  
to let the group, as Mr. Justice and  
the of the group.

47

**2010**

**-2-      -2-      -2-**

But that the devil never creates or pos-  
 sesses the form of a person - I am  
 sure you, looking at me, are struck  
 by the beauty there & the dignity & the  
 nobility in my face. And the power to  
 create is mine.



the way for the other to come through  
I have forgotten. There is one more  
for it is not done. I want that to  
be done.

**LITTEL ELM**

**THE**

\* Forwarded letter dated June 22, 1964.

[illegible]

I had after the words "but now" a  
sentence. It still seems to be a  
fact.

[illegible]

my business more my order full and my more  
empty. and I have not yet recovered my joy in  
meeting Lillian. If my unexpected time separated  
with my journey. I believe I should hardly see  
the place at all: but since my stay, and at my heart  
love

- I forget to mention that I hope it is unnecessary that the late respondent - Reverend John - should not appear with the Comar. You may also think it with the smaller pieces nearly connected in Chlorine Comar but as we cannot permit them to be separated in the Comar - Have the goodness to excuse this uncertainty

"The people I have sympathy with are not a great organization for the moment, and I cannot move as we have done. In short, I never consent the Government and coal and put up money for a time, where I thought I would really save the people money." "What do you think of the people's organization?"

"Just before I set down. Knowing just the  
importance of sending me to write a paper, I was  
I think, but I had my attention fixed elsewhere—  
not before I was told that I was to check it...  
al. Forgetting my letter, you will think it a shame,  
in action at your feet.

[illegible]

10

"P.5 - If you hear any news of Willie or yourself as the part of the Allies as they left them, please send it. The two my next wishes is to receive the first of France with an ascending army. I have visited all countries, and have as pilgrims with the thousands of Christians over him, it where none you at heart wonder that the dove is what you are destined for your mission.

[illegible]

"In all points of difference between Mr. Callahan and Mr. Callahan, or the first letter to the second, and in all points of difference between Mr. Callahan and Mr. Callahan, I shall stand by the former. I am wrong, I am right. But I would rather not to fight with any other person. In there is no one of the matter either of the trouble he has made about the same. I cannot be very imprudent to see what other way. Because, in point of judgment, it is not to be overruled by a committee. In addition, he may be taken out of the world with me as a person, and I am not in the matter."

\* His translation of the Greek Testament was "The  
Gospel" It was printed in the eastern version of the  
original language with a running title: "The Gospel of  
the Lord Jesus Christ" It was printed in 1811.

1. The first of these is the fact that the  
the "first" is not the "first" in the sense  
of the "first" in the sense of the "first" in the sense  
of the "first" in the sense of the "first" in the sense



## LETTER CLIX.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Newstead Abbey, February 4th, 1814.

"I need not say that your obliging letter was very welcome, and not the less so for being unexpected.

"It doubtless gratifies me much that our *finale* has pleased, and that the curtain drops gracefully. \* You deserve it should, for your promptitude and good nature in arranging immediately with Mr Dallas; and I can assure you that I esteem your entering so warmly into the subject, and writing to me so soon upon it, as a personal obligation. We shall now part, I hope, satisfied with each other. I *was* and *am* quite in earnest in my prefatory promise not to intrude any more; and this not from any affectation, but a thorough conviction that it is the best policy, and is at least respectful to my readers, as it shows that I would not willingly run the risk of forfeiting their favour in future. Besides, I have other views and objects, and think that I shall keep this resolution; for, since I left London, though shut up, *snow-bound*, *thaw-bound*, and tempted with all kinds of paper, the dirtiest of ink, and the bluntest of pens, I have not even been haunted by a wish to put them to their combined uses, except in letters of business. My rhyming propensity is quite gone, and I feel much as I did at Patras on recovering from my fever—weak, but in health, and only afraid of a relapse. I do most fervently hope I never shall.

"I see by the Morning Chronicle there hath been discussion in the *Courier*; and I read in the Morning Post a wrathful letter about Mr Moore, in which some Protestant Reader has made a sad confusion about *India* and *Ireland*.

"You are to do as you please about the smaller poems; but I think removing them *now* from the *Corsair* looks like *fear*; and if so, you must allow me not to be pleased. I should also suppose that, after the *fuss* of these newspaper esquires, they would materially assist circulation of the *Corsair*; an object I should imagine at *present* of more importance to *yourself* than Childe Harold's seventh appearance. Do as you like; but don't allow the withdrawing that *poem* to draw any imputation of *dismay* upon me.

"Pray make my respects to Mr Ward, whose praise I value most highly, as you well know; it is in the approbation of such men that fame becomes worth having. To Mr Gifford I am always grateful, and surely not less so now than ever. And so good night to my authorship.

"I have been sauntering and dozing here very quietly, and not unhappily. You will be happy to hear that I have completely established my title-deeds as marketable, and that the purchaser has succumbed to the terms, and fulfils them, or is to fulfil them forthwith. He is now here, and we go on very amicably together—one in each *wing* of the Abbey. We set off on Sunday—I for town, he for Cheshire.

"Mrs Leigh is with me—much pleased with the place, and less so with me for parting with it, to

\* It will be recollected that he had announced the *Corsair* as "the last production with which he should trespass on public patience for some years."

which not even the price can reconcile her parcel has not yet arrived—at least the *May*, but I have received Childe Harold and the I believe both are very correctly printed, with great satisfaction.

"I thank you for wishing me in town; but one's success is most felt at a distance, and my solitary self-importance in an agreeable sense of my own, upon the strength of your letter which I once more thank you, and am truly, &c.

"P.S.—Don't you think Buonaparte's *extinction* will be rather expensive to the *Allies*? I Paris letter of yesterday looks very reviving. W Hydra and Briareus it is! I wish they would put there is no end to this campaigning."

## LETTER CLX.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Newstead Abbey, February 23d,

"I quite forgot, in my answer of yesterday, to mention that I have no means of ascertaining whether Newark *Pirate* has been doing what you say; so, he is a rascal, and a *shabby* rascal too; an offence is punishable by law or pugilism, he is fined or buffeted. Do you try and discover, will make some inquiry here. Perhaps some in town may have gone on printing, and use the same deception.

"The *fac simile* is omitted in Childe Harold; is very awkward, as there is a *note* expressly subject. Pray *replace* it as *usual*.

"On second and third thoughts, the withdrawal of the small poems from the *Corsair* (even to Childe Harold) looks like shrinking and shuffling the fuss made upon one of them by the Tories. I will replace them in the *Corsair's* appendix. I am that Childe Harold requires some and such comments to make him move off: but, if you *remember* I told you his popularity would not be permanent. It is very lucky for the author that he had made his mind to a temporary reputation in time. The is, I do not think that any of the present day (at least of all, one who has not consulted the flat side of human nature) have much to hope from popularity; and you may think it affectation very proper to me, my present and past success has appeared very singular, since it was in the teeth of so many prejudices. I almost think people like to be contradicted. If Childe Harold flags, it will hardly be worth while to go on with the engravings: but, if you please; I have done with the whole concern the enclosed lines, written years ago, and copied my skull-cup, are among the last with which I will be troubled. If you like, add them to Childe Harold, if only for the sake of another outcry. I received so long an answer yesterday, that I will intrude on you further than to repeat myself,

"Yours, &c.

"P.S.—Of course, in reprinting (if you have a chance), you will take great care to be correct. The present editions seem very much so, except the last note of Childe Harold, where the word *repose*

\* Reprinting the "Hours of Idleness."

nearly together; correct the second into

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Newark, February 6th, 1814.

thus far on my way to town. Master have seen, and he owns to having *re-* sheets, to make up a few complete copies! I have now given him fair and if he plays such tricks again, I must as injunction, or call for an account of I never have parted with the copyright), any thing vexatious, to repay him in his If the weather does not relapse, I hope in a day or two.

"Yours, &c."

TO MR MURRAY.

\* February 7th, 1814.

all the papers in a sad commotion with lines; and the Morning Post, in particular, out that I am a sort of Richard III.—mind and body. The last piece of information very new to a man who passed five public school.

very sorry you cut out those lines for old. Pray reinsert them in their old place again."

#### LETTER CLXI.

TO MR HODGSON.

\* February 28th, 1814.

a youngster—and a clever one, named who has just published a poem called *flushed* by Cawthorne. He is in the most fearful apprehension of the Reviewers—and I both know by experience the effect upon a young mind, I wish you would duct into dissection and do it gently. cause it is inscribed to me; but I assure not my motive for wishing him to be mented, but because I know the misery, of life, of untoward remarks upon first

self. Pray thank your *cousin*—it is old be, to my liking and probably more any one else's. I hope and trust that and well doing. Peace be with you. my dear friend."

#### LETTER CLXII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* February 10th, 1814.

in town late yesterday evening, having three weeks, which I passed in Notts., pleasantly. You can have no conception the eight lines on the little *Royalty's* (12 (now republished) have occasioned. who had always thought them *yours*, knows why—on discovering them to be affected "in sorrow rather than anger.

\* The printer at Newark.

The Morning Post, Sun, Herald, Courier, have all been in hysterics ever since. M. is in a fright, and wanted to shuffle—and the abuse against me in all directions is vehement, unceasing, loud—some of it good, and all of it hearty. I feel a little compunctious as to the R \* \* \*s *regret*;—'would he had been only angry! but I fear him not.'

"Some of these same assailments you have probably seen. My person (which is excellent for 'the nonce') has been denounced in verses, the more like the subject, inasmuch as they halt exceedingly.

Then, in another, I am an *atheist*—a *rebel*—and, at last, the *Devil* (*boiteux*, I presume). My demonism seems to be a female's conjecture: if so, perhaps, I could convince her that I am but a mere mortal,—if a queen of the Amazons may be believed, who says *αριστον χαλκος οισφι*. I quote from memory, so my Greek is probably deficient; but the passage is *meant* to mean \* \* \* \* \*

"Seriously, I am in, what the learned call a dilemma, and the vulgar a scrape; and my friends desire me not to be in a passion, and like Sir Fretful, I assure them that I am 'quite calm,'—but I am nevertheless in a fury.

"Since I wrote thus far, a friend has come in, and we have been talking and buffooning, till I have quite lost the thread of my thoughts; and, as I won't send them unstrung to you, good morning, and

"Believe me ever, &c.

"P.S.—Murray, during my absence, omitted the Tears in several of the copies. I have made him replace them, and am very wroth with his qualms;—'as the wine is poured out, let it be drunk to the dregs.'"

TO MR MURRAY.

\* February 10th, 1814.

"I am much better, and indeed quite well this morning. I have received *two*, but I presume there are more of the *Ana*, subsequently, and also something previous, to which the Morning Chronicle replied. You also mentioned a parody on the *Skull*. I wish to see them all, because there may be things that require notice either by pen or person.

"Yours, &c.

"You need not trouble yourself to answer this; but send me the things when you get them."

TO MR MURRAY.

\* February 12th, 1814.

"If you have copies of the 'Intercepted Letters,' Lady Holland would be glad of a volume, and when you have served others, have the goodness to think of your humble servant.

"You have played the devil by that injudicious suppression, which you did totally without my consent. Some of the papers have exactly said what might be expected. Now I *do* not, and *will* not be supposed to shrink, although myself and every thing belonging to me were to perish with my memory.

"Yours, &c.

"BN.

"P.S.—Pray attend to what I stated yesterday on technical topics."



## LETTER CLXIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Monday, February 14th, 1814.

"Before I left town yesterday, I wrote you a note, which I presume you received. I have heard so many different accounts of *your* proceedings, or rather of those of others towards *you*, in consequence of the publication of these everlasting lines, that I am anxious to hear from yourself the real state of the case. Whatever responsibility, obloquy, or effect is to arise from the publication, should surely *not* fall upon you in any degree; and I can have no objection to your stating, as distinctly and publicly as you please, *your* unwillingness to publish them, and my own obstinacy upon the subject. Take any course you please to vindicate *yourself*, but leave me to fight my own way, and, as I before said, do not *compromise* me by any thing which may look like *shrinking* on my part; as for your own, make the best of it.

"Yours,

"Bn."

## LETTER CLXIV.

TO MR ROGERS.

\* February 16th, 1814.

"MY DEAR ROGERS,

"I wrote to Lord Holland briefly, but I hope distinctly, on the subject which has lately occupied much of my conversation with him and you. \* As things now stand, upon that topic my determination must be unalterable.

"I declare to you most sincerely that there is no human being on whose regard and esteem I set a higher value than on Lord Holland's; and, as far as concerns himself, I would concede even to humiliation without any view to the future, and solely from my sense of his conduct as to the past. For the rest, I conceive that I have already done all in my power by the suppression. † If that is not enough, they must act as they please; but I will not 'teach my tongue a most inherent baseness,' come what may. You will probably be at the Marquis Lansdowne's to-night. I am asked, but I am not sure that I shall be able to go. Hobhouse will be there. I think, if you knew him well, you would like him.

"Believe me always yours very affectionately,

"B."

## LETTER CLXV.

TO MR ROGERS.

\* February 16th, 1814.

"If Lord Holland is satisfied, as far as regards himself and Lady Hd., and as his letter expresses him to be, it is enough.

"As for any impression the public may receive from the revival of the lines on Lord Carlisle, let them keep it,—the more favourable for him, and the worse for me—better for all.

\* Relative to a proposed reconciliation between Lord Carlisle and himself.

† Of the Satire.

"All the sayings and doings in the world shall make me utter another word of conciliation to thing that breathes. I shall bear what I can, what I cannot, I shall resist. The worst they can do would be to exclude me from society. I never courted it, nor, I may add, in the general of the word, enjoyed it—and 'there is a world where!'

"Any thing remarkably injurious, I have the means of repaying as other men, with such int as circumstances may annex to it.

"Nothing but the necessity of adhering to *reputation* prevents me from dining with you to-morrow.

"I am yours most truly,

"Bn."

## LETTER CLXVI.

TO MR MOORE.

\* February 16th, 1814.

"You may be assured that the only prickles stinging from the Royal hedgehog are those which possess a torpedo property, and may benumb some of friends. I am quite silent, and 'hush'd in composition.' The frequency of the assaults has weakn'd their effects,—if ever they had any;—and, if they had much, I should hardly have held my tongue, withheld my fingers. It is something quite new to attack a man for abandoning his resentment. I have heard that previous praise and subsequent reprobation were rather ungrateful, but I did not know that it was wrong to endeavour to do justice to the man who did not wait till I had made some amends for former and boyish prejudices, but received me into their friendship, when I might still have been his enemy.

"You perceive justly that I must *intentionally* have made my fortune, like Sir Francis Wrangham. It were better if there were more merit in my independence, but it really is something *nowadays* to be independent at all, and the *less* temptation to be otherwise, the more uncommon the case, in the times of paradoxical servility. I believe that our hates and likings have been hitherto much the same; but from henceforth, they must, of necessity, be one and indivisible,—and now for it! I will use any weapon,—the pen, till one can find something sharper, will do for a beginning.

"You can have no conception of the solemnity with which these two stanzas have been treated. The Morning Post gave notice of a proposed motion in the House of my brethren on the subject, and God he knows what proceedings it would sides;—and all this, as Bedreddin in the 'Night' says, 'for making a cream tart without pepper.' This last piece of intelligence is, I presume, laughable to be true; and the destruction of the Custom-house appears to have, in some degree, interfered with mine;—added to which, the battle of Buonaparte has usurped the column hitherto devoted to my bulletin.

"I send you from this day's Morning Post the lines which have hitherto appeared on this 'impudent doggerel,' as the Courier calls it. 'There was another about my *diet* when a boy—not at all bad—some time ago; but the rest are but indifferent.

ask about your *oratorical* hint; \*—but set much upon 'that cast,' and am as Solomon of every thing, and of any thing. This is being what the philosophical, and the vulgar, lack-a-dai- however, always glad of a blessing; † yours soon,—at least your letter, and I in benediction included.

"Ever, &c."

## LETTER CLXVII.

TO MR DALLAS.

"February 17th, 1814.

After this evening accuses me of having pocketed 'large sums for my works. I have not received, nor wished to receive, a farthing. Mr Murray offered a thousand for the *Bride of Abydos*, which I said was too high if he could afford it at the end of six months then direct how it might be disposed of then, nor at any other period, have I myself of the profits on my own account. In publication of the *Satire*, I refused four times; and for the previous editions I have not received a *sous*, nor for any writing I do not wish you to do any thing disservice to yourself; there never was nor shall be any stipulations with regard to any account that I could afford you; and, on your part, see nothing derogatory in receiving the assistance only assistance afforded to a worthy person not quite so worthy.

My letter is going to contradict this; † but your letter is mentioned: for your own part, you must, and are to do as you please. I only wish, as always, you will think that I wish fair advantage of the accidental circumstances permitted me of being of

"Ever, &c."

In consequence of this letter, Mr Dallas addressed me to one of the newspapers, of which I am a part;—the remainder being rather clumsily managed defence of his opinion on the subject of the *Stanzas*.

EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

In the paragraph in an evening paper, Lord Byron is accused of 'receiving and pocketing large sums for his works. I believe no man has the slightest suspicion of this assertion being public, I think it a injustice to Byron to contradict it publicly. I write to you for that purpose, and I am giving you an opportunity at this moment of some observations which I have for some time anxious to do publicly, but from

being shrouded to persuade him to take a part in the *Satire*, and to exercise his talent for oratory

in my letter, having said "God bless you!" and, if you have no objection," in the *Courier*, &c."

which I have been restrained by an apprehension that I should be suspected of being prompted by his lordship.

"I take upon me to affirm that Lord Byron never received a shilling for any of his works. To my certain knowledge, the profits of the *Satire* were left entirely to the publisher of it. The gift of the copyright of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, I have already publicly acknowledged in the dedication of the new edition of my novels; and I now add my acknowledgment for that of the *Corsair*, not only for the profitable part of it, but for the delicate and delightful manner of bestowing it while yet unpublished. With respect to his two other poems, the *Giaour* and the *Bride of Abydos*, Mr Murray, the publisher of them, can truly attest that no part of the sale of them has ever touched his hands, or been disposed of for his use. Having said thus much as to facts, I cannot but express my surprise that it should ever be deemed a matter of reproach that he should appropriate the pecuniary returns of his works. Neither rank nor fortune seems to me to place any man above this; for what difference does it make in honour and noble feelings, whether a copyright be bestowed, or its value employed in beneficent purposes? I differ with my Lord Byron on the subject, as well as some others; and he has constantly, both by word and action, shown his aversion to receiving money for his productions."

## LETTER CLXVIII.

TO MR MOORE.

"Feb. 26th, 1814.

"Dallas had, perhaps, have better kept silence;—but that was *his* concern, and, as his facts are correct, and his motive not dishonourable to himself, I wished him well through it. As for his interpretations of the lines, he and any one else may interpret them as they please. I have and shall adhere to my taciturnity, unless something very particular occurs to render this impossible. Do not you say a word. If any one is to speak, it is the person principally concerned. The most amusing thing is, that every one (to me) attributes the abuse to the man they personally most dislike!—some say C\*\*r, some C\*\*e, others F\*\*d, &c. &c. &c. I do not know, and have no clue but conjecture. If discovered, and he turns out a hireling, he must be left to his wages; if a cavalier, he must 'wink, and hold out his iron.'

"I had some thoughts of putting the question to C\*\*r; but H., who, I am sure, would not dissuade me, if it were right, advised me by all means not;—'that I had no right to take it upon suspicion,' &c. &c. Whether H. is correct, I am not aware, but he believes himself so, and says there can be but one opinion on that subject. This I am, at least, sure of, that he would never prevent me from doing what he deemed the duty of a *preux chevalier*. In such cases—at least, in this country—we must act according to usages. In considering this instance, I dismiss my own personal feelings. Any man will and must fight, when necessary,—even without a motive. Here, I should take it up really without much resentment; for, unless a woman one likes is in the way, it is some years since I felt a long anger. But, undoubtedly,



could I, or may I, trace it to a man of station, I should and shall do what is proper.

"\*\* was angrily, but tried to conceal it. You are not called upon to avow the 'Twopenny,' and would only gratify them by so doing. Do you not see the great object of all these fooleries is to set him, and you, and me, and all persons whatsoever, by the ears?—more especially those who are on good terms,—and nearly succeeded. Lord H. wished me to *concede* to Lord Carlisle—concede to the devil!—to a man who used me ill? I told him, in answer, that I would neither concede, nor recede on the subject, but be silent altogether; unless any thing more could be said about Lady H. and himself, who had been since my very good friends;—and there it ended. This was no time for concessions to Lord C.

"I have been interrupted, but shall write again soon. Believe me ever, my dear Moore, &c."

Another of his friends having expressed, soon after, some intention of volunteering publicly in his defence, he lost no time in repressing him by the following sensible letter.

#### LETTER CLXIX

TO W \*\* W \*\*, ESQ.

" February 28th, 1814.

"MY DEAR W.,

"I have but a few moments to write you. *Silence* is the only answer to the things you mention; nor should I regard that man as my friend who said a word more on the subject. I care little for attacks, but I will not submit to *defences*; and I do hope and trust that you have never entertained a serious thought of engaging in so foolish a controversy. Dallas's letter was, to his credit, merely as to facts which he had a right to state; I neither have nor shall take the least *public notice*, nor permit any one else to do so. If I discover the writer, then I may act in a different manner; but it will not be in writing.

"An expression in your letter has induced me to write this to you, to entreat you not to interfere in any way in such a business;—it is now nearly over, and depend upon it they are much more chagrined by my silence, than they could be by the best defence in the world. I do not know any thing that would vex me more than any further reply to these things.—Ever yours, in haste,

"B."

#### LETTER CLXX.

TO MR MOORE.

" March 3, 1814.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I have a great mind to tell you that I am 'uncomfortable,' if only to make you come to town; where no one ever more delighted in seeing you, nor is there any one to whom I would sooner turn for consolation in my most vapourish moments. The truth is, I have 'no lack of argument' to ponder upon of the most gloomy description, but this arises from *other causes*. Some day or other, when we are *veterans*, I may tell you a tale of present and past times; and it is not from

want of confidence that I do not now always a *but* to the end of the chapter.

"There is nothing, however, upon which I love or hate;—but I certainly have both at no very great distance, and am I rassed between *three* whom I know, a name, at least I do not know. All very well, if I had no heart; but, unfortunately, that there is such a thing still abo in no very good repair, and, also, that of attaching itself to *one*, whether I 'Divide et impera,' I begin to think, politics.

"If I discover the 'toad,' as you call it, 'tread,'—and put spikes in my shoes effectually. The effect of all these I do not inquire much nor perceive. I have been more than either of us. People are and I have had no dearth of invitations which, however, I have accepted. I little last year, and mean to go about still no passion for circles, and have long since ever gave way to what is called a town of all the lives I ever saw (and they many as Plutarch's), seems to me to be for the past and future.

"How proceeds the Poem? Do I and I have no fears. I need not say to fame is dear to me,—I really might say my own; for I have lately begun to have been strangely overrated; and, whether or not, I have done with the may say to you, what I would not say that the last two were written, the British Corsair in ten days,\*—which I take humiliating confession, as it proves my judgment in publishing, and the public things, which cannot have stamina for mention. 'So much for Buckingham.'

"I have no dread of your being to have still less of your failing. But I very fair allotment of time to a composition not to be Epic; and even Horace's 'Nunc' must have been intended for the some longer-lived generation than our how much we should have had of him served his own doctrines to the letter. you! Remember that I am always yours, &c.

"P.S.—I never heard the 'report' nor, I dare say, many others. But, in well as others, have 'damned good-na

\* In asserting that he devoted but four position of the Bride, he must be understood to the first sketch of that poem,—the success by which it was increased to its present bulk, as we have seen, a much longer poem, on the contrary, was, from beginning off at a heat—there being but little alteration afterwards,—and the rapidity with which (being at the rate of nearly two hundred lines) be altogether incredible, had we not his own publisher's testimony to the fact. Such a taking into account the surpassing beauty is, perhaps, wholly without a parallel in the history, and shows that 'ecire par passion' expresses it, may be sometimes a shorter way than any that art has ever struck out.

duty in the usual way. One thing will  
gh \* \* \*

## LETTER CLXXI.

TO MR. MOORE.

" March 12th, 1814.

richly, and you will seldom err. At pre-  
sent no more, and, perhaps—but no mat-  
ter shall some day meet, and whatever  
made or succeeded it; I shall mark it with  
mine in my calendar. I am not sure  
it will be in your neighbourhood again.  
as alone (as will probably be the case),  
he and carry you off, and endeavour to  
my law by a sincere welcome. I don't  
own absent (barring 'the sect') I should  
see again.

siding of the sort you mention but (the  
open), if you like to have them in the  
to give them all possible circulation.  
fiction is downright actionable, and to  
be sent to the publisher; but I think  
a natural right to be begged, and the  
or he may be) might supply a facetious  
to be pleased.

surmise how the *Fault*\* has got about,

It is too *farwacke*; but, truth to say,  
not very playful. I have the plan of  
my head, of him and to him; and, if they  
a quinner, I shall embody it. I should  
ding of myself. As to mirth and ridi-  
culous of my way; but I have a tolerable  
own and contempt, and, with Juvenal  
shall perhaps read him a lecture he has  
of in the C—t. From particular cir-  
cumstances came to my knowledge almost by  
ill\* tell him what he is—I know him

to dear M., to write to you a long letter,  
and, and time clips my inclination down

risk again before you sketch your Poem.  
superior (richer than me, by the by, but  
et), Mr G. Knight, with a vol. of  
written since his return,—for he has  
succeeded. He sent to me last summer,  
him to write one in each measure,  
tenion, at that time, of doing the same  
that, from a habit of writing in a fever,  
and him in the variety of measures,  
stentionally. Of the stories, I know  
ring seen them;† but he has some lady  
like the *Gisaur*!—he told me at the

my to make the public 'forget' me is  
of yourself. You cannot suppose that  
or advise you to publish, if I thought

I really have no literary envy; and  
a friend's success ever sat nearer

and powerful lines which he wrote on  
the vault that contained the remains of  
Charles I.

red means. It appears, that the anonymous  
to him by his publisher was from the pen

another than yours do to my best wishes. It is for  
*elderly gentlemen* to 'bear no brother near,' and cannot  
become our disease for more years than we may per-  
haps number. I wish you to be out before Eastern  
subjects are again before the public."

## LETTER CLXXII.

TO MR. MURRAY.

" March 12th, 1814.

"I have not time to read the whole M.S.,\* but what  
I have seen seems very well written (both *prose* and  
*verse*), and though I am and can be no judge (at least  
a *fair* one on this subject), containing nothing which  
you ought to hesitate publishing upon my account.  
If the author is not Dr Busby himself, I think it a  
pity, on his own account, that he should dedicate it  
to his subscribers; nor can I perceive what Dr Busby  
has to do with the matter, except as a translator of  
Lucretius, for whose doctrines he is surely not res-  
ponsible. I tell you openly, and really most sincerely,  
that, if published at all, there is no earthly reason  
why you should not; on the contrary, I should receive  
it as the greatest compliment you could pay to your  
good opinion of my candour, to print and circulate  
that or any other work, attacking me in a manly  
manner, and without any malicious intention, from  
which, as far as I have seen, I must exonerate this  
writer.

"He is wrong in one thing,—I am no *atheist*;  
but if he thinks I have published principles tending  
to such opinions, he has a perfect right to controvert  
them. Pray publish it; I shall never forgive myself  
if I think that I have prevented you.

"Make my compliments to the author, and tell  
him I wish him success; his verse is very deserving  
of it; and I shall be the last person to suspect his  
motives. Yours, &c.

"P.S.—If you do not publish it, some one else will.  
You cannot suppose me so narrow-minded as to  
shrink from discussion. I repeat once for all, that  
I think it a good Poem (as far as I have redde); and  
that is the only point you should consider. How  
odd that *eight lines* should have given birth, I really  
think, to *eight thousand*, including all that has been  
said, and will be, on the subject!"

## LETTER CLXXIII.

TO MR. MURRAY.

" April 9th, 1814.

"All these news are very fine; but nevertheless I  
want my books, if you can find, or cause them to be  
found for me,—if only to lend them to Napoleon in  
'the island of Elba,' during his retirement. I also  
(if convenient, and you have no party with you)  
should be glad to speak with you for a few minutes  
this evening, as I have had a letter from Mr Moore,  
and wish to ask you, as the best judge, of the best  
time for him to publish the work he has composed.  
I need not say, that I have his success much at

\* The manuscript of a long grave satire, entitled "Anti-  
Byron," which had been sent to Mr Murray, and by him  
forwarded to Lord Byron, with a request—not meant, I  
believe, seriously,—that he would give his opinion as to the  
propriety of publishing it.



heart; not only because he is my friend, but something much better—a man of great talent, of which he is less sensible than I believe any even of his enemies. If you can so far oblige me as to step down, do so; and if you are otherwise occupied, say nothing about it. I shall find you at home in the course of next week.

"P.S.—I see Sotheby's Tragedies advertised. The Death of Darley is a famous subject—one of the best, I should think, for the drama. Pray let me have a copy, when ready.

"Mrs Leigh was very much pleased with her books, and desired me to thank you; she means, I believe, to write to you her acknowledgments."

#### LETTER CLXXIV.

TO MR MOORE

"2, Albany, April 9th, 1814.

"Viscount Althorpe is about to be married, and I have gotten his spacious bachelor apartments in Albany, to which you will, I hope, address a speedy answer to this mine epistle.

"I am but just returned to town, from which you may infer that I have been out of it; and I have been boxing, for exercise, with Jackson for this last month daily. I have also been drinking,—and, on one occasion, with three other friends at the Cocoa Tree, from six till four, yea, unto five in the matin. We clareted and champagned till two—then supped, and finished with a kind of regency punch composed of madeira, brandy, and green tea, no real water being admitted therein. There was a night for you!—without once quitting the table, except to ambulate home, which I did alone, and in utter contempt of a hackney-coach and my own *vis*, both of which were deemed necessary for our conveyance. And so,—I am very well, and they say it will hurt my constitution.

"I have also, more or less, been breaking a few of the favourite commandments; but I mean to pull up and marry,—if any one will have me. In the mean time, the other day I nearly killed myself with a collar of brawn, which I swallowed for supper, and indigested for I don't know how long;—but that is by the by. All this gourmandise was in honour of Lent; for I am forbidden meat all the rest of the year,—but it is strictly enjoined me during your solemn fast. I have been, and am, in very tolerable love;—but of that hereafter, as it may be.

"My dear Moore, say what you will in your Preface, and quiz any thing, or any body,—me, if you like it. Oons! dost thou think me of the *old*, or rather *elderly*, school? If one can't jest with one's friends, with whom can we be facetious? You have nothing to fear from \* \*, whom I have not seen, being out of town when he called. He will be very correct, smooth, and all that, but I doubt whether there will be any 'grace beyond the reach of art;'—and, whether there is or not, how long will you be so d—d modest? As for Jeffrey, it is a very handsome thing of him to speak well of an old antagonist,—and what a mean mind dared not do. Any one will revoke praise; but—were it not partly my own case—I should say that very few have strength of mind to unsay their censure, or follow it up with praise of other things.

"What think you of the review of *Le Bag* and my hand-grenade hollow, and hath thrown the Court into hystery from very good authority. Have you

\* \* \* \* \*

"No more rhyme for—or rather, I have taken my leave of that stage, and will mountebank it no longer. I have and there's an end. The utmost I wish, is to have it said in the Biograph that I might perhaps have been a poet on and amended. My great comfort is, that I have wrung from a temporary celebrity I have wrung from I have been in the very teeth of all opinions and I have flattered no ruling powers; I have conceived a single thought that tempted me to say I have truckled to the times, nor to (as Johnson, or somebody, said of Clarendon) whatever I have gained has been at the cost of as much *personal* favour as possible. I believe never was a bard more unpopular than myself. And now I have done;—adieu! Every body may be d—d, as to it, and resolved to stickle lustily for stone.

"Oh—by the by, I had nearly forgot a long Poem, an 'Anti-Byron,' coming, in which I have formed a conspiracy to destroy rhyme, all religion and government, and made great progress! It is not very serious and ethereal. I never felt my pen till I saw and heard of my being such as to induce such a production. Mr. Moore publish it, for which he was a fool, and but some one else will, doubtless. I have much of this."

"Your French scheme is good, but let all the Angles will be at Paris. Let Milan, Naples, Florence, Turin, Venice, and 'egad!' (as Bayes saith), I will join you; and we will write a new Paradise. Pray, think of this—and I will give you a wife and a ring, and say the ceremony near you in a summer-house upon the Adriatic or the Adriatic.

"Ah! my poor little pagod, Napoleon has off his pedestal. He has abdicated, and would draw molten brass from the eyes. What! kiss the ground before young Napoleon and then be baited by the rabble's curs bear such a crouching catastrophe. I Sylla, for my modern favourites don't do nations are of a different kind. All be perity, my dear Moore. Excuse this Ever, &c.

"P.S.—The Quarterly quotes your first article on America; and every body I hear of petually after you and yours. When will you be in person?"

He did not long persevere in his new writing, as will be seen from the following publisher.

TO MR MURRAY.

"April 10th, 1814.

written an Ode on the fall of Napoleon, like, I will copy out, and make you a Mr Merivale has seen part of it, and likes to show it to Mr Gifford, and print it, or else—it is of no consequence. It comes in his favour, and no allusion whatever to the Bourbons. Yours, &c. This is the measure of my stanzas at the Harold, which were much liked, beginning 'art dead,' &c. &c. There are ten—twenty lines in all."

TO MR MURRAY.

"April 11th, 1814.

you a letterlet from Mrs Leigh. The best not to put my name to our Ode; say as openly as you like that it is mine, and scribble it to Mr Hobhouse, from the which will mark it sufficiently. After the first publishing, though it is a thing of small consequence, it will be better that it is anonymous; but we will incorporate the first some of ours that you find time to publish.

"Yours always,  
"B.

hope you got a note of alterations, sent

to my books! my books! will you never

but spell' to 'quickening spell:' the which says) 'is a vile phrase,' and means the being common-place and Rosa-

TO MR MURRAY.

"April 12th, 1814.

a few notes and trifling alterations, and motto from Gibbon, which you will find appropriate. A 'Good-natured' there is a most scurrilous attack on the Jacobin Review, which you have not, as I am in that state of languor, we benefit from getting into a passion.

LETTER CLXXV.

TO MR MOORE.

"Albany, April 26th, 1814.

glad to hear that you are to be transferred so very soon, and was taken in it of your letter.\* Indeed, for aught may be treating me, as Slipslop says,

my letter in the following manner:—"Have you seen to Napoleon Buonaparte?—I suspect—g—d's or Rosa Matilda's. Those rapid traits of all the tyrants that preceded Napoleon in them which would incline me to think is the person—but then, on the other hand, grasp of history," &c. &c. After a little parallel, the letter went on thus:—"I now what you think of the matter? Some here will insist that it is the work of the

with 'ironing' even now. I shall say nothing of the shock, which had nothing of *humeur* in it; as I am apt to take even a critic, and still more a friend, at his word, and never to doubt that I have been writing cursed nonsense, if they say so. There was a mental reservation in my pact with the public,\* in behalf of *anonymes*; and, even had there not, the provocation was such as to make it physically impossible to pass over this damnable epoch of triumphant tameness. 'Tis a cursed business; and, after all, I shall think higher of rhyme and reason, and very humbly of your heroic people, till—Elba becomes a volcano, and sends him out again. I can't think it all over yet.

"My departure for the continent depends, in some measure, on the *incontinent*. I have two country invitations at home, and don't know what to say or do. In the mean time, I have bought a macaw and a parrot, and have got up my books; and I box and fence daily; and go out very little.

"At this present writing, Louis the Gouty is wheeling in triumph into Piccadilly, in all the pomp and rabblement of royalty. I had an offer of seats to see them pass; but, as I have seen a Sultan going to mosque, and been at his reception of an ambassador, the most Christian King 'hath no attractions for me.'—though in some coming year of the Hegira, I should not dislike to see the place where he *had* reigned, shortly after the second revolution, and a happy sovereignty of two months, the last six weeks being civil war.

"Pray write, and deem me ever, &c."

LETTER CLXXVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"April 21st, 1814.

"Many thanks with the letters which I return. You know I am a jacobin, and could not wear white, nor see the installation of Louis the Gouty.

"This is sad news, and very hard upon the sufferers at any, but more at *such* a time—I mean the Bayonne sortie.

"You should urge Moore to come out.

"P.S.—I want *Moreri* to purchase for good and all. I have a Bayle, but want *Moreri* too.

"P.S.—Perry hath a piece of compliment to-day; but I think the *name* might have been as well omitted. No matter; they can but throw the old story of inconsistency in my teeth—let them,—I mean, as to not publishing. However, *now* I will keep my word. Nothing but the occasion, which was *physically* irresistible, made me swerve; and I thought an *anonyme* within my pact with the public. It is the only thing I have or shall set about."

author of *Childe Harold*,—but then they are not so well read in F—g—d and Rosa Matilda as I am; and, besides, they seem to forget that you promised, about a month or two ago, not to write any more for years. Seriously," &c. &c.

I quote this foolish banter merely to show how safely, even on his most sensitive points, one might venture to jest with him.

\* We find D'Argenson thus encouraging Voltaire to break a similar vow:—"Continue to write without fear for five-and-twenty years longer, but write poetry, notwithstanding your oath in the Preface to *Newton*."



## LETTER CLXXVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

" April 25th, 1814.

" Let Mr Gifford have the letter and return it at his leisure. I would have offered it, had I thought that he liked things of the kind.

" Do you want the last page *immediately*? I have doubts about the lines being worth printing; at any rate, I must see them again and alter some passages, before they go forth in any shape into the *ocean* of circulation;—a very conceited phrase, by the by: well then—*channel* of publication will do.

" 'I am not i' the vein,' or I could knock off a stanza or three for the Ode, that might answer the purpose better.\* At all events, I *must* see the lines again *first*, as there be two I have altered in my mind's manuscript already. Has any one seen and judged of them? that is the criterion by which I will abide—only give me a *fair* report, and 'nothing extenuate,' as I will in that case do something else.

" Ever, &amp;c.

" I want *Moreri* and an *Athenæus*."

## LETTER CLXXVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

" April 26th, 1814.

" I have been thinking that it might be as well to publish no more of the Ode separately, but incorporate it with any of the other things, and include the smaller Poem too (in that case)—which I must previously

\* Mr Murray had requested of him to make some additions to the Ode, so as to save the Stamp Duty imposed upon publications not exceeding a single sheet, and the lines he sent him for this purpose were, I believe, those beginning "We do not curse thee, Waterloo." To the Ode itself, he afterwards added, in successive editions, five or six stanzas, the original number being but eleven. There were also three more stanzas which he never printed, but which, for the just tribute they contain to Washington, are worthy of being preserved.

17.

There was a day—there was an hour,  
While earth was Gaul's—Gaul thine—  
When that immeasurable power  
Unstated to resign  
Had been an act of purer fame  
Than gathers round Marengo's name,  
And gilded thy decline  
Through the long twilight of all time,  
Despite some passing clouds of crime.

18.

\* But thou forsooth must be a king  
And don the purple vest,  
As if that foolish robe could wring  
Remembrance from thy breast.  
Where is that faded garment! where  
The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear  
The star—the string—the crest!  
Vain forward child of empire! say  
Are all thy playthings snatch'd away!

19.

Where may the wearied eye repose  
When gazing on the great  
Where neither guilty glory glows,  
Nor despicable state!  
Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—  
The Chieftains of the West,  
Whom envy dared not hate,  
Boasteth'd the name of Washington,  
To make man blush there was but One!

correct, nevertheless. I can't, for the hour, add a line worth scribbling; my 'vein' is quiet and my present occupations are of the *graver* order—boxing and fencing—and my present conversation is with my macaw and Bayle, *Il Moreri*, and I want *Athenæus*.

" P.S.—I hope you sent back that poem to the address which I forwarded to you as if not, pray do; or I shall have the author send after his Epic."

## LETTER CLXXIX.

TO MR MURRAY

" April 26th, 1814.

" I have no guess at your author,—but it is a Poem,\* and worth a thousand Odes of any I suppose I may keep this copy;—after reading I really regret having written my own. I say so sincerely, albeit unused to think humbly of myself.

" I don't like the additional stanzas as they had better be left out. The fact is, I am anything I am asked to do, however gladly I do, and at the end of a week my interest in a subject goes off. This will account to you for my better for your 'Stamp Duty' Postscript.

" The S. R. is very civil—but what do I learn by Childe Harold resembling *Marmion*! and the next two, *Giaour* and *Bride*, not resembling *him*. I certainly never intended to copy him; but if there be any copyism, it must be in the two Poems. The same versification is adopted. However, I exempt the *Corsair* from all resemblance of anything,—though I rather wonder at his example.

" If ever I did any thing original, it was a *Childe Harold*, which I prefer to the other things I have after the first week. Yesterday I re-read the Bards;—bating the *malice*, it is the best.

" Ever, &amp;c."

A resolution was, about this time, adopted which, however strange and precipitate it appears, knowledge of the previous state of his mind enable us to account for satisfactorily. He had, for two years, been drawing upon the admiration of the public with a rapidity and success which he to defy exhaustion,—having crowded, in that brief interval the materials of a long life. But admiration is a sort of impost from which minds are but too willing to relieve themselves. The eye grows weary of looking up to the same elevation, and begins to exchange, at last, the habit of observing its elevation for the less generous habit of watching and speculating on its fall. The veneration of Lord Byron had already begun to expect some of these consequences of its own prolonged and constantly renewed splendour. Even among the host of admirers who would have been loath to find fault, there were some not unwilling to find from praise; while they, who had been from the

\* A Poem by Mr Stratford Canning, full of power, entitled "Buonaparte." In a subsequent notice Mr Murray, Lord Byron says—"I do not think me of 'Buonaparte' for knowing the author. I was sure he was a man of talent, but did not suspect him of having all the family talents in such perfection."

ingist, took advantage of these apparent satiety to indulge in blame. \*

Country raised, at the beginning of the year, by his verses to the Princess Charlotte, and a vent for much of this reserved and the tone of disparagement in which his assailants now affected to speak of his work, however absurd and contemptible in itself, that sort of attack which was the most likely to wound him, at once, proud and sensitive. As long as they confined themselves to his moral and social character, so far from being hurt, their libels rather fell in with his own style of self-portraiture, and gratified the ambition that possessed him. But the opinion which they ventured to express on his poetry, seconded as it was by that inward force with his own powers, which they regarded of excellence is highest are always to feel,—mortified and disturbed him; the first sounds of ill augury that had been in his triumphal career, startled him, as it did, into serious doubts of its continuance. He had been occupying himself, at the time, with the idea, that confidence in his own energies, never truly felt but while in the actual pursuit of them, would have enabled him to forget the fluctuations of the moment in the glow and anticipation of success. But he had just said to the world to take a long farewell—had sealed up that only fountain from which he had ever drew refreshment or strength. He was left, idly and helplessly, to brood over the taunts of his enemies, without the cheering himself when they insulted him. He was too much disposed to agree with those who made light of his genius. "I am not," he says, in noticing these attacks in one of his letters, "you call trash is plausibly to the purport of good sense into the bargain; and, to be sure, for some little time past, I have been of the same opinion."

But of this sort of back-water current, to which a flow of fame seemed liable, that led some of his warmest admirers, ignorant as they were yet of the extent of his resources, to tremble a little at his appearances before the public. In a letter to him, I find this apprehension thus expressed: "If you did not write so well,—as the Royal Society should say you write too much; at least, in the same strain. The Pythagoreans, you know, held the opinion that the reason why we do not hear of the heavenly bodies is that they are too near our ears; and I fear that even the power of our song may be diminished by falling upon our ears too constantly."

However, which a great writer of our day (the few to whom his remark applies) had as well as sagacity, to pronounce on this point when Lord Byron was indulging in the use of his powers, must be regarded, after all, as judicious and wise. "But they cater ill," says Sir Walter Scott, "and give indifference to the poet, supposing him possessed of the secrets of his art, who do not advise him to labour around his brows yet retains its freshness. Lord Byron is more valuable than any labourer; nor are we at all sure that any labourer bestow in revival would not rather efface the outlines of striking and powerful originality exhibited when flung rough from the hand of the engraver." *Memoirs, by Sir W. Scott.*

In this sensitive state of mind,—which he but ill disguised or relieved by an exterior of gay defiance or philosophic contempt,—we can hardly feel surprised that he should have, all at once, come to the resolution, not only of persevering in his determination to write no more in future, but of purchasing back the whole of his past copyrights, and suppressing every page and line he had ever written. On his first mention of this design, Mr Murray naturally doubted as to his seriousness; but the arrival of the following letter, enclosing a draft for the amount of the copyrights, put his intentions beyond question.

## LETTER CLXXX.

TO MR MURRAY.

"2, Albany, April 29th, 1814.

"DEAR SIR,

"I enclose a draft for the money; when paid, send the copyright. I release you from the thousand pounds agreed on for the *Giaour* and *Bride*, and there's an end.

"If any accident occurs to me, you may do then as you please; but, with the exception of two copies of each for *yourself* only, I expect and request that the advertisements be withdrawn, and the remaining copies of *all* destroyed; and any expense so incurred, I will be glad to defray.

"For all this, it might be as well to assign some reason. I have none to give, except my own caprice, and I do not consider the circumstance of consequence enough to require explanation.

"In course, I need hardly assure you that they never shall be published with my consent, directly or indirectly, by any other person whatsoever,—that I am perfectly satisfied, and have every reason so to be, with your conduct in all transactions between us as publisher and author.

"It will give me great pleasure to preserve your acquaintance, and to consider you as my friend. Believe me very truly, and for much attention,

"Your obliged

"and very obedient servant,

"BYRON.

"P.S.—I do not think that I have overdrawn at Hammersley's; but if *that* be the case, I can draw for the superflux on Hoares'. The draft is £5 short, but that I will make up. On payment—*not* before—return the copyright papers."

In such a conjuncture, an appeal to his good-nature and considerateness was, as Mr Murray well judged, his best resource; and the following prompt reply will show how easily, and at once, it succeeded.

## LETTER CLXXXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"May 1, 1814.

"DEAR SIR,

"If your present note is serious, and it really would be inconvenient, there is an end of the matter: tear my draft, and go on as usual: in that case, we will recur to our former basis. That I was perfectly



serious, in wishing to suppress all future publication, is true; but certainly not to interfere with the convenience of others, and more particularly your own. Some day, I will tell you the reason of this apparently strange resolution. At present, it may be enough to say that I recall it at your suggestion; and as it appears to have annoyed you, I lose no time in saying so.

"Yours truly,

"B."

During my stay in town this year, we were almost daily together; and it is in no spirit of flattery to the dead I say, that the more intimately I became acquainted with his disposition and character, the more warmly I felt disposed to take an interest in every thing that concerned him. Not that, in the opportunities thus afforded me of observing more closely his defects, I did not discover much to lament, and not a little to condemn. But there was still, in the neighbourhood of even his worst faults, some atoning good quality, which was always sure, if brought kindly and with management into play, to neutralize their ill effects. The very frankness, indeed, with which he avowed his errors seemed to imply a confidence in his own power of redeeming them,—a consciousness that he could afford to be sincere. There was also, in such entire unreserve, a pledge that nothing worse remained behind; and the same quality that laid open the blemishes of his nature gave security for its honesty. "The cleanness and purity of one's mind," says Pope, "is never better proved than in discovering its own faults, at first view; as when a stream shows the dirt at its bottom, it shows also the transparency of the water."

The theatre was, at this time, his favourite place of resort. We have seen how enthusiastically he expresses himself on the subject of Mr Kean's acting, and it was frequently my good fortune, during this season, to share in his enjoyment of it,—the orchestra being, more than once, the place where, for a nearer view of the actor's countenance, we took our station. For Kean's benefit on the 25th of May, a large party had been made by Lady J\*, to which we both belonged; but Lord Byron having also taken a box for the occasion, so anxious was he to enjoy the representation uninterrupted, that, by rather an unsocial arrangement, only himself and I occupied his box during the play, while every other in the house was crowded almost to suffocation; nor did we join the remainder of our friends till supper. Between the two parties, however, Mr Kean had no reason to complain of a want of homage to his talents; as Lord J\*, on that occasion, presented him with a hundred pound share in the theatre; while Lord Byron sent him, next day, the sum of fifty guineas; \* and, not long after, on seeing him

\* To such lengths did he, at this time, carry his enthusiasm for Kean, that when Miss O'Neil soon after appeared, and, by her matchless representation of feminine tenderness, attracted all eyes and hearts, he was not only a little jealous of her reputation, as interfering with that of his favourite, but, in order to guard himself against the risk of becoming a convert, refused to go to see her act. I endeavoured sometimes to persuade him into witnessing, at least, one of her performances; but his answer was (punning upon Shakespeare's word, \* unanceled,\*) \* No—I'm resolved to continue un-O'neiled.\*

To the great queen of all actresses, however, it will be

act some of his favourite parts, made him possess a handsome snuff-box and a costly Turkish

Such effect had the passionate energy of acting on his mind, that, once, in seeing him Giles Overreach, he was so affected as to be with a sort of convulsive fit; and we shall be some years after, in Italy, when the representation of Alfieri's tragedy of Mirra had agitated him in the violent manner, comparing the two instances only ones in his life when "any thing under" had been able to move him so powerfully.

The following are a few of the notes which I received from him during this visit to town.

TO MR MOORE.

\* May 26.

\* Last night we supped at R.—for's board.

"I wish people would not shirk their duty. I ought it not to have been a dinner?—and did anchovy sandwich!

"That plaguy voice of yours made me wince and almost fall in love with a girl who was mending herself, during your song, by *laughing*. But the song is past, and my passion can see the pucelle is more harmonious.

"Do you go to Lady Jersey's to-night? A large party, and you won't be bored into *rocks*, and all that. Othello is to-morrow's turday too. Which day shall we go? or shall we see you? If you call, let it be after three or four as you please. Ever, &c."

TO MR MOORE.

\* May 26.

"DEAR TOM,

"Thou hast asked me for a song, and I make an experiment, which has cost me something more than trouble, and is, therefore, less likely to be your taking any in your proposed setting; but if it be so, throw it into the fire without pity."

"Ever yours,

1.

\* I speak not, I trace not, I breathe not the name.  
There is grief in the sound, there is guilt in the tone.  
But the tear which now burns on my cheek on the cheek  
The deep thoughts that dwell in that silence alone.

2.

\* Too brief for our passion, too long for our rest—  
Were those hours—can their joy or their pain  
cease?

seen, by the following extract from one of his letters rendered due justice.

\* Of actors, Cooke was the most natural, Keate the most supernatural,—Kean the medium between the two. But Mrs Siddons was worth them all put together. *tacked Thoughts*.

\* An epigram here followed, which, as I have already said, I thought it better to omit.

† We had been invited by Lord R. to dine after the play—an arrangement which, from its novelty, struck Byron exceedingly. The dinner, however, dwindled into a mere supper, and this change was the subject of jocular resentment with him.

‡ I had begged of him to write something for me. The above verses have lately found their way into print, but through a channel not very likely to be disturbed, in their natural position.

—we shgure—we will break from our chain,—  
art,—we will fly to—unite it again!

3.  
be the gladness, and mine be the guilt!  
e, adored one!—forsake, if thou wilt;—  
art which is thine shall expire undebased,  
shall not break it—whatever *thou* mayst.

4.  
to the haughty, but humble to thee,  
in its bitterest blackness, shall be;  
ays soon as swift, and our moments more  
et,  
by *my* side, than with worlds at our feet.

5.  
if thy sorrow, one look of thy love,  
me or six, shall reward or reprove;  
earliest may wonder at all I resign—  
all reply, not to them, but to *mine*."

TO MR MOORE.

u and Rogers come to my box at Co-  
I shall be there, and none else—or I  
re, if you *twain* would like to go without  
will not get so good a place hustling  
publican *boxers*, with damnable appren-  
s high) on a back row. Will you both  
and come—or one—or neither—or, what

in you will, I will call for you at half-past  
time of your own dial."

TO MR MOORE.

otten a box for Othello to-night, and send  
for your friends the R—fes. I seriously  
to you to recommend to them to go for  
er, if only to see the third act—they will  
are another opportunity. We—at least,  
be there, so there will be no one in their  
you give or send it to them? it will come  
grace from you than me.

so good plight, but will dine at \*''s with  
There is music and Covent-g.—Will  
events, to my box there afterwards, to  
of a young 16\* in the 'Child of Na-

TO MR MOORE.

\* Sunday morn.

Iago perfection? particularly the last  
close to him (in the orchestra), and  
an English countenance half so expres-  
sive acquainted with no immaterial sensuality  
as good acting; and, as it is fitting there  
and plays, now and then, besides Shak-  
spear, you or Campbell would write one:—  
is youth' have not heart enough.  
we cut up in the *Champion*—is it not so?  
in I—even to *shocking* the editor. The  
well; and as, at present, poesy is not my  
formant, and my snake of Aaron has  
p all the other serpents, I don't feel frad-  
ed you the paper, which I mean to take  
ere. We go to M.'s together. Perhaps  
you before, but don't let me bore you, now

now, truly and affectionately, &c."

his first appearance, which we witnessed to-

TO MR MOORE.

\* May 5th, 1814.

"Do you go to the Lady Cahir's this even? If you  
do—and whenever we are bound to the same follies  
—let us embark in the same 'Shippe of Fooles.' I  
have been up till five, and up at nine; and feel heavy  
with only winking for the last three or four nights.

"I lost my party and place at supper trying to keep  
out of the way of \*'''. I would have gone away  
altogether, but that would have appeared a worse  
affectation than t'other. You are of course engaged  
to dinner, or we may go quietly together to my box  
at Covent-garden, and afterwards to this assemblage.  
Why did you go away so soon?

"Ever, &c.

"P.S.—Ought not R \*'' fe's supper to have been  
a dinner? Jackson is here, and I must fatigue myself  
into spirits."

TO MR MOORE.

\* May 18th, 1814.

"Thanks—and punctuality. *What* has passed  
at \*'' House? I suppose that *I* am to know, and  
'*pars fui*' of the conference. I regret that your \*''s  
will detain you so late, but I suppose you will be at  
Lady Jersey's. I am going earlier with Hobhouse.  
You recollect that to-morrow we sup and see Kean.  
"P.S.—*Two* to-morrow is the hour of pugilism."

The supper, to which he here looks forward, took  
place at Watier's, of which club he had lately become  
a member; and, as it may convey some idea of his  
irregular mode of diet, and thus account, in part,  
for the frequent derangement of his health, I shall  
here attempt, from recollection, a description of his  
supper on this occasion. We were to have been  
joined by Lord R \*\*, who however did not arrive, and  
the party accordingly consisted but of ourselves. Hav-  
ing taken upon me to order the repast, and knowing  
that Lord Byron, for the last two days, had done  
nothing towards sustenance, beyond eating a few bis-  
cuits and (to appease appetite) chewing mastic, I  
desired that we should have a good supply of, at  
least, two kinds of fish. My companion, however,  
confined himself to lobsters, and of these finished two  
or three, to his own share,—interposing, sometimes, a  
small liqueur-glass of strong white brandy, sometimes  
a tumbler of very hot water, and then pure brandy  
again, to the amount of near half a dozen small-glasses  
of the latter, without which, alternately with the hot  
water, he appeared to think the lobster could not be  
digested. After this, we had claret, of which having  
dispatched two bottles between us, at about four  
o'clock in the morning we parted.

As Pope has thought his "delicious lobster-nights"  
worth commemorating, these particulars of one in  
which Lord Byron was concerned may also have some  
interest.

Among other nights of the same description which  
I had the happiness of passing with him, I remember  
once, in returning home from some assembly at rather  
a late hour, we saw lights in the windows of his old  
haunt Stevens's, in Bond-street, and agreed to stop  
there and sup. On entering, we found an old friend  
of his, Sir G \*'' W \*\*, who joined our party, and the



lobsters and brandy and water being put in requisition, it was (as usual on such occasions) broad daylight before we separated.

## LETTER CLXXXII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* May 23d, 1814.

"I must send you the Java government gazette of July 3d, 1813, just sent to me by Murray. Only think of *our* (for it is you and I) setting paper warriors in array in the Indian seas. Does not this sound like fame—something almost like *posterity*? It is something to have scribblers squabbling about us 5000 miles off, while we are agreeing so well at home. Bring it with you in your pocket;—it will make you laugh, as it hath me.

"Ever yours,  
"B."

"P.S.—Oh the anecdote!

To the circumstance mentioned in this letter he recurs more than once in the Journals which he kept abroad; as thus, in a passage of his "Detached Thoughts,"—where it will be perceived that, by a trifling lapse of memory, he represents himself as having produced this gazette, for the first time, on our way to dinner.

"In the year 1814, as Moore and I were going to dine with Lord Grey in Portman-square, I pulled out a 'Java Gazette' (which Murray had sent to me), in which there was a controversy on our respective merits as poets. It was amusing enough that we should be proceeding peaceably to the same table while they were squabbling about us in the Indian seas (to be sure, the paper was dated six months before), and filling columns with Batavian criticism. But this is fame, I presume."

The following Poem, written about this time and, apparently, for the purpose of being recited at the Caledonian Meeting, I insert principally on account of the warm feeling which it breathes towards Scotland and her sons:—

Who hath not glow'd above the page where Fame  
Hath fix'd high Caledon's unconquer'd name;  
The mountain-land which spurn'd the Roman chain,  
And baffled back the Sery-crested Dane;  
Whose bright claymore and hardhood of hand  
No foe could tame—no tyrant could command.

That race is gone—but still their children breathe,  
And glory crowns them with redoubled wreath:  
O'er Gael and Saxon mingling banners shine  
And, England! add their stubborn strength to thine.  
The blood which flow'd with Wallace flows as free,  
But now 'tis only shed for Fame and thee!  
Oh! pass not by the Northern veteran's claim,  
But give support—the world hath given him fame!

The humbler ranks, the lowly brave, who bled  
While cheerily following where the mighty led—  
Who sleep beneath the undistinguish'd sod  
Where happier comrades in their triumph trod,  
To us bequeath—'tis all their fate allows—  
The sireless offspring and the lonely spouse:  
She on high Albyn's dusky hills may raise  
The tearful eye in melancholy gaze,  
Or view, while shadowy auguries disclose  
The Highland seer's anticipated woes,  
The bleeding phantom of each martial form  
Dim in the cloud, or darkling in the storm;

While sad, she chants the solitary song,  
The soft lament for him who tarrys long—  
For him, whose distant relics vainly crave  
The Coronach's wild requiem to the grave!

'Tis Heaven—not man—must charm away the  
Which bursts when Nature's feelings newly  
Yet tenderness and time may rob the tear  
Of half its bitterness for one so dear:  
A nation's gratitude perchance may spread  
A thornless pillow for the widow'd head;  
May lighten well her heart's maternal care,  
And wean from penury the soldier's heir

## LETTER CLXXXIII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* May 24th, 1814.

"As I shall probably not see you here to-day, I write to request that, if not convenient to you, you will stay in town till *Sunday*; if not to gratify yet to please a great many others, who will be sorry to lose you. As for myself, I can only say that I wish you would either remain a long time with us, or not come at all; for these necessities make the subsequent separations almost insupportable.

"I believe you think that I have not been fair with that Alpha and Omega of beauty, to whom you would willingly have united me. But you consider what her sister said on the subject, and will less wonder that my pride should have been alarmed; particularly as nothing but the expectation of every-day people ever occurred to your heroine and myself. Had lady \*\* agreed to wish it—or even *not* to oppose it—I would have been on, and very possibly married (that is, if I had been equally accordant) with the same influence which has frozen over the 'Black Sea' all my passions. It is that very indifference which makes me so uncertain and apparently rapacious, is not eagerness of new pursuits, but that which presses me sufficiently to fix; neither do I feel disgusted, but simply indifferent to almost all concerns. The proof of this is, that obstacles, the slightest, stop me. This can hardly be *timid*ity, for I have some impudent things too, in my time; and in all cases, opposition is a stimulus. In mine, if a straw were in my way, I could not step over it up.

"I have sent this long tirade, because I want you to suppose that I have been trifling with you or others. If you think so, is the patron of antlers and hunters, I be married out of hand—I don't care to know that it amuses any body else, and don't interfere much in the daytime.

"Ever, &c."

## LETTER CLXXXIV.

TO MR MOORE.

\* June 10th, 1814.

"I *could* be very sentimental now, but the truth is, that I have been all my life so harden my heart, and have not yet quite softened though there are great hopes—and you do not know how it sunk with your departure. What a regret is having seen so little of your during the

d desert, where one ought to be able to  
a camel,—the springs are so few, and  
so muddy.

papers will tell you all that is to be told  
&c.\* They have dined, and supped,  
in flat faces in all thoroughfares, and  
s. Their uniforms are very becoming,  
in the skirts; and their conversation  
for which and the answers I refer you  
have heard it.

leaving town for Newstead soon. If so,  
remote from your recess, and (unless  
is you at home over the caudle-cup and  
we will meet. You shall come to me,  
as you like it;—but *meet* we will. An  
Aston has reached me, but I do not  
p. I have also heard of \* \* \*—I should  
again, for I have not met her for years;  
the light that ne'er can shine again' is  
now that, 'one dear smile like those of  
make me for a moment forget the  
life's stream.'

g to R \* \* \* to-night—to one of those  
'ought to be dinners.' I have hardly  
never him, since you set out. I told  
the last link of that chain. As for \* \*  
glabbed one another's names since. The  
permit me to continue my scrawl. More

"Ever, dear Moore, &c."

up the Journal,† I care not what be-  
ed if it has amused you, I am glad that I  
ra' is finished, and I am copying him for  
now collecting;—but *no separate pub-*

ers after this, he sent me a long rhyming  
lines and picaresques upon every thing and  
at him, of which the following are the only

17—*not a syllable further in prose;*  
"and of all measures," dear Tom,—so, here goes  
to her a swim on the stream of old Time,  
fervent supporters, the bladders of rhyme,  
light breaks them down, and we sink in the flood,  
mother'd, at least, in respectable mud,  
in Dancers of Bathos lie drown'd in a heap,  
"last Pagan has pillow'd his sleep;—  
who de se" who, half drunk with his malmsey,  
at of his death, and was lost in a calm sea,  
"Glory to God!" in a spick and span stanza,  
(since Tom Sternhold was choked) never man saw.

ers have told you, no doubt, of the fumes,  
s, and the gasping to get at these Russes;—  
Jenny's sister, up from coachman to Helman,—  
dignity decks the fat face of the great man,—  
a, last week, at two balls and a party,—  
since his demerit was rather too hearty.  
s, are are used to quite different graces,

\* look, I own, was much brighter and briske,  
he is sadly deficient in whisker;  
t hat a starless blue coat, and in kersey-  
sleeves which'd round, in a waltz with the J\*\*,  
ere no ever, seem'd just as delighted  
Jenny's presence as those she invited.

d from which I have given extracts in the  
\*.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* June 14th, 1814.

"I return your packet of this morning. Have you  
heard that Bertrand has returned to Paris with the  
account of Napoleon's having lost his senses? It is a  
*report*; but, if true, I must, like Mr Fitzgerald and  
Jeremiah (of lamentable memory) lay claim to pro-  
phesy; that is to say, of saying, that he *ought* to go  
out of his senses, in the penultimate stanza of a cer-  
tain Ode,—the which, having been pronounced *non-*  
*sense* by several profound critics, has a still further  
pretension, by its unintelligibility, to inspiration.

"Ever, &c."

#### LETTER CLXXXV.

TO MR ROGERS.

\* June 19th, 1814.

"I am always obliged to trouble you with my  
awkwardnesses, and now I have a fresh one. Mr  
W. \* called on me several times, and I have missed  
the honour of making his acquaintance, which I  
regret, but which *you*, who know my desultory and  
uncertain habits, will not wonder at, and will, I am  
sure, attribute to any thing but a wish to offend a  
person who has shown me much kindness, and pos-  
sesses character and talents entitled to general  
respect. My mornings are late, and passed in fencing  
and boxing, and a variety of most unpoetical exer-  
cises, very wholesome, &c., but would be very dis-  
agreeable to my friends, whom I am obliged to ex-  
clude during their operation. I never go out till the  
evening, and I have not been fortunate enough to  
meet Mr W. at Lord Lansdowne's or Lord Jersey's,  
where I had hoped to pay him my respects.

"I would have written to him, but a few words  
from you will go further than all the apologetical  
sesquipedalities I could muster on the occasion. It  
is only to say that, without intending it, I contrive to  
behave very ill to every body, and am very sorry  
for it.

"Ever, dear R., &c."

The following undated notes to Mr Rogers must  
have been written about the same time.

\* Sunday.

"Your non-attendance at Corinne's is very *apropos*,  
as I was on the eve of sending you an excuse. I do  
not feel well enough to go there this evening, and  
have been obliged to dispatch an apology. I believe  
I need not add one for not accepting Mr Sheridan's in-  
vitation on Wednesday, which I fancy both you and I  
understood in the same sense:—with him the saying  
of Mirabeau, that '*words are things*,' is not to be  
taken literally.

"Ever, &c."

"I will call for you at a quarter before *seven*, if that  
will suit you. I return you Sir Proteus, † and shall  
merely add in return, as Johnson said of, and to,  
somebody or other, 'Are we alive after all this cen-  
sure?'

"Believe me, &c."

\* Mr Wrangham.

† A satirical pamphlet, in which all the writers of the day  
were attacked.



must be a dunce to agree with them. For my own  
have no objection at all; but Mrs Leigh and  
must be better judges of the likeness than  
hate it; and so I won't have it at

is right as for his conclusion; but  
names. The name only is Spanish; \*  
not Spain, but the Morea.

is the best and most interesting novel  
since—I don't know when. I like it as  
hate \*\*, and \*\*, and \*\*, and all the femi-  
ish of the last four months. Besides, it is all  
to me, I have been in Scotland so much (though  
on young enough too), and feel at home with the  
people, Lowland and Gael.

"A note will correct what Mr Hobhouse thinks an  
error (about the feudal system in Spain);—it is *not*  
Spain. If he puts a few words of prove any where,  
it will set all right.

"I have been ordered to town to vote. I shall dis-  
obey. There is no good in so much prating, since  
'certain issues strokes should arbitrate.' If you have  
any thing to say, let me hear from you.

"Yours, &c."

#### LETTER CXCI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"August 3d, 1814.

"It is certainly a little extraordinary that you have  
not sent the Edinburgh Review, as I requested, and  
hoped it would not require a note a day to remind  
you. I see *advertisements* of Lara and Jacqueline;  
pray, *why?* when I requested you to postpone pub-  
lication till my return to town.

"I have a most amusing epistle from the Ettrick  
bard—Hogg; in which, speaking of his bookseller,  
whom he denominates the 'shabbiest' of the *trade* for  
not 'lifting his bills,' he adds, in so many words,  
'G—d—n him and them both.' This is a pretty  
prelude to asking you to adopt him (the said Hogg);  
but this he wishes; and if you please, you and I will  
talk it over. He has a poem ready for the press (and  
your *bills* too, if '*liftable*'), and bestows some bene-  
dictions on Mr Moore for his abduction of Lara from  
the forthcoming Miscellany. †

"P.S.—Sincerely, I think Mr Hogg would suit you  
very well; and surely he is a man of great powers,  
and deserving of encouragement. I must knock out  
a Tale for him, and you should at all events consider  
before you reject his suit. Scott is gone to the  
Orkneys in a gale of wind, and Hogg says that, during  
the said gale, 'he is sure that Scott is not quite  
at his ease, to say the best of it.' Ah! I wish these  
homekeeping bards could taste a Mediterranean white  
squall, or the Gut in a gale of wind, or even the Bay  
of Biscay with no wind at all."

\* Alluding to Lara.

† Mr Hogg had been led to hope that he should be per-  
mitted to insert this Poem in a Miscellany which he had at  
this time some thoughts of publishing; and whatever advice  
I may have given against such a mode of disposing of the  
work arose certainly not from any ill will to this ingenious  
and remarkable man, but from a consideration of what I  
thought most advantageous to the fame of Lord Byron.

h, 1814.  
deflection with  
ave you longer  
e: for my own  
st be silent.  
for an hour in the  
to Mrs Leigh, your  
tel, Albemarle-street."

#### CLXXXIX.

MR MURRAY.

"July 23, 1814.

that the print † is by no means  
who have seen it, who are pretty  
the original, as well as the picture  
is taken. I rather suspect that it is  
and not the *exhibited* portrait, and in  
uld recommend a suspension, if not  
t, of the *prefixed* to the volumes  
ose inflicting upon the public.

to Lara, don't be in any hurry. I  
de up my mind on the subject, nor  
hink or do till I hear from you; and  
red to me in a similar state of inde-  
do not know that it may not be better  
the *entire* publication you proposed,  
e in hardly singleness, or even backed  
queline. I have been seized with all  
&c. &c., since I left London.  
hear from you, and believe me, &c."

#### LETTER CX.

TO MR MURRAY.

"July 24th, 1814.

must, in this case, carry it; so pray  
don't care sixpence for any of the  
tion, on such a subject; and P"

h I wrote to him, before starting, next  
lowing:—"I got Lara at three o'clock  
him before I slept, and was enraptured.  
ith me."

to an article in the number of the Edin-  
then published (No 45), on the Corsair  
m.

y Agre from Phillips's portrait of him.

\* Tuesday.

"Sheridan was yesterday, at first, too sober to remember your invitation, but in the dregs of the third bottle he fished up his memory. The Staël out-talked Whitbread, was *ironed* by Sheridan, confounded Sir Humphry, and utterly perplexed your slave. The rest (great names in the red book, nevertheless) were mere segments of the circle. Ma'm-selle danced a Russ saraband with great vigour, grace, and expression.

"Ever, &c."

TO MR MURRAY.

\* June 21st, 1814.

"I suppose 'Lara' is gone to the devil,—which is no great matter, only let me know, that I may be saved the trouble of copying the rest, and put the first part into the fire. I really have no anxiety about it, and shall not be sorry to be saved the copying, which goes on very slowly, and may prove to you that you may *speak out*—or I should be less sluggish.

"Yours, &c."

#### LETTER CLXXXVI.

TO MR ROGERS.

\* June 27th, 1814.

"You could not have made me a more acceptable present than Jacqueline,—she is all grace, and softness, and poetry; there is so much of the last, that we do not feel the want of story, which is simple, yet *enough*. I wonder that you do not oftener unbend to more of the same kind. I have some sympathy with the *softer* affections, though very little in *my* way, and no one can depict them so truly and successfully as yourself. I have half a mind to pay you in kind, or rather *unkind*, for I have just 'supped full of horror' in two Cantos of darkness and dismay.

"Do you go to Lord Essex's to-night? if so, will you let me call for you at your own hour? I dined with Holland-house yesterday at Lord Cowper's; my lady very gracious, which she can be more than any one when she likes. I was not sorry to see them again, for I can't forget that they have been very kind to me.

"Ever yours most truly,

"BN.

"P.S.—Is there any chance or possibility of making it up with Lord Carlisle, as I feel disposed to do any thing reasonable or unreasonable to effect it? I would before, but for the 'Courier,' and the possible misconstructions at such a time. Perpend, pronounce."

On my return to London, for a short time, at the beginning of July, I found his Poem of "Lara," which he had begun at the latter end of May, in the hands of the printer, and nearly ready for publication. He had, before I left town, repeated to me, as we were on our way to some evening party, the first hundred and twenty lines of the Poem, which he had written the day before,—at the same time giving me a general sketch of the characters and the story.

His short notes to Mr Murray, of this work, are of the same impatient character as those, of which I have specimens, in my account of his notions: but, as matter of more interest upon us, I shall forbear from trespassing length. In one of them he says, "I will be better; this was one which I had been of his 'third contains only the following you demanded more *battle*—there

The two letters that immediately addressed to me, at this time, in town

#### LETTER CLXX

TO MR MOORE.

"I returned to town last night, of seeing you to-day, and would have been (though in exceeding health) a little head-achy with cold, and am now at the freezing soberness. Of course, I should parallel lines did not deviate into your return to the country,—after whereof the papers have told us, be much occupied, I won't be able to mind and business militate against

"Rogers and I have almost no invasion of the public. Whether or not, I do not yet know, and I am (which is very beautiful) will be. But, in this case, the lady will not

"I am going to the sea, and thus I have been doing nothing,—that am very truly, &c."

#### LETTER CLXX

TO MR MOORE.

"I suppose, by your non-apology philosophy of my note, and the printer, have put or kept you in mind—it is hardly worth while.

"This day have I received in man of law of the *non*—and never formance of purchase by Mr Clary memory. He don't know what to pay; and so all my hopes and prospects are gone to the devil. and the devil too, for aught I can legal advisers, are to meet to purchaser having first taken speech whether I would meet him or not. The question is this—I have estate back, which is as good as on with him dawdling, which

\* He alludes to an action for piracy (the publisher of my musical works) I had been summoned as a witness.

† Lord Byron afterwards proposed third in this publication; but the first one, and I begged leave to decline it.



happy to say is a thorough man. I  
was with him, and thought of some jocular  
remarks. I should be happy to make  
him a companion in the future. In the mean  
time, I shall think that you, having heard  
of his character, will not be surprised at the  
fact that a man of his character is the  
best of men.

must be a chance to agree with them. For my own part, I have no objection at all. Mr. Knight and my counsel must be better judges of the interests that concern me than they have a right to be. I am, &c.

- We should have a - give us for the treatment: but I want the prisoner. The same way a "syndicate" of the country is not given, but the King.

[illegible]

I will not answer what Mr. Cunningham thinks on either matter. The Federal question is obvious. — I am not a Federalist. If he will, I am willing to prove any wrong I will not do myself.

[illegible]

• 2194 5. •

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— 10 —

• **PLANNING** **IN** **THE** **21<sup>ST</sup>** **CENTURY**

[illegible]

THEY ARE BEING USED TO  
 \* AND A NEW CHANGING POLITICAL IN ORDER  
 THE OTHER A NEW FORM OF THE UNITED  
 STATE TO BE USED TO BE USED TO BE USED  
 TO THE NEW IN THE A NEW FORM

[illegible]

1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the situation and the goals that need to be achieved. It is important to gather all relevant information and to consider the perspectives of all stakeholders involved.

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

1. The first step is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

RECEIVED

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

## LETTER CXCIL

TO MR MOORE.

\* Hastings, August 3d, 1814.

"By the time this reaches your dwelling, I shall (God wot) be in town again probably. I have been here renewing my acquaintance with my old friend Ocean; and I find his bosom as pleasant a pillow for an hour in the morning as his daughter's of Paphos could be in the twilight. I have been swimming and eating turbot, and smuggling neat brandies and silk handkerchiefs,—and listening to my friend Hodgson's raptures about a pretty wife-elect of his,—and walking on cliffs, and tumbling down hills, and making the most of the 'dolce far-niente' for the last fortnight. I met a son of Lord Erskine's, who says he has been married a year, and is the 'happiest of men;' and I have met the aforesaid H., who is also the 'happiest of men;' so, it is worth while being here, if only to witness the superlative felicity of these foxes, who have cut off their tails, and would persuade the rest to part with their brushes to keep them in countenance.

"It rejoiceth me that you like 'Lara.' Jeffrey is out with his 45th Number, which I suppose you have got. He is only too kind to me, in my share of it, and I begin to fancy myself a golden pheasant, upon the strength of the plumage wherewith he hath bedecked me. But then, 'surgit amari,' &c.—the gentlemen of the Champion, and Perry, have got hold (I know not how) of the consolatory address to Lady J. on the picture-abduction by our R\*\*\*, and have published them—with my name, too, smack—without even asking leave, or inquiring whether or no! D—n their impudence, and d—n every thing. It has put me out of patience, and so, I shall say no more about it.

"You shall have Lara and Jacque (both with some additions) when out; but I am still demurring and delaying, and in a fuss, and so is R. in his way.

"Newstead is to be mine again. Claughton forfeits twenty-five thousand pounds; but that don't prevent me from being very prettily ruined. I mean to bury myself there—and let my beard grow—and hate you all.

"Oh! I have had the most amusing letter from Hogg, the Ettrick minstrel and shepherd. He wants me to recommend him to Murray, and, speaking of his present bookseller, whose 'bills' are never 'lifted,' he adds, *totidem verbis*, 'God d—d him and them both.' I laughed, and so would you too, at the way in which this execration is introduced. The said Hogg is a strange being, but of great, though uncouth, powers. I think very highly of him, as a poet; but he, and half of these Scotch and Lake troubadours, are spoilt by living in little circles and petty societies. London and the world is the only place to take the conceit out of a man—in the milling phrase. Scott, he says, is gone to the Orkneys in a gale of wind;—during which wind, he affirms, the said Scott, 'he is sure, is not at his ease,—to say the best of it.' Lord, Lord, if these homekeeping minstrels had crossed your Atlantic or my Mediterranean, and tasted a little open boating in a white squall—or a gale in 'the Gut'—or the 'Bay of Biscay,' with no

gale at all—how it would enliven and introduce to a few of the sensations!—to say nothing of illicit amour or two upon shore, in the way of upon the Passions, beginning with simple and compounding it as they went along.

"I have forwarded your letter to Murray,—in way, you had addressed it to Miller. Pray me, and say what art thou doing? 'Not bad'—Oons! how is this?—these 'flaws and errors' be 'authorised by your grandam,' and are coming of any other author. I was sorry to see your discrepancy with the \* \* s, or rather, abjuration of agreement. I don't want to be a tinent, or buffoon on a serious subject, and am fore at a loss what to say.

"I hope nothing will induce you to abate the proper price of your poem, as long as there is prospect of getting it. For my own part, I have seriously, and not whimsically (for that is not my way, least, it used not to be), neither hopes, nor wishes, and scarcely even wishes. I am, in some measure happy, but not in a manner that can or ought to be—but enough of that. The worst of it is, I feel enervated and indifferent. I really do not know what Jupiter were to offer me my choice of the contents of his benevolent cask, what I would pick out. If I was born, as the nurses say, with a 'stone' in my mouth, it has stuck in my throat, upon my palate, so that nothing put into it is swallowed much relish,—unless it be cayenne. I have grievances enough to occupy me thereby—but for fear of adding to yours by this post, I postpone the reading them, as I have done. Ever, dear M., yours, &c.

"P.S.—Don't forget my godson. You will have fixed on a fitter porter for his sins than being used to carry double without inconvenience."

## LETTER CXCIL

TO MR MURRAY.

\* August 11th.

"Not having received the slightest answer to my last three letters, nor the book (the last sent to the Edinburgh Review) which they requested, I presume that you were the unfortunate person who perished in the pagoda on Monday last, and that this rather to your executors than yourself, stating that you should have had the ill-luck to be sole victim on that joyous occasion.

"I beg leave then to inform these gentlemen (whoever they may be) that I am a little surprised at the previous neglect of the deceased, and at observing an advertisement of an approaching publication on Saturday next, against the which I have tested, and do protest, for the present.

"Yours (or theirs), &c."

## LETTER CXCV.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* August 11th.

"The Edinburgh Review is arrived—shall I enclose Mr Hobbhouse's letter, from which you



work you have made. However, I have not sent my rhymes to the devil your I seems also that the 'faithful and spi- is another of your publications. I wish but it is no likeness—that is the point. I have delayed your journey to Scotland, as you carried your complaisance so far; upon trifles you have a more summary tress the grammar of Hobhouse's 'bit ish has put him and me into a fever. st translate his own words: 'lifting' is om his letter, together with 'God d—n,' suppose requires no translation. aware of the contents of Mr Moore's your offer very handsome, but of that must judge. If he can get more, you that he should accept it.

Lara, since it must be. The tome looks —on the outside. I shall be in town d in the mean time wish you a pleasant

"Yours, &c."

#### LETTER CXC.

TO MR MOORE.

\* August 12th, 1814.

alone, nor will be while I can help it. at yet decided. Claughton is to make by Saturday week to complete,—if not, up twenty-five thousand pounds, and the expenses, &c. &c. If I resume the shall have due notice, and a cell set r reception, with a pious welcome. e not seen, but Larry and Jacky came ago. Of their effect, I know nothing.

something very amusing in your being an viewer. You know, I suppose, that of the placidest, and may possibly enact a being told that he is only a fool. If, ere to be slain on account of an article would be a fine conclusion. For my finisfred Jenkins says, 'he has done the by me,' particularly in his last number; ut of men and the ablest of critics, and him killed,—though I dare say many for being so good-humoured.

ft Hastings, I got in a passion with an sh I flung out of the window one night ance;—and what then? why, next horrified by seeing that it had struck, the petticoat of Euterpe's graven arden, and grined her as if it were on uly think of my distress,—and the might be engendered on the Muse and re.

adventure, almost as ridiculous, at theatricals near Cambridge—though description—since I saw you last. I

ed brought him up a large jar of ink, into using it to be full, he had thrust his pen bottom. Enraged, on finding it come out ink, he flung the bottle out of the window where it lighted, as here described, upon a flower, that had been imported, some Holland,—the sixth having been, by some

quarrelled with a man in the dark for asking me who I was (insolently enough, to be sure), and followed him into the green-room (a *stable*) in a rage, amongst a set of people I never saw before. He turned out to be a low comedian, engaged to act with the amateurs, and to be a civil-spoken man enough, when he found out that nothing very pleasant was to be got by rudeness. But you would have been amused with the row, and the dialogue, and the dress—or rather the undress—of the party, where I had introduced myself in a devil of a hurry, and the astonishment that ensued. I had gone out of the theatre, for coolness, into the garden;—there I had tumbled over some dogs, and, coming away from them in very ill-humour, encountered the man in a worse, which produced all this confusion.

"Well—and why don't you 'launch'?—Now is your time. The people are tolerably tired with me, and not very much enamoured of \* \* \*, who has just spawned a quarto of metaphysical blank verse, which is nevertheless only a part of a poem.

"Murray talks of divorcing Larry and Jacky—a bad sign for the authors, who, I suppose, will be divorced too, and throw the blame upon one another. Seriously, I don't care a cigar about it, and I don't see why Sam should.

"Let me hear from and of you and my godson. If a daughter, the name will do quite as well. \* \* \* \*

"Ever, &c."

#### LETTER CXCVI.

TO MR MOORE.

\* August 13th, 1814.

"I wrote yesterday to Mayfield, and have just now enfranked your letter to mamma. My stay in town is so uncertain (not later than next week), that your packets for the north may not reach me; and as I know not exactly where I am going—however, *Newstead* is my most probable destination, and if you send your dispatches before Tuesday, I can forward them to our new ally. But, after that day, you had better not trust to their arrival in time.

"\* \* \* has been exiled from Paris, *on dit*, for saying the Bourbons were old women. The Bourbons might have been content, I think, with returning the compliment. \* \* \* \*

"I told you all about Jacky and Larry yesterday;—they are to be separated,—at least, so says the grand M., and I know no more of the matter. Jeffrey has done me more than 'justice'; but as to tragedy—um!—I have no time for fiction at present. A man cannot paint a storm with the vessel under bare poles, on a lee-shore. When I get to land, I will try what is to be done, and, if I founder, there be plenty of mine elders and betters to console Mel-pomene.

"When at Newstead, you must come over, if only for a day—should Mrs M. be *exigante* of your presence. The place is worth seeing, as a ruin, and I can assure you there *was* some fun there, even in my time; but that is past. The ghosts,\* however,

\* It was, if I mistake not, during his recent visit to Newstead, that he himself actually fancied he saw the ghost of the Black Friar, which was supposed to have haunted the Abbey from the time of the dissolution of the monastery.

and the gothics, and the waters, and the desolation, make it very lively still.

"Ever, dear Tom, yours, &c."

#### LETTER CXCIV.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Newstead Abbey, Sept. 2d, 1814.

"I am obliged by what you have sent, but would rather not see any thing of the kind; \* we have had enough of these things already, good and bad, and next month you need not trouble yourself to collect even the *higher* generation—on my account. It gives me much pleasure to hear of Mr Hobbouse's and Mr Merivale's good entreatment by the journals you mention.

"I still think Mr Hogg and yourself might make out an alliance. *Dodsley's* was, I believe, the last decent thing of the kind, and *his* had great success in its day, and lasted several years; but then he had the double advantage of editing and publishing. The *Spleen*, and several of *Gray's* odes, much of *Shenstone*, and many others of good repute, made their first appearance in his collection. Now, with the support of Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, &c., I see little reason why you should not do as well; and if once fairly established, you would have assistance from the youngsters, I dare say. Stratford Canning (whose 'Buonaparte' is excellent), and many others, and Moore, and Hobbouse, and I, would try a fall now and then (if permitted), and you might coax Campbell, too, into it. By the by, *he* has an unpublished (though printed) poem on a scene in Germany (Bavaria, I think), which I saw last year, that is perfectly magnificent, and equal to himself. I wonder he don't publish it.

"Oh!—do you recollect S\*\*\*, the engraver's, mad letter about not engraving Phillip's picture of Lord Foley? (as he blundered it); well, I have traced it, I think. It seems, by the papers, a preacher of Johanna Southcote's is named *Foley*; and I can no way account for the said S\*\*'s confusion of words and ideas, but by that of his head's running on Johanna and her apostles. It was a mercy he did not say Lord *Tozer*. You know, of course, that S\*\* is a believer in this new (old) virgin of spiritual impregnation.

"I long to know what she will produce: † her being with child at sixty-five is indeed a miracle, but her getting any one to beget it, a greater.

and which he thus describes, from the recollection perhaps of his own fantasy, in *Don Juan* :—

It was no mouse, but, lo! a monk, array'd  
In cowl and beads and dusky garb, appear'd,  
Now in the moonlight, and now lap'd in shade,  
With steps that trod as heavy, yet unheard:  
His garments only a slight murmur made;  
He moved as shadowy as the sisters weird,  
But slowly; and as he pass'd Juan by,  
Glanced, without pausing, on him a bright eye."

It is said, that the Newstead ghost appeared, also, to Lord Byron's cousin, Miss Fanny Parkins, and that she made a sketch of him from memory.

\* The reviews and magazines of the month.

\* The following characteristic note, in reference to this passage, appears, in Mr Gifford's handwriting, on the copy of the above letter :— "It is a pity that Lord B. was ignorant of Jansen. The old poet has a Satire on the Court Pucelle that would have supplied him with some pleasantry on Joanna's pregnancy."

"If you were not going to Paris or Scotland, send you some game: if you remain, let me be

"P.S.—A word or two of 'Lara,' which your closure brings before me. It is of no great use separately; but, as connected with the others, will do very well for the volumes you mean to publish. I would recommend this arrangement—*Coleridge*, the smaller Poems, *Ginaour*, *Bride*, &c. *Lara*; the last completes the series, and the likeness renders it necessary to the others. *Coleridge* writes that they are publishing *English Bardland*: pray inquire into this; because it is stopped."

#### LETTER CXCV.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Newstead Abbey, September 7th.

"I should think Mr Hogg, for his own sake as yours, would be 'critical' as *Jago* himself, editorial capacity; and that such a publication would answer his purpose, and yours too, with the management. You should, however, have a number to start with—I mean, *good* in quality these days, there can be little fear of numbers to the mark in quantity. There must be new things in Wordsworth; but I should think it to make six quartos (the amount of the whole), particularly the pedlar's portion of the poem, there can be no doubt of his powers to do something.

"I am 'very idle.' I have read the *Letter* had with me, and been forced to fish, for his argument. I have caught a great many pretty carp, which is a comfort, as one would not one's labour willingly.

"Pray, who corrects the press of your *works*? I hope 'The Corsair' is printed from the copy corrected with the additional lines in the first Cantos, some notes from Sismondi and Lavater, which you to add thereto. The arrangement is very good.

"My cursed people have not sent my poem on Sunday, and I have lost Johanna's divine book. Who hath gotten her with prayer? and how?

I should like to buy one of her seals: if she had at half-a-guinea a head, the *London* Crown and Anchor should be ashamed of himself charging double for tickets to a mere terrestrial. I am afraid, seriously, that these *monks* lend a sad handle to your profane scoffers, and a loose to much damnable laughter.

"I have not seen Hunt's *Sonnets* nor *Don Liberty*: he has chosen a pretty place where to compose the last. Let me hear from you before embark. Ever, &c."

#### LETTER CXCVI.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Newstead Abbey, September 11th.

"This is the fourth letter I have begun to write within the month. Whether I shall finish or not, I know not. When I will explain *why* I have not written—why I not asked you here, as I wished—with a great



Professorship. On this occasion, a circumstance occurred which could not but be gratifying to him. As he was delivering in his vote to the Vice-Chancellor, in the Senate House, the under-graduates in the gallery ventured to testify their admiration of him by a general murmur of applause and stamping of the feet. For this breach of order, the gallery was immediately cleared by order of the Vice-Chancellor.

At the beginning of the month of December, being called up to town by business, I had opportunities, from being a good deal in my noble friend's society, of observing the state of his mind and feelings, under the prospect of the important change he was now about to undergo; and it was with pain I found that those sanguine hopes \* with which I had sometimes looked forward to the happy influence of marriage, in winning him over to the brighter and better side of life, were, by a view of all the circumstances of his present destiny, considerably diminished; while, at the same time, not a few doubts and misgivings, which had never before so strongly occurred to me, with regard to his own fitness, under any circumstances, for the matrimonial tie, filled me altogether with a degree of foreboding anxiety as to his fate, which the unfortunate events that followed but too fully justified.

The truth is, I fear, that rarely, if ever, have men of the higher order of genius shown themselves fitted for the calm affections and comforts that form the cement of domestic life. "One misfortune (says Pope) of extraordinary geniuses is, that their very friends are more apt to admire than love them." To this remark there have, no doubt, been exceptions,—and I should pronounce Lord Byron, from my own experience, to be one of them,—but it would not be difficult, perhaps, to show, from the very nature and pursuits of genius, that such must generally be the lot of all pre-eminently gifted with it; and that the same qualities which enable them to command admiration are also those that too often incapacitate them from conciliating love.

The very habits, indeed, of abstraction and self-study to which the occupations of men of genius lead, are, in themselves, necessarily, of an unsocial and detaching tendency, and require a large portion of allowance and tolerance not to be set down as unamiable. One of the chief sources, too, of sympathy and society between ordinary mortals being their dependence on each other's intellectual resources, the operation of this social principle must naturally be weakest in those, whose own mental stores are most abundant and self-sufficing, and who, rich in such materials for thinking within themselves, are rendered so far independent of the external world. It was this solitary luxury (which Plato called "banqueting his own thoughts") that led Pope, as well as Lord Byron, to prefer the silence and seclusion of his library to the most agreeable conversation.—And not only, too,

\* I had frequently, both in earnest and in jest, expressed these hopes to him; and, in one of my letters, after touching upon some matters relative to my own little domestic circle, I added, "This will all be unintelligible to you;—though I sometimes cannot help thinking it within the range of possibility, that even *you*, volcano as you are, may, one day, cool down into something of the same *habitable* state. Indeed, when one thinks of lava having been converted into buttons for Isaac Hawkins Browne, there is no saying what such fiery things may be brought to at last."

is the necessity of commerce with other minds by such persons, but, from that fastidiousness, the opulence of their own resources generates, a society of those less gifted with intellectual means themselves, becomes often a restraint and burden which not all the charms of friendship, or even can reconcile them. "Nothing is so tiresome as the poet of Vaucluse, in assigning a reason for living with some of his dearest friends) as to one with persons who have not the same information of oneself."

But it is the cultivation and exercise of the native faculty that, more than any thing, tends to the man of genius from actual life, and, by attuning the sensibilities of the imagination for the heart, to render, at last, the medium in which he feels no less unreal than that through which he thinks. Those images of ideal good and beauty that surround him in his musings soon accustom to consider all that is beneath this high and unworthy of his care; till, at length, the heart coming chilled as the fancy warms, it is that happens that, in proportion as he has refined and elevated his theory of all the social affections, he unfitted himself for the practice of them.\* This frequently it arises that, in persons of this temperament, we see some bright but artificial intellects usurp the place of all real and natural tenderness. The poet Dante, a wanderer from his wife and children, passed the whole of a remote detached life in nursing his immortal dream of Beatrice; while Petrarch, who would not suffer his daughter to reside beneath his roof, expended two years of poetry and passion on an ideal love.

It is, indeed, in the very nature and constitution of genius to be for ever occupied intensely with its great centre and source of its strength. Of the sister Rachel, in Dante, sitting all day before her mirror,

mai non si smaga  
Del suo ammiraglio, e siede tutto giorno.

To this power of self-concentration, by which all the other powers of genius are made abstract, there is, of course, no such disturbing and detaching enemy as those sympathies and affections that draw the mind out actively towards others;† and accordingly, it will be found that, among those who have felt within themselves a call to immortality, the greater number have, by a sort of instinct, kept aloof from such ties, and, instead of the softer domestic

\* Of the lamentable contrast between sentiment and conduct, which this transfer of the seat of sensibility from the heart to the fancy produces, the annals of literature afford unluckily too many examples. Alfieri, though he could write a sonnet full of tenderness to his mother, never saw her (says Mr W. Rose) but once after their emigration, though he frequently passed within a few miles of her residence. The poet Young, with all his poetical domestic sorrows, was, it appears, a neglectful and harsh father; and Sterne (to use the words often employed by Lord Byron) preferred "whisking over the ass to relieving a living mother."

† It is the opinion of Diderot, in his *Traité de la littérature*, that not only in the art of which he treats, but in the nature which are called imitative, the possession of real sensibility is a bar to eminence;—sensibility being, according to his view, "le caractère de la bonté de l'âme et de la noblesse du génie."



of being amiable, reserved themselves for hazardous chances of being great. In such lives of the most illustrious the class of intellect in which the characters of genius are, perhaps, most strongly—*we shall find that, with scarcely one exception*—*from Homer down to Lord Byron, they have their several degrees, restless and solitary minds wrapped up, like silk-worms, in tasks, either strangers, or rebels, to dozes, and bearing about with them a deposite in their souls, to the jealous watching of which almost all other thoughts and actions have been sacrificed.*

Follow poetry as one ought (says the author already quoted), one must forget father, and cleave to it alone." In these is pointed out the sole path that leads to greatness. On such terms alone are the prizes of fame to be won;—nothing less than the sacrifice of the entire man can achieve them. The delightful, therefore, may be the spectacle of genius tamed and domesticated in so doing docilely upon him the yoke of the social enlightening without disturbing the sphere of his moves, we must nevertheless, in the admiration, bear in mind that it is not earthly or amiably immortality has been ever lost, or won. The poet thus circumstanced popular, may be loved; for the happiness of those linked with him he is in the right way to greatness. The marks by which the world always separated her great martyrs from the common of mankind are not upon him, and the crown of immortality. He may dazzle, may captivate the world even the times in which he lives, but he never after.

The general description here given of that high and intelligent to which he belonged, the Lord Byron was, in many respects, a poet. Born with strong affections and passions, the world had, from first to last, sold on his sympathies to let imagination usurp the place of reality, either in his view of the objects of them. His life, indeed, was a struggle between that instinct of nature which was for ever drawing him back into the laboratory of Self, and those impulses of ambition, and vanity, which again hurried him to the crowd, and entangled him in its interests. It may be granted that he would have been more purely and abstractedly the poet, had he less thoroughly, in all his pursuits and the man, yet from this very mixture of it arises that his pages bear so deeply on real life, and that in the works of no poet, except of Shakspeare, can every various mind—whether solemn or gay, whether the ludicrous or the sublime, whether it is itself with the follies of society or the grandeur of solitary nature—find a train of sentiment in accordance with its tone.

The naturally warm cast of his affections

\* Pope.

and temperament gave thus a substance and truth to his social feelings, which those of too many of his fellow votaries of Genius have wanted, it was not to be expected that an imagination of such range and power should have been so early developed, and unrestrainedly indulged, without producing, at last, some of those effects upon the heart which have invariably been found attendant on such a predominance of this faculty. It must have been observed, indeed, that the period when his natural affections flourished most healthily was before he had yet arrived at the full consciousness of his genius,—before Imagination had yet accustomed him to those glowing pictures, after gazing upon which all else appeared cold and colourless. From the moment of this initiation into the wonders of his own mind, a distaste for the realities of life began to grow upon him. Not even that intense craving after affection, which nature had implanted in him, could keep his ardour still alive in a pursuit whose results fell so short of his "imaginings;" and though, from time to time, the combined warmth of his fancy and temperament was able to call up a feeling which to his eyes wore the semblance of love, it may be questioned whether his heart had ever much share in such passions, or whether, after his first launch into the boundless sea of imagination, he could ever have been brought back and fixed by any lasting attachment. Actual objects there were, in but too great number, who, as long as the illusion continued, kindled up his thoughts and were the themes of his song. But they were, after all, little more than mere dreams of the hour;—the qualities with which he invested them were almost all ideal, nor could have stood the test of a month's, or even week's, cohabitation. It was but the reflection of his own bright conceptions that he saw in each new object; and while persuading himself that they furnished the models of his heroines, he was, on the contrary, but fancying that he beheld his heroines in them.

There needs no stronger proof of the predominance of imagination in these attachments than his own serious avowal, in the *Journal* already given, that often, when in the company of the woman he most loved, he found himself secretly wishing for the solitude of his own study. It was *there*, indeed,—in the silence and abstraction of that study,—that the chief scene of his mistress's empire and glory lay. It was there that, unchecked by reality, and without any fear of the disenchantments of truth, he could view her through the medium of his own fervid fancy, enamoured himself of an idol of his own creating, and out of a brief delirium of a few days or weeks send forth a dream of beauty and passion through all ages.

While such appears to have been the imaginative character of his loves (of all, except the one that lived unquenched through all), his friendships, though, of course, far less subject to the influence of fancy, could not fail to exhibit also some features characteristic of the peculiar mind in which they sprung. It was a usual saying of his own, and will be found repeated in some of his letters, that he had "no genius for friendship," and that whatever capacity he might once have possessed for that sentiment had vanished with his youth. If in saying thus he shaped his notions of friendship according to the romantic



standard of his boyhood, the fact must be admitted; but as far as the assertion was meant to imply that he had become incapable of a warm, manly, and lasting friendship, such a charge against himself was unjust, and I am not the only living testimony of its injustice.

To a certain degree, however, even in his friendships, the effects of a too vivid imagination, in disqualifying the mind for the cold contact of reality, were visible. We are told that Petrarch (who, in this respect, as in most others, may be regarded as a genuine representative of the poetic character) abstained purposely from a too frequent intercourse with his nearest friends, lest, from the sensitiveness he was so aware of in himself, there should occur any thing that might chill his regard for them; \* and though Lord Byron was of a nature too full of social and kindly impulses ever to think of such a precaution, it is a fact confirmatory, at least, of the principle on which his brother poet, Petrarch, acted, that the friends, whether of his youth or manhood, of whom he had seen least, through life, were those of whom he always thought and spoke with the most warmth and fondness. Being brought less often to the touchstone of familiar intercourse, they stood naturally a better chance of being adopted as the favourites of his imagination, and of sharing, in consequence, a portion of that bright colouring reserved for all that gave it interest and pleasure. Next to the dead, therefore, whose hold upon his fancy had been placed beyond all risk of severance, those friends whom he but saw occasionally, and by such favourable glimpses as only renewed the first kindly impression they had made, were the surest to live unchangingly, and without shadow, in his memory.

To the same cause, there is little doubt, his love for his sister owed much of its devotedness and fervour. In a mind sensitive and versatile as his, long habits of family intercourse might have estranged, or at least dulled, his natural affection for her;—but their separation, during youth, left this feeling fresh and untried.† His very inexperience in such ties made the smile of a sister no less a novelty than a charm to him, and before the first gloss of this newly awakened sentiment had time to wear off, they were again separated, and for ever.

If the portrait which I have here attempted of the general character of those gifted with high genius be allowed to bear, in any of its features, a resemblance to the originals, it can no longer, I think, be matter of question whether a class so set apart from the track of ordinary life, so removed, by their very elevation, out of the influences of our common atmosphere, are at all likely to furnish tractable subjects for that most trying of all social experiments, matrimony. In reviewing the great names of philosophy and science, we shall find that all who have most distinguished themselves in those walks have, at least, virtually

admitted their own unfitness for the marriage remaining in celibacy;—Bacon, \* Newton, Galileo, Descartes, Bayle, Locke, Leibnitz, Hume, and a long list of other illustrious sages all led single lives.

The poetic race, it is true, from the great susceptibility of their imaginations, have more frequently fallen into the ever ready snare. But the fate of poets in matrimony has but justified the caution of the philosophers. While the latter have given to genius by keeping free of the yoke, they have still more effectually done so by their union with it;—the annals of this sensitive race have all times, abounded with proofs, that genius is but low among the elements of social happiness; that, in general, the brighter the gift, the more disturbing its influence, and that in the man particularly, its effects have been too often illustrated by the "Wormwood Star," whose light is but a deadly poison, and whose light is but a deadly poison, and whose light is but a deadly poison.

Besides the causes already enumerated as leading naturally to such a result, from the peculiarities of which, in most instances, these great labourers in the field of thought are characterized, there is also no doubt, to be attributed to an unlooked-for choice of helpmates,—dictated, as that choice frequently must be, by an imagination accustomed to deceive itself. But from whatever causes they have arisen, the coincidence is no less striking and saddening that, on the list of married poets who have been unhappy in their homes, there should also be found four such illustrious names as Dante, Milton, Shakspeare, ‡ and Dryden; and that we should have to add, as a partner in their destiny, one so worthy of being placed beside the greatest of Lord Byron.

I have already mentioned my having been up to town in the December of this year.

\* This great philosopher threw not only his own precepts into the scale of celibacy. "Wife and children," he tells us in one of his Essays, are "impediments to enterprises;" and adds, "Certainly, the best way of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from unmarried or childless men." See, with reference to this subject, chapter xviii of Mr D'Israeli's work on "Literary Character."

† Milton's first wife, it is well known, ran away from him, within a month after their marriage, disgracing Philipps, "with his spare diet and hard study;" and difficult to conceive a more melancholy picture of a life than is disclosed in his Nuncupative Will, the witnesses to which deposes to having heard the poet himself complain, that his children "were careless, being blind, and made nothing of deserting him."

‡ By whatever austerity of temper or habits Dante and Milton may have drawn upon themselves a fate, it might be expected that, at least, the Shakspeare\* would have stood exempt from the calamity of his brethren. But, among the very few of his life that have been transmitted to us, there is more clearly proved than the unhappiness of his marriage. The dates of the birth of his children, coincident with that of his removal from Stratford,—the mention of his wife's name in the first draft of his will, the bitter sarcasm of the bequest by which he left her afterwards,—all prove beyond a doubt both the irritation from the lady early in life, and his unfriendliness towards her at the close of it.

In endeavouring to argue against the conclusion to be deduced from this will, Boswell, with a strange ignorance of human nature, remarks,—"If he had taken any part of his wife's conduct, I cannot believe he would have taken this petty mode of expressing it."

\* See Foscolo's Essay on Petrarch. On the same principle, Orrery says, in speaking of Swift, "I am persuaded that his distance from his English friends proved a strong incitement to their mutual affection."

† That he was himself fully aware of this appears from a passage in one of his letters already given:—"My sister is in town, which is a great comfort; for, never having been much together, we are naturally more attached to each other."

I had of seeing Lord Byron during my stay at; and, among them, not the least agreeable were those evenings we passed at the house of his banker, Mr Douglas Kinross music,—followed by its accustomed upper, brandy and water, and not a little kept us together, usually, till rather a late hour those songs of mine which he has hitherto recorded as his favourites, there was a Portuguese air, "The song of war shall echo our mountains," which seemed especially him;—the national character of the land the recurrence of the words "sunny" bringing back freshly to his memory the of all he had seen in Portugal. I have, now few persons more alive to the charms of music; and not unfrequently have seen the eyes while listening to the Irish Melodies. It is that thus affected him was one, beginning first I met thee warm and young," the which, besides the obvious feeling which we were intended also to admit of a politeness. He, however, discarded the latter from his mind, and gave himself up to a natural sentiment of the song with evident

or two of these evenings, his favourite Kean, was of the party; and on another we had at dinner his early instructor in Mr Jackson, in conversing with whom, all tastes seemed to revive;—and it was not surprising to observe how perfectly familiar with "the Ring,"\* and with all the most characteristic of "the Fancy," was the of Child Harold. The wing note is the only one, of those I saw him at this time, worth transcribing.

\* December 14, 1814.

DEAREST TOM,

and the pattern to-morrow, and since you are our friend ('of the keeping part of the evening, I shall e'en sulk at home over a notion. My self-opinion rises much by your social qualities. As my friend Scrope says, I believe I am very well for a 'holi-

Where the devil are you? with Woolf-jecture—for which you deserve another saying that the American war will last us, and that all the prizes may be re-smoothed, believe me, &c.

I have just been composing an epistle to the or an especial licence. Oons! it looks gray is impatient to see you, and would give him audience. Your new coat! on like the colour, and don't go about, purple."

book which I have in my possession, containing the Chronological History of the Ring, I find the Byron, more than once, recorded among

solitiche, an old and valued friend of mine, on the occasion here alluded to, I was in the

## LETTER CCVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Dec. 31st, 1814.

"A thousand thanks for Gibbon: all the additions are very great improvements.

"At last, I must be most peremptory with you about the print from Phillips's picture: it is pronounced on all hands the most stupid and disagreeable possible; so do, pray, have a new engraving, and let me see it first; there really must be no more from the same plate. I don't much care, myself; but every one I honour torments me to death about it, and abuses it to a degree beyond repeating. Now, don't answer with excuses; but, for my sake, have it destroyed: I never shall have peace till it is. I write in the greatest haste.

"P.S.—I have written this most illegibly; but it is to beg you to destroy the print, and have another 'by particular desire.' It must be d—d bad, to be sure, since every body says so but the original; and he don't know what to say. But do do it: that is, burn the plate, and employ a new *etcher* from the other picture. This is stupid and sulky."

On his arrival in town, he had, upon inquiring into the state of his affairs, found them in so utterly embarrassed a condition as to fill him with some alarm, and even to suggest to his mind the prudence of deferring his marriage. The die was, however, cast, and he had now no alternative but to proceed. Accordingly, at the end of December, accompanied by his friend, Mr Hobbhouse, he set out for Seaham, the seat of Sir Ralph Milbanke, the lady's father, in the county of Durham, and on the 2d of January, 1815, was married.

I saw him stand

Before an altar with a gentle bride;  
Her face was fair, but was not that which made  
The Starlight of his Boyhood;—as he stood  
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came  
The self same aspect, and the quivering shock  
That in the antique Oratory shook  
His bosom in its solitude; and then—  
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face  
The tablet of unutterable thoughts  
Was traced,—and then it faded as it came,  
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke  
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,  
And all things reel'd around him; he could see  
Not that which was, nor that which should have been—  
But the old mansion, and the accustom'd hall,  
And the remember'd chambers, and the place,  
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,  
All things pertaining to that place and hour,  
And her, who was his destiny, came back,  
And thrust themselves between him and the light:—  
What business had they there at such a time? \*

This touching picture agrees so closely, in many of its circumstances, with his own prose account of the wedding in his Memoranda, that I feel justified in introducing it, historically, here. In that Memoir, he described himself as waking, on the morning of his marriage, with the most melancholy reflections, on seeing his wedding-suit spread out before him. In the same mood, he wandered about the grounds alone, till he was summoned for the ceremony, and joined, for the first time on that day, his bride and

\* The Dream.



her family. He knelt down,—he repeated the words after the clergyman; but a mist was before his eyes,—his thoughts were elsewhere; and he was but awakened by the congratulations of the bystanders, to find that he was—married.

The same morning the wedded pair left Seaham for Halmaby, another seat of Sir Ralph Milbanke, in the same county. When about to depart, Lord Byron said to the bride, "Miss Milbanke, are you ready?"—a mistake which the lady's confidential attendant pronounced to be a "bad omen."

It is right to add, that I quote these slight details from memory, and am alone answerable for any inaccuracy there may be found in them.

## LETTER CCVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

Kirkby, January 6th, 1815.

"The marriage took place on the 2d instant; so pray make haste and congratulate away."

"Thanks for the Edinburgh Review and the abolition of the print. Let the next be from the *other* of Phillips—I mean (*not* the Albanian, but) the original one in the exhibition; the last was from the copy. I should wish my sister and Lady Byron to decide upon the next, as they found fault with the last. I have no opinion of my own upon the subject."

"Mr Kinnaird will, I dare say, have the goodness to furnish copies of the *Melodies*,\* if you state my wish upon the subject. You may have them, if you think them worth inserting. The volumes in their collected state must be inscribed to Mr Hobhouse, but I have not yet mustered the expressions of my inscription; but will supply them in time."

"With many thanks for your good wishes, which have all been realized, I remain very truly,

Yours,

"BYRON."

## LETTER CCIX.

TO MR MOORE.

Halmaby, Darlington, January 10th, 1815.

"I was married this day week. The parson has pronounced it—Perry has announced it—and the Morning Post, also, under the head of 'Lord Byron's Marriage'—as if it were a fabrication, or the puff-direct of a new stay-maker."

"Now for thine affairs. I have redde thee upon the Fathers, and it is excellent well. Positively, you must not leave off reviewing. You shine in it—you kill in it; and this article has been taken for Sydney Smith's (as I heard in town), which proves not only your proficiency in parsonology, but that you have all the airs of a veteran critic at your first onset. So, prithee, go on and prosper."

"Scott's 'Lord of the Isles' is out—'the mail-coach copy' I have, by special licence of Murray."

"Now is *your* time;—you will come upon them newly and freshly. It is impossible to read what you have lately done (verse or prose) without seeing that

\* The Hebrew Melodies which he had employed himself in writing, during his recent stay in London.

you have trained on tenfold. \* \* \* has done as has fundered. I have tired the rascals (public) with my Harrys and Larrys, Pigeons and Pirates. Nobody but S \* \* \* y has done any worth a slice of bookseller's pudding; and he has luck enough to be found out in doing a good thing. Now, Tom, is thy time—'Oh joyful day,—I will not take a knighthood for thy fortune.' Let me hear from you soon, and believe me ever, &c."

"P.S.—Lady Byron is vastly well. Mrs Moore and Joe Atkinson's 'Graces.' We present our women to one another."

## LETTER CCX.

TO MR MOORE.

January 18th, 1815.

"Egad! I don't think he is 'down'; and my prophecy—like most auguries, sacred and profane—is not annulled, but inverted."

"To your question about the 'dog'—'Lady, my 'mother,' I won't say any thing against her; but how long a 'mistress' or friend can I recollect paramours or competitors (just and true) being the two great and only bonds between an amatory or the amicable, I can't say,—as you know as well as I could tell you. Her canine recollections, as far as I could judge from mine own (always bating Boatswain, and, alas! the maddest of dogs), I had a wolf by the side (that doted on me at ten years old, and very nearly ate me at twenty. We thought he was going to enact Argus, he bit the backside of my breeches, and never would to any kind of recognition, despite of all his bones which I offered him. So, let Southey and Homer too, as far as I can decide upon past memories."

"I humbly take it, the mother knows the son; she pays her jointure—a mistress her mate, all he refuses salary—a friend his fellow, till he loses his character, and a dog his master, till he chases him."

"So, you want to know about *mailady* and *mail*; let me not, as Roderick Random says, 'qualify the chaste mysteries of Hymen'†—damn the word, nearly spelt it with a small *h*. I like *Bell* as well as you do (or did, you villain!) *Bessy*—and that was saying a great deal."

"Address your next to Seaham, Stockton-on-Tees, where we are going on Saturday (a bore, by the way) to see father-in-law, Sir Jacob, and my lady-mother. Write—and write more at length both to the public and

"Yours ever most affectionately."

\* I had just been reading Mr Southey's *dog* and Roderick, and with reference to an incident in it, I put the following question to Lord Byron—'I don't know from you, who are one of the Philocyni and whether it is at all probable, that any dog (out of a mistress) could recognise a master, whom neither his own master nor mistress was able to find out. I don't care about the dog, &c.—all I want is to know from you (who are master as friend of the dog, companion of the bear,) whether a thing is probable."

† The letter H. is blotted in the MS.

my books, &c., are kept in tolerable order, and how far my old woman\* continues in health and industry as keeper of my old den. Your parcels have been duly received and perused; but I had hoped to receive 'Guy Mannering' before this time. I won't intrude further for the present on your avocations professional or pleasurable, but am, as usual,

"Very truly &c."

## LETTER CCXIII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* February 4th, 1815.

I received your letter from \*\* which will be the latter part—the former part—your own. If Jeffrey will undertake the review of the article itself (for I have nothing to do with it) I will send us three, as pretty much as I can, slipped over the tongue of a

rate, try Jeffrey's inclination. I have from him made me hint this to \*\*, a better prosier and scholar than I am, a superior man indeed. Excuse haste—and

"Ever yours most,"

"B.

"P. S.—All is well at home. I wrote to you yesterday."

## LETTER CCXIV.

TO MR MOORE.

\* February 10th, 1815.

"MY DEAR THOM,

"Jeffrey has been so very kind about me and my damnable works, that I would not be indirect or equivocal with him, even for a friend. So, it may be as well to tell him that it is not mine; but that, if I did not firmly and truly believe it to be much better than I could offer, I would never have troubled him or you about it. You can judge between you how far it is admissible, and reject it, if not of the right sort. For my own part, I have no interest in the article one way or the other, further than to oblige \*\*, and should the composition be a good one, it can hurt neither party,—nor indeed, any one, saving and excepting Mr \* \* \* \* \*

"Curse catch me if I know what H \*\* means or meant about the demonstrative pronoun, † but I admire your fear of being inoculated with the same. Have you never found out that you have a particular style of your own, which is as distinct from all other people, as Hafiz of Shiraz from Hafiz of the Morning Post?

"So you allowed B \*\* and such like to hum and haw you, or, rather, Lady J \*\* out of her compliment, and me out of mine ‡. Sunburn me but this was

\* Mrs Mule.

† Some remark which he told me had been made with respect to the frequent use of the demonstrative pronoun both by himself and by Sir W. Scott.

‡ Verses to Lady J \*\* (containing an allusion to Lord Byron) which I had written, while at Chatsworth, but consigned afterwards to the flames.

LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

## LETTER CCXV.

TO MR MURRAY.

"A thousand thanks for Gibbon: all the additions are very great improvements. 'Dec. 31st. 1814.' 'At last, I must be most peremptory with you on all hands from Phillips's picture: it is horrible; so do, first, have a new engraving, and then, if you really must be no more to me, let me see you beyond repeating. Now, I don't care, for my sake, have peace till it is. I

illibly; but it had to be said; and I am well me and how your Opera marriage; or who commandment. nothing but county and I have this day dined upon the crews of the late gales. But I saw the glories of surf and foam,—Bay of Biscay, and the interesting sort seas of Archipelago memory. Ralpho, hath recently made a tax-meeting; and not only at several times since, after dinner, speaking it to himself (I left him various decanters, which can nor fall asleep,—as might pose with some of his audience.

"Ever thine,

"B.

ea—damn tea. I wish it was and with you to lecture me about

## LETTER CCXII.

MR MURRAY.

ton-upon-Tees, February 24, 1815. me very much by making an ocubany, at my chambers, whether

according to his account, a certain actor used frequently to pronounce



pitiful-hearted. However, I will tell her all about it when I see her.

"Bell desires me to say all kinds of civilities, and assure you of her recognition and high consideration. I will tell you of our movements south, which may be in about three weeks from this present writing. By the way, don't engage yourself in any travelling expedition, as I have a plan of travel into Italy, which we will discuss. And then, think of the poesy where-withal we should overflow, from Venice to Vesuvius, to say nothing of Greece, through all which—God willing—we might perambulate in one twelve-months. If I take my wife, you can take yours; and if I leave mine, you may do the same. Mind you stand by me, in either case, Brother Bruin,

"And believe me inveterately yours,  
"B."

#### LETTER CCXV.

TO MR MOORE.

\* February 23d, 1815.

"Yesterday I sent off the packet and letter to Edinburgh. It consisted of forty-one pages, so that I have not added a line; but in my letter, I mentioned what passed between you and me in autumn, as my inducement for presuming to trouble him either with my own or \*\*'s lucubrations. I am anything but sure that it will do; but I have told J. that if there is any decent raw material in it, he may cut it into what shape he pleases, and warp it to his liking.

"So you *won't* go abroad, then, with me,—but alone. I fully purpose starting much about the time you mention, and alone, too.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I hope J. won't think me very impudent in sending \*\* only; there was not room for a syllable. I have avowed \*\* as the author, and said that you thought or said, when I met you last, that he (J.) would not be angry at the coalition (though, alas! we have not coalesced), and so, if I have got into a scrape, I must get out of it—Heaven knows how.

"Your Anacreon \* is come, and with it I sealed (its first impression) the packet and epistle to our patron.

"Curse the Melodies and the Tribes, to boot. † Braham is to assist—or hath assisted—but will do no more good than a second physician. I merely interfered to oblige a whim of K.'s, and all I have got by it was 'a speech' and a receipt for stewed oysters.

"Not meet!—pray don't say so. We must meet somewhere or somehow. Newstead is out of the question, being nearly sold again, or, if not, it is uninhabitable for my spouse. Pray write again. I will soon.

"P.S.—Pray when do you come out? ever, or never? I hope I have made no blunder; but I certainly think you said to me (after W\*'th, whom I first pondered upon, was given up) that \*\* and I might attempt \*\*\*. His length alone prevented me from

\* A seal, with the head of Anacreon, which I had given him.

† I had taken the liberty of laughing a little at the manner in which some of his Hebrew Melodies had been set to music.

trying my part, though I should have been severe upon the Reviewer.

"Your seal is the best and prettiest of all, and I thank you very much therefor. I have been—or, rather, ought to be—very much affected by the death of the Duke of Dorset. We were at school together, and there I was passionately attached to him. Since, we have never met—but I think, since 1805—and it would be a paltry pretence to pretend that I had any feeling for him by the name. But there was a time in my life when this event would have broken my heart; and now I can say for it now is that—it is not worth brooding on.

"Adieu—it is all a farce.

#### LETTER CCXVI.

TO MR MOORE.

\* March 2d,

"MY DEAR THOM,

"Jeffrey has sent me the most friendly of all possible letters, and has accepted \*'s article. He has long liked not only, &c. &c., but my manner. This must be your doing, you don't know how ashamed of yourself, knowing me so well, is what one gets for having you for a father confessor.

"I feel merry enough to send you a *sample*. You once asked me for some words which you set. Now you may set or not, as you like. There they are, in a legible hand, † and not a word but of my own scribbling; so you may say what you please. Why don't you write to me? I shall make you 'a speech' ‡ if you don't do so quickly.

"I am in such a state of sameness and stagnation, and so totally occupied in consuming the fruits of sauntering—and playing dull games at cards, yawning—and trying to read old Annuals, Reviews, and the daily papers—and gathering shells on the shore—and watching the growth of stunted goose-bushes in the garden—that I have neither time nor sense to say more than

"Yours ever,

"P.S.—I open my letter again to put a query to you. What would Lady C—k, or any fashionable Pidgeon, give to collect you and me to one party? I have been answered by your letter, which suggested this dainty query. I can laugh at the thoughts of your face and mind, and our anxiety to keep the Aristarch in good humour during the *early* part of a computation, till he is drunk enough to make him 'a speech.' I think the critic would have much the best of us—of course, at least—for I don't think diffidence (I mean social disease of yours.)"

\* The verses enclosed were those melancholy ones printed in his works, "There's not a joy the world can like those it takes away."

† The MS. was in the handwriting of Lady Byron. ‡ These allusions to "a speech" are connected with a little incident, not worth mentioning, which happened to us both when I was in town. He was rather fond of being always so, as may be seen in his early letters, harping on some conventional phrase or joke.

## LETTER CCXVII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* March 8th, 1815.

—the death of poor Dorset—and the of what I once felt, and ought to have felt could not—set me pondering, and finally aim of thought which you have in your am very glad you like them, for I flatter will pass as an imitation of your style. Imitate it well, I should have no great originality.—I wish I could make you th Dennis, 'That's my thunder, by G—d!' m with a view to your setting them, and t to Power, if he would accept the words, I not think yourself degraded, for once in marrying them to music.

in N\*\*)—why do you always twit me e Ebrew nasalities? Have I not told you C's doing, and my own exquisite facility But thou wilt be a wag, Thomas; and u get for it. Now for my revenge.

—and perpend—upon it that your opinion m will travel through one or other of the correspondents, till it reaches the ear and be author. \* Your adventure, however, ghable—but how could you be such a (ou, 'a brother' (of the quill) too, 'near to confide to a man's own publisher (who 'or rather sold, 'golden opinions' about damnatory parenthesis! 'Between you otha—it reminds me of a passage in the (—'Tête-à-tête with Lady Duberly, I No—tête-à-tête with five hundred peo- r confidential communication will doubt- ulation to that amount, in a short time, additions, and in several letters, all R. O. B., &c. &c. &c.

: this place to-morrow, and shall stop town (in the interval of taking a house Leigh's, near Newmarket, where any rs will find its welcome way.

en very comfortable here,—listening to nologue, which elderly gentlemen call and in which my pious father-in-law elf every evening—save one, when he he fiddle. However, they have been d hospitable, and I like them and the and I hope they will live many happy is in health, and unvaried good-humour r. But we are all in the agonies of arting; and I suppose by this time to- l be stuck in the chariot with my chin box. I have prepared, however, an-

ides to a circumstance which I had commu- a preceding letter. In writing to one of rtners of a well-known publishing estab- which I have since been lucky enough to (imate connexion), I had said confidentially a reference to a Poem that had just ap- pen you and me, I do not much admire

The letter being chiefly upon business, rough the regular business channel, and, to cluded with the following words:—'We are you do not approve of Mr \* \* \* s new Poem, dlist, &c. &c. L. H. R. O., &c. &c.'

other carriage for the abigail, and all the trumpery which our wives drag along with them.

"Ever thine, most affectionately,

"B."

## LETTER CCXVIII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* March 27th, 1815.

"I meant to write to you before on the subject of your loss; \* but the recollection of the uselessness and worthlessness of any observations on such events prevented me. I shall only now add, that I rejoice to see you bear it so well, and that I trust time will enable Mrs M. to sustain it better. Every thing should be done to divert and occupy her with other thoughts and cares, and I am sure all that can be done will.

"Now to your letter. Napoleon—but the papers will have told you all. I quite think with you upon the subject, and for my *real* thoughts this time last year, I would refer you to the last pages of the Journal I gave you. I can forgive the rogue for utterly falsifying every line of mine Ode—which I take to be the last and uttermost stretch of human magnanimity. Do you remember the story of a certain abbé, who wrote a Treatise on the Swedish Constitution, and proved it indissoluble and eternal? Just as he had corrected the last sheet, news came that Gustavus III had destroyed this immortal government. 'Sir,' quoth the abbé, 'the King of Sweden may overthrow the constitution, but not my book!!' I think of the abbé, but not *with* him.

"Making every allowance for talent and most consummate daring, there is, after all, a good deal in luck or destiny. He might have been stopped by our frigates—or wrecked in the Gulf of Lyons, which is particularly tempestuous—or—a thousand things. But he is certainly Fortune's favourite, and

Once fairly set out on his party of pleasure,  
Taking towns at his liking and crowns at his leisure,  
From Elba to Lyons and Paris he goes,  
Making balls for the ladies, and bows to his foes.

You must have seen the account of his driving into the middle of the royal army, and the immediate effect of his pretty speeches. And now, if he don't drub the allies, there is 'no purchase in money.' If he can take France by himself, the devil 's in 't if he don't repulse the invaders, when backed by those celebrated swordsmen—those boys of the blade, the Imperial Guard, and the old and new army. It is impossible not to be dazzled and overwhelmed by his character and career. Nothing ever so disappointed me as his abdication, and nothing could have reconciled me to him but some such revival as his recent exploit; though no one could anticipate such a complete and brilliant renovation.

"To your question, I can only answer that there have been some symptoms which look a little gestatory. It is a subject upon which I am not particularly anxious, except that I think it would please her uncle, Lord Wentworth, and her father and

\* The death of his infant god-daughter, Olivia Byron Moore.



mother. The former (Lord W.) is now in town, and in very indifferent health. You perhaps know that his property, amounting to seven or eight thousand a year, will eventually devolve upon Bell. But the old gentleman has been so very kind to her and me, that I hardly know how to wish him in heaven, if he can be comfortable on earth. Her father is still in the country.

"We mean to metropolize to-morrow, and you will address your next to Piccadilly. We have got the Duchess of Devon's house there, she being in France.

"I don't care what Power says to secure the property of the Song, so that it is *not* complimentary to me, nor any thing about 'condescending' or 'noble author'—both 'vile phrases,' as Polonius says.

"Pray, let me hear from you, and when you mean to be in town. Your continental scheme is impracticable for the present. I have to thank you for a longer letter than usual, which I hope will induce you to tax my gratitude still further in the same way.

"You never told me about 'Longman' and 'next winter,' and I am *not* a 'mile-stone.'"<sup>\*</sup>

#### LETTER CCXIX.

TO MR COLERIDGE.

\* Piccadilly, March 31st, 1815.

"DEAR SIR,

"It will give me great pleasure to comply with your request, though I hope there is still taste enough left amongst us to render it almost unnecessary, sordid and interested as, it must be admitted, many of 'the trade' are, where circumstances give them an advantage. I trust you do not permit yourself to be depressed by the temporary partiality of what is called 'the public' for the favourites of the moment; all experience is against the permanency of such impressions. You must have lived to see many of these pass away, and will survive many more—I mean personally, for *poetically*, I would not insult you by a comparison.

"If I may be permitted, I would suggest that there never was such an opening for tragedy. In Kean, there is an actor worthy of expressing the thoughts of the characters which you have every power of embodying; and I cannot but regret that the part of Ordonio was disposed of before his appearance at Drury-lane. We have had nothing to be mentioned in the same breath with 'Remorse' for very many years; and I should think that the reception of that play was sufficient to encourage the highest hopes of author and audience. It is to be hoped that you are proceeding in a career which could not but be successful. With my best respects to Mr Bowles, I have the honour to be

"Your obliged

"and very obedient servant,

"BYRON.

\* I had accused him of having entirely forgot that, in a preceding letter, I had informed him of my intention to publish with the Messrs Longman in the ensuing winter, and added that, in giving him this information, I found I had been,—to use an elegant Irish metaphor,—"whistling figs to a mile-stone."

"P.S.—You mention my 'Satire,' I suppose whatever you or others please to call it. I can say, that it was written when I was very young, very angry, and has been a thorn in my side since; more particularly as almost all the persons animadverted upon became subsequently my acquaintances, and some of them my friends, who 'heaping fire upon an enemy's head,' and for me too readily to permit me to forgive myself, part applied to you is pert, and petulant, and enough; but, although I have long done every thing in my power to suppress the circulation of the thing, I shall always regret the wantonness and rashness of many of its attempted attacks."

It was in the course of this spring that Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott became, for the first time, personally acquainted with each other. Mr Byron, having been previously on a visit to the latter gentleman, had been intrusted by him with a Turkish dagger, as a present to Lord Byron. On their meeting this year, in London—the only time when these two great men had an opportunity of enjoying each other's society—presented to Sir Walter Scott, in return, a box containing some human bones that had been dug from under a part of the old walls of Athens. The reader, however, will be much better pleased to have these particulars in the words of Sir Walter Scott himself, who, with that good sense which renders him no less amiable than he is admirable, found time, in the midst of all his marvellous labours for the world, to favour me with the following interesting communication.\*

"My first acquaintance with Byron began in a manner rather doubtful. I was so far from having any thing to do with the offensive criticism in Edinburgh, that I remember remonstrating with it with our friend, the editor, because I thought

\* A few passages at the beginning of these notices have been omitted, as containing particulars relating to Lord Byron's mother, which have already been mentioned in the early part of this work. Among these there is one anecdote, the repetition of which will be pardoned, on account of the infinitely greater interest and authenticity imparted to its details by coming from an eye-witness as Sir Walter Scott:—"I remember," says, "having seen Lord Byron's mother before she was married, and a certain coincidence rendered her appearance rather remarkable. It was during Mrs Siddons's first or second visit to Edinburgh, when the music of the wonderful actress's voice, looks, manner, and person, produced the strongest effect which could possibly be exerted on a human being upon her fellow-creatures. Nothing so kind that I ever witnessed approached it by a shade. The high state of excitation was aided by the culties of obtaining entrance, and the exhausting of time that the audience were contented to wait, till the piece commenced. When the curtains fell, a new portion of the ladies were generally in hysterics."

"I remember Miss Gordon of Ghight, in particular, rowing the house by the desperate and wild way in which she shrieked out Mrs Siddons's exclamation, in the character of Isabella, 'Oh my Byron! Oh my Byron!' A well known medical gentleman, the benevolent Dr John Wood, tendered his assistance; but the thick press of audience could not for a long time make way for the doctor to approach his patient, or the patient the physician. A remarkable circumstance was, that the lady had not seen Captain Byron, who, like Sir Toby, made her acquaintance with 'Oh!' as she had begun with it."

of Idleness' treated with undue severity. I was written, like all juvenile poetry, rather in recollection of what had pleased the author than what had been suggested by his own mind; but, nevertheless, I thought they contained passages of noble promise. I was so agreed with this, that I had thoughts of sending the author; but some exaggerated reports of his peculiarities, and a natural unwillingness to intrude an opinion which was uncalled for, made me relinquish the idea.

When Byron wrote his famous Satire, I had my flagellation among my betters. My crime was written a poem (*Marmion*, I think) for a few pounds; which was no otherwise true than I sold the copyright for that sum. Now, I am sure that an author can hardly be censured for selling such a sum as the booksellers are willing to give him, especially as the gentlemen of the law make no complaints of their bargain, I thought I was not far from my private affairs was rather within the limits of literary satire. On the other hand, Byron paid me, in several passages, so much praise than I deserved, that I must have been more irritable than I have ever felt upon such an account to sit down contented, and think no more of the matter.

I was very much struck, with all the rest of the world, by the vigour and force of imagination displayed in the first *Cantos* of *Childe Harold*, and the splendid productions which Lord Byron flung to the public with a promptitude that surprised me. My own popularity, as a poet, was on the wane, and I was unaffectedly surprised to see an author of so much power and genius in the field. Mr John Murray happened to be in Scotland that season, and as I mentioned to him the pleasure I should have in making Lord Byron's acquaintance, he had the kindness to mention his lordship, which led to some corres-

pondence in the spring of 1815 that, chancing to be in London, I had the advantage of a personal introduction to Lord Byron. Report had prepared me with an opinion of peculiar habits and a quick temper, and some doubts whether we were likely to suit each other in society. I was most agreeably disappointed in this respect. I found Lord Byron in the most courteous, and even kind. We met, for two or three almost daily, in Mr Murray's room, and found a great deal to say to each other. We met frequently in parties and evening parties, and for about two months I had the advantage of considerable intimacy with this distinguished individual. Our sentiments agreed a good deal upon the subjects of religion and politics, neither of which I was inclined to believe Lord Byron entertained very fixed opinions. I was saying to him, that I really thought, that in a few years he would alter his sentiments. He said, rather sharply, 'I suppose you are a prophet; I will turn Methodist.' I said—I don't expect your conversion to be of the ordinary kind. I would rather look to see you upon the Catholic faith, and distinguish the austerity of your penances. The

species of religion to which you must, or may, one day attach yourself, must exercise a strong power on the imagination.' He smiled gravely, and seemed to allow I might be right.

"On politics, he used sometimes to express a high strain of what is now called Liberalism; but it appeared to me that the pleasure it afforded him as a vehicle of displaying his wit and satire against individuals in office was at the bottom of this habit of thinking, rather than any real conviction of the political principles on which he talked. He was certainly proud of his rank and ancient family, and, in that respect, as much an aristocrat as was consistent with good sense and good breeding. Some disapprobation, how adopted I know not, seemed to me to have given this peculiar and, as it appeared to me, contradictory cast of mind; but, at heart, I would have termed Byron a patrician on principle.

"Lord Byron's reading did not seem to me to have been very extensive either in poetry or history. Having the advantage of him in that respect, and possessing a good competent share of such reading as is little read, I was sometimes able to put under his eye objects which had for him the interest of novelty. I remember particularly repeating to him the fine poem of *Hardyknute*, an imitation of the old Scottish Ballad, with which he was so much affected, that some one who was in the same apartment asked me what I could possibly have been telling Byron by which he was so much agitated.

"I saw Byron, for the last time, in 1815, after I returned from France. He dined, or lunched, with me at Long's, in Bond-street. I never saw him so full of gaiety and good-humour, to which the presence of Mr Matthews, the comedian, added not a little. Poor Terry was also present. After one of the gayest parties I ever was present at, my fellow-traveller, Mr Scott of Gala, and I, set off for Scotland, and I never saw Lord Byron again. Several letters passed between us—one perhaps every half year. Like the old heroes in Homer, we exchanged gifts;—I gave Byron a beautiful dagger mounted with gold, which had been the property of the redoubtable Elif Bey. But I was to play the part of Diomed, in the *Iliad*, for Byron sent me, some time after, a large sepulchral vase of silver. It was full of dead men's bones, and had inscriptions on two sides of the base. One ran thus—'The bones contained in this urn were found in certain ancient sepulchres within the land walls of Athens, in the month of February, 1811.' The other face bears the lines of Juvenal:

*'Expende—quot libras in dace summo invenies.  
—Mors sola fatetur quantula hominum corporcula.'*  
Juv. x.

"To these I have added a third inscription, in these words—'The gift of Lord Byron to Walter Scott.'"

\* Mr Murray had, at the time of giving the vase, suggested to Lord Byron, that it would increase the value of the gift to add some such inscription; but the feeling of the noble poet on this subject will be understood from the following answer which he returned.

\* April 9th. 1815.

\* Thanks for the books. I have great objection to your proposition about inscribing the vase,—which is, that it would appear ostentatious on my part; and of course I must send it as it is, without any alteration.

\* Yours, &c.\*



There was a letter with this vase more valuable to me than the gift itself, from the kindness with which the donor expressed himself towards me. I left it naturally in the urn with the bones,—but it is now missing. As the theft was not of a nature to be practised by a mere domestic, I am compelled to suspect the inhospitality of some individual of higher station, most gratuitously exercised certainly, since, after what I have here said, no one will probably choose to boast of possessing this literary curiosity.

"We had a good deal of laughing, I remember, on what the public might be supposed to think, or say, concerning the gloomy and ominous nature of our mutual gifts.

"I think I can add little more to my recollections of Byron. He was often melancholy,—almost gloomy. When I observed him in this humour, I used either to wait till it went off of its own accord, or till some natural and easy mode occurred of leading him into conversation, when the shadows almost always left his countenance, like the mist rising from a landscape. In conversation, he was very animated.

"I met with him very frequently in society; our mutual acquaintances doing me the honour to think that he liked to meet with me. Some very agreeable parties I can recollect,—particularly one at Sir George Beaumont's, where the amiable landlord had assembled some persons distinguished for talent. Of these I need only mention the late Sir Humphry Davy, whose talents for literature were as remarkable as his empire over science. Mr Richard Sharpe and Mr Rogers were also present.

"I think I also remarked in Byron's temper starts of suspicion, when he seemed to pause and consider whether there had not been a secret, and perhaps offensive, meaning in something casually said to him. In this case, I also judged it best to let his mind, like a troubled spring, work itself clear, which it did in a minute or two. I was considerably older, you will recollect, than my noble friend, and had no reason to fear his misconstruing my sentiments towards him, nor had I ever the slightest reason to doubt that they were kindly returned on his part. If I had occasion to be mortified by the display of genius which threw into the shade such pretensions as I was then supposed to possess, I might console myself that, in my own case, the materials of mental happiness had been mingled in a greater proportion.

"I rummage my brains in vain for what often rushes into my head unbidden,—little traits and sayings which recall his looks, manner, tone, and gestures; and I have always continued to think that a crisis of life was arrived in which a new career of fame was opened to him, and that had he been permitted to start upon it, he would have obliterated the memory of such parts of his life as friends would wish to forget."

#### LETTER CCXX.

TO MR MOORE.

April 23d, 1815.

"Lord Wentworth died last week. The bulk of his property (from seven to eight thousand per ann.) is entailed on Lady Milbanke and Lady Byron. The

first is gone to take possession in Leice attend the funeral, &c., this day.

"I have mentioned the facts of the Lord W.'s property, because the new their usual accuracy, have been making blunders in their statement. His will expected—the principal part settled on L. (now Noel) and Bell, and a separate sale to pay debts (which are not great to his natural son and daughter.

"Mrs \* \* \*'s tragedy was last night may bring it on again, and probably will it was,—not a word of the last act and (*malgré* that I ought to have staid at cloth for unc., but I could not resist the any thing) to a private and quiet nook box, and witnessed the whole process three acts, with transient gushes of ap patiently but heavily on. I must say, acted, particularly by \* \*, who was gr the third act,—something about 'he horror' was the cause. Well, the fourth muddy and turbid as need be; but the Garrick used to call (like a fool) the a play—the fifth act stuck fast at the You know he says 'he never went to saying them, and did not like to om But he was no sooner upon his knees, dience got upon their legs—the damn roared, and groaned, and hissed, and w that was choked a little; but the ruffi penitent peasantry—and killing the Bi Princess—oh, it was all over. The cu unheard actors, and the announcement Kean for Monday was equally ineffectu ley was so frightened, that, though the tolerably quiet, the Epilogue was quit half the house. In short,—you know a till my hands were skinless, and so d Mackintosh, who was with me in the world were in the house, from the J &c. &c., downwards. But it would a after all, not an *acting* play; good lang power.

Women (saving Joanna Bailie) cann gedy; they have not seen enough nor life for it. I think Semiramis or Cath have written (could they have been rare play.

"It is, however, a good warning write tragedies. I never had much b but, if I had, this would have cured me  
"Ever, carissim

#### LETTER CCXXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"You must have thought it very o ungrateful, that I made no mention of

\* Mr Murray had presented Lady Byr drawings, by Stothard, from Lord Byron's

ad the pleasure of seeing you this morning, that till this moment I had not seen of their arrival: they were carried away, where I have not been till just estimation given to me of their coming. is so very magnificent, that—in short, Byron to thank you for it herself, and is to apologise for a piece of apparent neglect on my own part.

"Yours, &c."

## LETTER CCXXII.

TO MR MOORE.\*

\*13, Piccadilly Terrace, June 12th, 1815.

thing to offer in behalf of my late silence, not inveterate and ineffable laziness; but me to invent a lie, or I *certainly* should, ed of the truth. K\*, I hope, has our magnanimous indignation at his wished and wish you were in the Com- all my heart.† It seems so hopeless a at the company of a friend would be quite but more of this when we meet. In the you are entreated to prevail upon Mrs engage herself. I believe she has been at your influence, in person, or proxy, ly go farther than our proposals. What know not; all my new function consists the despair of Cavendish Bradshaw, Kinnaird, the wishes of Lord Essex, of Whitbread, and the calculations of —all of which, and whom, seem totally C. Bradshaw wants to light the theatre th may, perhaps (if the vulgar be he- half the audience, and all the *Dramatis* ex has endeavoured to persuade K\* \* nk, the consequence of which is, that ten sober since. Kinnaird, with equal I have convinced Raymond that he, god, had too much salary. Whitbread ess the pit another sixpence,—a d—d sition,—which will end in an O. P. o crown all, R\* \*, the auctioneer, has to be displeased, because he has no villain is a proprietor of shares, and a tor in the meetings. I hear he has incapacity,—a foregone conclusion,— to give him signal proofs before we

ive us an Opera? no, I'll be sworn, would.

with the poetical world, Walter Scott to Scotland. Murray, the bookseller, y cudgelled of misbegotten knaves,

following letter were addressed to me in (I had gone about the middle of the pre-

become one of the members of the Sub- sisting, besides himself, of the persons letter), who had taken upon themselves of Drury-lane Theatre; and it had been at construction of the Committee, that I in colleagues. To some mistake in the g this proposal to me, he alludes in the e.

'in Kendal green,' at Newington Butts, in his way home from a purlieu dinner—and robbed,—would you believe it?—of three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of his grandfather's, worth a million! This is his version,—but others opine that D'Israeli, with whom he dined, knocked him down with his last publication, 'the Quarrels of Authors,' in a dispute about copyright. Be that as it may, the newspapers have teemed with his 'injuria formæ,' and he has been embrocated and invisible to all but the apothecary ever since.

"Lady B. is better than three months advanced in her progress towards maternity, and, we hope, likely to go well through with it. We have been very little out this season, as I wish to keep her quiet in her present situation. Her father and mother have changed their names to Noel, in compliance with Lord Wentworth's will, and in complaisance to the property bequeathed by him.

"I hear that you have been gloriously received by the Irish,—and so you ought. But don't let them kill you with claret and kindness at the national dinner in your honour, which, I hear and hope, is in contemplation. If you will tell me the day, I'll get drunk myself on this side of the water, and waft you an applauding hiccup over the Channel.

"Of politics, we have nothing but the yell for war; and C\* \* h is preparing his head for the pike, ou which we shall see it carried before he has done. The loan has made every body sulky. I hear often from Paris, but in direct contradiction to the home statements of our hirelings. Of domestic doings, there has been nothing since Lady D\* \*. Not a divorce stirring,—but a good many in embryo, in the shape of marriages.

"I enclose you an epistle received this morning from I know not whom; but I think it will amuse you. The writer must be a rare fellow\*.

"P.S.—A gentleman named D'Alton (not your Dalton) has sent me a National Poem called 'Dermid.' The same cause which prevented my writing to you operated against my wish to write to him an epistle of thanks. If you see him, will you make all kinds of fine speeches for me, and tell him that I am the laziest and most ungrateful of mortals?

"A word more;—don't let Sir John Stevenson (as an evidence on trials for copyright, &c.) talk about the price of your next Poem, or they will come upon you for the *Property Tax* for it. I am serious, and have just heard a long story of the rascally tax-men

\* The following is the enclosure here referred to.

\* Darlington, June 3, 1815.

\* My lord,

"I have lately purchased a set of your works, and am quite vexed that you have not cancelled the Ode to Buonaparte. It certainly was prematurely written, without thought or reflection. Providence has now brought him to reign over millions again, while the same Providence keeps as it were in a garrison another potentate, who, in the language of Mr Burke, 'he hurled from his throne.' See if you cannot make amends for your folly, and consider that, in almost every respect, human nature is the same, in every clime and in every period, and don't act the part of a foolish boy. Let not Englishmen talk of the stretch of tyrants, while the torrents of blood shed in the East Indies cry aloud to Heaven for retaliation. Learn, good sir, not to cast the first stone. I remain your lordship's servant,

\* J. R\* \*.



making Scott pay for his. So, take care. Three hundred is a devil of a deduction out of three thousand."

## LETTER CCXXIII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* July 7th, 1815.

" 'Grata superveniet,' &c. &c. I had written to you again, but burnt the letter, because I began to think you seriously hurt at my indolence, and did not know how the buffoonery it contained might be taken. In the mean time, I have yours, and all is well.

"I had given over all hopes of yours. By the by, my 'grata superveniet' should be in the present tense; for I perceive it looks now as if it applied to this present scrawl reaching you, whereas it is to the receipt of thy Kilkenny epistle that I have tacked that venerable sentiment.

"Poor Whitbread died yesterday morning,—a sudden and severe loss. His health had been wavering, but so fatal an attack was not apprehended. He dropped down and, I believe, never spoke afterwards. I perceive Perry attributes his death to Drury-lane,—a consolatory encouragement to the new Committee. I have no doubt that \* \*, who is of a plethoric habit, will be bled immediately; and as I have, since my marriage, lost much of my paleness, and,—'horresco referens' (for I hate even moderate fat)—that happy 'slenderness, to which, when I first knew you, I had attained, I by no means sit easy under this dispensation of the Morning Chronicle. Every one must regret the loss of Whitbread; he was surely a great and very good man.

"Paris is taken for the second time. I presume it, for the future, will have an anniversary capture. In the late battles, like all the world, I have lost a connexion,—poor Frederick Howard, the best of his race. I had little intercourse, of late years, with his family, but I never saw or heard but good of him. Hobhouse's brother is killed. In short, the havoc has not left a family out of its tender mercies.

"Every hope of a republic is over, and we must go on under the old system. But I am sick at heart of politics and slaughters; and the luck which Providence is pleased to lavish on Lord \* \* is only a proof of the little value the gods set upon prosperity, when they permit such \* \* \* as he and that drunken corporal, old Blucher, to bully their betters. From this, however, Wellington should be excepted. He is a man,—and the Scipio of our Hannibal. However, he may thank the Russian frosts, which destroyed the real elite of the French army, for the successes of Waterloo.

"La! Moore—how you blasphemous about 'Parnassus' and 'Moses!' I am ashamed for you. Won't you do any thing for the drama? We beseech an Opera. Kinnaird's blunder was partly mine. I wanted you of all things in the Committee, and so did he. But we are now glad you were wiser; for it is, I doubt, a bitter business.

"When shall we see you in England? Sir Ralph Noel (*late* Milbank)—he don't promise to be *late* Noel in a hurry) finding that one man can't inhabit two houses, has given his place in the north to me for a habitation; and there Lady B. threatens to be

brought to bed in November. Sir R. and my late Mother are to quarter at Kirby—Lord Westmoreland that was. Perhaps you and Mrs Moore will pay a visit at Seaham in the course of the autumn. So, you and I (*without our wives*) will take a little Edinburgh and embrace Jeffrey. It is not so far above one hundred miles from us. But all this, and other high matters, we will discuss at meeting, which I hope will be on your return. We don't leave town till August.

"Ever, &amp;c."

## LETTER CCXXIV.

TO MR SOTHEY.

\* September 15, 1815. Piccadilly Theatre.

"DEAR SIR,

" 'Ivan' is accepted, and will be put in preparation on Kean's arrival.

"The theatrical gentlemen have a confidence of its success. I know not that any alterations of the stage will be necessary; if any, they will be trifling, and you shall be duly apprized. I only suggest that you should not attend any early rehearsal—rehearsals—the managers have requested to state this to you. You can see them, Mr. Dibdin and Rae, whenever you please, and I will do any thing you wish to be done on your suggestion at the mean time.

"Mrs Mardyn is not yet out, and nothing is determined till she has made her appearance—mean as to her capacity for the part you wish, which I take it for granted is not in Ivan—as Mr. Ivan may be performed very well without her of that hereafter.

"Ever yours, very truly,

"RYAN."

"P.S.—You will be glad to hear that the season begun uncommonly well—great and constant success—the performers in much harmony with the Committee and one another, and as much good done as can be preserved in such complicated and extensive interests as the Drury-lane proprietors."

TO MR SOTHEY.

\* September 28, 1815.

"DEAR SIR,

"I think it would be advisable for you to see the acting-managers when convenient, as these are the points on which you will want to confer; the objection I stated was merely on the part of the performers, and is general and not particular in instance. I thought it as well to mention it to you—and some of the rehearsals you will doubtless notwithstanding.

"Rae, I rather think, has his eye on Norton himself. He is a more popular performer than Bartley, and certainly the cast will be stronger him in it; besides, he is one of the managers, and will feel doubly interested if he can act in both capacities. Mrs Bartley will be Petronia;—as I told you, I know not what to say or think. The truth is, we are not amply furnished with women; but make the best of those we have; and can take your choice of them. We have all

manuscripts—on which, writing with others, I was particularly anxious, as being only to be brought out after the date.

"I have a charge against you. As Byron cannot act as a minor occasion that is my theme," as I continue lightning." I write to a speech of mine with Pittman and the Emperor, right and almost expression are under the 22 Counts of the "Comité." I have by this to answer you, but to exempt opinion "as there is a quantity of criticism, on my part, between the spirit of composition and of your opinion, which cannot be done without to you. If to confer with the managers at present, to your wishes—as soon then.

"Yours very truly,  
"Byron."

## LETTER CXXV

TO MR. HENRY.

Paris, Thursday, September 22d, 1818.

"You should feel secure at what I have just said. If your Editor, as circumstances are, cannot, I have no objection of all the letters in me but which his limitations are not to be

there since things of this kind have got me from my property; nor is I or attack which would induce me to show it against those innocent victims, I hope, are such as to exempt me of those who have no good will to do a crime, supposing it is mine—a thing of Dr. Johnson, what he says, I would do for myself, in the last thing might.

As, with many thanks, Count and the Poems, I hope, you intended me to do, I shall do so, till I hear the con-

"Very truly yours."

By this permission of the poet, to return, but after providing immediately of the coming change of papers to be by some condition. The following are:

And I now say:  
I have my story done, I cannot  
I am in better case, or not,  
I have lightning, or I shall  
I am done then.

Why I have been in the last company of my child's property, a count, a List, for a present which he wrote me and only found away of all the other three was found, on the following day, from the publisher's account a letter was only upon this matter, containing some lines to Lady Byron, and I am to be told by the Editor that there is a count, that, as conditions to the letters of the Editor.

TO MR. HENRY.

"Sept. 22, 1818."

"Will you publish the Essay—'Maggie'—or, what is more, will you give fifty, or even fifty, pounds for the copyright of the said? I have intention to ask you this question on behalf of the manager, and wish you would. We can't get so much for him by the pounds from my body else, and I, knowing your engagement, would be glad of an answer.

"Ever, &c."

## LETTER CXXVI

TO MR. HENRY.

"September 22d, 1818."

"That's right, and splendid, and becoming a publisher of high degree. Mr. Countess the manager, will be delighted, and pay the underpayment; and in reward for your beautiful behaviour in this instance, I won't ask you to publish any more for Byron—nor any more whatever again. You will have no reply or any thing due from me. I know you, and think yourself lucky in having got rid of me, for good and all, without more charge. But I'll tell you what we will do for you,—our Saturday's hour, which will amount; and thus your present and next impression of the demands of that domestic goddess will be compensated in your heart's content; and if there is any thing very good, you shall have the reward; but you don't have any more returns.

"Saturday brought a thought, and about the words from the Third Count of the Comité, which, you know, was published six months before his tragedy. It is from the count in Count's will. I have written to Mr. Saturday to show it; and, as Byron would not of the yet, 'By G—d, that's my theme!' as do I, and will I continue. By G—d, that's my lightning! but I don't think that being in fact, the subject of the next passage.

"You will have a part of Henry Kelly, in the West, a profit, which is usually worth more the money you have given for the MS. Pay your debt as with the note I gave you about Maggie's sale."

"Ever, &c."

## LETTER CXXVII

TO MR. HENRY.

"X. Paris, Thursday, January 2d, 1819."

"You are a count, a frequent agent, as I am, and your business may not be small; and, as you are your position, because I do not answer you and then other. What do you want for 'Maggie's sale'?" Never mind, I answer you,—a strong proof of it, and not what is given for it.

The new publisher's bill, now for writing:

"You are under a count. I have written to Mr. Perry, who answers me of an hour, and yet, I suppose he answers a longer. Now, if you have Perry's count, and I suppose more to me, I have one will be as—our next to me, then given me—January 2d. We are engaged, and are done already. Wednesday, 1st, I am under."



naird, who is the 'all in all sufficient,' and can count, which none of the rest of the Committee can.

"It is really very good fun, as far as the daily and nightly stir of the strutters and fretters go; and, if the concern could be brought to pay a shilling in the pound, would do much credit to the management. Mr—— has an accepted tragedy, \*\*\*\*\* whose first scene is in his sleep (I don't mean the author's). It was forwarded to us as a prodigious favourite of Kean's; but the said Kean, upon interrogation, denies his eulogy, and protests against his part. How it will end, I know not.

"I say so much about the theatre, because there is nothing else alive in London at this season. All the world are out of it, except us, who remain to lie in,—in December, or perhaps earlier. Lady B. is very ponderous and prosperous, apparently, and I wish it well over.

"There is a play before me from a personage who signs himself 'Hibernicus.' The hero is Malachi, the Irishman and king; and the villain and usurper, Turgesius, the Dane. The conclusion is fine. Turgesius is chained by the leg (*vide* stage direction) to a pillar on the stage; and King Malachi makes him a speech, not unlike Lord Castlereagh's about the balance of power and the lawfulness of legitimacy, which puts Turgesius into a frenzy—as Castlereagh's would, if his audience was chained by the leg. He draws a dagger and rushes at the orator; but, finding himself at the end of his tether, he sticks it into his own carcass, and dies, saying, he has fulfilled a prophecy.

"Now, this is *serious downright matter of fact*, and the gravest part of a tragedy which is not intended for burlesque. I tell it you for the honour of Ireland. The writer hopes it will be represented:—but what is Hope? nothing but the paint on the face of Existence; the least touch of truth rubs it off, and then we see what a hollow-cheeked harlot we have got hold of. I am not sure that I have not said this last superfine reflection before.\* But never mind;—it will do for the tragedy of Turgesius, to which I can append it.

"Well, but how dost thou do? thou bard, not of a thousand, but three thousand? I wish your friend, Sir John Piano-forte, had kept that to himself, and not made it public at the trial of the song-seller in Dublin. I tell you why; it is a liberal thing for Longman to do, and honourable for you to obtain; but it will set all the 'hungry and dinnerless, lank-jawed judges' upon the fortunate author. But they be d—d!—the 'Jeffrey and the Moore together are confident against the world in ink!' By the way, if poor C \* \* \* e—who is a man of wonderful talent, and in distress,\* and about to publish two vols. of Poesy and Biography, and who has been worse used by the critics than ever we were—will you, if he comes out, promise me to review him favourably in the E. R.? Praise him, I think you must, but you will also praise him *well*,—of all things the most difficult. It will be the making of him.

\* It is but justice both to \* him that gave and him that took\* to mention that the noble poet, at this time, with a delicacy which enhanced the kindness, advanced to the eminent person here spoken of, on the credit of some work he was about to produce, one hundred pounds.

"This must be a secret between you and me, Jeffrey might not like such a project;—no, indeed, might C. himself like it. But I do think he wants a pioneer and a sparkle or two to expiate most gloriously.

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"P.S.—This is a sad scribbler's letter; but the next shall be 'more of this world.'"

As, after this letter, there occur but few allusions to his connexion with the Drury-lane Management, I shall here avail myself of the opportunity to present some extracts from his "Detached Thoughts," containing recollections of his short acquaintance with the interior of the theatre.

"When I belonged to the Drury-lane Committee and was one of the Sub-committee of Managers, the number of *plays* upon the shelves were about hundred. Conceiving that amongst these there must be *some* of merit, in person and by proxy, I made an investigation. I do not think that of those we saw there was one which could be conscientiously tolerated. There never were such things as any of them! Maturin was very kindly recommended to me by Walter Scott, to whom I had written, firstly, in the hope that he would do something for himself, and secondly, in my despair, that he would point out to us any young (or old) writer of promise. Maturin sent his Bertram and a letter with his address, so that at first I could give him no answer. When I at last hit upon his residence, I sent him a favourable answer and something more substantial. His play succeeded; but I was at that time in England.

"I tried Coleridge too; but he had nothing to offer in hand at the time. Mr Sotheby always offered *all* his tragedies, and I pledged myself, notwithstanding many squabbles with my Committee Brethren, did get 'Ivan' accepted, read, and the parts distributed. But, lo! in the very heart of the matter, upon some *tepidness* on the part of Kean or warmth on that of the author, Sotheby withdrew his play. Sir J. B. Burgess did also present his tragedies and a farce, and I moved given over to the Sub-Committee, but they would not.

"Then the scenes I had to go through—of authors, and the authoresses, and the writers, and the wild Irishmen,—the people from Blackwall, from Chatham, from Chelsea, from Dublin, from Dundee,—who came in request to all of whom it was proper to give a civil notice and a hearing, and a reading. Mrs \* \* \* \* Irish dancing-master of sixty years, called upon to request to play Archer, dressed in silk stockings, a frosty morning to show his legs (which were good and Irish for his age, and had been still better).—Miss Emma Somebody with a play entitled 'The Bandit of Bohemia,' or some such title or pretence.—Mr O'Higgins, the resident at Richmond, with an Irish tragedy, in which the unities could not be observed, for the protagonist was chained by the leg to a pillar during the chief part of the performance. He was a wild man, of a salvage appearance, and the difficulty of *not* laughing at him was only to be

"Lewis is going to Jamaica to suck his sugar-canes. He sails in two days; I enclose you his farewell note. I saw him last night at D. L. T. for the last time previous to his voyage. Poor fellow! he is really a good man—an excellent man—he left me his walking-stick and a pot of preserved ginger. I shall never eat the last without tears in my eyes, it is so *hot*. We have had a devil of a row among our ballerinas: Miss Smith has been wronged about a hornpipe. The Committee have interfered; but Byrne, the d—d ballet-master, won't budge a step. I am furious, so is George Lamb. Kinnaird is very glad, because—he don't know why; and I am very sorry, for the same reason. To-day I dine with Kd.—we are to have Sheridan and Colman again; and to-morrow, once more, at Sir Gilbert Heathcote's.

"Leigh Hunt has written a *real good* and *very original Poem*, which I think will be a great hit. You can have no notion how very well it is written, nor should I, had I not redde it. As to us, Tom—eh, when art thou out? If you think the verses worth it, I would rather they were embalmed in the Irish Melodies, than scattered abroad in a separate song—much rather. But when are thy great things out? I mean the Po of Pos—thy Shah Nameh. It is very kind in Jeffrey to like the Hebrew Melodies. Some of the fellows here preferred Sternhold and Hopkins, and said so;—'the fiend receive their souls therefor!'

"I must go and dress for dinner. Poor, dear Murat, what an end! You know, I suppose, that his white plume used to be a rallying point in battle, like Henry Fourth's. He refused a confessor and a bandage;—so would neither suffer his soul or body to be bandaged. You shall have more to-morrow or next day.

"Ever, &c."

#### LETTER CCXXX.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* November 4th, 1815.

"When you have been enabled to form an opinion on Mr Coleridge's MS.\* you will oblige me by returning it, as, in fact, I have no authority to let it out of my hands. I think most highly of it, and feel anxious that you should be the publisher; but if you are not, I do not despair of finding those who will.

"I have written to Mr Leigh Hunt, stating your willingness to treat with him, which, when I saw you, I understood you to be. Terms and time, I leave to his pleasure and your discernment; but this I will say, that I think it the *safest* thing you ever engaged in. I speak to you as a man of business: were I to talk to you as a reader or a critic, I should say, it was a very wonderful and beautiful performance, with just enough of fault to make its beauties more remarked and remarkable.

"And now to the last—my own, which I feel ashamed of after the others:—publish or not as you like, I don't care *one damn*. If you don't, no one else shall, and I never thought or dreamed of it, except as one in the collection. If it is worth being in the

\* A Tragedy entitled, I think, *Zopolia*.

fourth volume, put it there; if not, put it in the fire.

Those embarrassments which his affairs previous to the marriage foreseen would, before long, or slow in realizing his worst or expenses induced by his new very little increase of means to arrears of early pecuniary obligations which had been, gradually accumulating, all pressed upon his force, and reduced him to sonliations of poverty. He had been necessity of encountering such an expedient of parting with his substance coming to Mr Murray's instantly forwarded to him £15 that another sum of the same his service in a few weeks, and should not be sufficient, Mr Murray to dispose of the copyrights of his use.

This very liberal offer Lord Byron in the following letter.

#### LETTER CC

TO MR MURRAY.

"I return you your bills not; not *unhonoured*. Your present I would accept from you, if I am a man. Had such been my intention I would have asked you fairly, would give; and I cannot say no to your conduct.

"The circumstances which I have in my books, though sufficiently pressing. I have made up my mind there's an end.

"Had I been disposed to try my pen in this way, it would have I am not sorry to have an opportunity as it sets my opinion of you, in a different light from what I have been accustomed to consider it.

"Believe me

TO MR MURRAY.

"I send some lines, written intended as an opening to the \* which I had forgotten them, and am not better be left out now;—the Synod can determine.

The following are the lines which they are written in the loosest style of metre which his admiration "Christabel" led him, at this time he judged rightly, perhaps, in the opening of his Poem. They are



to be lost. Though breathing the  
Piccadilly when he wrote them, it  
was far away, among the  
is of Greece; and their contrast  
was leading at the moment but  
ions a fresher spring and force.

once Jesus died for men,  
died years and ten,  
distant company,  
and, and suffering o'er sea,  
rent merrily!  
to river, and climb the high hill,  
reeds for a day stood still;  
my in the cave or the shed,  
I soft on the hardest bed:  
touch'd in our rough capote,  
re plash of our glistening boat,  
on the beach, or our saddles spread  
enough the resting head,  
ke upon the morrow:  
sights and words had scope,  
alth, and we had hope,  
it, but no sorrow.  
all tongues and creeds:—  
one who counted beads,  
que, and some of church,  
or I mis-say, of neither;  
the wide world might ye search  
mother crew nor blither.

dead, and some are gone,  
e scatter'd and alone.  
e rebels on the hills \*  
long Epirus' valleys,  
rdum still at moments rallies,  
dead Oppression's ill;  
are in a far countree,  
restlessly at home,  
more, oh! never, we  
revel and to roam.

my days flew cheerily,  
my now fall drearily,  
like swallows, skim the main,  
spirit back again  
th, and through the air,  
and a wanderer,  
ever wakes my strain,  
oft, imploring again  
o may endure my lay,  
o so far away.

it them follow now,  
me on Acra Corinth's brow? \*

## TER CCXXXII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* January 5th, 1816.

is quite re-established. The little  
the 10th of December last: her  
Ada (the second a very antique  
there not used since the reign of  
was, and is, very flourishing and  
very large for her days—squalls  
only. Are you answered? Her  
ry well, and up again.

ten married a year on the second  
gh-bo! I have seen nobody lately  
g, except S \* \* and another gene-  
see or twice at dinners out of doors

ten recently heard of Derrida (one of  
dreaded me) stole him to be in revolt  
at, at the head of some of the hands  
happy in times of trouble.\*

S \* \* is a fine, foreign, villainous-looking, intelligent,  
and very agreeable man; his compatriot is more of  
the *petit-maitre*, and younger, but I should think not  
at all of the same intellectual calibre with the Corsican  
—which S \* \*, you know, is, and a cousin of Napo-  
leon's.

"Are you never to be expected in town again?  
To be sure, there is no one here of the 1500 fillers  
of hot rooms, called the fashionable world. My  
approaching papa-ship detained us for advice, &c. &c.  
—though I would as soon be here as any where else  
on this side of the straits of Gibraltar.

"I would gladly—or, rather, sorrowfully—comply  
with your request of a dirge for the poor girl you  
mention.\* But how can I write on one I have never  
seen or known? Besides, you will do it much better  
yourself? I could not write upon any thing, without  
some personal experience and foundation; far less  
on a theme so peculiar. Now, you have both in  
this case; and, if you had neither, you have more  
imagination, and would never fail.

"This is but a dull scrawl, and I am but a dull  
fellow. Just at present, I am absorbed in 500 con-  
tradictory contemplations, though with but one object  
in view—which will probably end in nothing, as most  
things we wish do. But never mind—as somebody  
says, 'for the blue sky bends over all.' I only  
could be glad, if it bent over me where it is a little  
bluer; like the 'skyish top of blue Olympus,' which,  
by the way, looked very white when I last saw it.  
Ever, &c."

On reading over the foregoing letter, I was much  
struck by the tone of melancholy that pervaded it;  
and well knowing it to be the habit of the writer's  
mind to seek relief, when under the pressure of any  
disquiet or disgust, in that sense of freedom which  
told him that there were homes for him elsewhere, I  
could perceive, I thought, in his recollections of the  
"blue Olympus," some return of this restless and  
roving spirit, which unhappiness or impatience always  
called up in his mind. I had, indeed, at the time  
when he sent me those melancholy verses, "There's  
not a joy this world can give," &c., felt some vague  
apprehensions as to the mood into which his spirits  
were then sinking, and, in acknowledging the receipt  
of the verses, thus tried to banter him out of it:—  
"But why thus on your stool of melancholy again,  
Master Stephen?—This will never do—it plays the  
deuce with all the matter-of-fact duties of life, and  
you must bid adieu to it. Youth is the only time  
when one can be melancholy with impunity. As  
life itself grows sad and serious, we have nothing for  
it but—to be, as much as possible, the contrary."

My absence from London during the whole of this  
year had deprived me of all opportunities of judging  
for myself how far the appearances of his domestic  
state gave promise of happiness; nor had any ru-  
mours reached me which at all inclined me to think  
that the course of his married life hitherto exhibited  
less smoothness than such unions,—on the surface, at

\* I had mentioned to him, as a subject worthy of his best  
powers of pathos, a melancholy event which had just occur-  
red in my neighbourhood, and to which I have myself  
made allusion in one of the Sacred Melodies—"Weep not  
for her."

least,—generally wear. The strong and affectionate terms in which, soon after the marriage, he had, in some of the letters I have given, declared his own happiness—a declaration which his known frankness left me no room to question—had, in no small degree, tended to still those apprehensions which my first view of the lot he had chosen for himself awakened. I could not, however, but observe that these indications of a contented heart soon ceased. His mention of the partner of his home became more rare and formal, and there was observable, I thought, through some of his letters a feeling of inquiet and weariness that brought back all those gloomy anticipations with which I had, from the first, regarded his fate. This last letter of his, in particular, struck me as full of sad omen, and, in the course of my answer, I thus noticed to him the impression it had made on me:—“And so, you are a whole year married!—

It was last year I vow'd to thee  
That fond impossibility.

Do you know, my dear B., there was a something in your last letter—a sort of inquiet mystery, as well as a want of your usual elasticity of spirits—which has hung upon my mind unpleasantly ever since. I long to be near you, that I might know how you really look and feel; for these letters tell nothing, and one word, a *quattr'occhi*, is worth whole reams of correspondence. But only do tell me you are happier than that letter has led me to fear, and I shall be satisfied.”

It was in a few weeks after this latter communication between us that Lady Byron adopted the resolution of parting from him. She had left London at the latter end of January on a visit to her father's house, in Leicestershire, and Lord Byron was, in a short time after, to follow her. They had parted in the utmost kindness,—she wrote him a letter, full of playfulness and affection, on the road, and, immediately on her arrival at Kirkby Mallory, her father wrote to acquaint Lord Byron that she would return to him no more. At the time when he had to stand this unexpected shock, his pecuniary embarrassments, which had been fast gathering around him during the whole of the last year (there having been no less than eight or nine executions in his house within that period), had arrived at their utmost; and at a moment when, to use his own strong expressions, he was “standing alone on his hearth, with his household gods shivered around him,” he was also doomed to receive the startling intelligence that the wife who had just parted with him in kindness had parted with him—for ever.

About this time the following note was written.

TO MR. ROGERS.

\* Feb. 8, 1816.

“Do not mistake me—I really returned your book for the reason assigned, and no other. It is too good for so careless a fellow. I have parted with all my own books, and positively won't deprive you of so valuable ‘a drop of that immortal man.’

“I shall be very glad to see you, if you like to call, though I am at present contending with ‘the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,’ some of which have struck at me from a quarter whence I did not

indeed expect them.—But, no matter what world elsewhere, and I will cut my way as I can.

“If you write to Moore, will you shall answer his letter the moment I can and spirits?”

“Ever

The rumours of the separation did not till more than a week afterwards, when I wrote to him thus:—“I am most anxious to hear from you, though I doubt whether I ought to touch the subject on which I am so anxious. If, I heard last night, in a letter from town, that you will know immediately what I allude to, I shall communicate as much or as little upon the subject as you think proper;—only something I know, as soon as possible, from your own mouth, set my mind at rest with respect to the truth or falsehood of the report.” The following is

LETTER CCXXXIII

TO MR. MOORE.

\* F

“I have not answered your letter for some time at present, the reply to part of it might have been at length, that I shall delay it till it comes to a person, and then I will shorten it as much as I can.

“In the mean time, I am at war with the world and his wife; or rather, ‘all the world and his wife’ are at war with me, and have no mercy on me,—whatever they may do. I don't mean the course of a hair-breadth existence, home or abroad, in a situation so comfortable as the present pleasure, or rational hope as this same. I say this, because I think it. But I shall not sink under it the mode of considering the question.—I leave it to my mind.

“By the way, however, you must not let me hear on the subject; and don't attend to me. If you succeeded in that, it would be an immortal offence—who can bear to have but a very short answer for those concerns; and all the activity of myself and friends have not yet fixed on any tangible personage, on which or with whom I can settle matters, in a summary way, with a finality though I nearly had nailed one yesterday evaded by—what was judged by other people a satisfactory explanation. I speak of *circumstances* whom I have no enmity, though I must to the common code of usage, when I speak of the serious order.

“Now for other matters—Poesy, Leigh Hunt's poem is a devilish good one here and there, but with the substratum and with poetry about it, that will stand do not say this because he has inserted which I am sorry for, as I should not have begged you to review it in the *Edinburgh*

\* My reply to this part of his letter follows; \* With respect to Hunt's Poem,



deserving of much praise, and a favourable criticism the E. R. would but do it justice, and set it before the public eye where it ought to be. How are you? and where? I have not the most clear idea what I am going to do myself, or with what—or where—or what. I had, a few weeks ago, some things to say, that would have made you laugh; but they tell me now that I must not laugh, and so I am very serious—and am.

"I have not been very well—with a *liver* complaint—but much better within the last fortnight, though still under medical advice. I have latterly seen a

"I must go and dress to dine. My little girl is in the country, and, they tell me, is a very fine child, now nearly three months old. Lady Noel (my sister-in-law, or, rather, *at law*) is at present overlooking it. Her daughter (Miss Milbanke that was) I believe, in London with her father. A Mrs. C. is a kind of housekeeper and spy of Lady N.'s) in her better days, was a washerwoman, is supposed to be—by the learned—very much the occult of our late domestic discrepancies.

All this business, I am the sorriest for Sir. He and I are equally punished, though *nonne quam similes* in our affliction. Yet it is both to suffer for the fault of one, and so it will be separated from my wife; he will retain

"Ever, &c."

In reply to this letter, written a few days after, a passage which (though containing an opinion might have been more prudent, perhaps, to feel myself called upon to extract, on account of the singularly generous avowal,—honouring to both the parties in this unhappy affair, it was the means of drawing from Lord

The following are my words:—"I am much more at ease as yourself with respect to the contents of your letter, my mind being so full of things I don't know how to write about, that I too defer the greater part of them till we meet in person. I shall put you fairly on your trial for all and misdemeanors. In the mean time, you must be at a loss for judges,—nor executioners if they could have their will. The world, in its generous ardour to take what they call the right side, soon contrive to make it most formidable the strongest. Most sincerely do I grieve at what has happened. It has upset all my wishes and as to the influence of marriage on your life; instead of bringing you, as I expected, into the world like a regular orbit, it has only cast you into infinite space, and left you, I fear, in a worse state than it found you. As to defending the only person with whom I have yet attempted to quarrel is myself; and, considering the little I know of the subject (or rather, perhaps, owing to this) I have hitherto done it with very tolerable success. After all, your choice was the misfortune, or liked,—but I'm here wandering into the

all of beauties, and though I like himself sincerely, would not undertake to praise it seriously. There is much of the quizzical in all he writes, that I never am the proper pathetic face in reading him."

*απορρητα*, and so must change the subject for a far pleasanter one, your last new Poems, which, &c. &c."

The return of post brought me the following answer, which, while it raises our admiration of the generous candour of the writer, but adds to the sadness and strangeness of the whole transaction.

#### LETTER CCXXXIV.

TO MR MOORE.

\* March 8th, 1816.

"I rejoice in your promotion as Chairman and Charitable Steward, &c. &c. These be dignities which await only the virtuous. But then, recollect you are *six and thirty* (I speak this enviously—not of your age, but the 'honour—love—obedience—troops of friends,' which accompany it), and I have eight years good to run before I arrive at such hoary perfection; by which time,—if I am at all,\*—it will probably be in a state of grace or progressing merits.

"I must set you right in one point, however. The fault was *not*—no, nor even the misfortune—in my 'choice' (unless in *choosing at all*)—for I do not believe—and I must say it, in the very dregs of all this bitter business—that there ever was a better, or even a brighter, a kinder, or a more amiable and agreeable being than Lady B. I never had, nor can have, any reproach to make her, while with me. Where there is blame, it belongs to myself, and, if I cannot redeem, I must bear it.

"Her nearest relatives are a \* \* \*—my circumstances have been and are in a state of great confusion—my health has been a good deal disordered, and my mind ill at ease for a considerable period. Such are the causes (I do not name them as excuses) which have frequently driven me into excess, and disqualified my temper for comfort. Something also may be attributed to the strange and desultory habits which, becoming my own master at an early age, and scrambling about, over and through the world, may have induced. I still, however, think that, if I had had a fair chance, by being placed in even a tolerable situation, I might have gone on fairly. But that seems hopeless,—and there is nothing more to be said. At present—except my health, which is better (it is odd, but agitation or contest of any kind gives a rebound to my spirits and sets me up for the time)—I have to battle with all kinds of unpleasantnesses, including private and pecuniary difficulties, &c. &c.

"I believe I may have said this before to you,—but I risk repeating it. It is nothing to bear the privations of adversity, or, more properly, ill fortune; but my pride recoils from its indignities. However, I have no quarrel with that same pride, which will, I think, buckler me through every thing. If my heart could have been broken, it would have been so years ago, and by events more afflicting than these.

"I agree with you (to turn from this topic to our shop) that I have written too much. The last things were, however, published very reluctantly by me,

\* This sad doubt,—"*If I am at all*,"—becomes no less singular than and when we recollect that six and thirty was actually the age when he ceased to \* be,\* and at a moment, too, when (as even the least friendly to him allow) he was in that state of "progressing merits" which he here jestingly anticipates.

and for reasons I will explain when we meet. I know not why I have dwelt so much on the same scenes, except that I find them fading, or *confusing* (if such a word may be) in my memory, in the midst of present turbulence and pressure, and I felt anxious to stamp before the die was worn out. I now break it. With those countries, and events connected with them, all my really poetical feelings begin and end. Were I to try, I could make nothing of any other subject,—and that I have apparently exhausted. 'Woe to him,' says Voltaire, 'who says all he could say on any subject.' There are some on which, perhaps, I could have said still more: but I leave them all, and not too soon.

"Do you remember the lines I sent you early last year, which you still have? I don't wish (like Mr Fitzgerald, in the *Morning Post*) to claim the character of 'Vates' in all its translations, but were they not a little prophetic? I mean those beginning 'There's not a joy the world can,' &c. &c., on which I rather pique myself as being the truest, though the most melancholy, I ever wrote.

"What a scrawl have I sent you! You say nothing of yourself, except that you are a Lancasterian churchwarden, and an encourager of mendicants. When are you out? and how is your family? My child is very well and flourishing, I hear; but I must see also. I feel no disposition to resign it to the contagion of its grandmother's society, though I am unwilling to take it from the mother. It is weaned, however, and something about it must be decided.

"Ever, &c."

Having already gone so far in laying open to my readers some of the sentiments which I entertained, respecting Lord Byron's marriage, at a time when, little foreseeing that I should ever become his biographer, I was, of course, uninfluenced by the peculiar bias supposed to belong to that task, it may still further, perhaps, be permitted me to extract from my reply to the foregoing letter some sentences of explanation which its contents seemed to me to require.

"I had certainly no right to say any thing about the unluckiness of your choice,—though I rejoice that now I did, as it has drawn from you a tribute which, however unaccountable and mysterious it renders the whole affair, is highly honourable to both parties. What I meant in hinting a doubt with respect to the object of your selection did not imply the least impeachment of that perfect amiableness which the world, I find, by common consent, allows to her. I only feared that she might have been too perfect—too *precisely* excellent—too matter-of-fact a paragon for you to coalesce with comfortably; and that a person, whose perfection hung in more easy folds about her, whose brightness was softened down by some of 'those fair defects which best conciliate love,' would, by appealing more dependently to your protection, have stood a much better chance with your goodness. All these suppositions, however, I have been led into by my intense anxiety to acquit you of any thing like a capricious abandonment of such a woman; \* and, totally in the dark as I am with respect

to all but the fact of your separation, you conceive the solicitude, the fearful solicitude which I look forward to a history of the truth from your own lips when we meet,—a history, I am sure of, at least, *one virtue—namely* truth."

With respect to the causes that may be said to have led to this separation, it seems needless the characters of both parties before our eyes in quest of any very remote or mysterious account for it. I have already, in some shape on the general character of men of genius, ventured to point out those peculiarities, both in position and habitudes, by which, in the far number of instances, they have been doomed for domestic happiness. Of these defects (as it were, the shadow that genius casts, and usually, it is to be feared, in proportion to its height) Lord Byron could not, of course, fail to have his share, in common with all the painful class to which he belonged. How thoroughly respect to one attribute of this temperament is possessed,—one, that "sicklies o'er" the loftiness itself,—he was understood by the person interested in observing him, will appear from the following anecdote, as related by himself.\*

"People have wondered at the melancholy which runs through my writings. Others have marvelled at my personal gaiety. But I recollect as it were an hour in which I had been sincerely and peculiarly gay, and rather brilliant, in company with a friend replying to me when I said (upon her remarking high spirits), 'And yet, Bell, I have been called mis-called melancholy—you must have seen me falsely, frequently?'—'No, Byron,' she answered, 'is not so: at heart you are the most misanthropic mankind; and often when apparently gay.'"

To these faults and sources of fault, added to his own sensitive nature, he added also those which a long indulgence of self will grow—the least compatible, of all others (if we set down, as they were in him, by good-nature, the system of mutual concession and sacrifice by which the balance of domestic peace is maintained. If we look back, indeed, to the unquietness of which this marriage was meant to be the end, the rapid and restless course in which he ran along, like a burning train, through wanderings, adventures, successes, and passions, fever of all which was still upon him, when, with the same headlong recklessness, he rushed into marriage,—it can but little surprise us that, after of one short year, he should not have been able to recover all at once from his bewilderment, and descend into that tame level of conduct which the curious spies of his privacy required. As we should expect that a steed like his own *Manfred*

Wild as the wild deer and unbridled  
With spur and bridle unbridled—  
"Twas but a day he had been caught."

should stand still, when reined, without champing the bit.

Even had the new condition of life into which he had passed been one of prosperity and untroubled

\* It will be perceived from this that I was as yet unacquainted with the true circumstances of the transaction.

\* MS.—"Detached Thoughts."



as tolerance, must still have been allowed finding of so excited a spirit into rest. But, contrary, his marriage (from the reputation, of the lady, as an heiress) was, at once, a all the arrears and claims of a long-accumulated embarrassment to explode upon him; it was almost daily beset by duns, and his times during that year in possession of while, in addition to these anxieties and—still more—indignities of poverty, he had him of fancying, whether rightly or wrongly, eyes of enemies and spies were upon him, under his own roof, and that his every hasty look were interpreted in the most pervert-

in the state of their means, his lady and he, in the society, his only relief from the thoughts of such embarrassment brought with it the arduousness which his duty, as a member of the House of Commons, imposed upon him. —in this most unlucky connexion with the one of the fatalities of his short year of husband, lay. From the reputation which he had previously acquired for gallantries, and the less and boyish levity to which—often in earnest of soul—he gave way, it was not bringing suspicion upon some of those accounts which his frequent intercourse with the induced him to form, or even (as, in one case) to connect with his name in that of a person to whom he had scarcely shed a single word.

standing, however, this ill-starred concurrence of circumstances, which might have palliated either of temper or conduct into which him, it was, after all, I am persuaded, to various causes that the unfortunate alienation soon ended in disunion, is to be traced. "marriages I have ever seen," says Steele, "which have been unhappy ones, the great evil has proceeded from slight occasions;" remark the marriage at present under our eyes would not be found, I think, on inquiry, much exception. Lord Byron himself, when at Cephalonia, a short time before his death, to have expressed, in a few words, the truth of the mystery. An English gentleman he was conversing on the subject of, having ventured to enumerate to him

note connected with one of these occasions in the Journal just referred to. "the bullfinch (for I have seen most kinds of life) in 1815 to seize my chattels (being a peer), my person was beyond him), being curious (I), I first asked him 'what extents elsewhere overment?' upon which he showed me one (as only for seventy thousand pounds!) Next if he had nothing for Sheridan? 'Oh—Sheridan: 'ay, I have this' (pulling out a pocket-book) 'but, my lord, I have been in Sheridan's room at a time—a civil gentleman—knows with us,' &c. &c. &c. Our own business was it, which was none of the easiest for me at that time was civil, and (what I valued in a private. I had met many of his brethren, in affairs of my friends (commoners, that is), the first (or second) on my own account.—I should accordingly: probably he anticipated

the various causes he had heard alleged for the separation, the noble poet, who had seemed much amused with their absurdity and falsehood, said, after listening to them all,—“the causes, my dear sir, were too simple to be easily found out.”

In truth, the circumstances, so unexampled, that attended their separation,—the last words of the parting wife to the husband being those of the most playful affection, while the language of the deserted husband towards the wife was in a strain, as the world knows, of tenderest eulogy,—are in themselves a sufficient proof that, at the time of their parting, there could have been no very deep sense of injury on either side. It was not till afterwards that, in both bosoms, the repulsive force came into operation,—when, to the party which had taken the first decisive step in the strife, it became naturally a point of pride to persevere in it with dignity, and this unbendingness provoked, as naturally, in the haughty spirit of the other, a strong feeling of resentment which overflowed, at last, in acrimony and scorn. If there be any truth, however, in the principle that they “never pardon who have done the wrong,” Lord Byron, who was, to the last, disposed to reconciliation, proved so far, at least, his conscience to have been unhaunted by any very disturbing consciousness of aggression.

But though it would have been difficult, perhaps, for the victims of this strife, themselves, to have pointed out any single, or definite, cause for their disunion,—beyond that general incompatibility which is the canker of all such marriages,—the public, which seldom allows itself to be at a fault on these occasions, was, as usual, ready with an ample supply of reasons for the breach,—all tending to blacken the already darkly painted character of the poet, and representing him, in short, as a finished monster of cruelty and depravity. The reputation of the object of his choice for every possible virtue (a reputation which had been, I doubt not, one of his own chief incentives to the marriage, from the vanity, reprobate as he knew he was deemed, of being able to win such a paragon), was now turned against him by his assailants, not only in the way of contrast with his own character, but as if the excellences of the wife were proof positive of every enormity they chose to charge upon the husband.

Meanwhile, the unmoved silence of the lady herself (from motives, it is but fair to suppose, of generosity and delicacy), under the repeated demands made for a specification of her charges against him, left to malice and imagination the fullest range for their combined industry. It was accordingly stated, and almost universally believed, that the noble lord's second proposal to Miss Milbanke had been but with a view to revenge himself for the slight inflicted by her refusal of the first, and that he himself had confessed so much to her, on their way from church. At the time when, as the reader has seen from his own honey-moon letters, he was, with all the good-will in the world, imagining himself into happiness, and even boasting, in the pride of his fancy, that if marriage were to be upon *lease*, he would gladly renew his own for a term of ninety-nine years,—at this very time, according to these veracious chroniclers, he was employed in darkly following up the aforesaid

scheme of revenge, and tormenting his lady by all sorts of unmanly cruelties,—such as firing off pistols, to frighten her as she lay in bed,\* and other such freaks.

To the falsehoods concerning his green-room intimacies, and particularly with respect to one beautiful actress, with whom, in reality, he had hardly ever exchanged a single word, I have already adverted; and the extreme confidence with which this tale was circulated and believed affords no unfair specimen of the sort of evidence with which the public, in all such fits of moral wrath, is satisfied. It is, at the same time, very far from my intention to allege that, in the course of the noble poet's intercourse with the theatre, he was not sometimes led into a line of acquaintance and converse, unbecomingly, if not dangerous to, the steadiness of married life. But the imputations against him on this head were (as far as affected his conjugal character) not the less unfounded,—as the sole case, in which he afforded any thing like *real* grounds for such an accusation did not take place till *after* the period of the separation.

Not content with such ordinary and tangible charges, the tongue of rumour was emboldened to proceed still further; and, presuming upon the mysterious silence maintained by one of the parties, ventured to throw out dark hints and vague insinuations, of which the fancy of every hearer was left to fill up the outline as he pleased. In consequence of all this exaggeration, such an outcry was now raised against Lord Byron as, in no case of private life, perhaps, was ever before witnessed; nor had the whole amount of fame which he had gathered, in the course of the last four years, much exceeded in proportion the reproach and obloquy that were now, within the space of a few weeks, showered upon him. In addition to the many who conscientiously believed and reprobated what they had but too much right to consider credible excesses, whether viewing him as poet or man of fashion, there were also actively on the alert that large class of persons who seem to hold violence against the vices of others to be equivalent to virtue in themselves, together with all those natural haters of success who, having long sickened under the splendour of the *poet*, were now able, in the guise of champions for innocence, to wreak their spite on the *man*. In every various form of paragraph, pamphlet, and caricature, both his character and person were held up to odium;†—

\* For this story, however, there was so far a foundation that the practice to which he had accustomed himself from boyhood, of having loaded pistols always near him at night, was considered so strange a propensity as to be included in that list of symptoms (sixteen, I believe, in number) which were submitted to medical opinion, in proof of his insanity. Another symptom was the emotion, almost to hysterics, which he had exhibited on seeing Keane Sir Giles Overreach. But the most plausible of all the ground, as he himself used to allow, on which these articles of impeachment against his sanity were drawn up, was an act of violence committed by him on a favourite old watch that had been his companion from boyhood, and had gone with him to Greece. In a fit of vexation and rage, brought on by some of those humiliating embarrassments to which he was now almost daily a prey, he furiously dashed this watch upon the hearth, and ground it to pieces among the ashes with the poker.

† Of the abuse lavished upon him, the following extract

hardly a voice was raised, or at least listened in his behalf; and though a few faithful friends remained unshaken by his side, the utter hopelessness of stemming the torrent was felt as well by them by himself, and, after an effort or two to gain hearing, they submitted in silence. Among the attempts made by himself towards confuting calumniators was an appeal (such as the little short letter contains) to some of those persons whom he had been in the habit of living familiarly with.

#### LETTER CCXXXV.

TO MR ROGERS.

\* March 23d. 1819.

"You are one of the few persons with whom I have lived in what is called intimacy, and I have heard me at times conversing on the unwelcome subject of my recent family disquietudes. Will you be so good as to say to me at once, whether you have heard me speak of her with disrespect, with unkindness, or defending myself at her expense by a serious imputation of any description against her? Did you never hear me say 'that when she was right or a wrong, she had the right?'—The matter put these questions to you or others of my friends, because I am said, by her and hers, to have recourse to such means of exculpation. Ever very truly yours,

BYRON.

In those Memoirs (or, more properly, *Memoirs*) of the noble poet, which it was thought expedient for various reasons, to sacrifice, he gave a full account of all the circumstances connected with his marriage, from the first proposal to the lady, to his own departure, after the breach, from England. The truth, though the title of "*Memoirs*," which he himself sometimes gave to that manuscript, conveyed the idea of a complete and regular piece of history, was to this particular portion of his life that he was principally devoted; while the *anecdotes* having reference to other parts of his career, only occupied a very disproportionate space in the pages, but were most of them such as are to be repeated in the various Journals and other works left behind. The chief charm, indeed, of this narrative was the melancholy playfulness—*anecdotes*

from a Poem, published at this time, will give some

From native England, that endured too long  
The ceaseless burden of his long-drawn song;  
His mad career of crimes and follies o'er,  
And gray in vice, when life was scarce begun—  
He goes, in foreign lands prepared to find  
A life more suited to his guilty mind;  
Where other climes new pleasures may supply  
For that pallid taste, and that unallied eye—  
Wise he seeks some yet untried scene,  
For those who know him less may prize him more.

In a rhyming pamphlet, too, entitled "*A Poetical*" from Della, addressed to Lord Byron, the same charitably expresses herself.

Hopeless of peace below, and, chattering high  
Far from that Hell's, denied, if never sought,  
Thy light a beacon—a reproach thy name—  
Thy memory 'dams' to everlasting fame,  
Shunn'd by the wise, admired by fools alone—  
The good shall mourn thee—and the Muse alone



sounded feeling so visible through its—with which events unimportant and interesting, in almost every respect but in connection with such a man's destiny, were described in it. Frank, as usual, in his avowal of his own errors, and just towards her who was his fellow-sufferer in strife, the impression his recital left on all who perused it was, to say the least, to him;—though, upon the whole, leading to a conclusion, which I have already intimated to you, that, neither in kind or degree, did the division between the parties much differ from that which loosens the links of most such marriages.

As to the details themselves, though all in his own eyes at the time, as being connected with the subject that superseded most others in his mind, the interest they would possess for you that their first zest as a subject of conversation is gone by, and the greater number of the details which they relate forgotten, would be too trifling to me in entering upon them more particularly, running the risk of any offence that might be inflicted by their disclosure. As far as the subject of the illustrious subject of these pages is concerned, I feel that Time and Justice are doing more in its favour than could be effected by any other means. During the lifetime of a man the world is but too much inclined to judge rather by what he wants than by what he is, and even where conscious, as in the case of Byron, that his defects are among the sources of his greatness, to require of him unreasonably the same of the other. If Pope had not been spiteful, we should have wanted his impetuous temperament, and passion, were indispensable to the conformation of a poet like Byron. It is by posterity only that he is rendered to those who have paid the price to reach it. The dross that had out of the ore drops away, and the infernal miseries, of genius are forgotten in the triumph.

Who now asks whether Dante was in his matrimonial differences? or by whose whose fancies dwell fondly on his name the name of his Gemma Donati re-

verberated as has been the interval since Lord Byron's death, the charitable influence of time in not rescinding, the harsh judgments of posterity on the great genius is visible. The utter unpossibility of trying such a character by ordinary means, of expecting to find the materials of greatness in a bosom constantly heaving depths such "lava floods," is—now has passed from among us—felt and acknowledged.

In reviewing the circumstances of a more even scale of justice is held; a tribute of sympathy and commiseration to her, who, unluckily for her own sake, was involved in such a destiny,—who, by her attainments that would have made a more ordinary man happy, undertook, to "turn and wind a fiery Pegasus," where it may be doubted whether

even the fittest for such a task would have succeeded, —full allowance is, at the same time, made for the great martyr of genius himself, whom so many other causes, beside that restless fire within him, concurred to unsettle in mind and (as he himself feelingly expresses it) "disqualify for comfort;"—whose doom it was to be either thus or less great, and whom to have tamed might have been to extinguish; there never, perhaps, having existed an individual to whom, whether as author or man, the following line was more applicable,—

Si non errasset, fecerat illeminus.\*

While these events were going on,—events, of which his memory and heart bore painfully the traces through the remainder of his short life,—some occurrences took place, connected with his literary history, to which it is a relief to divert the attention of the reader from the distressing subject that has now so long detained us.

The letter that follows was in answer to one received from Mr Murray, in which that gentleman had enclosed him a draft for a thousand guineas for the copyright of his two Poems, the *Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina*.

#### LETTER CCXXXVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* January 2d, 1816.

"Your offer is *liberal* in the extreme (you see I use the word *to* you and *of* you, though I would not consent to your using it of yourself to Mr \* \* \* \*), and much more than the two poems can possibly be worth; but I cannot accept it, nor will not. You are most welcome to them as additions to the collected volumes, without any demand or expectation on my part whatever. But I cannot consent to their separate publication. I do not like to risk any fame (whether merited or not), which I have been favoured with, upon compositions which I do not feel to be at all equal to my own notions of what they should be (and as I flatter myself some have been, here and there), though they may do very well as things without pretension, to add to the publication with the lighter pieces.

"I am very glad that the handwriting was a favourable omen of the *morale* of the piece: but you must not trust to that, for my copyist would write out any thing I desired in all the ignorance of innocence—I hope, however, in this instance, with no great peril to either.

P.S.—I have enclosed your draft *torn*, for fear of accidents by the way—I wish you would not throw temptation in mine. It is not from a disdain of the universal idol, nor from a present superfluity of his treasures, I can assure you, that I refuse to worship him; but what is right is right, and must not yield to circumstances."

Notwithstanding the ruinous state of his pecuniary affairs, the resolution which the poet had formed not to avail himself of the profits of his works still continued to be held sacred by him, and the sum thus offered for the copyright of the *Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina*

\* Had he not erred, he had far less achieved.

was, as we see, refused and left untouched in the publisher's hands. It happened that, at this time, a well-known and eminent writer on political science had been, by some misfortune, reduced to pecuniary embarrassment; and the circumstance having become known to Mr Rogers and Sir James Mackintosh, it occurred to them that a part of the sum thus unappropriated by Lord Byron could not be better bestowed than in relieving the necessities of this gentleman. The suggestion was no sooner conveyed to the noble poet than he proceeded to act upon it, and the following letter to Mr Rogers refers to his intentions.

## LETTER CCXXXVII.

TO MR ROGERS.

\* February 20th, 1816.

"I wrote to you hastily this morning by Murray, to say that I was glad to do as Mackintosh and you suggested about Mr \*\*. It occurs to me now, that as I have never seen Mr \*\* but once, and consequently have no claim to his acquaintance, that you or Sir J. had better arrange it with him in such a manner as may be least offensive to his feelings, and so as not to have the appearance of officiousness nor obtrusion on my part. I hope you will be able to do this, as I should be very sorry to do any thing by him that may be deemed indelicate. The sum Murray offered and offers was and is one thousand and fifty pounds:—this I refused before, because I thought it more than the two things were worth to Murray, and from other objections, which are of no consequence. I have, however, closed with M. in consequence of Sir J.'s and your suggestion, and propose the sum of six hundred pounds to be transferred to Mr \*\*, in such manner as may seem best to your friend,—the remainder I think of for other purposes.

"As Murray has offered the money down for the copyrights, it may be done directly. I am ready to sign and seal immediately, and perhaps it had better not be delayed. I shall feel very glad if it can be of any use to \*\*; only don't let him be plagued, nor think himself obliged and all that, which makes people hate one another. &c.

"Yours, very truly,

"B."

In his mention here of other "purposes," he refers to an intention which he had of dividing the residue of the sum between two other gentlemen of literary celebrity, equally in want of such aid, Mr Maturin and Mr \*\*. The whole design, however, though entered into with the utmost sincerity on the part of the noble poet, ultimately failed. Mr Murray, who was well acquainted with the straits to which Lord Byron himself had been reduced, and foresaw that a time might come when even money thus gained would be welcome to him, on learning the uses to which the sum was to be applied, demurred in advancing it,—alleging that, though bound not only by his word but his will to pay the amount to Lord Byron, he did not conceive himself called upon to part with it to others. How earnestly the noble poet himself, though with executions, at the time, impending over his head, endeavoured to urge the point, will appear from the following letter.

## LETTER CCXXXVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* February 25th.

"When the sum offered by you, and *even* by you, was declined, it was with reference to a separate publication, as you know and I know. That it was large, I admitted and admit; and made part of my consideration in *refusing* it. I knew better what you were likely to make. With regard to what is past, or is to pass, Mr \*\*, the case is in no respect different from the transfer of former copyrights to Mr Dallas. You taken you at your word, that is, taken your word. I might have used it as I pleased; and it could be no respect different to you whether I paid it to a hospital, or assisted a man of talent in his studies. The truth of the matter seems this: you are more than the poems are worth. I said so, I think so; but you know, or at least ought to know, your own business best; and when you *remitted* passed between you and me upon pecuniary matters before this occurred, you will acquit me of any charge to take advantage of your imprudence.

"The things in question shall not be pursued any longer, and there is an end of the matter.

"Yours,"

The letter that follows will give some idea of the embarrassments in his own affairs, under the pressure of which he could be thus considerate of his friends.

## LETTER CCXXXIX.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* March 1st.

"I sent to you to-day for this reason,—the books you purchased are again seized, and, as I understand, had much better be sold at *public* auction.\* I wish to see you to return your books to me, which thank God, is neither due nor paid. As far as you are concerned, being settled in it can be, and shall be, when I see you. I have no further delicacy about the matter. As to the tenth execution in as many months, I am pretty well hardened; but it is fit I should be the forfeit of my forefathers' extravagance; and whatever my faults may be, they will be pretty well expiated in time.—

"Ever, &amp;c."

\* The sale of these books took place the following day, and they were described in the catalogue as the property of a Nobleman about to leave England on a tour.

From a note to Mr Murray, it would appear that the books had been first announced as going to the Murray.

"I hope that the catalogue of the books, &c., has been published without my seeing it. I must remember that many ought not to be printed. The advertisement was very bad one. I am not going to the Murray; and you might as well advertise a man in *Rome* as in *Yorkshire*.

"Ed."

Together with the books was sold an article, which is now in the possession of Mr Murray, a large screen covered with portraits of actors, &c., presentations of boxing-matches, &c.





as love, in its first dreams, before reality has come to embody or dispel them, or sorrow, in its wane, when beginning to pass away from the heart into the fancy,—that poetry ought ever to be employed as an interpreter of feeling. For the expression of all those immediate affections and disquietudes that have their root in the actual realities of life, the art of the poet, from the very circumstance of its being an art, as well as from the coloured form in which it is accustomed to transmit impressions, cannot be otherwise than a medium as false as it is feeble.

To so very low an ebb had the industry of his assailants now succeeded in reducing his private character, that it required no small degree of courage, even among that class who are supposed to be the most tolerant of domestic irregularities, to invite him into their society. One distinguished lady of fashion, however, ventured so far as, on the eve of his departure from England, to make a party for him expressly; and nothing short, perhaps, of that high station in society which a life as blameless as it is brilliant has secured to her, could have placed beyond all reach of misrepresentation, at that moment, such a compliment to one marked with the world's censure so deeply. At this assembly of Lady J\* \* \* he made his last appearance, publicly, in England, and the amusing account given of some of the company in his Memoranda,—of the various and characteristic ways in which the temperature of their manner towards him was affected by the cloud under which he now appeared,—was one of the passages of that Memoir it would have been most desirable, perhaps, to have preserved; though, from being a gallery of sketches, all personal and many satirical, but a small portion of it, if any, could have been presented to the public till the originals had long left the scene, and any interest they might once have excited was gone with themselves. Besides the noble hostess herself, whose kindness to him, on this occasion, he never forgot, there was also one other person (then Miss M\* \*, now Lady K\* \*) whose frank and fearless cordiality to him on that evening he most gratefully commemorated,—adding, in acknowledgment of a still more generous service, “She is a high-minded woman, and showed me more friendship than I deserved from her. I heard also of her having defended me in a large company, which at that time required more courage and firmness than most women possess.”

As we are now approaching so near the close of his London life, I shall here throw together the few remaining recollections of that period with which the gleanings of his Memorandum-book, so often referred to, furnish me.

“I liked the Dandies; they were always very civil to me, though in general they disliked literary people, and persecuted and mystified Madame de Staël, Lewis, \* \* \* , and the like, damnably. They persuaded Madame de Staël that A\* \* \* had a hundred thousand a year, &c. &c., till she praised him to his face for his beauty! and made a set at him for \* \* , and a hundred fooleries besides. The truth is, that, though I gave up the business early, I had a tinge of dandyism \* in my minority, and probably retained

\* Petrarch was, it appears, also, in his youth, a Dandy. \* Recollect,\* he says, in a letter to his brother, \*the time,

enough of it to conciliate the great ones a twenty. I had gamed, and drank, and degrees in most dissipations, and having no and not being overbearing, we ran quietly I knew them all more or less, and they a member of Watier's (a superb club at being, I take it, the only literary man (others, both men of the world, Moore and in it. Our masquerade \* was a grand of the dandy-ball too, at the Argyle, but latter) was given by the four chiefs, B., P., if I err not.

“I was a member of the Alfred, too, before while in Greece. It was pleasant; a little and literary, and bored with \* \* and S. D'Ivernois; but one met Peel, and W. Valentin, and many other pleasant or known and it was, upon the whole, a decent rainy day, in a dearth of parties, or parties an empty season.

“I belonged, or belong, to the following societies:—to the Alfred; to the Cocoa Watier's; to the Union; to Racket's (at the Pugilistic; to the Owls, or ‘Fly-by-the Cambridge Whig Club; to the Har Cambridge; and to one or two private the Hampden (political) Club; and to the Carbonari, &c. &c. &c., ‘though last, I got into all these, and never stood for at least to my own knowledge. I sleek proposed to several others, though pressed candidate.

“When I met H\* \* L\* \*, the junior Holland's, before he sailed for St Helena course turned on the battle of Waterloo. I whether the dispositions of Napoleon were great general? He answered, disparaging they were very simple.\* I had always the degree of simplicity was an ingredient of gr

“I was much struck with the simplicity of manners in private life: they were odd, but natural. Curran used to take him off, before very ground, and ‘thanking God that he peculiarities of gesture or appearance,’ in a tibly ludicrous; and \* \* used to call him mental harlequin.\*

“Curran! Curran's the man who struck Such imagination! there never was any t

when we wore white habits, on which the less plait ill-placed, would have been a subject of our shoes were so tight we suffered martyrdom

\* To this masquerade he went in the habit of an Eastern monk,—a dress particularly well set off the beauty of his fine countenance, accordingly, that night, the subject of general ad

† In his Memoranda there were equally praises of Curran. \*The riches,\* said he, \* imagination were exhaustless. I have heard speak more poetry than I have ever seen written I saw him seldom and but occasionally. I was sent to Madame de Staël at Mackintosh's: grand confluence between the Rhone and the they were both so d—d ugly, that I could not



I saw or heard of. His *published* life—his speeches, give you *no* idea of the man—  
 II. He was a *machine* of imagination, as said that Piron was an epigrammatic ma-

not see a great deal of Curran—only in 1813: him at home (for he used to call on me) and at Mackintosh's, Holland House, &c. &c.: a wonderful even to me, who had seen many *men* of the time.

\* (commonly called *long* \*\*\*, a very clever & odd) complained to our friend Scrope, in riding, that he had a *stitch* in his side. wonder at it," said Scrope, "for you ride like  
 Whoever had seen \*\*\* on horseback, very tall figure on a small nag, would not justice of the repartee.

B \*\* was obliged (by that affair of poor the thence acquired the name of "Dick the ller"—it was about money, and debt, and all retire to France, he knew no French, and examined a grammar for the purpose of study, and Scrope Davies was asked what progress I had made in French; he responded, "that I had been stopped, like Buonaparte in *Russ-Elements*."

He put this pun into Beppo, which is "a fair and no robbery," for Scrope made his for several dinners (as he owned himself) by occasionally, as his own, some of the *men* with which I had encountered him in the

a good man, rhymes well (if not wisely), here. He seizes you by the button. One rout, at Mrs Hope's, he had fastened upon abating my symptoms of manifest dis- I was in love, and had just nicked a minute her mothers, nor husbands, nor rivals, nor were near my then idol, who was beautiful as in of the gallery where we stood at the time) any, had seized upon me by the button and strings, and spared neither. W. Spencer, fun, and don't dislike mischief, saw my coming up to us both, took me by the hand, etically bade me farewell; "for," said he, "I'll over with you." \*\*\* then went away. *revert Apollo*.

ember seeing Blucher in the London assembly never saw any thing of his age less vener- With the voice and manners of a recruiting

he best intellects of France and Ireland could (up respectively such residences." \* \* \* \*  
 er part, however, he was somewhat more fair to Stodd's personal appearance:—"Her figure was or legs tolerable; her arms good. Altogether, I en her having been a desirable woman, allowing aginations for her soul, and so forth. She would a great man."

serjeant, he pretended to the honours of a hero,—just as if a stone could be worshipped because a man had stumbled over it."

We now approach the close of this eventful period of his history. In a note to Mr Rogers, written a short time before his departure for Ostend,\* he says:—"My sister is now with me, and leaves town to-morrow; we shall not meet again for some time, at all events—if ever; and, under these circumstances, I trust to stand excused to you and Mr Sheridan for being unable to wait upon him this evening."

This was his last interview with his sister—almost the only person from whom he now parted with regret; it being, as he said, doubtful *which* had given him most pain, the enemies who attacked or the friends who condoled with him. Those beautiful and most tender verses, "Though the day of my destiny's over," were now his parting tribute to her† who, through all this bitter trial, had been his sole consolation; and, though known to most readers, so expressive are they of his wounded feelings at this crisis, that there are few, I think, who will object to seeing some stanzas of them here.

\* \* \* \* \*

Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd,  
 And its fragments are sunk in the wave,  
 Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd  
 To pain—it shall not be its slave.  
 There is many a pang to pursue me:  
 They may crush, but they shall not condemn—  
 They may torture, but shall not subdue me—  
 'Tis of thee that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,  
 Though woman, thou didst not forsake,  
 Though loved, thou forbest to grieve me,  
 Though slander'd thou never couldst shake.  
 Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,  
 Though parted, it was not to fly,  
 Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,  
 Nor mate, that the world might belie.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perish'd,  
 Thus much I at least may recall,  
 It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd,  
 Deserv'd to be dearest of all:  
 In the desert a fountain is springing,  
 In the wide waste there still is a tree,  
 And a bird in the solitude singing,  
 Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

On a scrap of paper, in his handwriting, dated April 14th, 1816, I find the following list of his attendants, with an annexed outline of his projected tour:—"Servants,—Berger, a Swiss, William Fletcher, and Robert Rushton.—John William Polidori, M.D.—Switzerland, Flanders, Italy, and (perhaps) France." The two English servants, it will be observed, were the same "yeoman" and "page" who had set out with him on his youthful travels in 1809; and now,—for the second and last time taking leave of his country,—on the 25th of April he sailed for Ostend.

\* Dated April 16th.

† It will be seen, from a subsequent letter, that the first stanza of that most cordial of Farewells. "My boat is on the shore," was also written at this time.

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the Lake; and I enclose you a sprig of some rose-leaves from his garden, which I have just seen. You will mention, in his Life, made of this, that he walked out on the night of conveyance. The garden and summer-house, which are neglected, and the last utterly they still show it as his 'cabinet,' and aware of his memory.

through Flanders, and by the Rhine, I was all I expected and more.

I viewed all Rousseau's ground with the same, and am struck to a degree that I am with the force and accuracy of his and the beauty of their reality. Meillerie, Vevay, and the Chateau de Chillon, are all I shall say little, because all I could short of the impressions they stamp.

A few days ago, we were most nearly wrecked in Meillerie, and driven to shore. I ran no fear of the rocks, and a good swimmer; I was wet, and incommode a good deal. I was strong enough to blow down some boats at landing; however, all is righted and we are thus far on our return.

Polidori is not here, but at Diodati, left behind with a sprained ankle, which he acquired from a wall—he can't jump.

I am glad to hear you are well, and have the certain helms and swords, sent from which I rode over with pain and pleasure. I finished a third Canto of Childe Harold (one hundred and seventeen stanzas), other of the two former, and in some way, better; but of course on that I am silent. I shall send it by the first opportunity.

"Ever, &c."

#### LETTER CCXLIII.

TO MR. MURRAY.

Diodati, near Geneva, July 22d, 1816.  
You a few weeks ago, and Dr. Polidori letter; but the packet has not made its way to the epistle, of which you gave notice me you an advertisement, which was intended, and which appears to be about least imposition that ever issued from me. I need hardly say that I know nothing of, nor whence it may spring.—'Odes to Farewells to England,' &c. &c.—disavowed, or is worth disavowing, authority to do so. I never write, nor on any thing of the kind, any more things with which I was saddled—'Glenarvon,' and another about 'Mrs. La

was the advertisement enclosed printed and last printed in the Edinburgh Review, and I have just seen it. I have written to Mr. Murray about the advertisement, and I have just seen it. I have written to Mr. Murray about the advertisement, and I have just seen it.

I have written to Mr. Murray about the advertisement, and I have just seen it. I have written to Mr. Murray about the advertisement, and I have just seen it. I have written to Mr. Murray about the advertisement, and I have just seen it.

Valette;' and as to the 'Lily of France,' but still a soon think of celebrating a turnip. 'On the birth of my daughter's birth,' I had other things to say than verses; and should never have dreamed of an invention, till Mr. Johnston and his pamphlet advertisement broke in upon me with a new light on the crafts and subtleties of the demon of printing, or rather publishing.

"I did hope that some succeeding lie would have superseded the thousand and one which were accumulated during last winter. I can forgive whatever may be said of or against me, but not what they make me say or sing for myself. It is enough to answer for what I have written; but it were too much for Job himself to bear what one has not. I suspect that when the Arab Patriarch wished that his 'enemy had written a book,' he did not anticipate his own name on the title-page. I feel quite as much bored with this foolery as it deserves, and more than I should be if I had not a headache.

"Of Glenarvon, Madame de Staël told me (ten days ago, at Copet) marvellous and grievous things; but I have seen nothing of it but the motto, which promises amiably 'for us and for our tragedy.' If such be the posy, what should the ring be?—a name to all succeeding," &c. &c. The generous moment selected for the publication is probably its kindest accompaniment, and—truth to say—the time was well chosen. I have not even a guess at the contents, except from the very vague accounts I have heard.

"I ought to be ashamed of the egotism of this letter. It is not my fault altogether, and I shall be but too happy to drop the subject when others will allow me.

"I am in tolerable plight, and in my last letter told you what I had done in the way of all rhyme. I trust that you prosper, and that your authors are in good condition. I should suppose your stud has received some increase by what I hear. Bertram must be a good house; does he run next meeting? I hope you will beat the Row.

"Yours always, &c."

#### LETTER CCXLIV.

TO MR. ROGERS.

Diodati, near Geneva, July 29th, 1816.

"Do you recollect a book, Mathiason's Letters, which you lent me, which I have still, and yet hope to return to your library? Well, I have encountered at Copet and elsewhere Gray's correspondent, that same Bonstetten, to whom I lent the translation of his correspondent's epistles for a few days; but all he could remember of Gray amounts to little, except that he was the most 'melancholy and gentleman-like' of all possible poets. Bonstetten himself is a fine and very lively old man, and much esteemed by his compatriots; he is also a litterateur of good repute, and all his friends have a warm address.

"The motto is—

"The motto is—  
"The motto is—  
"The motto is—

ing to him volumes of letters—Mathieson, Müller the historian, &c. &c. He is a good deal at Copet, where I have met him a few times. All there are well, except Rocca, who, I am sorry to say, looks in a very bad state of health. Schlegel is in high force, and Madame as brilliant as ever.

"I came here by the Netherlands and the Rhine route, and Basle, Berne, Morat, and Lausanne. I have circumnavigated the Lake, and go to Chamouni with the first fair weather; but really we have had lately such stupid mists, fogs, and perpetual density, that one would think Castlereagh had the Foreign Affairs of the kingdom of Heaven also on his hands. I need say nothing to you of these parts, you having traversed them already. I do not think of Italy before September. I have read Glenarvon, and have also seen Ben. Constant's Adolphe, and his preface, denying the real people. It is a work which leaves an unpleasant impression, but very consistent with the consequences of not being in love, which is perhaps as disagreeable as any thing, except being so. I doubt, however, whether all such *liens* (as he calls them) terminate so wretchedly as his hero and heroine's.

"There is a third Canto (a longer than either of the former) of Childe Harold finished, and some smaller things,—among them a story on the Chateau de Chillon; I only wait a good opportunity to transmit them to the grand Murray, who, I hope, flourishes. Where is Moore? Why is he not out? My love to him, and my perfect consideration and remembrances to all, particularly to Lord and Lady Holland, and to your Duchess of Somerset.

"Ever, &c.

"P.S. I send you a *fac simile*, a note of Bonstetten's, thinking you might like to see the hand of Gray's correspondent."

#### LETTER CCXLV.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Diodati, Sept. 29th, 1816.

"I am very much flattered by Mr Gifford's good opinion of the MSS., and shall be still more so, if it answers your expectations and justifies his kindness. I liked it myself, but that must go for nothing. The feelings with which most of it was written need not be envied me. With regard to the price, I fixed none, but left it to Mr Kinnaird, Mr Shelley, and yourself, to arrange. Of course, they would do their best; and as to yourself, I knew you would make no difficulties. But I agree with Mr Kinnaird perfectly, that the concluding *five hundred* should be only *conditional*; and for my own sake, I wish it to be added, only in case of your selling a certain number, *that number* to be fixed by *yourself*. I hope this is fair. In every thing of this kind there must be risk; and till that be past, in one way or the other, I would not willingly add to it, particularly in times like the present. And pray always recollect that nothing could mortify me more—no failure on my own part—than having made you lose by any purchase from me.

"The Monody\* was written by request of Mr Kin-

\* A Monody on the death of Sheridan, which was spoken at Drury-lane theatre.

naird for the theatre. I did as well as I could where I have not my choice, I pretend to as nothing. Mr. Hobhouse and myself are just from a journey of lakes and mountains. We been to the Grindelwald, and the Jungfrau stood on the summit of the Wengen Alp; a torrents of nine hundred feet in fall, and of all dimensions; we have heard shepherds' pi avalanches, and looked on the clouds from the valleys below us, like the spray of hell. Chamouni, and that which it inhab saw a month ago; but, though Mont Blanc it is not equal in wildness to the Jungfrau, the Shreckhorn, and the Rose Glacier. "We set off for Italy next week. The within this month infested with bandits, but take our chance and such precautions as are requisite.

"Ever, &c.

"P.S. My best remembrances to Mr. Pray say all that can be said from me to him.

"I am sorry that Mr Maturin did not like the picture. I thought it was reckoned a good one; he had made the speech on the original, which would have been more readily forgiven by the prior and the painter of the portrait."

#### LETTER CCXLVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Diodati, Sept. 30th.

"I answered your obliging letters yesterday the Monody arrived with its title-page. I presume, a separate publication. 'The end of a friend:'—

"Obliged by hunger and request of friends.

I will request you to expunge that same, unless please to add, 'by a person of quality,' and honour about town.' Merely say, 'written and spoken at Drury-lane.' To-morrow I depart. Saturday I strike tents for Italy. This evening I was in the lake in my boat with Mr Hobhouse, in which sustains the mainsail slipped in making, struck me so violently on one of my legs (fortunately) as to make me do a foolish thing, *faint*—a downright swoon; the thing jarred some nerve or other, for the blow was injured, and hardly painful (it is six hours since). cost Mr Hobhouse some apprehension and sprinkling of water to recover me. The was a very odd one: I never had but two before, once from a cut on the head from several years ago, and once (long ago also) into a great wreath of snow;—a sort of gasiness first, then nothingness, and a total amnesia on beginning to recover. The last part disagreeable, if one did not find it again.

"You want the original MSS. Mr. Diodati the first fair copy in my own hand, and I have rough composition here, and will send or send you, since you wish it.

"With regard to your new literary project, if thing falls in the way which will, to the best judgment, suit you, I will send you what I can.



by a little, having pretty well explained what I have sent you. Italy or her summer may, or may not, set me no plans, and am nearly as income as where I go. I shall take restoration, &c. with me; it is a

best thanks and remembrances  
all his trouble and good-nature

me laid up, from the beginning of  
you the accident for want of bet-  
is over, and I am only wondering  
was the matter with me.

been over all the Bernese Alps and  
think many of the scenes (some of  
at those usually frequented by the  
the Chamouni, which I visited some  
I have been to Clarens again, and  
maintains behind it: of this tour I kept  
all for my sister, which I sent yesterday  
as. It is not all for perusal; but if you  
about the romantic part, she will, I dare  
a what touches upon the rocks, &c.

ed—I won't have any sneer at Christa-  
the wild poem.

de Stael wishes to see the Antiquary,  
ing to take it to her to-morrow. She has  
as agreeable as society and talent can  
be on earth.

— "Yours ever,  
"N."

Journal mentioned in the foregoing letter,  
I give the following extracts.

#### EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL.

\* September 18th, 1816.

September 17th, I set out with Mr  
an excursion of some days to the

\* September 17th.

re; left Diodati about seven, in one  
carriages (a char-à-banc), our servants

Weather very fine; the lake calm  
at Blanc and the Aiguille of Argen-  
ry distinct; the borders of the lake  
ached Lausanne before sunset; stop-  
it —. Went to bed at nine; slept

\* September 18th.

my courier; got up. Hobhouse walked  
mile from Lausanne, the road over-  
lake; got on horseback and rode till  
f Vevay. The colt young, but went  
vertook Hobhouse, and resumed the  
ch is an open one. Stopped at  
us (the second time I had visited it);  
church; view from the churchyard  
it General Ludlow (the regicide's)  
ick marble—long inscription—Latin,  
was an exile two-and-thirty years—one  
's judges. Near him Broughton (who  
arles's sentence to Charles Stuart) is

buried, with a queer and rather canting, but still a  
republican, inscription. Ludlow's house shown; it  
retains still its inscription—"Omne solum forti patria."  
Walked down to the lake side; servants, carriage,  
saddle-horses—all set off and left us *plantés là*, by  
some mistake, and we walked on after them towards  
Clarens; Hobhouse ran on before, and overtook them  
at last. Arrived the second time (first time was by  
water) at Clarens. Went to Chillon through scenery  
worthy of I know not whom; went over the Castle  
of Chillon again. On our return met an English  
party in a carriage; a lady in it fast asleep—fast  
asleep in the most anti-narcotic spot in the world—  
excellent! I remember at Chamouni, in the very  
eyes of Mont Blanc, hearing another woman, English  
also, exclaim to her party, 'Did you ever see any  
thing more *rural*?'—as if it was Highgate, or Ham-  
stead, or Brompton, or Hayes—'Rural!' quotha?—  
Rocks, pines, torrents, glaciers, clouds, and summits  
of eternal snow far above them—and 'rural'!

"After a slight and short dinner we visited the  
Château de Clarens; an Englishwoman has rented  
it recently (it was not let when I saw it first); the  
roses are gone with their summer; the family out,  
but the servants desired us to walk over the interior  
of the mansion. Saw on the table of the saloon  
Blair's Sermons and somebody else (I forget who's)  
sermons, and a set of noisy children. Saw all worth  
seeing, and then descended to the 'Bosquet de Julie,'  
&c. &c.; our guide full of Rousseau, whom he is  
eternally confounding with St. Preux, and mixing the  
man and the book. Went again as far as Chillon, to  
revisit the little torrent from the hill behind it. Sun-  
set reflected in the lake. Have to get up at five to-  
morrow to cross the mountains on horseback; car-  
riage to be sent round; lodged at my old cottage—  
hospitable and comfortable; tired with a longish ride  
on the colt, and the subsequent jolting of the char-à-  
banc, and my scramble in the hot sun.

"Mem. The corporal who showed the wonders  
of Chillon was as drunk as Blucher, and (to my  
mind) as great a man; he was deaf also, and think-  
ing every one else so, roared out the legends of the  
castle so fearfully that H. got out of humour.—How-  
ever, we saw things from the gallows to the dungeons  
(the *potence* and the *cachots*), and returned to Cla-  
rens with more freedom than belonged to the fifteenth  
century.

\* September 19th.

"Rose at five. Crossed the mountains to Mont-  
bovon on horseback, and on mules, and, by dint of  
scrambling, on foot also; the whole route beautiful  
as a dream, and now to me almost as indistinct. I  
am so tired;—for though healthy, I have not the  
strength I possessed but a few years ago. At Mont-  
bovon we breakfasted; afterwards, on a steep ascent,  
dismounted; tumbled down; cut a finger open; the  
baggage also got loose and fell down a ravine, till  
stopped by a large tree; recovered baggage; horse  
tired and drooping; mounted mule. At the approach  
of the summit of Dent Jument\* dismounted again  
with Hobhouse and all the party. Arrived at a lake  
in the very bosom of the mountains; left our quadru-  
peds with a shepherd, and ascended farther; came

\* Dent de Jaman.

to some snow in patches, upon which my forehead's perspiration fell like rain, making the same dints as in a sieve; the chill of the wind and the snow turned me giddy, but I scrambled on and upwards. Hobhouse went to the highest pinnacle; I did not, but paused within a few yards (at an opening of the cliff). In coming down, the guide tumbled three times; I felt a laughing, and tumbled too—the descent luckily soft, though steep and slippery; Hobhouse also fell, but nobody hurt. The whole of the mountains superb. A shepherd on a very steep and high cliff playing upon his *pipe*; very different from *Arcadia*, where I saw the pastors with a long musket instead of a crook, and pistols in their girdles. Our Swiss shepherd's pipe was sweet, and his tune agreeable. I saw a cow strayed; am told that they often break their necks on and over the crags. Descended to Montbovon; pretty scraggy village, with a wild river and a wooden bridge. Hobhouse went to fish—caught one. Our carriage not come; our horses, mules, &c. knocked up; ourselves fatigued; but so much the better—I shall sleep.

"The view from the highest points of to-day's journey comprised on one side the greatest part of Lake Lemman; on the other, the valleys and mountain of the Canton of Fribourg, and an immense plain, with the lakes of Neuchatel and Morat, and all which the borders of the Lake of Geneva inherit; we had both sides of the Jura before us in one point of view, with Alps in plenty. In passing a ravine, the guide recommended strenuously a quickening of pace, as the stones fall with great rapidity and occasional damage; the advice is excellent, but, like most good advice, impracticable, the road being so rough that neither mules, nor mankind, nor horses, can make any violent progress. Passed without fractures or menace thereof.

"The music of the cows' bells (for their wealth, like the patriarchs', is cattle) in the pastures, which reach to a height far above any mountains in Britain, and the shepherds shouting to us from crag to crag, and playing on their reeds where the steeps appeared almost inaccessible, with the surrounding scenery, realized all that I have ever heard or imagined of a pastoral existence:—much more so than Greece or Asia Minor, for there we are a little too much of the sabre and musket order, and if there is a crook in one hand, you are sure to see a gun in the other:—but this was pure and unmixed—solitary, savage, and patriarchal. As we went, they played the 'Rans des Vaches' and other airs, by way of farewell. I have lately repeopled my mind with nature.

\* September 20th.

"Up at six; off at eight. The whole of this day's journey at an average of between from 2700 to 3000 feet above the level of the sea. This valley, the longest, narrowest, and considered the finest of the Alps, little traversed by travellers. Saw the bridge of La Roche. The bed of the river very low and deep, between immense rocks, and rapid as anger;—a man and mule said to have tumbled over without damage. The people looked free, and happy, and *rich* (which last implies neither of the former); the cows superb, a bull nearly leapt into the char-à-banc—'agreeable companion in a postchaise'; goats and sheep very thriving. A mountain with enormous glaciers to the

right—the Klitzgerberg; further on, the nice names—so soft!—*Stockhorn*, lofty and scraggy, patched with snow-ciers on it, but some good epaulettes.

"Passed the boundaries, out of Berne canton; French exchanged for the district famous for cheese, liberty, no taxes. Hobhouse went to fish. Strolled to the river; saw boy and kid him like a dog; kid could not get over bleated piteously; tried myself to help overset both self and kid into the here about six in the evening. Nin to bed; not tired to-day, but hope theless.

"Off early. The valley of Simms Entrance to the plain of Thoun very rocks, wooded to the top; river; with fine glaciers. Lake of Thoun; with a girdle of Alps. Walked down de Schadau; view along the lake; in a boat rowed by women. Thoun town. The whole day's journey Alp

"Left Thoun in a boat, which length of the lake in three hours. but the banks fine. Rocks down to the Landed at Newhouse; passed Inter upon a range of scenes beyond all previous conception. Passed a rock two brothers—one murdered the other for it. After a variety of windings came to a famous rock. Arrived at the foot of the Jungfrau, that is, the Maiden; glacial one of these torrents *nine hundred* feet visible descent. Lodged at the curate's see the valley; heard an avalanche fall glaciers enormous; storm came on, rain, hail; all in perfection, and began on horseback; guide wanted to carry me going to give it him, when I recollect a sword-stick, and I thought the light attracted towards him; kept it myself encumbered with it, as it was too heavy and the horse was stupid, and stood we peal. Got in, not very wet, the cloak Hobhouse wet through; Hobhouse's cottage; sent man, umbrella, and curate's when I arrived) after him. Hobhouse very good indeed—much better English vicarages. It is immediately torrent I spoke of. The torrent is in shape the rock, like the tail of a white horse the wind, such as it might be conceived that of the 'pale horse' on which Death in the Apocalypse." It is neither more

\* It is interesting to observe the use to which the hasty memorandums of the drama of Manfred.

"It is not noon—the sunbow's rays will  
The torrent with the many hues of  
And roll the sheeted silver's waving  
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular  
And fling its lines of foaming light at  
And to and fro, like the pale courser  
The Giant stood, to be latrode by  
As told in the Apocalypse."



between both; its immense height (et) gives it a wave or curve, a spread—condensation there, wonderful and think, upon the whole, that this day than any of this present excursion.

\* September 23d.

ending the mountain, went to the top (the morning) again; the sun upon it, less of the lower part of all colours, purple and gold; the bow moving as ever saw any thing like this; it is only

Ascended the Wengen mountain; at valley on the summit; left the horses, at, and went to the summit, seven (English feet) above the level of the sea, thousand above the valley we left in. On one side, our view comprised the all her glaciers; then the Dent like truth; then the Little Giant (her); and the Great Giant (the Grosse), not least, the Wetterhorn. The Jungfrau is 13,000 feet above the sea, the valley: she is the highest of this

the avalanches falling every five miles. From whence we stood, on the Wengen all these in view on one side; on the side rose from the opposite valley, curlicular precipices like the foam of the, during a spring tide—it was white, and immeasurably deep in appearance. As we ascended was (of course) not a nature; but on arriving at the looked down upon the other side upon a cloud, dashing against the crags on (these crags on one side quite perpendicular a quarter of an hour; begun to clear from cloud on that side of the passing the masses of snow, I made a called Hobhouse with it.

to our horses again; eat something; heard the avalanches still; came to a horse dismounted to get over well; I y horse over; the horse sunk up to the some he and I were in the mud together but not hurt; laughed, and rode on. Grindelwald; dined, mounted again, higher glacier—like a frozen hurri-ght, beautiful, but a devil of a path! of safe in; a little lightning, but the as fine in point of weather as the Paradise was made. Passed whole vered pines, all withered; trunks rklless, branches lifeless; done by a

see, whom a breath draws down inous overwhelming, come and crush me! mamently above, beneath, a frequent conflict,

boil up around the glaciers; clouds y fast beneath me, white and sulphury, from the roused ocean of deep hell!"

Manfred.

"Over the savage sea, ocean of the mountain ice, a rugged breakers, which put on of a tumbling tempest's foam, a moment."

Ibid.

single winter,\*—their appearance reminded me of me and my family.

\* September 24th.

"Set off at seven; up at five. Passed the black glacier, the mountain Wetterhorn on the right; crossed the Scheideck mountain; came to the Rose glacier, said to be the largest and finest in Switzerland. I think the Bossons glacier at Chamouni as fine; Hobhouse does not. Came to the Reichenbach waterfall, two hundred feet high; halted to rest the horses. Arrived in the valley of Oberland; rain came on; drenched a little; only four hours' rain, however, in eight days. Came to the lake of Brienz, then to the town of Brienz; changed. In the evening, four Swiss peasant girls, of Oberhasli came and sang the airs of their country; two of the voices beautiful—the tunes also; so wild and original, and at the same time of great sweetness. The singing is over; but below stairs I hear the notes of a fiddle, which bode no good to my night's rest; I shall go down and see the dancing.

\* September 25th.

"The whole town of Brienz were apparently gathered together in the rooms below; pretty music and excellent waltzing; none but peasants; the dancing much better than in England; the English can't waltz, never could, never will. One man with his pipe in his mouth, but danced as well as the others; some other dances in pairs and in fours, and very good. I went to bed, but the revelry continued below late and early. Brienz but a village. Rose early. Embarked on the lake of Brienz, rowed by the women in a long boat; presently we put to shore and another woman jumped in. It seems it is the custom here for the boats to be manned by women: for of five men and three women in our bark, all the women took an oar, and but one man.

"Got to Interlachen in three hours; pretty lake; not so large as that of Thoun. Dined at Interlachen. Girl gave me some flowers, and made me a speech in German, of which I know nothing; I do not know whether the speech was pretty, but as the woman was, I hope so. Re-embarked on the lake of Thoun; fell asleep part of the way; sent our horses round; found people on the shore, blowing up a rock with gunpowder; they blew it up near our boat, only telling us a minute before;—mere stupidity, but they might have broken our noddles. Got to Thoun in the evening; the weather has been tolerable the whole day. But as the wild part of our tour is finished, it don't matter to us; in all the desirable part, we have been most lucky in warmth and clearness of atmosphere.

\* September 26th.

"Being out of the mountains, my journal must be as flat as my journey. From Thoun to Berne, good road, hedges, villages, industry, property, and all sorts of tokens of insipid civilization. From Berne to Fribourg; different canton; catholics; passed a field of battle; Swiss beat the French in one of the late wars against the French republic. Bought a dog. The greater part of this tour has been on horseback, on foot, and on mule.

\* "Like these blasted pines.

Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless. Manfred.

\* September 28th.

"Saw the tree, planted in honour of the battle of Morat; three hundred and forty years old; a good deal decayed. Left Fribourg, but first saw the cathedral; high tower. Overtook the baggage of the nuns of La Trappe, who are removing to Normandy; afterwards a coach, with a quantity of nuns in it. Proceeded along the banks of the lake of Neuchatel; very pleasing and soft, but not so mountainous—at least, the Jura, not appearing so, after the Bernese Alps. Reached Yverdon in the dusk; a long line of large trees on the border of the lake; fine and sombre; the Auberge nearly full—a German princess and suite; got rooms.

\* September 29th.

"Passed through a fine and flourishing country, but not mountainous. In the evening reached Aubonne (the entrance and bridge something like that of Durham), which commands by far the fairest view of the lake of Geneva: twilight; the moon on the lake; a grove on the height, and of very noble trees. Here Tavernier (the eastern traveller) bought (or built) the chateau, because the site resembled and equalled that of *Erivan*, a frontier city of Persia; here he finished his voyages, and I this little excursion,—for I am within a few hours of Diodati, and have little more to see, and no more to say."

With the following melancholy passage this Journal concludes:—

"In the weather for this tour (of 13 days), I have been very fortunate—fortunate in a companion (Mr. H.)—fortunate in our prospects, and exempt from even the little petty accidents and delays which often render journeys in a less wild country disappointing. I was disposed to be pleased. I am a lover of nature and an admirer of beauty. I can bear fatigue and welcome privation, and have seen some of the noblest views in the world. But in all this—the recollection of bitterness, and more especially of recent and more home desolation, which must accompany me through life, have preyed upon me here; and neither the music of the shepherd, the crashing of the avalanche, nor the torrent, the mountain, the glacier, the forest, nor the cloud, have for one moment lightened the weight upon my heart, nor enabled me to lose my own wretched identity in the majesty, and the power, and the glory, around, above, and and beneath me."

Among the inmates at Sécheron, on his arrival at Geneva, Lord Byron had found Mr. and Mrs. Shelley, and a female relative of the latter, who had about a fortnight before taken up their residence at this hotel. It was the first time that Lord Byron and Mr. Shelley ever met; though, long before, when the latter was quite a youth,—being the younger of the two by four or five years,—he had sent to the noble poet a copy of his *Queen Mab*, accompanied by a letter, in which, after detailing at full length all the accusations he had heard brought against his character, he added, that, should these charges not have been true, it would make him happy to be honoured with his acquaintance. The book alone, it appears, reached its destination,—the letter having miscarried,

and Lord Byron was known in admiration of the opening him

There was, therefore, on Geneva, no want of disposition on either side, and an intimacy sprung up between them. Common to both, that for both strong; and in this beautiful than ordinary temptations to evening, during their residence at Sécheron, they embarked ladies and Polidori, on the Lake and fancies inspired by these not unfrequently prolonged in light, we are indebted for stanzas,\* in which the poet's passionate love of Nature so

"There breathes a living fire  
Of flowers yet fresh with care  
Drips the light drop of the

At intervals, some bird from  
Starts into voice a moment  
There seems a floating whiff  
But that is fancy,—for the  
All silently their tears of  
Weeping themselves away

A person who was of the scribed to me one of their breeze or north-east wind blows are driven towards the town, the Rhone, which sets strong combine to make a very rapid harbour. Carelessly, one ever its course, till we found our the piles; and it required all master the tide. The waves rising,—we were all animated elements. 'I will sing you a Lord Byron; 'now be sent into your attention.' It was a strange gave forth; but such as, he imitation of the savage Albatross the while, at our disappointment a wild Eastern melody."

Sometimes the party landed shore, and, on such occasions loiter behind the rest, lazily along, and moulding, as he thoughts into shape. Often he would lean abstractedly render himself up, in silence, task.

The conversation of Mr. Shelley of his poetic reading, and the relations into which his system was of a nature strongly to attention of Lord Byron, and worldly associations and top and untrodden ways of the trust, indeed, is an enlivening intercourse, it would be difficult more formed to whet each discussion, as on few points of common them did their opinions agree;

\* Child Harold,



had its root deep in the conformation of their respective minds needs but a glance through the rich, glittering labyrinth of Mr Shelley's pages to assure us.

In Lord Byron, the real was never forgotten in the fanciful. However Imagination had placed her whole realm at his disposal, he was no less a man of this world than a ruler of hers; and, accordingly, through the airiest and most subtle creations of his brain still the life-blood of truth and reality circulates. With Shelley it was far otherwise;—his fancy (and he had sufficient for a whole generation of poets) was the medium through which he saw all things, his facts as well as his theories; and not only the greater part of his poetry, but the political and philosophical speculations in which he indulged, were all distilled through the same over-refining and unrealizing alembic. Having started as a teacher and reformer of the world, at an age when he could know nothing of the world but from fancy, the persecution he met with on the threshold of this boyish enterprise but confirmed him in his first paradoxical views of human ills and their remedies; and, instead of waiting to take lessons of authority and experience, he, with a courage, admirable had it been but wisely directed, made war upon both. From this sort of self-willed start in the world, an impulse was at once given to his opinions and powers directly contrary, it would seem, to their natural bias, and from which his life was too short to allow him time to recover. With a mind, by nature, fervidly pious, he yet refused to acknowledge a Supreme Providence, and substituted some airy abstraction of "Universal Love" in its place. An aristocrat by birth and, as I understand, also in appearance and manners, he was yet a leveller in politics, and to such an Utopian extent as to be, seriously, the advocate of a community of property. With a delicacy and even romance of sentiment, which lends such grace to some of his lesser poems, he could notwithstanding contemplate a change in the relations of the sexes, which would have led to results fully as gross as his arguments for it were fastidious and refined; and though benevolent and generous to an extent that seemed to exclude all idea of selfishness, he yet scrupled not, in the pride of system, to disturb wantonly the faith of his fellow-men, and, without substituting any equivalent good in its place, to rob the wretched of a hope, which, even if false, would be worth all this world's best truths.

Upon no point were the opposite tendencies of the two friends,—to long established opinions and matter of fact on one side, and to all that was most innovating and visionary on the other,—more observable than in their notions on philosophical subjects; Lord Byron being, with the great bulk of mankind, a believer in the existence of Matter and Evil, while Shelley so far refined upon the theory of Berkeley as not only to resolve the whole of Creation into spirit, but to add also to this immaterial system some pervading principle, some abstract non-entity of Love and Beauty, of which—as a substitute, at least, for Deity—the philosophic bishop had never dreamed. On such subjects, and on poetry, their conversation generally turned; and, as might be expected from Lord Byron's facility in receiving new impressions,

the opinions of his companion were not altogether without some influence on his mind. Here and there, among those fine bursts of passion and description that abound in the Third Canto of *Childe Harold*, may be discovered traces of that mysticism of meaning,—that sublimity, losing itself in its own vagueness,—which so much characterized the writings of his extraordinary friend; and in one of the notes we find Shelley's favourite Pantheism of Love thus glanced at:—"But this is not all: the feeling with which all around Clarens and the opposite rocks of Meillerie is invested, is of a still higher and more comprehensive order than the mere sympathy with individual passion; it is a sense of the existence of love in its most extended and sublime capacity, and of our own participation of its good and of its glory: it is the great principle of the universe, which is there more condensed, but not less manifested; and of which, though knowing ourselves a part, we lose our individuality, and mingle in the beauty of the whole."

Another proof of the ductility with which he fell into his new friend's tastes and predilections, appears in the tinge, if not something deeper, of the manner and cast of thinking of Mr. Wordsworth, which is traceable through so many of his most beautiful stanzas. Being naturally, from his love of the abstract and imaginative, an admirer of the great poet of the Lakes, Mr. Shelley omitted no opportunity of bringing the beauties of his favourite writer under the notice of Lord Byron; and it is not surprising that, once persuaded into a fair perusal, the mind of the noble poet should—in spite of some personal and political prejudices which unluckily survived this short access of admiration—not only feel the influence but, in some degree, even reflect the hues of one of the very few real and original poets that this age (fertile as it is in rhymers *quales ego et Cluvienus*) has had the glory of producing.

When Polidori was of their party (which, till he found attractions elsewhere, was generally the case), their more elevated subjects of conversation were almost always put to flight by the strange sallies of this eccentric young man, whose vanity made him a constant butt for Lord Byron's sarcasm and merriment. The son of a highly respectable Italian gentleman, who was in early life, I understand, the secretary of Alfieri, Polidori seems to have possessed both talents and dispositions which, had he lived, might have rendered him a useful member of his profession and of society. At the time, however, of which we are speaking, his ambition of distinction far outwent both his powers and opportunities of attaining it. His mind, accordingly, between ardour and weakness, was kept in a constant hectic of vanity, and he seems to have alternately provoked and amused his noble employer, leaving him seldom any escape from anger but in laughter. Among other pretensions, he had set his heart upon shining as an author, and one evening, at Mr. Shelley's producing a tragedy of his own writing, insisted that they should undergo the operation of hearing it. To lighten the infliction, Lord Byron took upon himself the task of reader; and the whole scene, from the description I have heard of it, must have been not a little trying to gravity. In spite of the jealous watch kept upon



every countenance by the author, it was impossible to withstand the smile lurking in the eye of the reader, whose only resource against the outbreak of his own laughter lay in lauding, from time to time, most vehemently, the sublimity of the verses;—particularly some that began " 'Tis thus the goller'd idiot of the Alps"—and then adding, at the close of every such eulogy, "I assure you, when I was in the Drury-lane Committee, much worse things were offered to us."

After passing a fortnight under the same roof with Lord Byron at Sécheron, Mr. and Mrs. Shelley removed to a small house on the Mont-Blanc side of the Lake, within about ten minutes' walk of the villa which their noble friend had taken, upon the high banks, called Belle Rive, that rose immediately behind them. During the fortnight that Lord Byron outstaid them at Sécheron, though the weather had changed and was become windy and cloudy, he every evening crossed the Lake, with Polidori, to visit them; and, "as he returned again (says my informant) over the darkened waters, the wind, from far across, bore us his voice singing your Tyrolean Song of Liberty, which I then first heard, and which is to me inextricably linked with his remembrance."

In the mean time, Polidori had become jealous of the growing intimacy of his noble patron with Shelley; and the plan which he now understood them to have formed of making a tour of the Lake without him completed his mortification. In the soreness of his feelings on this subject he indulged in some intemperate remonstrances, which Lord Byron indignantly resented; and the usual bounds of courtesy being passed on both sides, the dismissal of Polidori appeared, even to himself, inevitable. With this prospect, which he considered nothing less than ruin, before his eyes, the poor young man was, it seems, on the point of committing that fatal act which, two or three years afterwards, he actually did perpetrate. Retiring to his own room, he had already drawn forth the poison from his medicine chest, and was pausing to consider whether he should write a letter before he took it, when Lord Byron (without, however, the least suspicion of his intention) tapped at the door and entered, with his hand held forth in sign of reconciliation. The sudden revulsion was too much for poor Polidori, who burst into tears; and, in relating all the circumstances of the occurrence afterwards, he declared that nothing could exceed the gentle kindness of Lord Byron in soothing his mind and restoring him to composure.

Soon after this the noble poet removed to Diodati. He had, on his first coming to Geneva, with the good-natured view of introducing Polidori into company, gone to several Genevese parties; but, this task performed, he retired altogether from society, till late in the summer, when, as we have seen, he visited Copet. His means were at this time very limited, and though he lived by no means parsimoniously, all unnecessary expenses were avoided in his establishment. The young physician had been, at first, a source of much expense to him, being in the habit of hiring a carriage, at a louis a day (Lord Byron not then keeping horses) to take him to his evening parties; and it was some time before his noble patron had the courage to put this luxury down.

The liberty, indeed, which this young poet allowed himself was, on one occasion, the bringing an imputation upon the poet's health and good-breeding, which, like every thing true or false, tending to cast a shade upon his character, was for some time circulated with most intense zeal. Without any authority from the nobles of the mansion, he took upon himself to invite Genevese gentlemen (M. Pictet, and M. Bonstetten) to dine at Diodati; and the comment which Lord Byron thought it right to make him for such freedom was, "as he had invited guests, to leave him also to entertain them; a step, though merely a consequence of the indiscretion, it was not difficult, of course, to bring into a serious charge of caprice and rudeness to the host himself."

By such repeated instances of thoughtlessness (to use no harsher term), it is not wonderful that Byron should at last be driven into a feeling of hostility towards his medical companion, of whose conduct he remarked, that "he was exactly the kind of man to whom, if he fell overboard, one would throw a straw, to know if the adage be true that men catch at straws."

A few more anecdotes of this young man in the service of Lord Byron, may, as I have already upon the character of the latter, be appropriately introduced. While the two were one day, out boating, Polidori, by a sudden rowing, struck Lord Byron violently with his oar; and the latter, without saying a word, hid his face away to hide the pain. After a short time, he said, "Be so kind, Polidori, another time, be more careful, for you hurt me very much." "Of it," answered the other; "I am glad I can suffer pain." In a calm, suppressed tone, Byron replied, "Let me advise you, Polidori, you, another time, hurt any one, not to expect satisfaction. People don't like to be told who give them pain are glad of it; and they always command their anger. It was with difficulty that I refrained from throwing your oar into the water, and, but for Mrs. Shelley's presence, I probably have done some such rash thing. I was said without ill-temper, and the cloud soon away."

Another time, when the lady just mentioned, after a shower of rain, walking up the hill to Lord Byron, who saw her from his balcony, was standing with Polidori, said to the latter, "you who wish to be gallant ought to jump down from a small height and offer your arm." Polidori, in the easiest part of the declivity and leaped down, the ground being wet, his foot slipped and he fell on his ankle.\* Lord Byron instantly helped him up and procure cold water for the foot; and he was laid on the sofa, perceiving that he had overdone himself (an exertion which he made painful and disagreeable) to fetch him. "Well, I did not believe you were so feeble," was Polidori's gracious remark, which may be supposed, not a little clouded his brow.

\* To this lameness of Polidori, one of the allusions of Lord Byron alludes.



A dialogue which Lord Byron himself used to mention as having taken place between them during their journey on the Rhine, is amusingly characteristic of both the persons concerned. "After all," said the physician, "what is there you can do that I cannot?"—"Why, since you force me to say," answered the other, "I think there are three things I can do which you cannot." Polidori defied him to name them. "I can," said Lord Byron, "swim across that river—I can snuff out that candle with a pistol-shot at the distance of twenty paces—And I have written a poem\* of which 14,000 copies were sold in one day."

The jealous pique of the doctor against Shelley was constantly breaking out, and on the occasion of some victory which the latter had gained over him in a sailing-match, he took it into his head that his antagonist had treated him with contempt; and went so far, in consequence, notwithstanding Shelley's known sentiments against duelling, as to proffer him a sort of challenge, at which Shelley, as might be expected, only laughed. Lord Byron, however, fearing that the vivacious physician might still further take advantage of this peculiarity of his friend, said to him, "Recollect, that though Shelley has some scruples about duelling, I have none; and shall be, at all times, ready to take his place."

At Diodati, his life was passed in the same regular round of habits and occupations into which, when left to himself, he always naturally fell; a late breakfast, then a visit to the Shelleys' cottage and an excursion on the Lake;—at five, dinner† (when he usually preferred being alone), and then, if the weather permitted, an excursion again. He and Shelley had joined in purchasing a boat, for which they gave twenty-five *louis*,—a small sailing vessel, fitted to stand the usual squalls of the climate, and, at that time, the only keeled boat on the Lake. When the weather did not allow of their excursions after dinner,—an occurrence not unfrequent during this very wet summer,—the inmates of the cottage passed their evenings at Diodati, and, when the rain rendered it inconvenient for them to return home, remained there to sleep. "We often," says one, who was not the least ornamental of the party, "sat up in conversation till the morning light. There was never any lack of subjects, and, grave or gay, we were always interested."

During a week of rain at this time, having amused themselves with reading German ghost-stories, they agreed, at last, to write something in imitation of them. "You and I," said Lord Byron to Mrs Shelley, "will publish ours together." He then began his tale of the Vampire; and, having the whole arranged in his head, repeated to them a sketch of the story ‡

\* The Corsair.

† His system of diet here was regulated by an abstinence almost incredible. A thin slice of bread, with tea, at breakfast—a light, vegetable dinner, with a bottle or two of Seltzer water, tinged with vin de Grave, and in the evening, a cup of green tea, without milk or sugar, formed the whole of his sustenance. The pangs of hunger he appeased by privately chewing tobacco and smoking cigars.

‡ From his remembrance of this sketch, Polidori afterwards vamped up his strange novel of the Vampire, which, under the supposition of its being Lord Byron's, was received with such enthusiasm in France. It would, indeed, not a little deduct from our value of foreign fame, if what some French writers have asserted be true, that the appearance of this extravagant novel among our neighbours first attracted their attention to the genius of Byron.

one evening,—but, from the narrative being in prose, made but little progress in filling up his outline. The most memorable result, indeed, of their story-telling compact, was Mrs. Shelley's wild and powerful romance of *Frankenstein*,—one of those original conceptions that take hold of the public mind at once and for ever.

Towards the latter end of June, as we have seen in one of the preceding letters, Lord Byron, accompanied by his friend Shelley, made a tour in his boat round the Lake, and visited, "with the Heloise before him," all those scenes around Meillerie and Clarens, which have become consecrated for ever by ideal passion, and by that power which Genius alone possesses, of giving such life to its dreams as to make them seem realities. In the squall off Meillerie, which he mentions, their danger was considerable.\* In the expectation, every moment, of being obliged to swim for his life, Lord Byron had already thrown off his coat, and, as Shelley was no swimmer, insisted upon endeavouring, by some means, to save him. This offer, however, Shelley positively refused; and seating himself quietly upon a locker, and grasping the rings at each end firmly in his hands, declared his determination to go down in that position, without a struggle.†

Subjoined to that interesting little work, the "Six Weeks' Tour," there is a letter by Shelley himself, giving an account of this excursion round the Lake, and written with all the enthusiasm such scenes should inspire. In describing a beautiful child they saw at the village of Nervi, he says, "My companion gave him a piece of money, which he took without speaking, with a sweet smile of easy thankfulness, and then with an unembarrassed air turned to his play." There were, indeed, few things Lord Byron more delighted in than to watch beautiful children at play;—"many a lovely Swiss child (says a person who saw him daily at this time) received crowns from him as the reward of their grace and sweetness."

Speaking of their lodgings at Nervi, which were gloomy and dirty, Mr. Shelley says, "On returning to our inn, we found that the servant had arranged our rooms, and deprived them of the greater portion of their former disconsolate appearance. They re-

\* "The wind (says Lord Byron's fellow-voyager) gradually increased in violence until it blew tremendously; and, as it came from the remotest extremity of the Lake, produced waves of a frightful height, and covered the whole surface with a chaos of foam. One of our boatmen, who was a dreadfully stupid fellow, persisted in holding the sail at a time when the boat was on the point of being driven under water by the hurricane. On discovering this error, he let it entirely go, and the boat for a moment refused to obey the helm; in addition, the rudder was so broken as to render the management of it very difficult; one wave fell in and then another."

† "I felt, in this near prospect of death (says Mr Shelley), a mixture of sensations, among which terror entered, though but subordinately. My feelings would have been less painful, had I been alone; but I knew that my companion would have attempted to save me, and I was overcome with humiliation, when I thought that his life might have been risked to preserve mine. When we arrived at St. Gingoux, the inhabitants, who stood on the shore, unaccustomed to see a vessel as frail as ours, and fearing to venture at all on such a sea, exchanged looks of wonder and congratulation with our boatmen, who, as well as ourselves, were well pleased to set foot on shore."



mind my companion of Greece: it was five years, he said, since he had slept in such beds."

Luckily for Shelley's full enjoyment of these scenes, he had never before happened to read the *Heloise*; and though his companion had long been familiar with that romance, the sight of the region itself, the "birthplace of deep Love," every spot of which seemed instinct with the passion of the story, gave to the whole a fresh and actual existence in his mind. Both were under the spell of the Genius of the place,—both full of emotion; and as they walked silently through the vineyards that were once the "bosquet de Julie," Lord Byron suddenly exclaimed, "Thank God, Polidori is not here."

That the glowing stanzas suggested to him by this scene were written upon the spot itself appears almost certain, from the letter addressed to Mr. Murray on his way back to Diodati, in which he announces the Third Canto as complete, and consisting of 117 stanzas. At Ouchy, near Lausanne,—the place from which that letter is dated,—he and his friend were detained two days, in a small inn, by the weather; and it was there, in that short interval, that he wrote his "Prisoner of Chillon," adding one more deathless association to the already immortalized localities of the Lake.

On his return from this excursion to Diodati, an occasion was afforded for the gratification of his jesting propensities by the avowal of the young physician that—he had fallen in love. On the evening of this tender confession they both appeared at Shelley's cottage—Lord Byron, in the highest and most boyish spirits, rubbing his hands as he walked about the room, and in that utter incapacity of retention which was one of his failings, making jesting allusions to the secret he had just heard. The brow of the doctor darkened as this pleasantry went on, and, at last, he angrily accused Lord Byron of hardness of heart. "I never," said he, "met with a person so unfeeling." This sally, though the poet had evidently brought it upon himself, annoyed him most deeply. "Call me cold-hearted—*me* insensible!" he exclaimed, with manifest emotion—"as well might you say that glass is not brittle, which has been cast down a precipice, and lies dashed to pieces at the foot!"

In the month of July he paid a visit to Copet, and was received by the distinguished hostess with a cordiality the more sensibly felt by him as, from his personal unpopularity at this time, he had hardly ventured to count upon it.\* In her usual frank style, she took him to task upon his matrimonial conduct—but in a way that won upon his mind, and disposed him to yield to her suggestions. He must endeavour, she told him, to bring about a reconciliation with his wife, and must submit to contend no longer with the opinion of the world. In vain did he quote her own motto to Delphine, "Un homme peut braver,

\* In the account of this visit to Copet in his Memoranda, he spoke in high terms of the daughter of his hostess, the present Duchess de Broglie, and, in noticing how much she appeared to be attached to her husband, remarked that "Nothing was more pleasing than to see the development of the domestic affections in a very young woman." Of Madame de Staël, in that Memoir, he spoke thus: "Madame de Staël was a good woman at heart and the cleverest at bottom, but spoiled by a wish to be—she knew not what. In her own house she was amiable; in any other person's, you wished her gone, and in her own again."

une femme doit succomber aux opinions du monde;—her reply was, that all this might be very well to say, but that, in real life, the duty and necessity of yielding belonged also to the man. Her eloquence, in short, so far succeeded that he was prevailed upon to write a letter to a friend in England, declaring himself still willing to be reconciled to Lady Byron,—a concession not a little startling to those who had so often, lately, heard him declare that, "having done all in his power to persuade Lady Byron to return, and with this view put off as long as he could signing the deed of separation, that step being not taken, they were now divided for ever."

Of the particulars of this brief negotiation ensued upon Madame de Staël's suggestion, there is no very accurate remembrance; but there is little doubt that its failure, after the violence done his own pride in the overture, was well infused any mixture of resentment or bitterness to the feelings hitherto entertained by him through these painful differences. He had, indeed, on his arrival in Geneva, invariably spoken of his wife with kindness and regret, imputing the error he had taken, in leaving him, not to herself but to him, and assigning whatever little share of blame he would allow her to bear in the transaction to the simple and, doubtless, true cause—her not at all understanding him. "I have no doubt," he would sometimes say, "that she really did believe me to be mad."

Another resolution connected with his matrimonial affairs, in which he often, at this time, professed a fixed intention to persevere, was that of never allowing himself to touch any part of his wife's life. Such a sacrifice, there is no doubt, would have been in his situation, delicate and manly: but though the natural bent of his disposition led him to such a resolution, he wanted,—what few, perhaps, could have attained,—the fortitude to keep it.

The effects of the late struggle on his mind, stirring up all its resources and energies, was visible in the great activity of his genius during the whole of this period, and the rich variety, both in character and colouring, of the works with which it teemed. Besides the Third Canto of *Childe Harold* and the *Prisoner of Chillon*, he produced also his two Poems, "Darkness" and "the Dream," the latter of which cost him many a tear in writing,—being, indeed, the most mournful, as well as picturesque "story of a wandering life" that ever came from the pen of heart of man. Those verses, too, entitled "the Cantata," which he introduced afterwards, without any connexion with the subject, into *Manfred*, are also (at least, the less bitter portion of them) the production of this period; and as they were written after the last fruitless attempt at reconciliation, it need not be said who was in his thoughts while he penned some of the opening stanzas.

Though thy slumber must be deep,  
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;  
There are shades which will not vanish,  
There are thoughts thou canst not banish;  
By a power to thee unknown,  
Thou canst never be alone;  
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,  
Thou art gather'd in a cloud;  
And for ever shalt thou dwell  
In the spirit of this spell.



thou see'st me not pass by,  
 halt feel me with thine eye,  
 that, though unseen,  
 is near thee, and hath been;  
 in that secret dread,  
 hast turn'd around thy head,  
 hast marvel I am not  
 shadow on the spot,  
 the power which thou dost feel  
 is what thou must conceal.

he unfinished "Vampire," he began also, another romance in prose, founded upon the Marriage of Belphegor, and intended at his own matrimonial fate. The wife the personage he described much in the that pervades his delineation of Donna First Canto of Don Juan. While however, in writing this story, he heard from at Lady Byron was ill, and, his heart the intelligence, he threw the manuscript

So constantly were the good and evil  
 his nature conflicting for mastery over

following Poems, so different from each in character,—the first prying with an eye into the darkness of another world, and breathing all that is most natural and affections of this,—were also written at and have never before been published.

#### EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

recount the river of my years  
 first fountain of our smiles and tears,  
 the first trace again the stream of hours  
 in their outworn banks of wither'd flowers,  
 it flows as now—until it glides  
 a number of the nameless tides.

Is this Death?—a quiet of the heart?  
 side of that of which we are a part?  
 Is it but a vision—what I see  
 which lives alone is life to me,  
 long so—the absent are the dead,  
 wait us from tranquillity, and spread  
 thy shroud around us, and invest  
 our remembrances our hours of rest.  
 absent are the dead—for they are cold,  
 e'er can be what once we did behold;  
 we are changed, and cheerless,—or if yet  
 forgotten do not all forget,  
 thus divided—equal must it be  
 deep barrier be of earth or sea;  
 be both—but one day end it must  
 dark union of insensate dust.  
 under-earth inhabitants—are they  
 singled millions decomposed to clay?  
 does a thousand ages spread  
 ever man has trodden or shall tread?  
 they in their silent cities dwell  
 in his incommunicative cell?  
 do they their own language? and a sense  
 faithless being?—darken'd and intense  
 daylight in her solitude?—Oh Earth!  
 are the past?—and wherefore had they birth?  
 and are thy inheritors—and we  
 shades on thy surface; and the key

on same occasion, indeed, he wrote some verses not quite so generous, of which a few of the open all I shall give:

How wert thou—yet was I not with thee;  
 and thou wert sick—and yet I was not near;  
 thought that Joy and Health alone could be  
 were I was wof, and pain and sorrow here.  
 is it thus?—it is as I foretold,  
 and shall be more so.—&c. &c.

Of thy profundity is in the grave,  
 The ebon portal of thy peopled cave,  
 Where I would walk in spirit, and behold  
 Our elements resolved to things untold,  
 And fathom hidden wonders, and explore  
 The essence of great bosoms now no more.

#### TO AUGUSTA.

##### 1.

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name  
 Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.  
 Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim  
 No tears, but tenderness to answer mine:  
 Go where I will, to me thou art the same—  
 A loved regret which I would not resign.  
 There yet are two things in my destiny,—  
 A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

##### 2.

The first were nothing—had I still the last,  
 It were the haven of my happiness;  
 But other claims and other ties thou hast,  
 And mine is not the wish to make them less.  
 A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past  
 Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;  
 Reversed for him our grandsire's fate of yore,—  
 He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

##### 3.

If my inheritance of storms hath been  
 In other elements, and on the rocks  
 Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,  
 I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks:  
 The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen  
 My errors with defensive paradox;  
 I have been cunning in mine overthrow,  
 The careful pilot of my proper woe.

##### 4.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward,  
 My whole life was a contest, since the day  
 That gave me being, gave me that which marr'd  
 The gift,—a fate, or will, that walk'd astray;  
 And I at times have found the struggle hard,  
 And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay:  
 But now I fain would for a time survive,  
 If but to see what next can well arrive.

##### 5.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day  
 I have outlived, and yet I am not old;  
 And when I look on this, the petty spray  
 Of my own years of trouble, which have roll'd  
 Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away:  
 Something—I know not what—does still uphold  
 A spirit of slight patience;—not in vain,  
 Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

##### 6.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir  
 Within me,—or perhaps a cold despair,  
 Brought on when ill's habitually recur,—  
 Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,  
 (For even to this may change of soul refer,  
 And with light armour we may learn to bear.)  
 Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not  
 The chief companion of a calmer lot.

##### 7.

I feel almost at times as I have felt  
 In happy childhood; trees, and flowers, and brooks,  
 Which do remember me of where I dwelt  
 Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,

\* \* Admiral Byron was remarkable for never making a voyage without a tempest. He was known to the sailors by the facetious name of 'Foul-weather Jack.'

But, though it were tempest-tost,  
 Still his bark could not be lost.

He returned safely from the wreck of the Wager (in Anson's Voyage), and subsequently circumnavigated the world, many years after, as commander of a similar expedition.\*

Come as of yore upon me, and can melt  
My heart with recognition of their looks;  
And even at moments I could think I see  
Some living thing to love—but none like thee.

8.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create  
A fund for contemplation;—to admire  
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date;  
But something worthier do such scenes inspire  
Here to be lonely is not desolate,  
For much I view which I could most desire,  
And, above all, a lake I can behold  
Lovellier, not dearer, than our own of old.

9.

Oh that thou wert but with me!—but I grow  
The fool of my own wishes, and forget  
The solitude which I have vaunted so  
Has lost its praise in this but one regret;  
There may be others which I less may show;—  
I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet  
I feel an ebb in my philosophy,  
And the tide rising in my alter'd eye.

10.

I did remind thee of our own dear lake,\*  
By the old hall which may be mine no more.  
Leman's is fair; but think not I forsake  
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore:  
Sad havoc Time must with my memory make  
Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before;  
Though, like all things which I have loved, they are  
Resign'd for ever, or divided far.

11.

The world is all before me; I but ask  
Of nature that with which she will comply—  
It is but in her summer's sun to bask,  
To mingle with the quiet of her sky,  
To see her gentle face without a mask,  
And never gaze on it with apathy.  
She was my early friend, and now shall be  
My sister—till I look again on thee.

12.

I can reduce all feelings but this one:  
And that I would not;—for at length I see  
Such scenes as those wherein my life begun.  
The earliest—even on the only paths for me—  
Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,  
I had been better than I now can be  
The passions which have torn me would have slept;  
I had not suffer'd, and *thou* hadst not wept.

13.

With false ambition what had I to do?  
Little with love, and least of all with fame;  
And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,  
And made me all which they can make—a name.  
Yet this was not the end I did pursue;  
Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.  
But all is over—I am one the more  
To baffled millions which have gone before.

14.

And for the future, this world's future may  
From me demand but little of my care:  
I have outlived myself by many a day;  
Having survived so many things that were:  
My years have been no slumber, but the prey  
Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share  
Of life which might have fill'd a century,  
Before its fourth in time had pass'd me by.

15.

And for the remnant which may be to come  
I am content; and for the past I feel  
Not thankless,—for within the crowded sum  
Of struggles, happiness at times would steal,  
And for the present, I would not bemoan  
My feelings farther.—Nor shall I conceal  
That with all this I still can look around,  
And worship Nature with a thought profound.

\* The lake of Newstead Abbey.

16.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart  
I know myself secure, as thou in mine;  
We were and are—I am, even as thou art—  
Beings who ne'er each other can resign:  
It is the same, together or apart,  
From life's commencement to its slow decline  
We are entwined—let death come slow or fast,  
The tie which bound the first endures the last!

In the month of August, Mr M. G. Lewis was  
to pass some time with him; and he was soon  
visited by Mr Richard Sharpe, of whom he had  
such honourable mention in the journal already  
and with whom, as I have heard that gentleman  
it now gave him evident pleasure to converse  
their common friends in England. Among those  
appeared to have left the strongest impres-  
terest and admiration on his mind, was (as could  
be believed by all who know this distinguished  
son) Sir James Mackintosh.

Soon after the arrival of his friends, Mr Hale  
and Mr S. Davies, he set out, as we have seen  
the former, on a tour through the Bernese Alps,  
after accomplishing which journey, about the begin-  
ning of October he took his departure, accompa-  
nyed by the same gentleman, for Italy.

The first letter of the following series was, it will  
be seen, written a few days before he left London.

## LETTER CCXLVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

Diodati, Oct. 8.

"Save me a copy of 'Buck's' Richard III. pub-  
lished by Longman; but do not send out more than  
I have too many.

"The 'Monody' is in too many paragraphs; it  
makes it unintelligible to me; if any one else  
stands it in the present form, they are wise; but  
ever, as it cannot be rectified till my return, as it  
has been already published, even publish it as a  
collection—it will fill up the place of the  
epistle.

"Strike out 'by request of a friend,' which is  
trash, and must have been done to make it readable.

"Be careful in the printing the stanzas begin-

Though the day of my destiny's, &c.

which I think well of as a composition.

"The 'Antiquary' is not the best of the three, but  
much above all the last twenty years, saving as to  
brothers. Holcroft's Memoirs are valuable as shew-  
ing strength of endurance in the man, which is  
more than all the talent in the world.

"And so you have been publishing 'Margaret  
Anjou' and an Assyrian tale, and refusing W. W.  
Waterloo, and the 'Hue and Cry.' I know of  
which most to admire, your rejections or accep-  
tances. I believe that *prose* is, after all, the most  
reputable, for certes, if every one could foresee—  
I won't go on—that is, with this sentence, in  
poetry is, I fear, incurable. God help me! if I  
succeed in this scribbling, I shall have fretted away  
my mind before I am thirty, but it is at times a  
relief to me. For the present—good evening.



## LETTER CCXLVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Martigny, October 9th, 1816.

ar on my way to Italy. We have just  
 'Pisse-Vache' (one of the first torrents in  
 d) in time to view the iris which the sun  
 it before noon.

written to you twice lately. Mr Davies,  
 arrived. He brings the original MS. which  
 to see. Recollect that the printing is to  
 which Mr Shelley brought; and recollect  
 concluding stanzas of Childe Harold  
 daughter) which I had not made up my  
 to publish or not when they were first  
 you will see marked on the margin of the  
 I had (and have) fully determined to  
 the rest of the canto, as in the copy  
 received by Mr Shelley, before I sent it to

ther is very fine, which is more than the  
 been.—At Milan I shall expect to hear  
 Address either to Milan, *poste restante*,  
 Geneva, to the care of Monsr Hentsch,  
 I write these few lines in case my other  
 not reach you; I trust one of them will.  
 best respects and regards to Mr Gifford.  
 him, it may perhaps be as well to put a  
 that part relating to *Clarens*, merely to  
 course the description does not refer to  
 ar spot so much as to the command of  
 ad it? I do not know that this is neces-  
 sary to Mr G.'s choice, as my editor,—  
 now me to call him so at this distance."

## LETTER CCXLIX.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Milan, October 15th, 1816.

that Mr Davies has arrived in England,—  
 some letters, &c., committed to his care  
 only half have been delivered. This in-  
 naturally makes me feel a little anxious for  
 amongst them for the MS., which I wished  
 pared with the one sent by me through  
 Mr Shelley. I trust that it has arrived  
 indeed not less so, that some little  
 from Mont Blanc, for my daughter and  
 have reached their address. Pray have  
 to ascertain from Mr Davies that  
 (by customhouse or loss) has befallen  
 satisfy me on this point at your earliest

fect rightly, you told me that Mr Gif-  
 dly undertaken to correct the press (at  
 during my absence—at least I hope  
 id to my many obligations to that gentle-

to you, on my way here, a short note,  
 ny. Mr Hobhouse and myself arrived  
 ago, by the Simplon and Lago Mag-

Of course we visited the Borromean  
 igh are fine, but too artificial. The  
 magnificent in its nature and its art,—  
 and men have done wonders,—to say no-

thing of the devil, who must certainly have had a  
 hand (or a hoof) in some of the rocks and ravines  
 through and over which the works are carried.

"Milan is striking, the cathedral superb. The city  
 altogether reminds me of Seville, but a little inferior.  
 We had heard divers bruits, and took precautions on  
 the road, near the frontier, against some 'many  
 worthy fellows (i. e. felons) that were out,' and had  
 ransacked some preceding travellers, a few weeks  
 ago, near Sesto,—or Cesto, I forget which,—of cash  
 and raiment, besides putting them in bodily fear, and  
 lodging about twenty slugs in the retreating part of  
 a courier belonging to Mr Hope. But we were not  
 molested, and, I do not think, in any danger, except  
 of making mistakes in the way of cocking and priming  
 whenever we saw an old house, or an ill-looking  
 thicket, and now and then suspecting the 'true men,'  
 who have very much the appearance of the thieves  
 of other countries. What the thieves may look like,  
 I know not, nor desire to know, for it seems they  
 come upon you in bodies of thirty ('in buckram and  
 Kendal green') at a time, so that the voyagers have  
 no great chance. It is something like poor dear Turkey  
 in that respect, but not so good, for there you can  
 have as great a body of rogues to match the regular  
 banditti; but here the *gens d'armes* are said to be no  
 great things, and as for one's own people, one can't  
 carry them about like Robinson Crusoe with a gun  
 on each shoulder.

"I have been to the Ambrosian library—it is a fine  
 collection—full of MSS. edited and unedited. I en-  
 close you a list of the former recently published: these  
 are matters for your literati. For me, in my simple  
 way, I have been most delighted with a correspon-  
 dence of letters, all original and amatory, between  
*Lucretia Borgia* and *Cardinal Bembo*, preserved  
 there. I have pored over them and a lock of her  
 hair, the prettiest and fairest imaginable—I never  
 saw fairer—and shall go repeatedly to read the epistles  
 over and over; and if I can obtain some of the hair by  
 fair means, I shall try. I have already persuaded  
 the librarian to promise me copies of the letters, and  
 I hope he will not disappoint me. They are short,  
 but very simple, sweet, and to the purpose; there are  
 some copies of verses in Spanish also by her; the tress  
 of her hair is long, and, as I said before, beautiful.  
 The Brera gallery of paintings has some fine pictures,  
 but nothing of a collection. Of painting I know no-  
 thing; but I like a Guercino—a picture of Abraham  
 putting away Hagar and Ishmael—which seems to  
 me natural and goodly. The Flemish school, such  
 as I saw it in Flanders, I utterly detested, despised,  
 and abhorred; it might be painting, but it was not  
 nature; the Italian is pleasing, and their *ideal* very  
 noble.

"The Italians I have encountered here are very  
 intelligent and agreeable. In a few days I am to  
 meet Monti. By the way, I have just heard an anec-  
 dote of Beccaria, who published such admirable  
 things against the punishment of death. As soon as  
 his book was out, his servant (having read it, I pre-  
 sume,) stole his watch; and his master, while correct-  
 ing the press of a second edition, did all he could to  
 have him hanged by way of advertisement.

"I forgot to mention the triumphal arch begun by  
 Napoleon, as a gate to this city. It is unfinished, but

the part completed worthy of another age and the same country. The society here is very oddly carried on,—at the theatre and the theatre only,—which answers to our opera. People meet there as at a rout, but in very small circles. From Milan I shall go to Venice. If you write, write to Geneva, as before—the letter will be forwarded.

"Yours ever."

#### LETTER CCL.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Milan, November 1st, 1816.

"I have recently written to you rather frequently, but without any late answer. Mr Hobhouse and myself set out for Venice in a few days; but you had better still address to me at Mr Hentsch's, Banquier, Geneva; he will forward your letters.

"I do not know whether I mentioned to you, some time ago, that I had parted with the Dr Polidori a few weeks previous to my leaving Diodati. I know no great harm of him; but he had an alacrity of getting into scrapes, and was too young and heedless; and having enough to attend to in my own concerns, and without time to become his tutor, I thought it much better to give him his congé. He arrived at Milan some weeks before Mr Hobhouse and myself. About a week ago, in consequence of a quarrel at the theatre with an Austrian officer, in which he was exceedingly in the wrong, he has contrived to get sent out of the territory, and is gone to Florence. I was not present, the pit having been the scene of altercation; but on being sent for from the Cavalier Brema's box, where I was quietly staring at the ballet, I found the man of medicine begirt with grenadiers, arrested by the guard, conveyed into the guard-room, where there was much swearing in several languages. They were going to keep him there for the night; but on my giving my name, and answering for his apparition next morning, he was permitted egress. Next day he had an order from the government to be gone in twenty-four hours, and accordingly gone he is, some days ago. We did what we could for him, but to no purpose; and indeed he brought it upon himself, as far as I could learn, for I was not present at the squabble itself. I believe this is the real state of his case; and I tell it you because I believe things sometimes reach you in England in a false and exaggerated form. We found Milan very polite and hospitable,\* and have the

\* With Milan, however, or its society the noble traveller was far from being pleased, and in his Memoranda, I recollect, he described his stay there to be "like a ship under quarantine." Among other persons whom he met in the society of that place was M. Beyle, the ingenious author of "*L'Histoire de la Peinture en Italie*," who thus describes the impression their first interview left upon him.

"Ce fut pendant l'automne de 1816, que je le rencontrai au théâtre de la Scala, à Milan, dans la loge de M. Louis de Brème. Je fus frappé des yeux de Lord Byron au moment où il écoutait un sestetto d'un opéra de Mayer intitulé *Elena*. Je n'ai vu de ma vie, rien de plus beau ni de plus expressif. Encore aujourd'hui, si je viens à penser à l'expression qu'un grand peintre devrait donner au génie, cette tête sublime reparaît tout à-coup devant moi. J'eus un instant d'enthousiasme, et oubliant la juste répugnance que tout homme un peu fier doit avoir à se faire présenter à un pair d'Angleterre, je priai M. de Brème de m'introduire à Lord Byron. Je me trouvai le lendemain à dîner

same hopes of Verona and Venice. I have this paper."

"Ever yours, &c."

#### LETTER CCLI.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Verona, November 5th, 1816.

"MY DEAR MOORE,

"Your letter, written before my departure in England, and addressed to me in Locarno, only reached me recently. Since that period, I have been a portion of that part of Europe which I had already seen. About a month since, I crossed from Switzerland to Milan, which I left a few days ago, and am thus far on my way to Venice. I shall probably winter. Yesterday I was on the shores of the Benacus, with his *fluctibus et fœtus*. Catullus's Sirmium has still its name and site remembered for his sake; but the very heavy tumul rains and mists prevented our going by the route (that is, Hobhouse and myself, who are at present voyaging together), as it was better not to be at all than to a great disadvantage.

"I found on the Benacus the same tradition of the city still visible in calm weather before the storm, which you have preserved of Lough Neagh. 'Was the clear, cold eve's declining.' I don't know that it is authorised by records; but they tell you the story, and say that the city was swallowed up by an earthquake. We moved to-day over the bridge of Verona, by a road suspected of thieves—'convey it call,'—but without molestation. We remain here a day or two to gaze at the marvels—amphitheatre, paintings, and all that sort of travel—though Catullus, Claudian, and Statius have done more for Verona than it ever did for them. They still pretend to show, I believe, the 'all the Capulets'—we shall see.

"Among many things at Milan, one pleased me particularly, viz., the correspondence (in the private love-letters in the world) of Lucretia Borgia to Cardinal Bembo (who, you say, made a very good cardinal), and a lock of her hair, and some verses of hers,—the lock very fair and beautiful. I took one single hair of it as a relic, and wished to get a copy of one or two of the letters; but it was prohibited: that I don't mind; but it was impossible; and so I only got some of them by the

chez M. de Brème, avec lui, et le célèbre Monti, l'auteur de la *Basvigliana*. On parla poésie, on en demanda quels étaient les douze plus beaux vers depuis un siècle, en Français, en Italien, en Anglais. Italiens présents s'accorderent à désigner les douze premiers vers de la *Mascheroniana* de Monti, comme ce l'on avait fait de plus beau dans leur langue, depuis cinquante ans. Monti voulut bien nous les reciter. Je regardai Byron, il fut ravi. La nuance de hauteur, ou plutôt d'un homme qui se trouve avoir à répondre une importance, qui déparait un peu sa belle figure, disparut tout à-coup pour faire place à l'expression du bonheur. Le poète chantant de la *Mascheroniana*, que Monti récitait tout entier, vaincu par les acclamations des auditeurs, causa plus vive sensation à l'auteur de *Childe Harold*, le libéral jamais l'expression divine de ses traits, et le serein de la puissance et du génie, et auvant moi Lord Byron n'avait, en ce moment, aucune affection à reprocher."



in the Ambrosian Library, which I took them over—to the scandal of the wanted to enlighten me with sundry classical, philosophical, and pious. Pope's daughter, and wish myself

the finest parts of Switzerland, the sea, and the Swiss and Italian lakes; of which I refer you to the Guide-book of Italy is tolerably free from the south swarms with them, I am told. I saw frequently at Copet, which remarkably pleasant. She has been par- me. I was for some months her country-house called Diodati, which like of Geneva. My plans are very it is probable that you will see me in spring. I have some business there. me, will you address to the care of Banquier, Geneva, who receives and ers. Remember me to Rogers, who tely, with a short account of your trust, is near the light. He speaks

a very endurable, except that I am a giddiness and faintnesses, which is y, that I am rather ashamed of the m I sailed, I had a physician with some months of patience, I found it rt with, before I left Geneva some ing at Milan, I found this gentleman ciety, where he prospered for some length, at the theatre he quarrelled n officer, and was sent out by the twenty-four hours. I was not present ; but, on hearing that he was put went and got him out of his confine- not prevent his being sent off, which, deserved, being quite in the wrong, in a row for row's sake. I had pre- an government some weeks myself, s congé from Geneva. He is not a t very young and hot-headed, and incur diseases than to cure them. myself found it useless to intercede for ened some time before we left Milan. orence.

aw, and was visited by, Monti, the of the living Italian poets. He y: in face he is like the late Cooke frequent changes in politics have unpopular as a man. I saw many rati; but none whose names are well and, except Acerbi. I lived much a, particularly with the Marquis of who are very able and intelligent the Abate. There was a famous who held forth while I was there. mished me; but, although I under- d speak it (with more readiness than ld only carry off a few very common- al images, and one line about Ar- ther about Algiers, with sixty words edly about Eteocles and Polynices. alians liked him—others called his ecatura' (a devilish good word, by

the way)—and all Milan was in controversy about him.

"The state of morals in these parts is in some sort lax. A mother and son were pointed out at the theatre, as being pronounced by the Milanese world to be of the Theban dynasty—but this was all. The narrator (one of the first men in Milan) seemed to be not sufficiently scandalized by the taste or the tie. All society in Milan is carried on at the opera: they have private boxes, where they play at cards, or talk, or any thing else; but (except at the Cassino) there are no open houses, or balls, &c. &c. \* \* \*

"The peasant girls have all very fine dark eyes, and many of them are beautiful. There are also two dead bodies in fine preservation—one Saint Carlo Borromeo, at Milan; the other not a saint, but a chief, named Visconti, at Monza—both of which appeared very agreeable. In one of the Boromean isles (the Isola Bella), there is a large laurel—the largest known—on which Buonaparte, staying there just before the battle of Marengo, carved with his knife the word 'Battaglia.' I saw the letters, now half worn out and partly erased.

"Excuse this tedious letter. To be tiresome is the privilege of old age and absence: I avail myself of the latter, and the former I have anticipated. If I do not speak to you of my own affairs, it is not from want of confidence, but to spare you and myself. My day is over—what then?—I have had it. To be sure, I have shortened it; and if I had done as much by this letter, it would have been as well. But you will forgive that, if not the other faults of

"Yours ever and most affectionately,

"B.

\* P.S. Nov. 7, 1816.

"I have been over Verona. The amphitheatre is wonderful—beats even Greece. Of the truth of Juliet's story, they seem tenacious to a degree, insisting on the fact—giving a date (1303), and showing a tomb. It is a plain, open, and partly decayed sarcophagus, with withered leaves in it, in a wild and desolate conventual garden, once a cemetery, now ruined to the very graves. The situation struck me as very appropriate to the legend, being blighted as their love. I have brought away a few pieces of the granite, to give to my daughter and my nieces. Of the other marvels of this city, paintings, antiquities, &c., excepting the tombs of the Scaliger princes, I have no pretensions to judge. The Gothic monuments of the Scaligers pleased me, but 'a poor virtuosio am I,' and

"Ever yours."

It must have been observed, in my account of Lord Byron's life previous to his marriage, that, without leaving altogether unnoticed (what, indeed, was too notorious to be so evaded) certain affairs of gallantry in which he had the reputation of being engaged, I have thought it right, besides refraining from such details in my narrative, to suppress also whatever passages in his Journals and Letters might be supposed to bear too personally or particularly on the same delicate topics. Incomplete as the strange

history of his mind and heart must, in one of its most interesting chapters, be left by these omissions, still a deference to that peculiar sense of decorum in this country, which marks the mention of such frailties as hardly a less crime than the commission of them, and, still more, the regard due to the feelings of the living, who ought not rashly to be made to suffer for the errors of the dead, have combined to render this sacrifice, however much it may be regretted, necessary.

We have now, however, shifted the scene to a region where less caution is requisite;—where, from the different standard applied to female morals in these respects, if the wrong itself be not lessened by this diminution of the consciousness of it, less scruple may be, at least, felt towards persons so circumstanced, and whatever delicacy we may think right to exercise in speaking of their frailties must be with reference rather to our views and usages than theirs.

Availing myself, with this latter qualification, of the greater latitude thus allowed me, I shall venture so far to depart from the plan hitherto pursued, as to give, with but little suppression, the noble poet's letters relative to his Italian adventures. To throw a veil altogether over these irregularities of his private life would be to afford—were it even practicable—but a partial portraiture of his character; while, on the other hand, to rob him of the advantage of being himself the historian of his errors (where no injury to others can flow from the disclosure) would be to deprive him of whatever softening light can be thrown round such transgressions by the vivacity and fancy, the passionate love of beauty, and the strong yearning after affection which will be found to have, more or less, mingled with even the least refined of his attachments. Neither is any great danger to be apprehended from the sanction or seduction of such an example; as they who would dare to plead the authority of Lord Byron for their errors must first be able to trace them to the same palliating sources,—to that sensibility, whose very excesses showed its strength and depth,—that stretch of imagination, to the very verge, perhaps, of what reason can bear without giving way,—that whole combination, in short, of grand but disturbing powers, which alone could be allowed to extenuate such moral derangement, but which, even in him thus dangerously gifted, were insufficient to excuse it.

Having premised these few observations, I shall now proceed, with less interruption, to lay his correspondence, during this and the two succeeding years, before the reader.

#### LETTER CCLIII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Venice, November 17th, 1816.

"I wrote to you from Verona the other day in my progress hither, which letter I hope you will receive. Some three years ago, or it may be more, I recollect your telling me that you had received a letter from our friend Sam, dated 'On board his gondola.' My gondola is, at this present, waiting for me on the canal; but I prefer writing to you in the house, it being autumn—and rather an English autumn than

otherwise. It is my intention to remain during the winter, probably, as it has (next to the East) the greenest imagination. It has not disappointed its evident decay would, perhaps, have upon others. But I have been familiar too long to dislike desolation. Besides in love, which, next to falling into the would be of no use, as I can swim], is the worst thing I could do. I have got some good apartments in the house of a Venetian, who is a good deal occupied, and has a wife in her twenty-second year (that is her name) is in her appearance like an antelope. She has the large eyes, with that peculiar expression seen rarely among Europeans—even and which many of the Turkish women obtain by tinging the eyelid,—an art not known in your country, I believe. This expression is really,—and something more than that cannot describe the effect of this kind of upon me. Her features are regularly aquiline—mouth small—skin clear and kind of hectic colour—forehead remarkable hair is of the dark gloss, curl, and colour J\*\*'s; her figure is light and pretty, a famous songstress—scientifically so; her (in conversation, I mean) is very naive, and the Venetian dialect is always the mouth of a woman.

\* No

"You will perceive that my description was proceeding with the minuteness which has been interrupted for several days.

time \* \* \* \* \*

\* I

"Since my former dates, I do not know much to add on the subject, and, luckily, take away; for I am more pleased than Venetian, and begin to feel very serious—so much so, that I shall be silent.

\* \* \* \* \*

"By way of diversion, I am now at an Armenian monastery, the Armenians I found that my mind wanted something to break upon; and this—as the most difficult could discover here for an amusement chosen, to torture me into attention. I guess, however, and would amply repay the trouble of learning it. I try, and succeed, but I answer for nothing, least of all for my success. There are some very good in the monastery, as well as books; taken from Greek originals, now lost, and from Syriac, &c.; besides works of their own. Four years ago the French instituted a professorship. Twenty pupils present on Monday morning, full of noble ardour, youth, and impregnable industry. The country with a courage worthy of the nation and conquest, till Thursday; when fifteen



summed to the six-and-twentieth letter of the alphabet. It is, to be sure, a Waterloo of an Alphabet—that must be said for them. But it is so like those fellows, to do by it as they did by their sovereigns—absolve both; to parody the old rhymes, ‘Take a thing and give a thing’—‘Take a King and give a King.’ They are the worst of animals, except their companions.

“I know that B—n is your neighbour, having a *friend* in Dalrymple. You will find him an excellent-hearted fellow, as well as one of the cleverest; a *Yank*, *polite*, too much jannoned by preferment in the church and the tuition of youth: as well as inoculated with the disease of domestic felicity, besides being overrun with fine feelings about woman and matrimony (that small change of Love, which people expect to *rightly*, receive in such counterfeit coin, and *enjoy* in lower metal); but, otherwise, a very worthy man, who has lately got a pretty wife, and (I suppose) a child by this time. Pray remember me to him, and say that I know not which to envy most—his neighbourhood, him, or you.

“Of Venice I shall say little. You must have had many descriptions; and they are most of them *fine*. It is a poetical place; and classical, to us, than Shakespeare and Otway. I have not yet sinned against it in verse, nor do I know that I shall do so, having been timeless since I crossed the Alps, and *hiding*, as yet, no renewal of the ‘*estro*.’ By the way, I suppose you have seen ‘*Glenarvon*.’ Madam, is that best I can read from Copet last autumn. It seems to me that, if the authoress had written the book, and nothing but the truth—the whole truth—the *romance* would not only have been more *romantic*, but more entertaining. As for the likeness, the picture can’t be good—I did not sit long enough. *When you have leisure*, let me hear from and of you, *dearest* ever and truly yours most affectionately.

—B.

PS. Oh! your *Poem*—is it out? I hope *you* has paid his thousands; but don’t you do *too*’s father did, who, having made money *and* *war*, became a vineyard merchant; when, *vineyard* turned sweet and be d—d to it, and *am*. My last letter to you from Verona, was to Murray—have you got it? Direct to me *de restant*. There are no English here at present. There were several in Switzerland—some but, except Lady Dalrymple Hamilton, most ugly as virtue—at least, those that I saw.”

#### LETTER CCLIII.

TO MR. MOORE.

“Venice, December 28th, 1816.

taken a fit of writing to you, which *porge*—once from Verona—once from Venice, from Venice—*thrice* that is. For this *ank yourself*, for I heard that you *com*—silence—so, here goes for garrulity, that you received my other twain of letters, *f life* (or ‘*May of life*,’ which is it, according to commentators)—my way of *life* is fallen regularly. In the mornings I go over in to babble Armenian with the friars of the St. Lazarus, and to help one of them in

correcting the English of an English and Armenian grammar which he is publishing. In the evenings I do one of many nothings—either at the theatres, or some of the conversaziones, which are like our routs, or rather worse, for the women sit in a semicircle by the lady of the mansion, and the men stand about the room. To be sure, there is one improvement upon ours—instead of lemonade with their ices, they hand about stiff *rum-punch*—*punch*, by my palate; and this they think *English*. I would not disabuse them of so agreeable an error,—‘no, not for Venice.’

“Last night I was at the Count Governor’s, which, of course, comprises the best society, and is very much like other gregarious meetings in every country,—as in ours,—except that, instead of the Bishop of Winchester, you have the Patriarch of Venice; and a motley crew of Austrians, Germans, noble Venetians, foreigners, and, if you see a quizz, you may be sure he is a Consul. Oh, by the way. I forgot, when I wrote from Verona, to tell you that at Milan, I met with a countryman of yours—a colonel\*\*\*\*, a very excellent, good natured fellow, who knows and shows all about Milan, and is, as it were, a native there. He is particularly civil to strangers, and this is his history,—at least, an episode of it.

“Six-and-twenty years ago Col.\*\*\*\* then an ensign, being in Italy, fell in love with the Marchesa\*\*\*\*, and she with him. The lady must be, at least, twenty years his senior. The war broke out; he returned to England, to serve—not his country, for that’s Ireland—but England, which is a different thing; and *she*—heaven knows what she did. In the year 1814, the first annunciation of the Definitive Treaty of peace (and tyranny), was developed to the astonished Milanese by the arrival of Col.\*\*\*\*, who, flinging himself full length at the feet of Madame\*\*\*\*, murmured forth, in half-forgotten Irish Italian, eternal vows of indelible constancy. The lady screamed and exclaimed, ‘Who are you?’ The Colonel cried, ‘What, don’t you know me? I am so and so,’ &c. &c. &c. till, at length, the Marchesa, mounting from reminiscence to reminiscence, through the lovers of the intermediate twenty-five years, arrived at last at the recollection of her *poor* sub-lieutenant. She then said, ‘Was there ever such virtue?’ (that was her very word, and, being now a widow, gave him apartments in her palace, reinstated him in all the rights of wrong, and held him up to the admiring world as a miracle of incontinent fidelity, and the unshaken Abdi-l of absence.

“Methinks this is as pretty a moral tale as any of Marmontel’s. Here is another. The same lady, several years ago, made an escapade with a Swede, Count Ferson—the same whom the Stockholm mob quartered and lapidated not very long since, and they arrived at an Osteria on the road to Rome or thereabouts. It was a summer evening, and, while they were at supper, they were suddenly recalled by a symphony of fiddles in an adjacent apartment, so prettily played, that, wishing to hear them more distinctly, the Count rose, and going into the musical society, said, ‘Gentlemen, I am sure that, as a company of gallant cavaliers, you will be delighted to show your skill to a lady, who feels anxious,’ &c. &c. The men of harmony were all acquiescence—every instrument was tuned and toned, and, striking up,

one of their most ambrosial airs, the whole band followed the Count to the lady's apartment. At their head was the first fiddler, who, bowing and fiddling at the same moment, headed his troop and advanced up the room. Death and discord!—it was the Marquis himself, who was on a serenading party in the country, while his spouse had run away from town. The rest may be imagined—but, first of all, the lady tried to persuade him that she was there on purpose to meet him, and had chosen this method for an harmonic surprise. So much for this gossip, which amused me when I heard it, and I send it to you, in the hope it may have the like effect. Now we'll return to Venice.

"The day after to-morrow (to-morrow being Christmas-day) the Carnival begins. I dine with the Countess Albrizzi and a party, and go to the opera. On that day the Phenix (not the Insurance Office, but the theatre of that name) opens: I have got me a box there for the season, for two reasons, one of which is, that the music is remarkably good. The Contessa Albrizzi, of whom I have made mention, is the De Staël of Venice, not young, but a very learned, unaffected, good-natured woman, very polite to strangers, and, I believe, not at all dissolute, as most of the women are. She has written very well on the works of Canova, and also a volume of Characters, besides other printed matter. She is of Corfu, but married a dead Venetian—that is, dead since he married.

"My flame (my 'Donna' whom I spoke of in my former epistle, my Marianna) is still my Marianna, and I her—what she pleases. She is by far the prettiest woman I have seen here, and the most loveable I have met with any where—as well as one of the most singular. I believe I told you the rise and progress of our *liaison* in my former letter. Lest that should not have reached you, I will merely repeat that she is a Venetian, two-and-twenty years old, married to a merchant well to do in the world, and that she has great black oriental eyes, and all the qualities which her eyes promise. Whether being in love with her has steeled me or not, I do not know; but I have not seen many other women who seem pretty. The nobility, in particular, are a sad-looking race—the gentry rather better. And now, what art *thou* doing?

\* What are you doing now,  
Oh Thomas Moore?  
What are you doing now,  
Oh Thomas Moore?  
Sighing or suing now,  
Rhyming or wooing now,  
Billing or cooing now,  
Which, Thomas Moore?

Are you not near the Luddites? By the Lord! if there's a row, but I'll be among ye! How go on the weavers—the breakers of frames—the Lutherans of politics—the reformers?

1.  
\* As the Liberty lads o'er the sea  
Bought their freedom, and cheaply, with blood,  
So we, boys, we  
Will die fighting, or live free,  
And down with all kings but King Ludd!

2.

\* When the web that we weave is co  
And the shuttle exchanged for the s  
We will fling the winding-sheet  
O'er the despot at our feet,  
And dye it deep in the gore he has p

3.

\* Though black as his heart its hue,  
Since his veins are corrupted to mu  
Yet this is the dew  
Which the tree shall renew  
Of Liberty, planted by Ludd!

There's an amiable *chanson* for you—I have written it principally to shock y  
\*\*\*\*, who is all clergy and loyalty—a cence—milk and water.

\* But the Carnival's coming,  
Oh Thomas Moore!  
The Carnival's coming,  
Oh Thomas Moore!  
Masking and humming,  
Filing and drumming,  
Guitarring and strumming,  
O Thomas Moore!

The other night I saw a new play,—a The subject was the sacrifice of *Lani* succeeded, and they called for the anth to continental custom—and he present noble Venetian, Mali, or Malapiero, by was his name, and *pessima* his product I thought so, and I ought to know, hav or less of five hundred Drury-lane of my coadjutorship with the sub and sup

"When does your Poem of Poems hear that the E. R. has cut up Coleridge, and declared against me for praised it, firstly, because I thought y condly, because Coleridge was in great after doing what little I could for him I thought that the public avowal of my might help him further, at least wi sellers. I am very sorry that J\*\* has because, poor fellow, it will hurt him pocket. As for me, he is welcome—think less of J\*\* for any thing he me or mine in future.

"I suppose Murray has sent you, or I do not know whether they are out or or poesies, of mine, of last summer. they're sublime—'Ganion Coheriza' dares! Pray, let me hear from you, at least, let me know that you have three letters. Direct, right *here*, post

\* Ever and ev

"P.S. I heard the other day of a bookseller, who has published some d swearing the bastards to me, and sayin five hundred guineas for them. He wrote such stuff, never saw the poems lisher of them, in my life, nor had cation, directly or indirectly, with the say as much for me, if need be. I ha Murray, to make him contradict the in



## LETTER CCLIV.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Venice, November 25th, 1816.

some months since I have heard from or of  
 link, not since I left Diodati. From Milan  
 see or twice; but have been here some little  
 intend to pass the winter without remov-  
 as much pleased with the Lago di Garda,  
 Verona, particularly the amphitheatre, and  
 agns in a convent garden, which they show  
 : they insist on the *truth* of her history.  
 arrival at Venice, the lady of the Austrian  
 old me that between Verona and Vicenza  
 still ruins of the castle of the *Montecchi*,  
 spel once appertaining to the Capulets.  
 ens to have been of *Vicenza*, by the tra-  
 it I was a good deal surprised to find so  
 th in Banello's novel, which seems really  
 sen founded on a fact.

e pleases me as much as I expected, and I  
 much. It is one of those places which I  
 ore I see them, and has always haunted me  
 after the East. I like the gloomy gaiety of  
 holes, and the silence of their canals. I do  
 dislike the evident decay of the city, though  
 the singularity of its vanished costume:  
 there is much left still; the Carnival, too,

ark's, and indeed Venice, is most alive at  
 the theatres are not open till *nine*, and the  
 proportionably late. All this is to my taste,  
 of your countrymen miss and regret the  
 hackney coaches, without which they can't

we get remarkably good apartments in a pri-  
 ce; I see something of the inhabitants (hav-  
 ing good many letters to some of them); I have  
 gondola; I read a little, and luckily could  
 dian (more fluently than correctly) long ago.  
 dying, out of curiosity, the *Venetian* dialect,  
 very naïve, and soft, and peculiar, though  
 classical; I go out frequently, and am in  
 d contentment.

Helen of Canova (a bust which is in the  
 Madame the Countess d'Albrizzi, whom I  
 without exception, to my mind, the most  
 beautiful of human conceptions, and far  
 my ideas of human execution.

In this beloved marble view,  
 Above the works and thoughts of man,  
 That Nature *could*, but *would not* do,  
 And Beauty and Canova can't  
 exceed imagination's power,  
 Beyond the bard's defeated art,  
 With immortality her dower,  
 Behold the *Helen* of the heart!

if the 'heart' reminds me that I have fallen  
 fathomless love; but lest you should make  
 eridid mistake, and envy me the possession  
 of those princesses or countesses with whose  
 your English voyagers are apt to invest  
 es, I beg leave to tell you that my goddess  
 e wife of a 'Merchant of Venice;' but then

she is pretty as an antelope, is but two-and-twenty  
 years old, has the large, black, oriental eyes, with  
 the Italian countenance, and dark glossy hair, of the  
 curl and colour of Lady J\*\*'s. Then she has the  
 voice of a lute, and the song of a seraph (though not  
 quite so sacred), besides a long postscript of graces,  
 virtues, and accomplishments, enough to furnish out  
 a new chapter for Solomon's Song. But her great  
 merit is finding out mine—there is nothing so amiable  
 as discernment.

"The general race of women appear to be hand-  
 some; but in Italy, as on almost all the continent, the  
 highest orders are by no means a well-looking gener-  
 ation, and indeed reckoned by their countrymen  
 very much otherwise. Some are exceptions, but  
 most of them as ugly as Virtue herself.

"If you write, address to me here, *poste res-  
 tante*, as I shall probably stay the winter over. I  
 never see a newspaper, and know nothing of England,  
 except in a letter now and then from my sister. Of  
 the MS. sent you, I know nothing, except that you  
 have received it, and are to publish it, &c. &c.; but  
 when, where, and how, you leave me to guess; but  
 it don't much matter.

"I suppose you have a world of works passing  
 through your press for next year? When does  
 Moore's Poem appear? I sent a letter for him,  
 addressed to your care, the other day."

## LETTER CCLV.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Venice, Dec. 4th, 1816.

"I have written to you so frequently of late, that  
 you will think me a bore; as I think you a very  
 impolite person, for not answering my letters from  
 Switzerland, Milan, Verona, and Venice. There  
 are some things I wanted, and want, to know; viz.  
 whether Mr Davies, of inaccurate memory, had or  
 had not delivered the MS. as delivered to him; be-  
 cause, if he has not, you will find that he will boun-  
 tifully bestow transcriptions on all the curious of his  
 acquaintance, in which case you may probably find  
 your publication anticipated by the 'Cambridge' or  
 other Chronicles. In the next place,—I forget what  
 was next; but, in the third place, I want to hear  
 whether you have yet published, or when you mean  
 to do so, or why you have not done so, because in  
 your last (Sept. 20th,—you may be ashamed of the  
 date), you talked of this being done immediately.

"From England I hear nothing, and know nothing  
 of any thing or any body. I have but one correspon-  
 dent (except Mr Kinnaird on business now and  
 then), and her a female; so that I know no more of  
 your island, or city, than the Italian version of the  
 French papers chooses to tell me, or the advertise-  
 ments of Mr Colburn tagged to the end of your Quar-  
 terly Review for the year *ago*. I wrote to you at  
 some length last week, and have little to add, except  
 that I have begun, and am proceeding in, a study  
 of the Armenian language, which I acquire, as well  
 as I can, at the Armenian convent, where I go every  
 day to take lessons of a learned friar, and have gained  
 some singular and not useless information with regard  
 to the literature and customs of that oriental people.

They have an establishment here—a church and convent of ninety monks, very learned and accomplished men, some of them. They have also a press, and make great efforts for the enlightening of their nation. I find the language (which is *twin*, the *literal* and the *vulgar*) difficult, but not invincible (at least, I hope not). I shall go on. I found it necessary to twist my mind round some severer study, and this, as being the hardest I could devise here, will be a file for the serpent.

"I mean to remain here till the spring, so address to me *directly to Venice, poste restante*.—Mr Hobhouse, for the present, is gone to Rome, with his brother, brother's wife, and sister, who overtook him here: he returns in two months. I should have gone too, but I fell in love, and must stay that over. I should think *that* and the Armenian alphabet will last the winter. The lady has, luckily for me, been less obdurate than the language, or, between the two, I should have lost my remains of sanity. By the way, she is not an Armenian but a Venetian, as I believe I told you in my last. As for Italian, I am fluent enough, even in its Venetian modification, which is something like the Somersetshire version of English; and as for the more classical dialects, I had not forgot my former practice much during my voyaging.

"Yours, ever and truly,

"B.

"P.S. Remember me to Mr Gifford."

#### LETTER CCLVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Venice, Dec. 9th, 1816.

"In a letter from England, I am informed that a man named Johnson has taken upon himself to publish some poems called a '*Pilgrimage to Jerusalem, a Tempest, and an Address to my Daughter*,' &c. and to attribute them to me, adding that he had paid five hundred guineas for them. The answer to this is short: *I never wrote such poems, never received the sum he mentions, nor any other in the same quarter, nor (as far as moral or mortal certainty can be sure) ever had, directly or indirectly, the slightest communication with Johnson in my life*; not being aware that the person existed till this intelligence gave me to understand that there were such people. Nothing surprises me, or this perhaps *would*, and most things amuse me, or this probably *would not*. With regard to myself, the man has merely *lied*; that's natural—his betters have set him the example: but with regard to you, his assertion may perhaps injure you in your publications; and I desire that it may receive the most public and unqualified contradiction. I do not know that there is any punishment for a thing of this kind, and if there were, I should not feel disposed to pursue this ingenious mountebank farther than was necessary for his confutation; but thus far it may be necessary to proceed.

"You will make what use you please of this letter; and Mr Kinnaird, who has power to act for me in my absence, will, I am sure, readily join you in any steps which it may be proper to take with re-

gard to the absurd falsehood of this poor creature. As you will have recently received several letters from me on my way to Venice, as well as two or three since my arrival, I will not at present trouble you further.

"Ezer, &c.

"P.S. Pray let me hear that you have received this letter. Address to Venice, *poste restante*.

"To prevent the recurrence of similar fictions, you may state, that I consider myself responsible for no publication from the year 1812 up to the present date, which is not from your press. I am of course from that period, because, previous to that time, Cawthorn and Ridge had both printed compositions of mine. '*A Pilgrimage to Jerusalem*!' how could the devil should I write about *Jerusalem*, never has yet been there? As for '*A Tempest*,' it was not a *tempest* when I left England, but a very fresh breeze, and as to an '*Address to little Ada*' (who, I believe, is a year old to-morrow), I never wrote about her, except in '*Farewell*' and the Canto of *Childe Harold*."

#### LETTER CCLVII.

TO MR. MURRAY.

\* Venice, Dec. 27th, 1816.

"As the demon of silence seems to have pursued you, I am determined to have my revenge in post. This is my sixth or seventh letter since I crossed the Alps. My last was an injunction to cease and consign to confusion that *Cheapside* impostor who (I heard by a letter from your island) had the impudence to append my name to his spurious poem, which I know nothing, nor of his pretended poet or copyright. I hope you have, at least, received that letter.

"As the news of Venice must be very interesting to you, I will regale you with it.

"Yesterday being the feast of St. Stephen, my mouth was put in motion. There was nothing but fiddling and playing on the virginals, and all kinds of conceits and divertissements, on every canal and aquatic city. I dined with the Countess Albrizzi at a Paduan and Venetian party, and afterwards attended to the opera, at the Fenice theatre (which opened the Carnival on that day),—the finest, by the way, I have ever seen: it beats our theatres hollow in the richness of scenery, and those of Milan and Brescia are before it. The opera and its sirens were much admired by the operas and women, but the subject of the opera was something edifying; it turned—the conduct thereof—upon a fact narrated by the hundred and fifty married ladies having the hundred and fifty husbands in good old times; the bachelors of Rome believed this extraordinary fatality to be merely the common effect of a general pestilence; but the surviving Benedictine, seized with the cholera, examined into the matter, found that '*their possets had been drugged*,' the consequence of which was, much scandal and suits at law. This is really and truly the musical piece at the Fenice; and I am sure you will perceive what pretty things are sung and danced about the *horrenda strage*. The com-



d about to be chopped off by a licitor, but (to say) he left it on, and she got up and with the two Consuls, the Senate in the ad being chorus. The ballet was distinguished nothing remarkable, except that the prince-dancer went into convulsions because she applauded on her first appearance; and the same forward to ask if there was 'ever a in the theatre.' There was a Greek one in whom I wished very much to volunteer his being sure that in this case these would have ast convulsions which would have troubled ma; but he would not. The crowd was and in coming out, having a lady under my s obliged, in making way, almost to 'beat a and traduce the state,' being compelled to erson with an English punch in the guts, t him as far back as the squeeze and the ould admit. He did not ask for another, great signs of disapprobation and dismay, o his compatriots, who laughed at him. going on with my Armenian studies in a and assisting and stimulating in the English an English and Armenian grammar, now at the convent of St. Lazarus. superior of the friars is a bishop, and a fine with the beard of a meteor. Father Pas- o a learned and pious soul. He was two ngland.

still dreadfully in love with the Adriatic lady sake of in a former letter (and *not* in *this*— fear of mistakes, for the only one mentioned t part of this epistle is elderly and bookish, e which I have ceased to admire), and love t of the world is no sinecure. This is also a when every body make up their intrigues uring year, and cut for partners for the next

now, if you don't write, I don't know what ay or do, nor what I will. Send me some od news.

"Yours very truly, &c. &c. &c.

"B.

Remember me to Mr. Gifford, with all duty. ar that the Edinburgh Review has cut up e's *Christabel*, and me for praising it, which think, bodes no great good to your forthcoming g Canto and Castle (of Chillon). My run of in the last year seems to have taken a turn y; but never mind, I will bring myself through d—if not, I can be but where I began. In time, I am not displeased to be where I am s, at Venice. My Adriatic nymph is this here, and I must therefore repose from this

#### LETTER CCLVIII.

TO MR. MURRAY.

\* Venice, Jan. 2, 1817.

letter has arrived. Pray, in publishing the nto, have you *omitted* any passages? I and indeed wrote to you on my way over to prevent such an incident. Say in your ther or not the *scholæ* of the Canto (as sent

to you) has been published. I wrote to you again the other day (*twice*, I think), and shall be glad to hear of the reception of those letters.

"To-day is the 2d of January. On this day *three* years ago the *Corsair's* publication is dated, I think, in my letter to Moore. On this day *two* years I married ('Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,'—I sha'a't forget the day in a hurry); and it is odd enough that I this day received a letter from you announcing the publication of *Childe Harold*, &c. &c. on the day of the date of the '*Corsair*;' and I also received one from my sister, written on the 10th of December, my daughter's birth-day (and relative chiefly to my daughter), and arriving on the day of the date of my marriage, this present 2d of January, the month of my birth,—and various other astrologous matters, which I have no time to enumerate.

"By the way, you might as well write to Hentsch, my Geneva banker, and inquire whether the *two packets* consigned to his care were or were not delivered to Mr St Aubyn, or if they are still in his keeping. One contains papers, letters, and all the original MS. of your Third Canto, as first conceived; and the other some bones from the field of Morat. Many thanks for your news, and the good spirits in which your letter is written.

"Venice and I agree very well; but I do not know that I have any thing new to say, except of the last new opera, which I sent in my late letter. The Carnival is commencing, and there is a good deal of fun here and there—besides business; for all the world are making up their intrigues for the season, changing, or going on upon a renewed lease. I am very well of with Marianna, who is not at all a person to tire me; firstly, because I do not tire of a woman *personally*, but because they are generally bores in their disposition; and, secondly, because she is amiable, and has a tact which is not always the portion of the fair creation; and, thirdly, she is very pretty; and, fourthly,—but there is no occasion for farther specification. \* \* \* \* \*

So far we have gone on very well; as to the future, I never anticipate,—*carpe diem*—the past at least is one's own, which is one reason for making sure of the present. So much for my proper *liaison*.

"The general state of morals here is much the same as in the Doges' time: a woman is virtuous (according to the code) who limits herself to her husband and one lover; those who have two, three, or more, are a little *wild*; but it is only those who are indiscriminately diffuse, and form a low connexion, such as the Princess of Wales with her courier (who, by the way, is made a knight of Malta), who are considered as overstepping the modesty of marriage. In Venice, the nobility have a trick of marrying with dancers and singers; and, truth to say, the women of their own order are by no means handsome; but the general race, the women of the second and other orders, the wives of the merchants, and proprietors, and untitled gentry, are mostly *bel sangue*, and it is with these that the more amatory connexions are usually formed. There are also instances of stupendous constancy. I know a woman of fifty who never had but one lover, who dying early, she became devout, renouncing all but her husband. She piques herself, as may be presumed, upon this miraculous fidelity, talking of it



occasionally with a species of misplaced morality, which is rather amusing. There is no convincing a woman here that she is in the smallest degree deviating from the rule of right or the fitness of things in having an *amoroso*. The great sin seems to lie in concealing it, or having more than one, that is, unless such an extension of the prerogative is understood and approved of by the prior claimant.

"In another sheet, I send you some sheets of a grammar,\* English and Armenian, for the use of the Armenians, of which I promoted, and indeed induced, the publication. (It cost me but a thousand francs—French livres.) I still pursue my lessons in the language without any rapid progress, but advancing a little daily. Padre Paschal, with some little help from me, as translator of his Italian into English, is also proceeding in a MS. Grammar for the English acquisition of Armenian, which will be printed also, when finished.

"We want to know if there are Armenian types and letter-press in England, at Oxford, Cambridge, or elsewhere? You know, I suppose, that, many years ago, the two Whistons published in England an original text of a history of Armenia, with their own Latin translation? Do those types still exist?

\* To the Armenian Grammar mentioned above, the following interesting fragment, found among his papers, seems to have been intended as a preface.

"The English reader will probably be surprised to find my name associated with a work of the present description, and inclined to give me more credit for my attainments as a linguist than they deserve.

"As I would not willingly be guilty of a deception, I will state, as shortly as I can, my own share in the compilation, with the motives which led to it. On my arrival at Venice in the year 1816, I found my mind in a state which required study, and study of a nature which should leave little scope for the imagination, and furnish some difficulty in the pursuit.

"At this period I was much struck—in common, I believe, with every other traveller—with the society of the Convent of St. Lazarus, which appears to unite all the advantages of the monastic institution, without any of its vices.

"The neatness, the comfort, the gentleness, the unaffected devotion, the accomplishments, and the virtues of the brethren of the order, are well fitted to strike the man of the world with the conviction that 'there is another and a better' even in this life.

"These men are the priesthood of an oppressed and a noble nation, which has partaken of the proscription and bondage of the Jews and of the Greeks, without the sullenness of the former or the servility of the latter. This people has attained riches without usury, and all the honours that can be awarded to slavery without intrigue. But they have long occupied, nevertheless, a part of 'the House of Bondage,' who has lately multiplied her many mansions. It would be difficult, perhaps, to find the annals of a nation less stained with crimes than those of the Armenians, whose virtues have been those of peace, and their vices those of compulsion. But whatever may have been their destiny—and it has been bitter—whatever it may be in future, their country must ever be one of the most interesting on the globe; and perhaps their language only requires to be more studied to become more attractive. If the Scriptures are rightly understood it was in Armenia that Paradise was placed—Armenia, which has paid as dearly as the descendants of Adam for that fleeting participation of its soil in the happiness of him who was created from its dust. It was in Armenia that the flood first abated, and the dove alighted. But with the disappearance of Paradise itself may be dated almost the unhappiness of the country, for though long a powerful kingdom, it was scarcely ever an independent one, and the satraps of Persia and the pachas of Turkey have alike desolated the region where God created man in his own image."

and where? Pray inquire among your learned acquaintance.

"When this Grammar (I mean the one now printing) is done, will you have any objection to taking or fifty copies, which will not cost in all above ten guineas, and try the curiosity of the learned with a sale of them? Say yes or no, as you like. I can assure you that they have some very rare books and MSS., chiefly translations from the originals now lost. They are, besides, a much respected and learned community, and the study of their language was taken up with great ardour by some literary Frenchmen in Buonaparte's time.

"I have not done a stitch of poetry since I returned to Switzerland, and have not at present the leisure to do so. The truth is, that you are afraid of having your *Fourth Canto* before September, and of losing the copyright, but I have at present no thoughts of summing that poem, nor of beginning any other. I write, I think of trying prose, but I dread introducing living people, or applications which might be made to living people. Perhaps one day I may attempt some work of fancy in prose, descriptive of Italian manners and of human passions; but at present I am preoccupied. As for poetry, I have the dream of the sleeping passions; when they are awake, I cannot speak their language, only in that somnambulism, and just now they are so dormant.

"If Mr. Gifford wants *carte blanche* as to the Siege of Corinth, he has it, and may be so well supplied with it.

"I sent you a letter contradictory of the German (who invented the story you speak of) yesterday. My best respects to Mr. Gifford, and to my friends as you may see at your house. I wish you all prosperity and new year's gratulations on the part of Yours, &c."

## LETTER CCLIX.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Venice, January 20th, 1817.

"Your letter of the 8th is before me. The answer for your plethora is simple—abstinence. I was obliged to have recourse to the like some years ago. I mean in point of diet, and, with the exception of some convivial weeks and days (it might be said now and then), have kept to Pythagoras ever since. For all this, let me hear that you are better. You must not indulge in 'filthy beer,' nor in port, nor in *suppers*—the last are the devil to those who swallow dinner.

"I am truly sorry to hear of your father's misfortune—cruel at any time, but doubly cruel in an advanced life. However, you will, at least, have the satisfaction of doing your part by him, and, even upon it, it will not be in vain. Fortune, as you say, is a female, but not such a b \* \* as the rest (allowing excepting your wife and my sister from such evening terms); for she generally has some justice in her long run. I have no spite against her, though, between her and Nemesis, I have had some sore pellets to run—but then I have done my best to destroy



But to you, she is a good deal in arrears, till come round—mind if she don't: you labour of life, of independence, of talent, character all with you. What you can do for yourself, you have done and will do; and there are some others in the world who would be of use, if you would allow them to do so at least attempt it.

of being in England in the spring. If now, by the sceptre of King Ludd, but I'll say if there is none, and only a continuance of peace, piping time of peace, I will take a hundred yards to the south of your abode, to your neighbour; and we will compose verses, and hold such dialogues as shall be fit for the *Times* (including the newspaper of the day), and the wonder, and honour, and praise sing Chronicle and posterity.

to hear of your forthcoming in February tremble for the 'magnificence' which you will show in the new *Childe Harold*. I am glad you have a fine indistinct piece of poetical desolation as your favourite. I was half mad during the composition, between metaphysics, mountains, love unextinguishable, thoughts unuttered the night-mare of my own delinquencies. Many a good day, have blown my brains out by the recollection that it would have given my mother-in-law; and, even then, if I been certain to haunt her—but I won't touch these trifling family matters.

is in the *estro* of her carnival, and I have been last two nights at the ridotto and the ball that kind of thing. Now for an advertisement a few days ago a gondolier brought me a subscription, intimating a wish on the part of the writer to meet me either in gondola, at the head of San Lazaro, or at a third rendezvous in the note. 'I know the country's well,'—in Venice 'they do let heaven see as they dare not show,' &c. &c.; so, for all I said that neither of the three places suited that I would either be at home at ten at night, or be at the ridotto at midnight, where I might meet me masked. At ten o'clock I came and alone (Marianna was gone with me to a conversazione), when the door of the apartment opened, and in walked a well-dressed (for an Italian) *bionda* girl of about twenty who informed me that she was married to me, or of my *amorous*, and wished to have conversation with me. I made a decent reply, and some talk in Italian and Romanic (her being a Greek of Corfu), when, lo! in a very sudden march, to my very great astonishment, Marianna S\*\*, in *propria persona*, and, with a most polite curtsy to her sister-in-law, without a single word seizes her said sister by the hair, and bestows upon her some blows, which would have made your ear ache at their echo. I need not describe the scene which ensued. The luckless visitor took to her heels, Marianna, who, after several vain attempts to get away in pursuit of the enemy, fairly ran into my arms; and, in spite of reasoning, logic, vinegar, half a pint of water, and

God knows what other waters beside, continued so till past midnight.

"After damning my servants for letting people in without apprizing me, I found that Marianna in the morning had seen her sister-in-law's gondolier on the stairs; and, suspecting that his apparition boded her no good, had either returned of her own accord, or been followed by her maids or some other spy of her people to the conversazione, from whence she returned to perpetrate this piece of pugilism. I had seen fits before, and also some small scenery of the same genus in and out of our island; but this was not all. After about an hour, in comes—who? why, Signor S\*\*, her lord and husband, and finds me with his wife fainting upon a sofa, and all the apparatus of confusion, dishevelled hair, hats, handkerchiefs, salts, smelling bottles—and the lady as pale as ashes, without sense or motion. His first question was, 'What is all this?' The Lady could not reply—so I did. I told him the explanation was the easiest thing in the world; but, in the mean time, it would be as well to recover his wife—at least, her senses. This came about in due time of aspiration and respiration.

"You need not be alarmed—jealousy is not the order of the day in Venice, and daggers are out of fashion, while duels, on love matters, are unknown—at least, with the husbands. But, for all this, it was an awkward affair; and though he must have known that I made love to Marianna, yet I believe he was not, till that evening, aware of the extent to which it had gone. It is very well known that almost all the married women have a lover; but it is usual to keep up the forms, as in other nations. I did not, therefore, know what the devil to say. I could not out with the truth, out of regard to her, and I did not choose to lie for my sake;—besides, the thing told itself. I thought the best way would be to let her explain it as she chose (a woman being never at a loss—the devil always sticks by them)—only determining to protect and carry her off, in case of any ferocity on the part of the Signor. I saw that he was quite calm. She went to bed, and next day—how they settled it, I know not, but settled it they did. Well—then I had to explain to Marianna about this never to be sufficiently confounded sister-in-law; which I did by swearing innocence, eternal constancy, &c. &c. \* \* \* But the sister-in-law, very much discomposed with being treated in such a way, has (not having her own shame before her eyes) told the affair to half Venice, and the servants (who were summoned by the fight and the fainting) to the other half. But, here, nobody minds such trifles, except to be amused by them. I don't know whether you will be so, but I have scrawled a long letter out of these follies.

"Believe me ever, &c."

#### LETTER CCLX.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Venice, January 24th, 1817.

"I have been requested by the Countess Albrizzi here to present her with 'the Works;' and wish you





therefore to send me a copy, that I may comply with her requisition. You may include the last published, of which I have seen and know nothing, but from your letter of the 13th of December.

"Mrs Leigh tells me that most of her friends prefer the two first Cantos. I do not know whether this be the general opinion or not (it is *not hers*); but it is natural it should be so. I, however, think differently, which is natural also; but who is right, or who is wrong, is of very little consequence.

"Dr. Polidori, as I hear from him by letter from Pisa, is about to return to England, to go to the Brazils on a medical speculation with the Danish consul. As you are in the favour of the powers that be, could you not get him some letters of recommendation from some of your government friends to some of the Portuguese settlers? he understands his profession well, and has no want of general talents; his faults are the faults of a pardonable vanity and youth. His remaining with me was out of the question: I have enough to do to manage my own scrapes; and as precepts without example are not the most gracious homilies, I thought it better to give him his congé: but I know no great harm of him, and some good. He is clever and accomplished; knows his profession, by all accounts, well; and is honourable in his dealings, and not at all malevolent. I think, with luck, he will turn out a useful member of society (from which he will lop the diseased members) and the College of Physicians. If you can be of any use to him, or know any one who can, pray be so, as he has his fortune to make. He has kept a *medical journal* under the eye of *Vacca* (the first surgeon on the continent) at Pisa: *Vacca* has corrected it, and it must contain some valuable hints or information on the practice of this country. If you can aid him in publishing this also, by your influence with your brethren, do; I do not ask you to publish it yourself, because that sort of request is too personal and embarrassing. He has also a tragedy, of which, having seen nothing, I say nothing: but the very circumstance of his having made these efforts (if they are only efforts), at one-and-twenty, is in his favour, and proves him to have good dispositions for his own improvement. So if, in the way of commendation or recommendation, you can aid his objects with your government friends, I wish you would. I should think some of your Admiralty Board might be likely to have it in their power."

#### LETTER CCLXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Venice, February 15th, 1817.

"I have received your two letters, but not the parcel you mention. As the Waterloo spoils are arrived, I will make you a present of them, if you choose to accept of them; pray do.

"I do not exactly understand from your letter what has been omitted, or what not, in the publication; but I shall see probably some day or other. I could not attribute any but a *good* motive to Mr Gifford or yourself in such omission; but as our politics are so

very opposite, we should probably differ as to passages. However, if it is only a *note* or *margin* a line or so, it cannot signify. You say 'a poem? You can tell me in your next.

"Of Mr Hobhouse's quarrel with the *Quarterly Review*, I know very little except \* \* \* article which was certainly harsh enough: but I quite, that it would have been better not to answer—particularly after Mr W. W. who never more will trouble you. I have been uneasy, but Mr H. told me that his letter or preface was addressed to *me*. Now, he and I are friends of years; I have many obligations to him, and he to me, which have not been cancelled and unrepaid: but Mr Gifford and I are friends also; he has moreover been literarily so, through and thin, in despite of difference of years, habits, and even *politics*; and therefore I had very awkward situation between the two, Mr H. and my friend Hobhouse, and can only wish that had no difference, or that such as they have accommodated. The Answer I have not seen, but it is odd enough for people so intimate—but Mr H. and I are very sparing of our literary intimacies. For example, the other day he would have a MS. of the Third Canto to read over to his brother, &c. which was refused;—and I have seen his journals, nor he mine—(I only kept the one of the mountains for my sister)—or did I think that hardly ever he or I saw any of the productions previous to their publication.

"The article in the *Edinburgh Review* of the *ridge* I have not seen; but whether I saw it or not, or in any other of the same journal, I never think ill of Mr Jeffrey on that account. I get that his conduct towards me has been almost handsome during the last four or five years.

"I forgot to mention to you that a kind of dialogue \* (in blank verse) or Drama, from the 'Incantation' is an extract, begun by me in Switzerland, is finished; it is in three acts of a very wild, metaphysical, and inexplicable kind. Almost all the persons—but two or three—of the earth and air, or the waters; the summit of the Alps; the hero a kind of magician, who is haunted by a species of remorse, the cause of which left half unexplained. He wanders about these Spirits, which appear to him, and are of use; he at last goes to the very abode of the Principle, in *proprid persona*, to evocate a Spirit which appears, and gives him an ambiguous and agreeable answer; and in the third act he is found his attendants dying in a tower where he had his art. You may perceive by this outline that I have no great opinion of this piece of phantasmagoria. I have at least rendered it quite impossible to the stage, for which my intercourse with Drury Lane given me the greatest contempt.

"I have not even copied it off, and feel at present to attempt the whole; but when I do I will send it you, and you may either throw it in the fire or not."

\* *Manfred*.

## LETTER CCLXII.

TO MR MURRAY

\* Venice, February 25th, 1817.

the other day in answer to your I would trouble you with a com-  
ld be kind enough to undertake it.  
know Mr Love, the jeweller, of  
—In 1813, when in the intention of  
y, I purchased of him, and paid  
about a dozen snuff-boxes, of  
as presents for some of my Mus-  
ce. These I have now with me.  
ing occasion to make an alteration  
(to place a portrait in it), it has  
ever-gilt instead of gold, for which  
al paid for. This was discovered  
an trying it, before taking off the  
ag upon the lid. I have of course  
ed the box *in statu quo*. What  
is, to see the said Mr Love, and  
circumstance, adding, from me,  
he shall not have done this with

remedy in law, there is at least the  
making known his *guilt*—that is, his  
d—d to him.

ually preserve all the purchases I  
that occasion for my return, as the  
y is a barrier to travelling there at  
the endless quarantine which would  
ce before one could land in coming  
the matter to him with due ferocity.  
he other day some extracts from a  
which I had begun in Switzerland  
te; you will tell me if they are re-  
ere only in a letter. I have not yet  
py it out, or I would send you the  
d covers.

d closed this day last week.

is still at Rome, I believe. I am  
de unwell;—sitting up too late, and  
dissipations, have lowered my blood  
at I have at present the quiet and  
ent before me.

"Believe me, &c.

ember me to Mr Gifford.—I have not  
eel or parcels.—Look into 'Moore's  
ew of Italy' for me; in one of the  
find an account of the *Doge Valiere*  
Palieri) and his conspiracy, or the  
let it transcribed for me, and send it  
soon. I want it, and cannot find  
at of that business here; though the  
d the place where he was crowned,  
scapitated, still exist and are shown.  
all their histories; but the policy of  
cy made their writers silent on his  
ere a private grievance against one

rite a tragedy on the subject, which  
ery dramatic: an old man, jealous,  
ainst the state of which he was the  
chief. The last circumstance makes  
rrible and only fact of the kind in  
ations."

## LETTER CCLXIII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Venice, February 28th, 1817.

"You will, perhaps, complain as much of the fre-  
quency of my letters now, as you were wont to do of  
their rarity. I think this is the fourth within as many  
moons. I feel anxious to hear from you, even more  
than usual, because your last indicated that you were  
unwell. At present, I am on the invalid regimen  
myself. The Carnival—that is, the latter part of it  
—and sitting up late o' nights, had knocked me up a  
little. But it is over,—and it is now Lent, with all  
its abstinence and Sacred Music.

"The mumming closed with a masked ball at the  
Fenice, where I went, as also to most of the *ridottos*,  
&c. &c. and, though I did not dissipate much upon  
the whole, yet I find 'the sword wearing out the  
scabbard,' though I have but just turned the corner  
of twenty-nine.

\* So, we'll go no more a roving  
So late into the night,  
Though the heart be still as loving,  
And the moon be still as bright.  
For the sword outwears its sheath,  
And the soul wears out the breast,  
And the heart must pause to breathe,  
And Love itself have rest.  
Though the night was made for loving,  
And the day returns too soon,  
Yet we 'll go no more a roving  
By the light of the moon.

I have lately had some news of *litterafoor*, as I  
heard the editor of the Monthly pronounce it once  
upon a time. I hear that W. W. has been pub-  
lishing and responding to the attacks of the Quar-  
terly, in the learned Perry's Chronicle. I read his  
poesies last autumn, and, amongst them, found an  
epitaph on his bull-dog, and another on *myself*. But  
I beg leave to assure him (like the astrologer Par-  
tridge) that I am not only alive now, but was alive  
also at the time he wrote it. \* \* \* \*

Hobhouse has (I hear, also) expectorated a letter  
against the Quarterly, addressed to me. I feel awk-  
wardly situated between him and Gifford, both being  
my friends.

"And this is your month of going to press—by the  
body of Diana! (a Venetian oath) I feel as anxious  
—but not fearful for you—as if it were myself coming  
out in a work of humour, which would, you know,  
be the antipodes of all my previous publications. I  
don't think you have any thing to dread but your  
own reputation. You must keep up to that. As  
you never showed me a line of your work, I do not  
even know your measure; but you must send me a  
copy by Murray forthwith, and then you shall hear  
what I think. I dare say you are in a pucker. Of  
all authors, you are the only really *modest* one I ever  
met with,—which would sound oddly enough to those  
who recollect your morals when you were young—  
that is, when you were *extremely* young—I don't  
mean to stigmatise you either with years or morality.

"I believe I told you that the E. R. had attacked  
me, in an article on Coleridge (I have not seen it)—  
'*Et tu, Jeffrey?*'—there is nothing but roguery in  
villanous man.' But I absolve him of all attacks,



present and future; for I think he had already pushed his clemency in my behalf to the utmost, and I shall always think well of him. I only wonder that he did not begin before, as my domestic destruction was a fine opening for all the world, of which all, who could, did well to avail themselves.

"If I live ten years longer, you will see, however, that it is not over with me—I don't mean in literature, for that is nothing; and it may seem odd enough to say, I do not think it my vocation. But you will see that I shall do something or other—the times and fortune permitting—that, 'like the cosmogony, or creation of the world, will puzzle the philosophers of all ages.' But I doubt whether my constitution will hold out. I have, at intervals, exorcised it most devilishly.

"I have not yet fixed a time of return, but I think of the spring. I shall have been away a year in April next. You never mention Rogers, nor Hodgson, your clerical neighbour, who has lately got a living near you. Has he also got a child yet?—his desideratum, when I saw him last. \* \* \*

"Pray let me hear from you, at your time and leisure, believing me ever and truly and affectionately, &c."

#### LETTER CCLXIV.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Venice, March 3d, 1817.

"In acknowledging the arrival of the article from the 'Quarterly,'\* which I received two days ago, I cannot express myself better than in the words of my sister Augusta, who (speaking of it) says, that it is written in a spirit 'of the most feeling and kind nature.' It is, however, something more; it seems to me (as far as the subject of it may be permitted to judge) to be *very well* written as a composition, and I think will do the journal no discredit, because even those who condemn its partiality must praise its generosity. The temptations to take another and a less favourable view of the question, have been so great and numerous, that, what with public opinion, politics, &c. he must be a gallant as well as a good man, who has ventured, in that place, and at this time, to write such an article even anonymously. Such things are, however, their own reward; and I even flatter myself that the writer, whoever he may be (and I have no guess), will not regret that the perusal of this has given me as much gratification as any composition of that nature could give, and more than any other has given,—and I have had a good many in my time of one kind or the other. It is not the mere praise, but there is a *tact* and a *delicacy* throughout, not only with regard to me, but to others, which, as it had not been observed elsewhere, I had till now doubted whether it could be observed anywhere.

"Perhaps some day or other you will know or tell me the writer's name. Be assured, had the article been a harsh one, I should not have asked it.

\* \* An article in No. 31 of this Review, written, as Lord Byron afterwards discovered, by Sir Walter Scott, and well meriting, by the kind and generous spirit that breathes through it, the warm and lasting gratitude it awakened in the noble Poet.

"I have lately written to you frequently, extracts, &c. which I hope you have now will receive, with or before this letter.—Even the conclusion of the Carnival I have been a (do not mention this, on any account, to Mrs. L. for if I grow worse, she will know it too soon, I get better, there is no occasion that she should know it at all), and have hardly stirred out of the bed. However, I don't want a physician, and if I did, luckily those of Italy are the worst in the world that I should still have a chance. They do not believe, one famous surgeon, Vacca, who is of Pisa, who might be useful in case of danger—but he is some hundred miles off. My misfortune is a sort of lowish fever, originating from what my friend and master, Jackson, would call 'taking too much out of one's self.' However, I am better now in a day or two.

"I missed seeing the new Patriarch's procession to St. Mark's the other day (owing to my indisposition with six hundred and fifty priests in his retinue, 'goodly army.' The admirable government of Venice in its edict from thence, authorizing his incense prescribed, as part of the pageant, 'a coach with horses.' To show how very very 'German' it is, matter' this was, you have only to suppose a parliament commanding the Archbishop of Canterbury) proceed from Hyde Park Corner to St. Paul's Church in the Lord Mayor's barge, or the Marquis's. This is but St. Mark's Place in all Venice, and even for a carriage to move, and it is paved with smooth flag-stones, so that the chariot and horse. Elijah himself would be puzzled to manage it. Those of Pharaoh might do better; for the Grand Canal, and particularly the Grand Canal,—are almost capacious and extensive for his whole body. Of course, no coach could be attempted, to the Venetians, who are very naive as well as artful, are much amused with the ordinance.

"The Armenian Grammar is published; but Armenian studies are suspended for the present, my head aches a little less. I sent you the edition in two covers, the First Act of 'Manfred,' a drama mad as Nat. Lee's Bedlam tragedy, which was 25 acts and some odd scenes:—mine is but a few Acts.

"I find I have begun this letter at the wrong end; never mind; I must end it, then, at the right.

"Yours ever very truly  
"and obligingly, &c."

#### LETTER CCLXV.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Venice, March 10th, 1817.

"In remitting the Third Act of the sort of dramatic poem of which you will by this time have received. Two First (at least I hope so), which were written within the last three weeks, I have little to add except that you must not publish it (if it is not published) without giving me previous notice. I have really and truly no notion whether it is good or bad; and as this was not the case with the poems of my former publications, I am, therefore, obliged to rank it very humbly. You will submit it





## LETTER CCLXVII.

TO MR MOORE.

" Venice, March 25th, 1817.

" I have at last learned, in default of your own writing (or *not* writing—which should it be? for I am not very clear as to the application of the word *default*), from Murray, two particulars of (or belonging to) you; one, that you are removing to Hornsey, which is, I presume, to be nearer London; and the other, that your Poem is announced by the name of *Lalla Rookh*. I am glad of it,—first, that we are to have it at last, and next, I like a tough title myself—witness the *Giaour* and *Childe Harold*, which choked half the Blues at starting. Besides, it is the tail of Alcibiades's dog,—not that I suppose you want either dog or tail. Talking of tail, I wish you had not called it a '*Persian Tale*.'\* Say a '*Poem*' or '*Romance*,' but not '*Tale*.' I am very sorry that I called some of my own things '*Tales*,' because I think that they are something better. Besides, we have had Arabian, and Hindoo, and Turkish, and Assyrian Tales. But, after all, this is frivolous in me; you won't, however, mind my nonsense.

" Really and truly, I want you to make a great hit, if only out of self-love, because we happen to be old cronies; and I have no doubt you will—I am sure you *can*. But you are, I'll be sworn, in a devil of a pucker; and I am *not* at your elbow, and Rogers is. I envy him; which is not fair, because he does not envy any body. Mind you send to me—that is, make Murray send—the moment you are forth.

" I have been very ill with a slow fever, which at last took to flying, and became as quick as need be.† But, at length, after a week of half delirium, burning skin, thirst, hot headache, horrible pulsation, and no sleep, by the blessing of barley water, and refusing to see any physician, I recovered. It is an epidemic of the place, which is annual, and visits strangers. Here follow some versicles, which I made one sleepless night.

" I read the '*Christabel*;'

Very well:

I read the '*Missionary*;'

Pretty—very:

I tried at '*Ilderim*;'

Ahem!

I read a sheet of '*Marg'ret of Anjou*;'

Can you?

I turn'd a page of '*Wass' Waterloo*;'

Pooh! pooh!

I look'd at Wordsworth's milk-white '*Rylstone Doe*:'

Hillo!

&c. &c. &c."

\* He had been misinformed on this point,—the work in question having been, from the first, entitled an '*Oriental Romance*.' A much worse mistake (because wilful, and with no very charitable design) was that of certain persons, who would have it that the Poem was meant to be *Epic*!—Even Mr D'Israeli has, for the sake of a theory, given in to this very gratuitous assumption:—"*The Anacreontic poet* (he says) *remains only Anacreontic in his Epic*."

† In a note to Mr Murray, subjoined to some corrections for *Manfred*, he says, "Since I wrote to you last, the *slow* fever I wot of thought proper to mend its pace, and became similar to one which I caught some years ago in the marshes of Elis, in the Morea."

" I have not the least idea what I am to do. I wished to have but at present it is pestilent with 1 of staring boobies, who go about to be at once cheap and magnifico fool who travels now in France or 1 of wretches is swept home again. years the first rush will be over, 1 will be roomy and agreeable.

" I staid at Venice chiefly because their '*dens of thieves*;' and here it pass. In Switzerland it was really ily, I was early, and had got the all the Lake before they were qu tion with the rest of reptiles. But every where. I met a family of women half-way up the Wengen frau) upon mules, some of them too young to be the least aware of what

" By the way, I think the Jung region of Alps, which I traverse going to the very top of the Weng the highest (the Jungfrau itself is in best point of view—much finer than Chamouni, or the Simplon. I key whole for my sister Augusta, part o and let Murray see.

" I wrote a sort of mad Dram introducing the Alpine scenery in this I sent lately to Murray. *Alm pers* are spirits, ghosts, or magici is in the Alps and the other world, st what a bedlam tragedy it must be: it you. I sent him all three acts p post, and suppose they have arrive

" I have now written to you at le *letterets*, and all I have received is about the length you used to write to James's-street, when we used to and talk laxly, and go to parties Sheridan now and then. Do y night he was so tipsy that I was cocked hat on for him,—for he coul him down at Brookes's much as he been let down into his grave. He was drunk—but I have nothing but water before me.

" I am still in love,—which is back in quitting a place, and I can much longer. What I shall do on know. The girl means to go with like this for her own sake. I h conflicts in my own mind on this so not at all sure they did not help t mentioned above. I am certainly tached to her, and I have cause to h all. But she has a child; and tho '*children of the sun*,' she consults not it is necessary I should think for be the virtuous, like \* \* \* \*, who can husband and child, and live happy

" The Italian ethics are the me met with. The perversion, not wal of reasoning, is singular in the woe

they do not consider the thing itself as wrong, and very wrong, but *love* (the sentiment of love) is not merely an excuse for it, but makes it an *actual virtue*, provided it is disinterested, and not a *caprice*, and is confined to one object. They have awful notions of constancy; for I have seen some ancient figures of eighty pointed out as Amoresi of forty, fifty, and sixty years standing. I can't say I have ever seen a husband and wife so coupled. "Ever, &c."

"P.S. Marianna, to whom I have just translated what I have written on our subject to you, says—'If you loved me thoroughly, you would not make so many fine reflections, which are only good *forbirsì i scarpi*,'—that is, 'to clean shoes withal,'—a Venetian proverb of appreciation, which is applicable to reasoning of all kinds."

## LETTER CCLXVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Venice, March 25th, 1817.

"Your letter and inclosure are safe; but 'English gentlemen' are very rare—at least in Venice. I doubt whether there are at present any, save the consul and vice-consul, with neither of whom I have the slightest acquaintance. The moment I can pounce upon a witness, I will send the deed properly signed: but must he necessarily be genteel? Venice is not a place where the English are gregarious; their pigeon-houses are Florence, Naples, Rome, &c.; and to tell you the truth, this was one reason why I staid here till the season of the purgation of Rome from these people, which is infected with them at this time, should arrive. Besides, I abhor the nation and the nation me; it is impossible for me to describe my *own* sensation on that point, but it may suffice to say, that, if I met with any of the race in the beautiful parts of Switzerland, the most distant glimpse or aspect of them poisoned the whole scene, and I do not choose to have the Pantheon, and St Peter's, and the Capitol, spoiled for me too. This feeling may be probably owing to recent events; but it does not exist the less, and while it exists, I shall conceal it as little as any other."

"I have been seriously ill with a fever, but it is gone. I believe or suppose it was the indigenous fever of the place, which comes every year at this time, and of which the physicians change the name annually, to despatch the people sooner. It is a kind of typhus, and kills occasionally. It was pretty smart, but nothing particular, and has left me some debility and a great appetite. There are a good many ill at present, I suppose, of the same."

"I feel sorry for Horner, if there was any thing in the world to make him like it; and still more sorry for his friends, as there was much to make them regret him. I had not heard of his death till by your letter."

"Some weeks ago I wrote to you my acknowledgments of Walter Scott's article. Now I know it to be his, it cannot add to my good opinion of him, but it adds to that of myself. He, and Gifford, and Moore, are the only *regulars* I ever knew who had nothing of the *garrison* about their manner: no nonsense, nor affectations, look you! As for the rest whom I have known, there was always more or less of the

author about them—the pen peeping from behind the ear, and the thumbs a little inky, or so."

"Lalla Rookh"—you must recollect that, in the way of title, the '*Giaour*' has never been pronounced to this day; and both it and Childe Harold sounded very facetious to the blue-bottles of wit and humour about town, till they were taught and startled into a proper deportment; and therefore Lalla Rookh, which is very orthodox and oriental, is as good a title as need be, if not better. I could wish rather that he had not called it '*a Persian Tale*;' firstly, because we have had Turkish Tales, and Hindoo Tales, and Assyrian Tales, already; and *tale* is a word of which it repents me to have nicknamed poesy. '*Fable*' would be better; and, secondly, '*Persian Tale*' reminds one of the lines of Pope on Ambrose Phillips; though no one can say, to be sure, that this tale has been '*turned for half-a-crown*;' still it is as well to avoid such clashings. '*Persian Story*'—why not?—or Romance? I feel as anxious for Moore as I could do for myself, for the soul of me, and I would not have him succeed otherwise than splendidly, which I trust he will do."

"With regard to the '*Witch Drama*,' I sent all the three acts by post, week after week, within this last month. I repeat that I have not an idea if it is good or bad. If bad, it must, on no account, be risked in publication; if good, it is at your service. I value it at *three hundred guineas*, or less, if you like it. Perhaps, if published, the best way will be to add it to your winter volume, and not publish separately. The price will show you I don't pique myself upon it; so speak out. You may put it in the fire, if you like, and Gifford don't like."

"The Armenian Grammar is published—that is, *one*; the other is still in MS. My illness has prevented me from moving this month past, and I have done nothing more with the Armenian."

"Of Italian or rather Lombard manners, I could tell you little or nothing: I went two or three times to the governor's conversazione (and if you go once, you are free to go always), at which, as I only saw very plain women, a formal circle, in short a *worst sort* of rout, I did not go again. I went to Academie and to Madame Albrizzi's, where I saw pretty much the same thing, with the addition of some literati, who are the same *blue*,\* by —, all the world over. I fell in love the first week with Madame \*\*, and I have continued so ever since, because she is very pretty and pleasing, and talks Venetian, which amuses me, and is naive."

† Very truly, &c.

"P.S. Pray send the red tooth-powder by a *safe hand*, and speedily."

\* \* \* \* \*

"To hook the reader, you, John Murray,  
Have publish'd 'Anjou's Margaret,'  
Which won't be sold off in a hurry  
(At least, it has not been as yet);

\* Whenever a word or passage occurs (as in this instance) which Lord Byron would have pronounced emphatically in speaking, it appears, in his handwriting, as if written with something of the same vehemence.

† Here follow the same rhymes ("I read the Christabel," &c.) which have already been given in one of his letters to myself.



And then, still further to bewilder 'em,  
Without remorse you set up 'Elderim;  
So mind you don't get into debt,  
Because as how, if you should fail,  
These books would be but baddish bail.  
And mind you do *not* let escape  
These rhymes to Morning Post or Perry,  
Which would be *very* treacherous—*very*,  
And get me into such a scrape!  
For, firstly, I should have to sally  
All in my little boat, against a *Galley*;  
And, should I chance to slay the Assyrian wight,  
Have next to combat with the female knight.

"You may show these matters to Moore and the select, but not to the *profane*; and tell Moore, that I wonder he don't write to one now and then."

### LETTER CCLXIX.

TO MR MOORE.

"Venice, March 31st, 1817.

"You will begin to think my epistolary offerings (to whatever altar you please to devote them) rather prodigal. But, until you answer, I shall not abate, because you deserve no better. I know you are well, because I hear of your voyaging to London and the environs, which I rejoice to learn, because your note alarmed me by the purgation and phlebotomy therein prognosticated. I also hear of your being in the press; all which, methinks, might have furnished you with subject matter for a middle-sized letter, considering that I am in foreign parts, and that the last month's advertisements and obituary would be absolute news to me from your Tramontane country.

"I told you, in my last, I have had a smart fever. There is an epidemic in the place; but I suspect, from the symptoms, that mine was a fever of my own, and had nothing in common with the low, vulgar typhus, which is at this moment decimating Venice, and which has half-unpeopled Milan, if the accounts be true. This malady has sorely discomfited my serving men, who want sadly to be gone away, and get me to remove. But, besides my natural perversity, I was seasoned in Turkey, by the continual whispers of the plague, against apprehensions of contagion. Besides which, apprehension would not prevent it; and then I am still in love, and 'forty thousand' fevers should not make me stir before my minute, while under the influence of that paramount delirium. Seriously speaking, there is a malady rife in the city—a dangerous one, they say. However, mine did not appear so, though it was not pleasant.

"This is passion-week—and twilight—and all the world are at vespers. They have an eternal churching, as in all catholic countries, but are not so bigoted as they seemed to be in Spain.

"I don't know whether to be glad or sorry that you are leaving Mayfield. Had I ever been at Newstead during your stay there (except during the winter of 1813-14, when the roads were impracticable), we should have been within hail, and I should like to have made a giro of the Peak with you. I know that country well, having been all over it when a boy. Was you ever in Dovedale? I can assure you there are things in Derbyshire as noble as Greece or Switzerland. But you had always a lingering after Lon-

don, and I don't wonder at it. I liked it as well as any body, myself, now and then.

"Will you remember me to Rogers? whom I assume to be flourishing, and whom I regard as poetical papa. You are his lawful son, and I illegitimate. Has he begun yet upon Sheridan? you see our republican friend, Leigh Hunt, present my remembrances. I saw about nine months ago that he was in a row (like my friend Holbein with the Quarterly Reviewers. For my part, I could understand these quarrels of authors with critics and with one another. \* For God's sake, gentlemen, what do they mean?"

"What think you of your countryman, Maitland? I take some credit to myself for having done my best to bring out Bertram; but I must say my collars were quite as ready and willing. Walter Scott, however, was the first who mentioned him, which I take to me, with great commendation, in 1815; and in this casualty, and two or three other accidents, this very clever fellow owed his first and well-merited public success. What a chance is fame!"

"Did I tell you that I have translated two Epistles—a correspondence between St Paul and the Corinthians, not to be found in our version, but the Armenian—but which seems to me very curious, and I have done it into scriptural prose English."

"For, &c."

### LETTER CCLXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Venice, April 2d.

"I sent you the whole of the Drama (several times, act by act, in separate numbers) I hope that you have, or will receive, some of the whole of it.

"So Love has a conscience. By Diana's make him take back the box, though a superb dora's. The discovery of its intrinsic value would on sending it to have the lid adapted to admit Arianna's portrait. Of course I had the box made *in statu quo*, and had the picture set in it, which suits it (the picture) very well. The lid of the box is not touched, hardly, and was not a man's hands above an hour.

"I am aware of what you say of Otway; and

\* The only plausible claim of these Epistles to authenticity arises from the circumstance of St. Paul having, according to the opinion of Mosheim and others, written the Epistle to the Corinthians, before that which we now call his First. They are, however, universally given as spurious. Though frequently referred to as existing in Armenian, by Primate Usher, Johan. Gregorius, and other learned men, they were for the first time, I believe, translated from that language by the two Whistons, who joined the correspondence, with a Greek and Latin text, to their edition of the Armenian History of Moses of Khorene, published in 1736.

The translation by Lord Byron is, as far as I can learn, the first that has ever been attempted in English, and proceeding from his pen, it must possess, of course, additional interest, the reader will not be displeased to find in the Appendix. Annexed to the copy in my possession are the following words, in his own handwriting—"Translating into English by me, January, February, 1817, at the request of San Lazaro, with the aid and exposition of the Armenian text by the Father Paschal Aushar, Armenian friar—BYRON. I had also (he adds) the Latin text, but it is in many places very corrupt, and with great variations."

RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL  
JAN 10 1961

[illegible][illegible]

I have been thinking about you a great deal lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I will try to write you more often. I have been thinking about you a great deal lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I will try to write you more often.

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1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to define the objectives and goals of the project. This helps to clarify what needs to be achieved and provides a clear direction for the team.

3. The third step is to develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This involves breaking down the problem into smaller, manageable tasks and determining the resources needed to complete each task.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the strategy into action and monitoring progress to ensure that the project is on track.

5. The final step is to evaluate the results of the project. This involves assessing the outcomes against the objectives and goals and identifying any areas for improvement.

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

[illegible]



think it was that. However, I got well without a physician or drugs.

"I forgot to tell you that, last autumn, I furnished Lewis with 'bread and salt' for some days at Diocletian, in reward for which (besides his conversation) he translated 'Goethe's Faust' to me, by word of mouth, and I set him by the ears with Madame de Staël about the slave trade. I am indebted for many and kind courtesies to our Lady of Copet, and I now love her as much as I always did her works, of which I was and am a great admirer. When are you to begin with Sheridan? what are you doing, and how do you do?"

"Ever very truly, &c."

#### LETTER CCLXXII.

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, April 9th, 1817.

"Your letters of the 18th and 20th are arrived. In my own I have given you the rise, progress, decline, and fall, of my recent malady. It is gone to the devil: I won't pay him so bad a compliment as to say it came from him;—he is too much of a gentleman. It was nothing but a slow fever, which quickened its pace towards the end of its journey. I had been bored with it some weeks—with nocturnal burnings and morning perspirations; but I am quite well again, which I attribute to having had neither medicine nor doctor thereof.

"In a few days I set off for Rome: such is my purpose. I shall change it very often before Monday next, but do you continue to direct and address to Venice, as heretofore. If I go, letters will be forwarded: I say 'if,' because I never know what I shall do till it is done; and as I mean most firmly to set out for Rome, it is not unlikely I may find myself at St Petersburg.

"You tell me to 'take care of myself;—faith, and I will. I won't be posthumous yet, if I can help it. Notwithstanding, only think what a 'Life and Adventures,' while I am in full scandal, would be worth, together with the 'membra' of my writing-desk, the sixteen beginnings of poems never to be finished! Do you think I would not have shot myself last year, had I not luckily recollected that Mrs C\*\* and Lady N\*\*, and all the old women in England would have been delighted;—besides the agreeable 'Lunacy' of the 'Crown's Quest,' and the regrets of two or three or half a dozen? \* \* \* \* \* Be assured that I would live for two reasons, or more;—there are one or two people whom I have to put out of the world, and as many into it, before I can 'depart in peace;' if I do so before, I have not fulfilled my mission. Besides, when I turn thirty, I will turn devout; I feel a great vocation that way in Catholic churches, and when I hear the organ.

"So \* \* \* is writing again! Is there no Bedlam in Scotland? nor thumb-screw? nor gag? nor handcuff? I went upon my knees to him almost, some years ago, to prevent him from publishing a political pamphlet, which would have given him a livelier idea of 'Habeas Corpus' than the world will derive from his present production upon that suspended

subject, which will doubtless be followed suspension of other of his majesty's subjects.

"I condole with Drury-lane and rejoice with—that is, in a modest way,—on the tragical the new tragedy.

"You and Leigh Hunt have quarrelled it seems? \* \* \* I introduce him and him to you, in the hope that (malgré politics) there would be beneficial to both, and the end is enmity; and yet I did this with the best aim I introduce \* \* \*, and \* \* \* runs away your money: my friend Hobhouse quarrels, in the Quarterly; and (except the last) I am the Isthmus (damn the word! I can't spell it, I have crossed that of Corinth a dozen times) of enmities.

"I will tell you something about Châ Mr De Luc, ninety years old, a Swiss, had it to him, and is pleased with it,—so my sister. He said that he was with Rousseau at Châillon that the description is perfectly correct. But not all: I recollected something of the same in the following passage in 'The Confessions,' page 247, liv. 8.

"De tous ces amusemens celui qui m'a le plus plu fut une promenade autour du Lac, par un petit bateau avec De Luc père, sa bru, son fils, et ma Thérèse. Nous mîmes sept jours à nous amuser par le plus beau temps du monde. Je puis à ce souvenir des sites qui m'avaient frappés à l'extrémité du Lac, et dont je fis la description, quelques années après, dans la Nouvelle Héloïse."

"This nonagenarian, De Luc, must be a 'deux fils.' He is in England—ordinarily, I think, faculty. It is odd that he should have lived, and not wanting in oddness, that he should have made this voyage with Jean Jacques, and then, at such an interval, read a poem by an Englishman (who had made precisely the same circumstances upon the same scenery.

"As for 'Manfred,' it is of no use sending me nothing of that kind comes. I sent the other different times. The two first Acts are best; but so so; but I was blown with the first and second heats. You must call it 'a Poem,' for it is no *Ma*, and I do not choose to have it called by a name—a 'Poem in dialogue,' or—Paraphrase, you will; any thing but a green-room synonyme;—this is your motto—

There are more things in heaven and earth, than  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

"Yours ever &c."

"My love and thanks to Mr Gifford."

#### LETTER CCLXXIII.

TO MR. MOORE.

"Venice, April 11, 1817.

"I shall continue to write to you while the letter me, by way of penance upon you for your late complaints of long silence. I dare say you will blush, if you could, for not answering. Now I set out for Rome. Having seen Constantinople, should like to look at t'other fellow. Besides, I





for which reason I spit upon and abhor all the Saints and subjects of one half the impostures I see in the churches and palaces; and when in Flanders, I never was so disgusted in my life, as with Rubens and his eternal wives and infernal glare of colours, as they appeared to me; and in Spain I did not think much of Murillo and Velasquez. Depend upon it, of all the arts, it is the most artificial and unnatural, and that by which the nonsense of mankind is most imposed upon. I never yet saw the picture or the statue which came a league within my conception or expectation; but I have seen many mountains, and seas, and rivers, and views, and two or three women, who went as far beyond it,—besides some horses; and a lion (at Veli Pacha's) in the Morea; and a tiger at supper in Exeter 'Change.

"When you write, continue to address to me at Venice. Where do you suppose the books you sent to me are? At Turin! This comes of the Foreign 'Office,' which is foreign enough, God knows, for any good it can be of to me, or any one else, and be d—d to its last clerk and first charlatan, Castlerough.

"This makes my hundredth letter at least.

"Yours, &c."

#### LETTER CCLXXV

TO MR MURRAY.

"Venice, April 14th, 1817.

"The present proofs (of the whole) begin only at the 17th page; but as I had corrected and sent back the First Act, it does not signify.

"The Third Act is certainly d—d bad, and, like the Archbishop of Grenada's homily (which savoured of the palsy), has the dregs of my fever, during which it was written. It must on no account be published in its present state. I will try and reform it, or rewrite it altogether; but the impulse is gone, and I have no chance of making any thing out of it. I would not have it published as it is on any account. The speech of Manfred to the Sun is the only part of this act I thought good myself; the rest is certainly as bad as bad can be, and I wonder what the devil possessed me.

"I am very glad indeed that you sent me Mr Gifford's opinion without deduction. Do you suppose me such a booby as not to be very much obliged to him? or that in fact I was not, and am not, convinced and convicted in my conscience of this same overt act of nonsense?

"I shall try at it again: in the mean time, lay it upon the shelf (the whole Drama, I mean); but pray correct your copies of the First and Second Act from the original MS.

"I am not coming to England; but going to Rome in a few days. I return to Venice in June; so, pray, address all letters, &c. to me here, as usual, that is, to Venice. Dr. Polidori this day left this city with Lord G \* \* for England. He is charged with some books to your care (from me), and two miniatures also to the same address, both for my sister.

"Recollect not to publish, upon pain of I know not what, until I have tried again at the Third Act. I am not sure that I shall try, and still less that I succeed, if I do; but I am very sure, that (as

it is) it is unfit for publication or perusal. I can make it out to my own satisfaction, but I have any part published.

"I write in haste, and after having written very often.

#### LETTER CCLXXV

TO MR MURRAY.

"Foligno, April 15th, 1817.

I wrote to you the other day from Foligno, closing a MS. entitled 'The Lamentation of the Lament,' which was written in consequence of my having been at Ferrara. In the last section of this MS. (that is, the penultimate), I think that I have a line in the copy sent to you from Florence, which I have inserted—

"And woo compassion to a blighted heart, insert,

"Sealing the sentence which my fate

The context will show you the sense is clear in this quotation. Remember, the supposition that you have received the MS. in a rentine packet.

"At Florence I remained but a few days, in a hurry for Rome, to which I am thus bound. However, I went to the two galleries, one returns drunk with beauty. The other for admiration than love; but there are no paintings, which for the first time at Florence, give an idea of what people mean by their enthusiasm. Mr Braham calls 'enthusiasm' (i. e. enthusiasm) those two most artificial of the arts. The most were, the mistress of Raphael, the mistress of Titian, a portrait; a Venus in the Medici gallery—the Venus; and also, in the other gallery: Titian's mistress in the other gallery (that is, in the Pitti Palace), the Paræ of Michael Angelo, a picture of Antinous, the Alexander, and one or two other decent groups in marble; the Genius sleeping figure, &c. &c.

"I also went to the Medici chapel, which is in great slabs of various expensive stones, some of them fifty rotten and forgotten carvings, unfinished, and will remain so.

"The church of 'Santa Croce' is nothing illustrious. The tombs of Michael Angelo, Galileo Galilei, and Andrea della Robbia in the Westminster Abbey of Italy. I have seen many of these tombs—beyond their own merits, all of them are heavy, and all of them are loaded. What is necessary but a bust, and perhaps a date? the last for the use of whom I am one. But all your allegories are infernal, and worse than the long and numskulls upon Roman bodies in the reigns of Charles II., William, and Anne.

"When you write, write to Venice, and mean to return there in a fortnight. I am in England for a long time. This afternoon I saw Mr. and Lady Jersey, and saw them for

own and healthy; she very pretty,  
e very sick of travelling; bound for  
re not many English on the move,  
re, mostly homewards. I shall not  
ess makes me, being much better  
ealth, &c. &c.

of my personal comfort, I pray you  
tately to Venice—mind, Venice—  
eath-powder, red, a quantity; cal-  
ia, of the best quality, a quantity;  
safe, sure, and speedy means; and,  
so it.

se nothing at Manfred's Third Act.  
; I'll have at it in a week or two,

"Yours ever, &c."

LETTER CCLXXVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Rome, May 5th, 1817.

(or next at farthest) I send you, in  
the new Third Act of 'Manfred.'  
in the greater part, and returned what  
the proof you sent me. The Abbot  
d man, and the Spirits are brought in.  
You will find, I think, some good  
ew Act, here and there; and if so,  
it sending me farther proofs, under  
correction, if he will have the good-  
it. Address all answers to Venice,  
on to return there in ten days.

ent of Tasso,' which I sent from Flo-  
trust, arrived: I look upon it as a  
rhymes,' as Pope's papa said to him  
a boy. For the two—it and the  
ill disburse to me (*via Kinnaird*) six  
as. You will perhaps be surprised  
same price upon this as upon the  
esides that I look upon it as good,  
s than three hundred guineas for any  
together will make you a larger pub-  
'Siege' and 'Parisina'; so that you  
self let off very easy: that is to say, if  
good for any thing, which I hope and

some days in Rome the Wonderful.  
ts, and have done nothing else, ex-  
bird Act for you. I have this morn-  
ope and a dead cardinal: Pius VII.  
ag Cardinal Bracchi, whose body I  
the Chiesa Nuova. Rome has de-  
pend every thing, since Athens and  
But I shall not remain long this  
to Venice.

"Ever, &c."

ve got my saddle-horses here, and  
I am riding, all about the country."

going letters to Mr Murray, we may  
sious particulars respecting one of the  
ad sublime of the noble poet's pro-  
ama of Manfred. His failure (and to  
sich the reader shall be enabled pre-  
in the completion of a design which

he had, through two Acts, so magnificently carried  
on,—the impatience with which, though conscious of  
this failure, he as usual hurried to the press, without  
deigning to woo, or wait for, a happier moment of  
inspiration,—his frank docility in, at once, surrender-  
ing up his Third Act to reprobation, without urging  
one parental word in its behalf,—the doubt he evi-  
dently felt, whether, from his habit of striking off  
these creations at a heat, he should be able to re-  
kindle his imagination on the subject,—and then,  
lastly, the complete success with which, when his  
mind *did* make the spring, he at once cleared the  
whole space by which he before fell short of per-  
fection,—all these circumstances, connected with the  
production of this grand Poem, lay open to us fea-  
tures, both of his disposition and genius, in the high-  
est degree interesting, and such as there is a plea-  
sure, second only to that of perusing the Poem itself,  
in contemplating.

As a literary curiosity, and, still more, as a lesson  
to genius, never to rest satisfied with imperfection or  
mediocrity, but to labour on till even failures are con-  
verted in triumphs, I shall here transcribe the Third  
Act, in its original shape, as first sent to the publisher.

### ACT III.—SCENE I.

*A Hall in the Castle of Manfred.*

MANFRED and HERMAN.

*Man.* What is the hour?

*Her.* It wants but one till sunset,  
And promises a lovely twilight.

*Man.* Say,  
Are all things so disposed of in the tower  
As I directed?

*Her.* All, my lord, are ready:  
Here is the key and casket.

*Man.* It is well: [*Exit HERMAN.*]

Thou may'st retire.

*Man. (alone.)* There is a calm upon me—  
Inexplicable stillness! which till now  
Did not belong to what I knew of life.  
If that I did not know philosophy  
To be of all our vanities the motliest,  
The merest word that ever fool'd the ear  
From out the schoolman's jargon, I should deem  
The golden secret, the sought "Kalon," found,  
And seated in my soul. It will not last,  
But it is well to have known it, though but once:  
It hath enlarged my thoughts with a new sense,  
And I within my tablets would note down  
That there is such a feeling. Who is there?

*Re-enter HERMAN.*

*Her.* My lord, the Abbot of St. Maurice craves  
To greet your presence.

*Enter the ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE.*

*Abbot.* Peace be with Count Manfred!

*Man.* Thanks, holy father! welcome to these walls;  
Thy presence honours them, and blesteth those  
Who dwell within them.

*Abbot.* Would it were so, Count!  
But I would fain confer with thee alone.

*Man.* Herman, retire. What would my reverend guest?

*Abbot.* Thus, without prelude:—Age and zeal, my office,  
And good intent, must plead my privilege;  
Our near, though not acquainted neighbourhood,  
May also be my herald. Rumours strange,  
And of unholy nature, are abroad,  
And busy with thy name—a noble name  
For centuries; may he who bears it now  
Transmit it unimpaired!

*Man.* Proceed,—I listen.



*Abbot.* 'Tis said thou holdest converse with the things  
Which are forbidden to the search of man;  
That with the dwellers of the dark abodes,  
The many evil and unheavenly spirits  
Which walk the valley of the shade of death,  
Thou communest. I know that with mankind,  
Thy fellows in creation, thou dost rarely  
Exchange thy thoughts, and that thy solitude  
Is as an anchorite's, were it but holy.

*Man.* And what are they who do avouch these things?

*Abbot.* My pious brethren—the scared peasantry—  
Even thy own vassals—who do look on thee  
With most unquiet eyes. Thy life's in peril.

*Man.* Take it.

*Abbot.* I come to save, and not destroy—  
I would not pry into thy secret soul;  
But if these things be sooth, there still is time  
For penitence and pity: reconcile thee  
With the true church, and through the church to heaven.

*Man.* I hear thee. This is my reply: whate'er  
I may have been, or am, doth rest between  
Heaven and myself.—I shall not choose a mortal  
To be my mediator. Have I sinn'd  
Against your ordinances? prove and punish! \*

*Abbot.* Then, hear and tremble! For the headstrong  
wretch

Who in the mail of innate hardihood  
Would shield himself, and battle for his sins,  
There is the stake on earth, and beyond earth eternal—

*Man.* Charity, most reverend father,  
Becomes thy lips so much more than this menace,  
That I would call thee back to it; but say,  
What wouldst thou with me?

*Abbot.* It may be there are  
Things that would shake thee—but I keep them back,  
And give thee till to-morrow to repent.  
Then if thou dost not all devote thyself  
To penance, and with gift of all thy lands  
To the monastery—

*Man.* I understand thee,—well!

*Abbot.* Expect no mercy; I have warned thee.

*Man.* (*opening the casket.*) Stop—

There is a gift for thee within this casket.

[*MANFRED opens the casket, strikes a light, and  
burns some incense.*

Ho! Ashtaroth!

*The DEMON ASHTAROTH appears, singing as follows:*

The raven sits

On the raven-stone,

And his black wing flits

O'er the milk white bone;

To and fro, as the night-winds blow,

The carcass of the assassin swings;

And there alone, on the raven-stone, †

The raven flaps his dusky wings.

The fetters creak—and his ebony beak

Croaks to the close of the hollow sound;

And this is the tune by the light of the moon

To which the witches dance their round.

Merrily, merrily, cheerily, cheerily,

Merrily, merrily, speeds the ball;

The dead in their shrouds, and the demons in clouds,

Flock to the witches' carnival.

*Abbot.* I fear thee not—hence—hence—  
Avaunt thee, evil one!—help, ho! without there!

*Man.* Convey this man to the Shreckhorn—to its peak—

To its extreme peak—watch with him there

From now till sunrise; let him gaze, and know

He ne'er again will be so near to heaven.

But harm him not; and, when the morrow breaks,

Set him down safe in his cell—away with him!

*Asa.* Had I not better bring his brethren too,

Convent and all, to bear him company?

*Man.* No, this will serve for the present. Take him up.

\* It will be perceived that, as far as this, the original  
matter of the Third Act has been retained.

† "Raven stone" (*Rabenstein*), a translation of the Ger-  
man word for the gibbet, which in Germany and Switzer-  
land is permanent, and made of stone."

*Asa.* Come, friar! now an exorcism or  
And we shall fly the lighter.

*ASHTAROTH disappears with the ABBOT  
follows:*

A prodigal son and a maid undone  
And a widow re-wedded within  
And a worldly monk and a pregnant  
Are things which every day appe

*MANFRED alone.*

*Man.* Why would this feel break in on  
My art to pranks fantastical?—no matter  
It was not of my seeking. My heart sick  
And weighs a fix'd foreboding on my soul  
But it is calm—calm as a sullen sea  
After the hurricane, the winds are still,  
But the cold waves swell high and heavily  
And there is danger in them. Such a rest  
Is no repose. My life hath been a combat  
And every thought a wound, till I am ac-  
In the immortal part of me.—What now

*Re-enter HERMAN.*

*Her.* My lord, you bade me wait on you  
He sinks behind the mountain.

*Man.* Doth he  
I will look on him.

[*MANFRED advances  
of the hall.*

*Glorious orb:*

Of early nature, and the vigorous race  
Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons  
Of the embrace of angels, with a sex,  
More beautiful than they, which did draw  
The erring spirits who can ne'er return—  
Most glorious orb! that wert a worship, a  
The mystery of thy making was reveal'd!  
Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,  
Which gladden'd, on their mountain tops  
Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they pour  
Themselves in orisons! Thou material Go-  
And representative of the Unknown—  
Who chose thee for his shadow! Thou chi-  
Centre of many stars! which makest oar  
Endurable, and temperest the hues  
And hearts of all who walk within thy ray  
Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climate  
And those who dwell in them! for, near  
Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,  
Even as our outward aspects;—thou dost  
And shine, and set in glory. Fare thee we  
I ne'er shall see thee more. As my first  
Of love and wonder was for thee, then tak  
My latest look; thou wilt not beam on one  
To whom the gifts of life and warmth have  
Of a more fatal nature. He is gone:  
I follow.

[*Ex*

## SCENE II.

*The Mountains—The Castle of Manfred at a  
—A Terrace before a Tower—Time, 1*

*HERMAN, MANUEL, and other Dependents of*

*Her.* 'Tis strange enough; night after night  
He hath pursued long vigils in this tower.  
Without a witness. I have been within it,  
So have we all been oft-times; but from it  
Or its contents, it were impossible  
To draw conclusions absolute of aught  
His studies tend to. To be sure, there is  
One chamber where none enter; I would  
The fee of what I have to come these three  
To pore upon its mysteries.

*Manuel.* 'Twere danger  
Content thyself with what thou know'st already.  
*Her.* Ah! Manuel! thou art elderly and  
And couldst say much, thou hast dwelt within  
How many years is't?

\* This fine soliloquy, and a great part of the  
scene, have, it is hardly necessary to remark, b  
in the present form of the Drama.

*Manuel.* Ere Count Manfred's birth,  
I served his father, whom he nought resembled.  
*Her.* There be more sons in like predicament.  
But wherein do they differ?

*Manuel.* I speak not  
Of features or of form, but mind and habits:  
Count Sigismund was proud,—but gay and free,—  
A warrior and a reveller; he dwelt not  
With books and solitude, nor made the night  
A gloomy vigil, but a festal time,  
Merrier than day; he did not walk the rocks  
And forests like a wolf, nor turn aside  
From men and their delights.

*Her.* But those were jocund times! Beahrew the hour,  
Would visit the old walls again; they look  
As if they had forgotten them.

*Manuel.* These walls  
Must change their chieftain first. Oh! I have seen  
Some strange things in these few years.\*

*Her.* Come, be friendly;  
Relate me some, to while away our watch:  
I've heard thee darkly speak of an event  
Which happen'd hercabouts, by this same tower.

*Manuel.* That was a night indeed! I do remember  
'Twas twilight, as it may be now, and such  
Another evening;—yon red cloud, which rests  
On Elger's pinnacle, so rested then,—  
So like that it might be the same; the wind  
Was faint and gusty, and the mountain snows  
Began to glitter with the climbing moon;  
Count Manfred was, as now, within his tower,—  
How occupied, we knew not, but with him  
The sole companion of his wanderings  
And watchings—her, whom of all earthly things  
That lived, the only thing he seem'd to love,—  
As he, indeed, by blood was bound to do,  
The lady Astarte, his—

*Her.* Look—look—the tower—  
The tower's on fire. Oh heavens and earth! what sound.  
What dreadful sound is that? [*A crash like thunder.*]

*Manuel.* Help, help, there!—to the rescue of the  
Count.—

The Count's in danger,—what he there! approach!  
[*The Servants, Vassals, and Peasantry approach,*  
*stupidly with terror.*]

If there be any of you who have heart  
And love of human kind, and will to aid  
Those in distress—*pause not—but follow me!*

The portal's open, follow. [*MANUEL goes in.*]

*Her.* Come—who follows?  
What, none of ye?—ye recreants! shiver then  
Without. I will not see old Manuel risk

His few remaining years unaided. [*HERMAN goes in.*]

*Vassal.* Hark!—  
No—all is silent—not a breath—the flame  
Which shot forth such a blaze is also gone:  
What may this mean? let's enter!

*Peasant.* Faith, not I,—  
Not that, if one, or two, or more, will join,  
I then will stay behind; but, for my part,  
I do not see precisely to what end.

*Vassal.* Cease your vain prating—come.

*Manuel.* [*speaking within.*] 'Tis all in vain—  
He's dead.

*Her.* [*within.*] Not so—even now methought he moved;  
But it is dark—so bear him gently out—  
Softly—how cold he is! take care of his temples  
In winding down the staircase.

*Re-enter MANUEL and HERMAN, bearing MANFRED in  
their arms.*

*Manuel.* Hie to the castle, some of ye, and bring  
What aid you can. Saddle the barb, and speed  
For the leech to the city—quick! some water there!

*Her.* His cheek is black—but there is a faint beat  
Still lingering about the heart. Some water.

[*They sprinkle MANFRED with water; after a pause,  
he gives some signs of life.*]

\* Altered, in the present form, to "Some strange things  
in them, Herman."

*Manuel.* He seems to strive to speak—come—cheerily,  
Count!

He moves his lips—canst hear him? I am old,  
And cannot catch faint sounds.

[*HERMAN inclining his head and listening.*]

*Her.* I hear a word  
Or two—but indistinctly—what is next?  
What's to be done? let's bear him to the castle.

[*MANFRED motions with his hand not to remove him.*]

*Manuel.* He disapproves—and 'twere of no avail—  
He changes rapidly.

*Her.* 'Twill soon be over.  
*Manuel.* Oh! what a death is this! that I should live  
To shake my grey hairs over the last chief  
Of the house of Sigismund.—And such a death.

Alone—we know not how—unshriven—untended—  
With strange accompaniments and fearful signs—  
I shudder at the sight—but must not leave him.

*Manfred* [*speaking faintly and slowly.*] Old man! 'tis  
not so difficult to die.

[*MANFRED having said this expires.*]  
*Her.* His eyes are fix'd and lifeless.—He is gone.

*Manuel.* Close them.—My old hand quivers.—He  
departs—

Whither? I dread to think—but he is gone!

## LETTER CCLXXXVIII.

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Rome, May 9th, 1817.

"Address all answers to Venice; for there I shall  
return in fifteen days, God willing.

"I sent you from Florence 'The Lament of Tasso,'  
and from Rome the Third Act of Manfred, both of  
which, I trust, will duly arrive. The terms of these  
two I mentioned in my last, and will repeat in this:  
it is three hundred for each, or six hundred guineas  
for the two—that is, if you like, and they are good  
for any thing.

"At last one of the parcels is arrived. In the notes  
to Childe Harold there is a blunder of yours or mine:  
you talk of arrival at *St. Gingo*, and, immediately  
after, add—'on the height is the Chateau of Clarens.'  
This is sad work: Clarens is on the *other* side of the  
Lake, and it is quite impossible that I should have so  
bungled. Look at the MS., and at any rate rectify it.

The 'Tales of my Landlord' I have read with great  
pleasure, and perfectly understand now why my sister  
and aunt are so very positive in the very erroneous  
persuasion that they must have been written by me.  
If you knew me as well as they do, you would have  
fallen, perhaps, into the same mistake. Some day or  
other, I will explain to you *why*—when I have time;  
at present it does not much matter; but you must have  
thought this blunder of theirs very odd, and so did  
I, till I had read the book.—Croker's letter to you is  
a very great compliment; I shall return it to you in  
my next.

"I perceive you are publishing a *Life of Raphael*  
*d'Urbino*: it may perhaps interest you to hear that  
a set of German artists here allow their *hair* to grow,  
and trim it into *his fashion*, thereby drinking the  
cummis of the disciples of the old philosopher; if  
they would cut their hair, convert it into brushes,  
and paint like him, it would be more 'German to the  
matter.'

"I'll tell you a story: the other day, a man here—  
an English—mistaking the statues of Charlemagne  
and Constantine, which are *equestrian*, for those of  
Peter and Paul, asked another *which* was Paul of



these same horsemen?—to which the reply was—‘I thought, sir, that St. Paul had never got on horseback since his *accident*!’

“I’ll tell you another: Henry Fox, writing to some one from Naples the other day, after an illness, adds—‘and I am so changed that my *oldest creditors* would hardly know me.’

“I am delighted with Rome—as I would be with a handbox, that is, it is a fine thing to see, finer than Greece; but I have not been here long enough to affect it as a residence, and I must go back to Lombardy, because I am wretched at being away from Marianna. I have been riding my saddle-horses every day, and been to Albano, its Lakes, and to the top of the Alban Mount, and to Frascati, Aricia, &c. &c. with an &c. &c. about the city, and in the city: for all which—vide Guide-book. As a whole, ancient and modern, it beats Greece, Constantinople, every thing—at least that I have ever seen. But I can’t describe, because my first impressions are always strong and confused, and my memory *selects* and reduces them to order, like distance in the landscape, and blends them better, although they may be less distinct. There must be a sense or two more than we have, us mortals; for \* \* \* \* where there is much to be grasped we are always at a loss, and yet feel that we ought to have a higher and more extended comprehension.

“I have had a letter from Moore, who is in some alarm about his Poem. I don’t see why.

“I have had another from my poor dear Augusta, who is in a sad fuss about my late illness: do, pray, tell her (the truth) that I am better than ever, and in importunate health, growing (if not grown) large and ruddy, and congratulated by impertinent persons on my robustious appearance, when I ought to be pale and interesting.

“You tell me that George Byron has got a son, and Augusta says, a daughter; which is it?—it is no great matter: the father is a good man, an excellent officer, and has married a very nice little woman, who will bring him more babes than income; howbeit she had a handsome dowry, and is a very charming girl;—but he may as well get a ship.

“I have no thoughts of coming amongst you yet awhile, so that I can fight off business. If I could but make a tolerable sale of Newstead, there would be no occasion for my return; and I can assure you very sincerely, that I am much happier (or, at least, have been so, out of your island than in it.

“Yours ever.

“P. S. There are few English here, but several of my acquaintance; amongst others, the Marquis of Lansdowne, with whom I dine to-morrow. I met the Jerseys on the road at Foligno—all well.

“Oh—I forgot—the Italians have printed Chillon, &c. a *piracy*,—a pretty little edition, prettier than yours—and published, as I found to my great astonishment on arriving here; and what is odd, is, that the English is quite correctly printed. Why they did it, or who did it, I know not; but so it is;—I suppose, for the English people. I will send you a copy.”

## LETTER CCLXX

TO MR MOORE.

“Rome

“I have received your letter here taken a cruise lately; but I shall re-nice in a few days, so that if you write there, as usual. I am not for return so soon as you imagine; and by no residence. If you cross the Alps in expedition, you will find me somewhere and very glad to see you. Only give two beforehand, for I would read leagues to meet you.

“Of Rome I say nothing; it is quiet and the Guide-book is as good as any yesterday with Lord Lansdowne, return. But there are few English the winter is *their* time. I have been most of the day, all days since my taken it as I did Constantinople. I elder sister, and the finer. I went to the top of the Alban Mount, which for the Coliseum, Pantheon, St Peter Palatine, &c. &c.—as I said, vi They are quite inconceivable, and The Apollo Belvidere is the image of Forbes—I think I never saw such a

“I have seen the Pope alive, dead,—both of whom looked very w latter was in state in the Chiesa Nuova his interment.

“Your poetical alarms are ground prosper. Here is Hobhouse just co horses at the door, so that I must the field in the Campus Martius, whi is all built over by modern Rome,

“Yours very an

“P.S. Hobhouse presents his rem is eager, with all the world, for your

## LETTER CCLXXX

TO MR MURRAY.

“Venice,

“I returned from Rome two days received your letter; but no sign nor parcel sent through Sir C. Stuart, w tion. After an interval of months ‘Tales,’ &c. found me at Rome; but may be all that ever will find me. I to be the only sure conveyance, and letters. From Florence I sent you a and from Rome the new Third Act and by Dr Polidori two portraits for left Rome and made a rapid journe will continue to direct here as usual. is gone to Naples: I should have run for a week, but for the quantity of I heard of there. I prefer hating them unless an earthquake, or a good Vesuvius, were ensured to reconcil vicinity.

\* \* \* \* \*

ly before I left Rome I saw three robbers  
The ceremony—including the *masqued*  
half-naked executioners; the bandaged  
the black Christ and his banner; the  
soldiery; the slow procession, and the  
and heavy fall of the axe; the splash of  
and the ghastliness of the exposed  
altogether more impressive than the vul-  
garly dirty 'new drop' and dog-like  
fiction upon the sufferers of the English  
Two of these men behaved calmly enough,  
at of the three died with great terror and

What was very horrible, he would not  
him his neck was too large for the aper-  
the priest was obliged to drown his excla-  
still louder exhortations. The head was  
he eye could trace the blow; but from an  
draw back the head, notwithstanding it  
ward by the hair, the first head was cut  
the ears: the other two were taken off  
ly. It is better than the oriental way, and  
hish) than the axe of our ancestors. The  
little, and yet the effect to the spectator,  
reparation to the criminal, is very striking  
g. The first turned me quite hot and  
I made me shake so that I could hardly  
era-glass (I was close, but was determined  
one should see every thing, once, with  
the second and third (which shows how  
soon things grow indifferent), I am ashamed  
d no effect on me as a horror, though I  
saved them if I could.

"Yours, &c."

#### LETTER CCLXXXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Venice, June 4th, 1817.

I received the proofs of the 'Lament of  
which makes me hope that you have also  
be reformed Third Act of Manfred, from  
ch I sent soon after my arrival there. My  
prise you of my return home within these  
For me, I have received *none* of your  
cept, after long delay, the 'Tales of my  
which I before acknowledged. I do not  
stand the *sky notes*, but so it is:—no  
e letters, no tooth-powder, no *extract*  
ne's Italy concerning Marino Faliero, no  
as a man hallooed out at one of Burdett's  
fter a long ululation of 'No Bastille! No  
as! No—' God knows who or what;—but  
as *ultra* was 'No nothing!'—and my  
your packages amount to about his  
I want the extract from *Moore's Italy*  
and the tooth-powder, and the magnesia;  
so much about the poetry, or the letters.  
turin's by-Jesus tragedy. Most of the  
by the post have come—I mean proofs  
therefore send me Marino Faliero by the  
etter.

delighted with Rome, and was on horse-  
and it many hours daily, besides in it the  
time, bothering over its marvels. I

excursed and skirred the country round to Alba,  
Tivoli, Frascati, Licenza, &c. &c.; besides, I  
visited twice the Fall of Terni, which beats every  
thing. On my way back, close to the temple by its  
banks, I got some famous trout out of the river Clit-  
tumaus—the prettiest little stream in all poetry, near  
the first post from Foligno and Spoleto.—I did not  
stay at Florence, being anxious to get home to Ve-  
nice, and having already seen the galleries and other  
sights. I left my commendatory letters the evening  
before I went, so I saw nobody.

"To-day, Pindemonte, the celebrated poet of Ve-  
rona, called on me; he is a little thin man, with acute  
and pleasing features; his address good and gentle;  
his appearance altogether very philosophical; his age  
about sixty, or more. He is one of their best going.  
I gave him *Forsyth*, as he speaks, or reads rather,  
a little English, and will find there a favourable  
account of himself. He inquired after his old Crus-  
can friends, Parsons, Greathead, Mrs Piozzi, and  
Merry, all of whom he had known in his youth. I  
gave him as bad an account of them as I could,  
answering, as the false 'Solomon Lob' does to  
'Totterton' in the farce, 'all gone dead,' and damned  
by a satire more than twenty years ago; that the  
name of their extinguisher was Gifford; that they  
were but a sad set of scribes after all, and no great  
things in any other way. He seemed, as was natu-  
ral, very much pleased with this account of his old  
acquaintances, and went away greatly gratified with  
that and Mr Forsyth's sententious paragraph of ap-  
plause in his own (Pindemonte's) favour. After hav-  
ing been a little libertine in his youth, he is grown  
devout, and takes prayers, and talks to himself, to  
keep off the devil; but for all that, he is a very nice  
little old gentleman.

I forgot to tell you that at Bologna (which is  
celebrated for producing popes, painters, and sau-  
sages) I saw an anatomical gallery, where there is a  
deal of waxwork, in which \* \* \* \* \*

"I am sorry to hear of your row with Hunt; but  
suppose him to be exasperated by the Quarterly and  
your refusal to *deal*; and when one is angry and  
edits a paper, I should think the temptation too  
strong for literary nature, which is not always human.  
I can't conceive in what, and for what, he abuses  
you: what have you done? you are not an author,  
nor a politician, nor a public character; I know no  
scrape you have tumbled into. I am the more sorry  
for this because I introduced you to Hunt, and be-  
cause I believe him to be a good man; but till I  
know the particulars, I can give no opinion.

"Let me know about Lalla Rookh, which must be  
out by this time.

"I restore the proofs, but the *punctuation* should  
be corrected. I feel too lazy to have at it myself;  
so beg and pray Mr Gifford for me.—Address to  
Venice. In a few days I go to my *villeggiatura*, in  
a casino near the Brenta, a few miles only on the  
main land. I have determined on another year, and  
*many years* of residence if I can compass them.  
Marianna is with me, hardly recovered of the fever,  
which has been attacking all Italy last winter. I am  
afraid she is a little hectic; but I hope the best.

"Ever, &c."

"P.S. Torvaldsen has done a bust of me at Rome



for Mr Hobbouse, which is reckoned very good. He is their best after Canova, and by some preferred to him.

"I have had a letter from Mr Hodgson. He is very happy, has got a living, but not a child: if he had stuck to a curacy, babes would have come of course, because he could not have maintained them.

"Remember me to all friends, &c. &c.

"An Austrian officer, the other day, being in love with a Venetian, was ordered, with his regiment, into Hungary. Distracted between love and duty, he purchased a deadly drug, which dividing with his mistress, both swallowed. The ensuing pains were terrific, but the pills were purgative, and not poisonous, by the contrivance of the unsentimental apothecary; so that so much suicide was all thrown away. You may conceive the previous confusion and the final laughter; but the intention was good on all sides."

## LETTER CCLXXXII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Venice, June 8th, 1817.

"The present letter will be delivered to you by two Armenian friars, on their way, by England, to Madras. They will also convey some copies of the grammar, which I think you agreed to take. If you can be of any use to them, either amongst your naval or East Indian acquaintances, I hope you will so far oblige me, as they and their order have been remarkably attentive and friendly towards me since my arrival at Venice. Their names are Father Sukias Somalian and Father Sarkis Theodorosian. They speak Italian, and probably French, or a little English. Repeating earnestly my recommendatory request, believe me, very truly, yours,

\* BYRON.

"Perhaps you can help them to their passage, or give or get them letters for India."

## LETTER CCLXXXIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* La Mira, near Venice, June 14th, 1817.

"I write to you from the banks of the Brenta, a few miles from Venice, where I have colonized for six months to come. Address, as usual, to Venice.

"Three months after date (17th March),—like the unnegotiable bill despondingly received by the luctant tailor,—your despatch has arrived, containing the extract from Moore's Italy and Mr Maturin's bankrupt tragedy. It is the absurd work of a clever man. I think it might have done upon the stage, if he had made Manuel (by some trickery, in a masque or vizio) fight his own battle, instead of employing Molineux as his champion; and, after the defeat of Torrimond, have made him spare the son of his enemy, by some revulsion of feeling, not incompatible with a character of extravagant and disordered emotions. But, as it is, what with the Justiza, and the ridiculous conduct of the whole *dram. pers.* (for they are all as mad as Manuel, who surely must have had more interest with a corrupt bench than a distant relation and heir presumptive,

somewhat suspect of homicide), I do not see its failure. As a play, it is *impotent*, a poem, no great thing. Who was the *only* grappled with glory naked? the *Olympian* or Alexander the Great, when he ran *as a* tomb of 'other fellow? or the Spartan *war* by the Ephori for fighting without *him* *31* who? And as to 'dying off life *32* *33* *34* *35* *36* *37* *38* *39* *40* *41* *42* *43* *44* *45* *46* *47* *48* *49* *50* *51* *52* *53* *54* *55* *56* *57* *58* *59* *60* *61* *62* *63* *64* *65* *66* *67* *68* *69* *70* *71* *72* *73* *74* *75* *76* *77* *78* *79* *80* *81* *82* *83* *84* *85* *86* *87* *88* *89* *90* *91* *92* *93* *94* *95* *96* *97* *98* *99* *100* *101* *102* *103* *104* *105* *106* *107* *108* *109* *110* *111* *112* *113* *114* *115* *116* *117* *118* *119* *120* *121* *122* *123* *124* *125* *126* *127* *128* *129* *130* *131* *132* *133* *134* *135* *136* *137* *138* *139* *140* *141* *142* *143* *144* *145* *146* *147* *148* *149* *150* *151* *152* *153* *154* *155* *156* *157* *158* *159* *160* *161* *162* *163* *164* *165* *166* *167* *168* *169* *170* *171* *172* *173* *174* *175* *176* *177* *178* *179* *180* *181* *182* *183* *184* *185* *186* *187* *188* *189* *190* *191* *192* *193* *194* *195* *196* *197* *198* *199* *200* *201* *202* *203* *204* *205* *206* *207* *208* *209* *210* *211* *212* *213* *214* *215* *216* *217* *218* *219* *220* *221* *222* *223* *224* *225* *226* *227* *228* *229* *230* *231* *232* *233* *234* *235* *236* *237* *238* *239* *240* *241* *242* *243* *244* *245* *246* *247* *248* *249* *250* *251* *252* *253* *254* *255* *256* *257* *258* *259* *260* *261* *262* *263* *264* *265* *266* *267* *268* *269* *270* *271* *272* *273* *274* *275* *276* *277* *278* *279* *280* *281* *282* *283* *284* *285* *286* *287* *288* *289* *290* *291* *292* *293* *294* *295* *296* *297* *298* *299* *300* *301* *302* *303* *304* *305* *306* *307* *308* *309* *310* *311* *312* *313* *314* *315* *316* *317* *318* *319* *320* *321* *322* *323* *324* *325* *326* *327* *328* *329* *330* *331* *332* *333* *334* *335* *336* *337* *338* *339* *340* *341* *342* *343* *344* *345* *346* *347* *348* *349* *350* *351* *352* *353* *354* *355* *356* *357* *358* *359* *360* *361* *362* *363* *364* *365* *366* *367* *368* *369* *370* 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*869* *870* *871* *872* *873* *874* *875* *876* *877* *878* *879* *880* *881* *882* *883* *884* *885* *886* *887* *888* *889* *890* *891* *892* *893* *894* *895* *896* *897* *898* *899* *900* *901* *902* *903* *904* *905* *906* *907* *908* *909* *910* *911* *912* *913* *914* *915* *916* *917* *918* *919* *920* *921* *922* *923* *924* *925* *926* *927* *928* *929* *930* *931* *932* *933* *934* *935* *936* *937* *938* *939* *940* *941* *942* *943* *944* *945* *946* *947* *948* *949* *950* *951* *952* *953* *954* *955* *956* *957* *958* *959* *960* *961* *962* *963* *964* *965* *966* *967* *968* *969* *970* *971* *972* *973* *974* *975* *976* *977* *978* *979* *980* *981* *982* *983* *984* *985* *986* *987* *988* *989* *990* *991* *992* *993* *994* *995* *996* *997* *998* *999* *1000*

"Life's a mere rag, not worth a pin;  
I'll cast it off."

And the stage-directions—"Stagger  
dies;"—the slain are too numerous  
blackamoor knights-penitent being  
and De Zelos is such a shabby Moor  
lain, without any redeeming quality.  
Maturin seems to be declining into  
let him try again; he has talent, *but*  
I 'gin to fear, or to hope, that *Stagger*  
to be the *Æchylus* of the age, *but*  
really worthy his success. The *more*  
stage, the less I would wish to *have*  
with it; as a proof of which, I *have*  
ceived the Third Act of Manfred, *which*  
prove that I wish to steer very *clear*  
of being put into scenery. I *sent*  
"I returned the proof of *Tamara* *by*  
have you never received a translation of *it*  
which I sent you, not for publication, *but*  
to Rome?"

"I am at present on the Brenta. *Oppo*  
Spanish marquis, ninety years old; *and*  
is a Frenchman's,—besides the *natives*; *and*  
somebody said the other day, we are *en*  
Goldoni's comedies (*La Vedova Salm*).  
Spaniard, English, and Frenchman *are*  
but we are all very good neighbours, *and*  
&c. &c.

"I am just getting on horseback for  
ride, and a visit to a physician, who *is*  
able family, of a wife and four unmarried  
all under eighteen, who are friends of *me*  
and enemies to nobody. There are, *besides*  
besides, *conversazioni* and I know *of*  
Countess Labbia's, and I know *of*  
weather is mild; the thermometer *at*  
this day, and 80 odd in the shade. *Y*

## LETTER CCLXXX.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* La Mira, near Venice.

"It gives me great pleasure to *hear*  
cess, and the more so that I *know*  
would be complete. Whatever *of*  
of him and his poem will be *more*  
very anxious indeed to receive *it*  
as happy in his fame and reward  
for I know no one who *deserves*  
so much.

"Now to business; \* \* \*  
verily, it is not so; or, as the

him to bring a glass of water, to answer, 'I will, sir.'—'You will!' say, you *mush!* And I will sub-  
 decision of any person or persons to both, on a fair examination of the this as compared with the preceding o, there's for you. There is always previously to all our publications: hat, on approximating, we can never the natural antipathy of author and that more particularly the ferine ter must break forth.

about the Third Canto: I have not signed, a line of continuation to that too short a time at Rome for it, and of recommencing. \* \* \*

well explain to you by letter what I the origin of Mrs Leigh's notion about landlord; but it is some points of the Sir E. Mauley and Burley, as well as the jocular portions, on which it is ably.  
 e received Dr Polidori, as well as a s, and you can be of use to him, be so. much more disgusted with any human an with the eternal nonsense, and tra- emptiness, and ill-humour, and vanity person; but he has some talent, and is ur, and has dispositions of amendment, has been aided by a little subsequent ad may turn out well. Therefore, use ent interest for him, for he is improved le.

"Yours, &c."

#### LETTER CCLXXXV.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* La Mira, near Venice, June 18th, 1817.

is a letter to Dr Holland from Pinder- knowing the doctor's address, I am de- ve, and perhaps, being a literary man, or discover his haunt near some popu- ard. I have written to you a scolding ve, upon a misapprehended passage in ut never mind: it will do for next time, urely deserve it. Talking of doctors ee more to recommend to you one who mment himself,—the Doctor Polidori. lp him to a publisher, do; or, if you relation, I would advise his advice: ts he had in Italy are dead—Mr \* \* 's er, and Lord G \* \*, whom he embow- at success at Pisa. \* \* \*  
 r me to Moore, whom I congratulate. rs? and what is become of Campbell r fellows of the Druid order? I got lam at last, but no other parcel; I am tooth-powder, and the magnesia. I Burkitt's Soda-powders. Will you rd that I have written him two letters siness (about Newstead, &c.), to which it his attendance. I am just returned

from a gallop along the banks of the Brenta—time, sunset.

"Yours,  
 "B."

#### LETTER CCLXXXVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* La Mira, near Venice, July 1st, 1817.

"Since my former letter, I have been working up my impressions into a *Fourth Canto* of *Childe Harold*, of which I have roughened off about rather better than thirty stanzas, and mean to go on; and probably to make this 'Fytte' the concluding one of the poem, so that you may propose against the autumn to draw out the conscription for 1818. You must provide moneys, as this new resumption bodes you certain disbursements. Somewhere about the end of September or October, I propose to be under way (i. e. in the press); but I have no idea yet of the probable length or calibre of the Canto, or what it will be good for; but I mean to be as mercenary as possible, an example (I do not mean of any individual in particular, and least of all any person or persons of our mutual acquaintance) which I should have followed in my youth, and I might still have been a prosperous gentleman.

"No tooth-powder, no letters, no recent tidings of you.

"Mr Lewis is at Venice, and I am going up to stay a week with him there—as it is one of his enthusiasms also to like the city.

"I stood in Venice on the 'Bridge of Sighs,' &c., &c.

"The 'Bridge of Sighs' (i. e. Ponte de' Sospiri) is that which divides, or rather joins the palace of the Doge to the prison of the state. It has two passages: the criminal went by the one to judgment, and returned by the other to death, being strangled in a chamber adjoining, where there was a mechanical process for the purpose.

"This is the first stanza of our new Canto; and now for a line of the second:

"In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,  
 And silent rows the songless gondolier,  
 Her palaces, &c., &c.

"You know that formerly the gondoliers sung always, and Tasso's *Gierusalemme* was their ballad. Venice is built on seventy-two islands.

"There! there's a brick of your new Babel! and now, sirrah! what say you to the sample?

"Yours, &c.

"P.S. I shall write again by and by."

#### LETTER CCLXXXVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* La Mira, near Venice, July 8th, 1817.

"If you can convey the inclosed letter to its address, or discover the person to whom it is directed, you will confer a favour upon the Venetian creditor of a deceased Englishman. This epistle is a dun to his executor, for house-rent. The name of the insol-



vent defunct is, or was, *Porter Valter*, according to the account of the plaintiff, which I rather suspect ought to be *Walter Porter*, according to our mode of collocation. If you are acquainted with any dead man of the like name a good deal in debt, pray dig him up, and tell him that 'a pound of his fair flesh' or the ducats are required, and that 'if you deny them, fie upon your law!'

"I hear nothing more from you about Moore's poem, Rogers, or other literary phenomena; but to-morrow, being post-day, will bring perhaps, some tidings. I write to you with people talking Venetian all about, so that you must not expect this letter to be all English.

"The other day, I had a squabble on the highway as follows: I was riding pretty quickly from Dolo home about eight in the evening, when I passed a party of people in a hired carriage, one of whom, poking his head out of the window, began bawling to me in an inarticulate but insolent manner. I wheeled my horse round, and overtaking, stopped the coach, and said, 'Signor, have you any commands for me?' He replied, impudently as to manner, 'No.' I then asked him what he meant by that unseemly noise, to the discomfiture of the passers-by. He replied by some piece of impertinence, to which I answered by giving him a violent slap in the face. I then dismounted (for this passed at the window, I being on horseback still), and opening the door desired him to walk out, or I would give him another. But the first had settled him except as to words, of which he poured forth a profusion in blasphemies, swearing that he would go to the police and avouch a battery sans provocation. I said he lied, and was a \*\*, and, if he did not hold his tongue, should be dragged out and beaten anew.—He then held his tongue. I of course told him my name and residence, and defied him to the death, if he were a gentleman, or not a gentleman, and had the inclination to be genteel in the way of combat. He went to the police, but there having been bystanders in the road,—particularly a soldier, who had seen the business,—as well as my servant, notwithstanding the oaths of the coachman and five insides besides the plaintiff, and a good deal of paying on all sides, his complaint was dismissed, he having been the aggressor;—and I was subsequently informed that, had I not given him a blow, he might have been had into durance.

"So set down this,—that in Aleppo once I 'beat a Venetian'; but I assure you that he deserved it, for I am a quiet man, like *Candide*, though with somewhat of his fortune in being forced to forego my natural meekness every now and then.

"Yours, &c.  
"B."

#### LETTER CCLXXXVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Venice, July 9th, 1817.

"I have got the sketch and extracts from *Lalla Rookh*—which I humbly suspect will knock up \*\*, and show young gentlemen that something more than having been across a camel's hump is necessary to write a good oriental tale. The plan, as well as the

extracts I have seen, please me very much and I feel impatient for the whole.

"With regard to the critique on '*Manfred*' have been in such a devil of a hurry that I only sent me the half: if breaks off at page 29 me the rest; and also page 270, where they account of the supposed origin of this dreadful—in which, by the way, whatever it may be, the lecturer is out, and knows nothing of the matter had a better origin than he can devise or dream the soul of him.

"You say nothing of *Manfred's* luck in the end and I care not. He is one of the best of my gottens, say what they will.

"I got at last an extract, but no *parcels* will come, I suppose, some time or other. I'm up to Venice for a day or two to bathe, and going to take a swim in the Adriatic; so, gooding—the post waits.

"Yours, &c.  
"J."

"P.S. Pray, was *Manfred's* speech to the Sea retained in Act Third? I hope so: it was much best in the thing, and better than the *Coleridge* have done *fifty-six* of *Canto Fourth*, *Childe Harold* so down with your ducats."

#### LETTER CCLXXXIX.

TO MR MOORE.

\* La Mira, Venice, 10th July.

"Murray, the Mokanna of bookmen, has contrived to send me extracts from *Lalla Rookh* post. They are taken from some magazine and contain a short outline and quotations from the first Poems. I am very much delighted with what before me, and very thirsty for the rest. You have caught the colours as if you had been in the East and the tone of the East is perfectly present in that \*\*\* and its author must be somewhat of a back-ground, and learn that it requires more than to have been upon the march of a medary to compose a good oriental story. I expect you have changed the title from '*Persian Tale*'.

"I suspect you have written a devilish fine composition, and I rejoice in it from my heart; I hope the Douglas and the Percy both together as confident against a world in arms. I hope you will be affronted at my looking on us as 'birds of a feather' though on whatever subject you had written, I should have been very happy in your success.

"There is a simile of an orange tree's 'flowers and fruits,' which I should have liked better, if I believe it to be a reflection on \* \* \* \* \*

"Do you remember *Thurlow's* poem to *Shallow* 'When Rogers;' and that d—d supper of *Hamlet* that ought to have been a dinner? 'Ah, *Shallow*, we have heard the rhimes at midnight—But

"My boat is on the shore,  
And my bark is on the sea;  
But, before I go, Tom Moore,  
Here 's a double health to thee!

"Here 's a sigh to those who love me,  
And a smile to those who hate;  
And whatever sky 's above me,  
Here 's a heart for every fate.

though the ocean roar around me,  
Yet it still shall bear me on;  
though a desert should surround me,  
It hath springs that may be won.

Fere 't the last drop in the well,  
As I gasp'd upon the brink,  
re my fainting spirit fell,  
'Tis to thee that I would drink,

With that water, as this wine,  
The libation I would pour  
ould be—peace with thine and mine,  
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

ould have been written fifteen moons ago  
anza was. I am just come out from an  
in the Adriatic; and I write to you with  
Venetian girl before me, reading Boc-

\* \* \* \* \*  
ek I had a row on the road (I came up to  
my casino, a few miles on the Paduan  
lessed day, to bathe) with a fellow in a  
ho was impudent to my horse. I gave  
ag box on the ear, which sent him to the  
dismissed his complaint. Witnesses had  
action. He first shouted, in an unseemly  
then my palfrey. I wheeled round, rode  
indow, and asked him what he meant.  
and said some foolery, which produced  
ediate slap in the face, to his utter dis-  
luch blasphemy ensued, and some me-  
I stopped by dismounting and opening  
bor, and intimating an intention of mend-  
with his immediate remains, if he did not  
se. He held it.

wis is here—' how pleasant.'\* He is a  
ow, and very much yours. So is Sam-  
dy—and, amongst the number,

"Yours ever,  
"B.  
at think you of Manfred?" \* \* \*

## LETTER CCXC.

TO MR MURRAY.

"La Mira, near Venice, July, 15th, 1817.

shed (that is, written—the file comes  
nety and eight stanzas of the Fourth  
I mean to be the concluding one. It  
is about the same length as the *Third*,  
if the dimensions of the first or second  
upon parts of it as very good, that is,  
rmer are good, but this we shall see;  
e, good or not, it is rather a different  
ut—less metaphysical—which, at any  
variety. I sent you the shaft of the  
specimen the other day, i. e. the first  
may be thinking of its arrival towards  
winds will not be the only ones to be  
as how that it is ready by that time.  
s, who is at Venice in or on the Ca-  
rand Canal), your extracts from *Lalla*  
mel,<sup>†</sup> and, out of contradiction, it

such as often occurs in these letters, to  
which he had been amused.  
(the Rev. Mr. Maturin.

may be, he likes the last, and is not much taken with  
the first, of these performances. Of Manuel, I think,  
with the exception of a few capers, it is as heavy a  
nightmare as was ever bestrode by indigestion.

"Of the extracts I can but judge as extracts, and I  
prefer the 'Peri' to the 'Silver Veil.' He seems not  
so much at home in his versification of the 'Silver  
Veil,' and a little embarrassed with his horrors; but the  
conception of the character of the impostor is fine, and  
the plan of great scope for his genius,—and I doubt  
not that, as a whole, it will be very Arabesque and  
beautiful.

"Your late epistle is not the most abundant in  
information, and has not yet been succeeded by any  
other; so that I know nothing of your own con-  
cerns, or of any concerns, and as I never hear  
from any body but yourself who does not tell me  
something as disagreeable as possible, I should not  
be sorry to hear from you: and as it is not very pro-  
bable,—if I can, by any device or possible arrange-  
ment with regard to my personal affairs, so arrange  
it,—that I shall return soon, or reside ever in England,  
all that you tell me will be all I shall know or inquire  
after, as to our beloved realm of Grub-street, and the  
black brethren and blue sisterhood of that extensive  
suburb of Babylon. Have you had no new babe of  
literature sprung up to replace the dead, the distant,  
the tired, and the retired? no prose, no verse, no  
*nothing*?"

\* \* \* \* \*

## LETTER CCXCI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Venice, July 20th, 1817.

"I write to give you notice that I have completed  
the *fourth* and *ultimate* Canto of *Childe Harold*. It  
consists of 126 stanzas, and is consequently the longest  
of the four. It is yet to be copied and polished; and  
the notes are to come, of which it will require more  
than the *third* Canto, as it necessarily treats more  
of works of art than of nature. It shall be sent to-  
wards autumn;—and now for our barter. What do  
you bid? eh? you shall have samples, an' it so please  
you: but I wish to know what I am to expect (as the  
saying is) in these hard times, when poetry does not  
let for half its value. If you are disposed to do what  
Mrs. Winifred Jenkins calls 'the handsome thing,'  
I may perhaps throw you some odd matters to the  
lot,—translations, or slight originals; there is no saying  
what may be on the anvil between this and the book-  
ing season. Recollect that it is the *last* Canto, and  
completes the work; whether as good as the others,  
I cannot judge, in course—least of all as yet,—but it  
shall be as little worse as I can help. I may, per-  
haps, give some little gossip in the notes as to the  
present state of Italian literati and literature, being  
acquainted with some of their *capi*—men as well as  
books; but this depends upon my humour at the time.  
So, now, pronounce: I say nothing.

"When you have got the whole *four* Cantos, I  
think you might venture on an edition of the whole  
poem in quarto, with spare copies of the two last for  
the purchasers of the old edition of the first two.  
There is a hint for you, worthy of the Row; and  
now, perpend, pronounce.



"I have not received a word from you of the fate of 'Manfred' or 'Tasso,' which seems to me odd, whether they have failed or succeeded.

"As this is a scrawl of business, and I have lately written at length and often on other subjects, I will only add that I am, &c."

## LETTER CCXCII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* La Mira, near Venice, August 7th, 1817.

"Your letter of the 18th, and, what will please you, as it did me, the parcel sent by the good natured aid and abetment of Mr Croker, are arrived.—Messrs Lewis and Hobhouse are here: the former in the same house, the latter a few hundred yards distant.

"You say nothing of Manfred, from which its failure may be inferred; but I think it odd you should not say so at once. I know nothing, and hear absolutely nothing, of any body or any thing in England; and there are no English papers, so that all you say will be news—of any person, or thing, or things. I am at present very anxious about Newstead, and sorry that Kinnaid is leaving England at this minute, though I do not tell him so, and would rather he should have *his* pleasure, although it may not in this instance tend to my profit.

"If I understand rightly, you have paid into Morland's 1500 pounds: as the agreement in the paper is two thousand *guineas*, there will remain therefore six hundred *pounds*, and not five hundred, the odd hundred being the extra to make up the specie. Six hundred and thirty pounds will bring it to the like for Manfred and Tasso, making a total of twelve hundred and thirty, I believe, for I am not a good calculator. I do not wish to press you, but I tell you fairly that it will be a convenience to me to have it paid as soon as it can be made convenient to yourself.

"The new and last Canto is 130 stanzas in length; and may be made more or less. I have fixed no price, even in idea, and have no notion of what it may be good for. There are no metaphysics in it; at least, I think not. Mr Hobhouse has promised me a copy of Tasso's Will, for notes; and I have some curious things to say about Ferrara, and Parisina's story, and perhaps a farthing candle's worth of light upon the present state of Italian literature. I shall hardly be ready by October; but that don't matter. I have all to copy and correct, and the notes to write.

"I do not know whether Scott will like it; but I have called him the '*Ariosto* of the North' in my text. *If he should not, say so in time.*

"An Italian translation of 'Glenarvon' came lately to be printed at Venice. The censor (Sr Petrotini) refused to sanction the publication till he had seen me on the subject. I told him that I did not recognize the slightest relation between that book and myself; but that, whatever opinions might be upon that subject, I would never prevent or oppose the publication of *any* book, in *any* language, on my own private account; and desired him (against his inclination) to permit the poor translator to publish his labours. It is going forwards in consequence. You may say this, with my compliments, to the author.

"Yours."

## LETTER CCXCIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Venice, Aug

"I have been very sorry to hear of Madame de Staël, not only because very kind to me at Copet, but because never requite her. In a general point will leave a great gap in society and life

"With regard to death, I doubt that right to pity the dead for their own sak

"The copies of Manfred and Tasso thanks to Mr Croker's cover. You h the whole effect and moral of the poet the last line of Manfred's speaking; and done, I know not. Why you persist in s of the thing itself, I am equally at a loss If it is for fear of telling me something you are wrong; because sooner or later it, and I am not so new, nor so raw, perience, as not to be able to bear, paltry, petty disappointments of authorsh more serious,—at least I hope so, and t may think irritability is merely mechani acts like galvanism on a dead body, or motion which survives sensation.

"If it is that you are out of humour wrote to you a sharp letter, recollect that from a misconception of your letter, as cause you did a thing you had no right consulting me.

"I have, however, heard good of Manfred other quarters, and from men who w scrupulous in saying what they thought, said; and so 'good morrow to you, g Lieutenant.'

"I wrote to you twice about the 4th ( you will answer at your pleasure. Mr H I have come up for a day to the city; gone to England; and I am

## LETTER CCXCIV.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* La Mira, near Venice, August

"I take you at your word about Mr I will feel obliged if you will go to him, Mr Davies also to visit him by my desire that I trust that neither Mr Kinnaid's mine will prevent his taking all proper celerate and promote the sale of Newstead dale, upon which the whole of my fut comfort depends. It is impossible for m how much any delays upon these points venience me; and I do not know a great that can be conferred upon me than the pi things upon Hanson, and making him a to my wishes. I wish you would *speak* to me, and tell me what you allude to I way of mentioning him. All mysteries distance are not merely tormenting but and may be prejudicial to my interests; ;

but I may consult with Mr. Kinnaird when  
as; and remember that I prefer the most  
the certainties to hints and innuendoes. The  
every body: I never can get any person to  
ci about any thing or any body, and my  
k is passed in conjectures of what people  
small talk in the style of C\*\* L\*\*'s novels.  
but Mr St John, but Mr St Aubyn, son of  
st Aubyn Polidori knows him, and in-  
dlin to me. He is of Oxford, and has got my  
The doctor will ferret him out, or ought.  
nd contains many letters, some of Madame  
h, and other people's, besides MSS., &c.  
If I find the gentleman, and he don't find  
I, I will say something he won't like to hear.  
want a 'civil and delicate declension' for  
all tragedy? Take it—

Dear Doctor, I have read your play,  
Which is a good one in its way,—  
turns the eyes and moves the bowels,  
and drenches handkerchiefs like towels  
With tears, that, in a flux of grief,  
find hysterical relief  
in shatter'd nerves and quicken'd pulses,  
hark your catastrophe convulses  
I like your moral and machinery;  
our plot, too, has such scope for scenery:  
our dialogue is apt and smart;  
in play's concoction full of art;  
our hero raves, your heroine cries,  
I stab, and every body dies  
short your tragedy would be  
a very thing to hear and see:  
d for a piece of publication,  
decline on this occasion,  
s not time I am not sensible  
merits in themselves ostensible.  
—and I grieve to speak it—plays  
drama—mere drama, sir—now a days,  
d a heavy loss by 'Mangel,—  
lucky if it prove not annual—  
IS \* \* \*, with his 'restless,'  
ach by the by, the author's best is,  
join so very long a hand  
I despair of all demand,  
advertised, but see my books,  
try watch my shopman's looks;—  
I am, I am, and such lumber,  
ack-shop gnat, my shelves encumber.  
There is Byron too, who once did better,  
sent me, folded in a letter,  
it did—it is no more a drama  
I thought I saw, or Khamis;  
not since last year his pen is,  
as he is sent his wits at Venice.

ret. sir, what with one and t'other,  
I not venture on another  
to an house, excuse each blunder;  
runchers through the street so thunder  
can is so full—we've G'd here  
ing MS., with Hookham Freer  
scurrying on the nouns and particles  
me of our forthcoming Articles,  
he Quarterly—Ah, sir, if you  
not the ground to review—  
not cry upon St Helena,  
as truly would but tell in a  
congruous what—but, to resume  
not anything, sir, the room—  
can is so full of wits and birds,  
as Campbells Crickets Frogs and Wards,  
there, neither birds nor wits  
make tremendous shouts  
rooms on the drum of gent.,  
Mr Macmillan to Dr Dent,  
poetry comes to me to day,  
very men, who make their way.

They're at this moment in discussion  
On poor De Staël's late dissolution.  
Her book, they say, was in advance—  
Pray Heaven, she tell the truth of France!

"Thus run our time and tongues away—  
But, to return, sir, to your play:  
Sorry, sir, but I can not deal,  
Unless 'twere acted by O'Neill  
My hands so full, my head so busy,  
I'm almost dead, and always dizzy;  
And so, with endless truth and burry,  
Dear Doctor, I am yours,

JOHN MURRAY.

"P.S. I've done the fourth and last Canto, which  
amounts to 133 stanzas. I desire you to name a price;  
if you don't, I will; so I advise you in time.

"Yours, &c.

"There will be a good many notes."

Among those minor misrepresentations of which it  
was Lord Byron's fate to be the victim, advantage  
was, at this time, taken of his professed distaste to  
the English, to accuse him of acts of inhospitality,  
and even rudeness, towards some of his fellow-  
countrymen. How far different was his treatment  
of all who ever visited him, many grateful testimonies  
might be collected to prove; but I shall here content  
myself with selecting a few extracts from an account  
given me by Mr Henry Joy of a visit which, in com-  
pany with another English gentleman, he paid to the  
noble poet this summer, at his villa on the banks of  
the Brenta. After mentioning the various civilities  
they had experienced from Lord Byron, and, among  
others, his having requested them to name their own  
day for dining with him.—"We availed ourselves,"  
says Mr Joy, "of this considerate courtesy by naming  
the day fixed for our return to Padua, when our route  
would lead us to his door; and we were welcomed  
with all the cordiality which was to be expected from  
so friendly a bidding. Such traits of kindness in such  
a man deserve to be recorded on account of the  
numerous slanders thrown upon him by some of the  
tribes of tourists, who resented as a personal affront  
his resolution to avoid their impertinent inroads upon  
his retirement. So far from any appearance of indis-  
criminate aversion to his countrymen, his inquiries  
about his friends in England (*quorum pars magna  
fuit*), were most anxious and particular.

"He expressed some opinions," continues my  
informant, "on matters of taste, which cannot fail to  
interest his biographer. He contended that Sculpture,  
as an art, was vastly superior to Painting;—a  
preference which is strikingly illustrated by the fact  
that, in the fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, he gives  
the most elaborate and splendid account of several  
statues, and none of any pictures; although Italy is,  
emphatically, the land of Painting, and her best  
statues are derived from Greece. By the way, he  
told us that there were more objects of interest in  
Rome alone than in all Greece from one extremity to  
the other. \* \* \* After regaling us with an  
excellent dinner in which, by the by, a very English  
joint of roast beef showed that he did not extend his  
antipathies to all John-Bullisms, he took me in his  
carriage some miles of our route towards Padua,  
after apologizing to my fellow-traveller for the sepa-



ration, on the score of his anxiety to hear all he could of his friends in England; and I quitted him with a confirmed impression of the strong ardour and sincerity of his attachment to those by whom he did not fancy himself slighted or ill-treated."

## LETTER CCXCV.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Sept 4th, 1817.

"Your letter of the 15th has conveyed with its contents the impression of a seal, to which the 'Saracen's Head' is a seraph, and the 'Bull and Mouth' a delicate device. I knew that calumny had sufficiently *blackened* me of later days, but not that it had given the features as well as complexion of a negro. Poor Augusta is not less, but rather more, shocked than myself, and says 'people seem to have lost their recollection strangely' when they engraved such a 'blackamoor.' Pray don't seal (at least to me) with such a caricature of the human numskull altogether; and if you don't break the seal-cutter's head, at least crack his libel (or likeness, if it should be a likeness) of mine.

"Mr. Kinnaird is not yet arrived, but expected. He has lost by the way all the tooth-powder, as a letter from Spa informs me.

"By Mr Rose I received safely, though tardily, magnesia and tooth-powder, and \* \* \*. Why do you send me such trash—worse than trash, the Sublime of Mediocrity: Thanks for Lalla, however, which is good; and thanks for the Edinburgh and Quarterly, both very amusing and well-written. Paris in 1815, &c.—good. Modern Greece—good for nothing; written by some one who has never been there, and not being able to manage the Spenser stanza, has invented a thing of its own, consisting of two elegiac stanzas, a heroic line, and an Alexandrine, twisted on a string. Besides, why '*modern*?' You may say *modern Greeks*, but surely *Greece* itself is rather more ancient than ever it was.—Now for business.

"You offer 1500 guineas for the new Canto: I won't take it. I ask two thousand five hundred guineas for it, which you will either give or not, as you think proper. It concludes the poem, and consists of 144 stanzas. The notes are numerous, and chiefly written by Mr Hobhouse, whose researches have been indefatigable, and who. I will venture to say, has more real knowledge of Rome and its environs than any Englishman who has been there since Gibbon. By the way, to prevent any mistakes, I think it necessary to state the fact that *he*, Mr Hobhouse, has no interest whatever in the price or profit to be derived from the copyright of either poem or notes directly or indirectly; so that you are not to suppose that it is by, for, or through him, that I require more for this Canto than the preceding.—No: but if Mr Eustace was to have had two thousand for a poem on Education; if Mr Moore is to have three thousand for Lalla, &c.; if Mr Campbell is to have three thousand for his prose on poetry—I don't mean to disparage these gentlemen in their labours—but I ask the aforesaid price for mine. You will tell me that their productions are considerably *longer*: very true, and when they shorten them, I will lengthen

mine, and ask less. You shall submit Mr Gifford, and any other two gentlemen by you (Mr Frere, or Mr Croker, or please, except such fellows as your \* and if they pronounce this Canto to be *whole* to the preceding, I will not appear aword, but burn the manuscript, and they are.

"Yours

"P.S. In answer to a former letter short statement of what I thought the present copyright account, viz., six hundred still (or lately) due on Childe Harold, at guineas, Manfred and Tasso, make twelve hundred and thirty pounds. About the new poem, I shall take the service the choice of the manner in which published, viz. a quarto, certes." \*

## LETTER CCXCVI.

TO MR HOPPNER.

"La Mira, Sept.

"I set out yesterday morning with the paying my respects, and availing myself mission to walk over the premises.\* O Padua, I found that the march of the Austrians had engrossed so many horses,† that procure were hardly able to crawl; and, as a consequence, together with the prospect of finding at the post-house of Monselice, and either not arriving that day at Este, or be unable to return home the same evening, me to turn aside in a second visit to Ar of proceeding onwards; and even thus back in time.

"Next week I shall be obliged to be met by Lord Kinnaird and his brother, expected in a few days. And this interruption with that occasioned by the continued Austrians for the next few days, will not fix any precise period for availing myself of the opportunity, though I should wish to take the opportunity. Perhaps, if absent, your goodness to permit one of your servants to go to the grounds and house, or as much of it as may be convenient; at any rate, I shall take the first opportunity possible to go over, and regret very much that I was yesterday prevented.

"I have the honour to be your obedient servant

\* A country-house on the Euganean hills, which Mr Hoppner, who was then the English General at Venice, had for some time occupied. Lord Byron afterwards rented of him, but in it.

† So great was the demand for horses, that all those belonging to the Austrians, that all those belonging to individuals were put in requisition for their march. Byron himself received an order to send his horse. This, however, he positively refused to do, that if an attempt were made to take them, they would shoot them through the head in the road, rather than submit to such an act of treachery. Whether his answer was ever received by the higher authorities I know not; but his horses remained unmolested in his stables.

## LETTER CCXCVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

Sept. 12th. 1817.

about for correction. If ever you get to it. You will observe that the binder has it appear as if the *Chaucer* was a volume of letters on the opposite shore near *Chaucer*. So, separate the parchment my antiquary will seem as much as separating an ink from an ink.

Why I write to convey my proposition to the fourth and concluding *Canto*. I am not exaggerating it is one hundred and which is almost as long as the two first. But I am sure by itself that any of the except the *Canto*. Mr. Hobbhouse is very valuable and accurate notes of sight, and you may be sure that I will not let I can so finish with decency little *Harriet* as my best; and as I feel of concluding with it. But I make no that here, as I broke my former intention to the *Canto*. However, I fear not so better; and yet, not being thirty in some means to come, one ought to be far as oneself goes for many a good one and a devilish deal of tear and wear may at my time, besides having pains and much anxiety. God grant me it is or what may be most fitting in that case, for I look to my work exceedingly. I take *Rome*, but not with sufficient for I write about, and I range, and powder, three other things; so that my reading is, and not so attentive as it used to be, and to hear of its popularity, for my noble fellow in all respects, and will it say of the bad feelings which success—sometimes engenders in the men of a Poem itself. I will tell you my opinion mastered it: I say of the *Poem*, for I wrote at all, at all; and in the mean-rewardshippers is the best, and the rest the worst, of the volume.

and to poetry in general. I am convinced I think of it, that he and all of us—Wordsworth, Moore, Campbell, I, wrong, one as much as another; that a wrong revolutionary poetical system, worth a damn in itself, and from which *Crabbe* and *Crabbe* are free; and that the next generations will finally be of this the more confirmed in this by having for some of our classics, particularly I tried in this way:—I took Moore's own and some others, and went over side with Pope's, and I was really astonished not to have been so; and mortified at

graph, in the MS. copy of the above letter, my note, in the handwriting of Mr Gifford: good sense, and feeling, and judgment in me in any other I ever read, or Lord Byron

the ineffable distance in point of sense, learning, effect, and even imagination, passion, and interest, between the late Queen Anne's men, and us of the *Lower Empire*. Depend upon it, it is all *Harriet* then, and *Chaucer* now, among us; and if I had to begin again, I would model myself accordingly. *Crabbe*'s the man, but he has got a coarse and impracticable subject, and \* \* \* is retired upon half-pay, and has done enough, unless he were to do as he did formerly."

## LETTER CCXCVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

September 12th. 1817.

\* Mr Hobbhouse purposes being in England in November: he will bring the Fourth *Canto* with him, notes and all; the text contains one hundred and fifty stanzas, which is long for that measure.

\* With regard to the *Ariosto* of the North, surely their themes, chivalry, war, and love, were as like as can be; and as to the compliment, if you knew what the Italians think of *Ariosto*, you would not hesitate about that. But as to their 'monsters,' you forget that *Ariosto*'s is an octave stanza, and Scott's any thing but a stanza. If you think Scott will dislike it, say so, and I will expunge. I do not call him the *Scottish Ariosto*, which would be sad provincial ecology, but the *Ariosto* of the North, meaning of all countries that are not the South.

\* As I have recently troubled you rather frequently, I will conclude, repeating that I am

Yours ever, &amp;c."

## LETTER CCXCIX.

TO MR MURRAY.

October 12th. 1817.

\* Mr Kinnaird and his brother, Lord Kinnaird, have been here, and are now gone again. All your mimives came, except the tooth-powder, of which I request further supplies, at all convenient opportunities; as also of magnesia and soda-powders, both great luxuries here, and neither to be had good, or indeed hardly at all of the natives.

\* In \* \* \* Life, I perceive an attack upon the then Committee of D. L. Theatre for acting *Bertram*, and an attack upon Maturin's *Bertram* for being acted. Considering all things, this is not very grateful nor graceful on the part of the worthy autobiographer; and I would answer, if I had not obliged him. Putting my own pains to forward the views of \* \* \* out of the question, I know that there was every disposition, on the part of the Sub-Committee, to bring forward any production of his, were it feasible. The play be offered, though poetical, did not appear at all practicable, and *Bertram* did;—and hence this long tirade, which is the last chapter of his vagabond life.

\* As for *Bertram*, Maturin may defend his own



begotten, if he likes it well enough; I leave the Irish clergyman and the new orator Henley to battle it out between them, satisfied to have done the best I could for *both*. I may say this to *you*, who know it.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Mr \* \* may console himself with the fervour,—the almost religious fervour of his and W \* \*'s disciples, as he calls it. If he means that as any proof of their merits, I will find him as much 'fervour' in behalf of Richard Brothers and Joanna Southcote as ever gathered over his pages or round his fireside.

\* \* \* \* \*

"My answer to your proposition about the Fourth Canto you will have received, and I await yours;—perhaps we may not agree. I have since written a Poem (of 84 octave stanzas), humorous, in or after the excellent manner of Mr Whistlecraft (whom I take to be Frere), on a Venitian anecdote which amused me:—but till I have your answer, I can say nothing more about it.

"Mr Hobhouse does not return to England in November, as he intended, but will winter here; and as he is to convey the poem, or poems,—for there may perhaps be more than the two mentioned (which, by the way, I shall not perhaps include in the same publication or agreement), I shall not be able to publish so soon as expected; but I suppose there is no harm in the delay.

I have signed and sent your former *copyrights* by Mr Kinnaird, but *not* the *receipt*, because the money is not yet paid. Mr Kinnaird has a power of attorney to sign for me, and will, when necessary.

"Many thanks for the Edinburgh Review, which is very kind about Manfred, and defends its originality, which I did not know that any body had attacked. I *never* read, and do not know that I ever saw, the 'Faustus of Marlow,' and had, and have, no dramatic works by me in English, except the recent things you sent me; but I heard Mr Lewis translate verbally some scenes of *Goethe's Faust* (which were, some good, and some bad) last summer;—which is all I know of the history of that magical personage; and as to the germs of Manfred, they may be found in the Journal which I sent to Mrs Leigh (part of which you saw) when I went over first the Dent de Jaman, and then the Wengen or Wengeberg Alp and Scheideck, and made the giro of the Jungfrau, Shreckhorn, &c. &c. shortly before I left Switzerland. Jaman, the whole scene of Manfred before me as if it was but yesterday, and could point it out, spot by spot, torrent and all.

"Of the Prometheus of Æschylus I was passionately fond as a boy (it was one of the Greek plays we read thrice a year at Harrow);—indeed that and the 'Medea' were the only ones, except the 'Seven before Thebes,' which ever much pleased me. As to the 'Faustus of Marlow,' I never read, never saw, nor heard of it—at least, thought of it, except that I think Mr Gifford mentioned, in a note of his which you sent me, something about the catastrophe; but not as having any thing to do with mine, which may or may not resemble it, for any thing I know.

"The Prometheus, if not exactly in my plan, has always been so much in my head, that I can easily conceive its influence over all or any thing that I have

written;—but I deny Marlow and his beg that you will do the same.

"If you can send me the paper in which the Edinburgh Review mentions, *do*, in the magazine you say was written, had all the air of being a poet's, and was one. The Edinburgh Review I take down by its friendliness. I wonder it worth while to do so, so soon after the was evidently with a good motive.

"I saw Hoppner the other day, at house at Este I have taken for two come out next summer, let me know to Gifford.

"You

\* Crabbe, Malcolm, Hamilton, and C  
Are all partakers of my pantry.

These two lines are omitted in your letter, after—

"All clever men who make their w

### LETTER CCC.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Venice, Oct 1

"Your two letters are before me gain is so far concluded. How sorry I Gifford is unwell! Pray tell me he is b nothing but *cold*. As you say his illne cold, I trust it will get no further.

"Mr Whistlecraft has no greater ad self: I have written a story in 89 stanza of him, called *Beppo* (the short name that is, the *Joe* of the Italian Joseph) throw you into the balance of the Fourth you round to your money; but you perh publish it anonymously; but this we and by.

"In the Notes to Canto Fourth, Mr pointed out *several errors* of *Gibbon* depend upon H.'s research and accurat print it in what shape you please.

"With regard to a future large Edi print all, or any thing, except 'English republication of which at *no* time will would not reprint them on any consid think them good for much, even in point as to other things, you are to recollect the publication on account of the *Holla* not think that any time or circumstances the suppression. Add to which, that, terms with almost all the bards and crit it would be savage at any time, but w to revive this foolish Lampoon.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The review of Manfred came ver am much pleased with it. It is odd th say (that is, somebody in a magazine w

\* A paper in the Edinburgh Magazine, suggested that the general conception of much of what is excellent in the manner of had been borrowed from "the Tragical Faustus," of Marlow.

inverts) that it was taken from Marlow's book I never read nor saw. An American, the other day from Germany, told M. Hobbes that *Vanfreid* was taken from Goethe's *Faust*. I take both the *Faustuses*, German and French, and take neither.

end to *Hanson*, and say that he has  
e 9th September?—at least I have had  
to my great surprise.

<sup>46</sup> Yours, &c."

LETTER CCCL.

TO MR MURRAY.

<sup>41</sup> Venice, December 3d, 1817.

"A Venetian lady, learned and somewhat stricken in years, having, in her intervals of love and devotion, taken upon her to translate the Letters and write the Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montague,—to which undertaking there are two obstacles, firstly, ignorance of English, and, secondly, a total dearth of information on the subject of her projected biography,—has applied to me for facts or falsities upon this promising project. Lady Montague lived the last twenty or more years of her life in or near Venice, I believe; but here they know nothing, and remember nothing, for the story of to-day is succeeded by the scandal of to-morrow; and the wit, and beauty, and gallantry, which might render your countrywoman notorious in her own country, must have been *here* no great distinction—because the first is in no request, and the two latter are common to all women, or at least the last of them. If you can therefore tell me any thing, or get any thing told, of Lady Wortley Montague, I shall take it as a favour, and will transfer and translate it to the 'Dama' in question. And I pray you besides to send me, by some quick and safe voyager, the edition of her Letters, and the stupid Life, by *Dr Dallaway*, published by her proud and foolish family.

"The death of the Princess Charlotte has been a shock even here, and must have been an earthquake at home. The Courier's list of some three hundred heirs to the crown (including the house of Wirtemberg, with that \* \* \*, P—, of disreputable memory, whom I remember seeing at various balls during the visit of the

storers) that it was taken from Marlow's which I never read nor saw. An American, the other day from Germany, told M. Hobbes that it was taken from Goëthe's *Faust*. I take both the Faustuses, German and we taken neither.

and to Hanson, and say that he has sent the 9th September?—at least I have had to my great surprise.

re Messrs Morland to send out what-  
sums have or may be paid in credit  
always, to their Venice correspon-  
months ago that they sent me out an  
for one thousand pounds. I was  
I don't know how the devil it came;  
ake out 500 of Hanson's payment, and  
e other 500 came from you; but it did  
by yours of the 7th instant, you have  
£1230 balance.

is on his way home with the assign-  
fix no time for the arrival of Canto  
depends on the journey of Mr Hobhouse  
not think that this will be immediate.  
in great haste and very truly,

"B. Hands have not yet written to my bankers payment of your balances : pray desire about the *previous* thousand—of which some from Hanson's—and make out the rest is, whence it came."

LETTER CCCL

TO MR MURRAY.

<sup>19</sup> Venice, November 15th, 1817.

haired has probably returned to England by now and will have conveyed to you any tidings which he has of us and ours. I have come to the end of the winter. Mr Hobhouse will start off in December, but what day or week.

He is my opposite neighbour at present. Yesterday in some perplexity, and no very far, to Mr Kinnaird, to inform me about the Hansons, of which and whom I hear of his departure from this place, except in intelligible words from an unintelligible woman. I am sorry to hear of Dr Polidori's accident as a person for whom one has a dislike, and of contempt. When he gets well, tell me he gets on in the sick line. Poor fellow! to fix there?

For the Doctor's skill at Norwich  
It hardly salt the Doctor's porridge.

he was going to the Brazils to give the  
physic (of which they are fond to despera-  
te Danish consul.

ew Canto has expanded to one hundred  
ten stanzas. It will be long, you see; and  
tes by Hobhouse, I suspect they will be  
e size. You must keep Mr \* \* in good-  
he is devilish touchy yet about your Re-  
which it inherits, including the editor, the



Muscovites, &c. in 1814) must be very consolatory to all true lieges, as well as foreigners, except Signor Travis, a rich Jew merchant of this city, who complains grievously of the length of British mourning, which has countermanded all the silks which he was on the point of transmitting, for a year to come. The death of this poor girl is melancholy in every respect, dying at twenty or so, in childbed—of a *boy* too, a present princess and future queen, and just as she began to be happy, and to enjoy herself and the hopes which she inspired. \* \* \* \* \*

"I think, as far as I can recollect, she is the first royal defunct in childbed upon record in our history. I feel sorry in every respect—for the loss of a female reign, and a woman hitherto harmless; and all the lost rejoicings, and addresses, and drunkenness, and disbursements, of John Bull on the occasion. \* \* \*

"The Prince will marry again, after divorcing his wife, and Mr Southey will write an elegy now, and an ode then; the Quarterly will have an article against the press, and the Edinburgh an article, *half* and *half*, about reform and right of divorce; \* \* the British will give you Dr Chalmers's funeral sermon much commended, with a place in the stars for deceased royalty; and the Morning Post will have already yelled forth its 'syllables of dolour.'

'Woe, woe, Nealliny!—the young Nealliny!'

"It is some time since I have heard from you: are you in bad humour? I suppose so. I have been so myself, and it is your turn now, and by and by mine will come round again.

"Yours truly,

"B.

"P.S. Countess Albrizzi, come back from Paris, has brought me a medal of Denon, a present from himself to me, and a likeness of Mr Rogers (belonging to her), by Denon also."

#### LETTER CCCIII.

TO MR HOPFNER.

"Venice, December 15th, 1817.

"I should have thanked you before, for your favour a few days ago, had I not been in the intention of paying my respects, personally, this evening, from which I am deterred by the recollection that you will probably be at the Count Goss's this evening, which has made me postpone my intrusion.

"I think your Elegy a remarkably good one, not only as a composition, but both the politics and poetry contain a far greater portion of truth and generosity than belongs to the times, or to the professors of these opposite pursuits, which usually agree only in one point, as extremes meet. I do not know whether you wished me to retain the copy, but I shall retain it till you tell me otherwise; and am very much obliged by the perusal.

"My own sentiments on Venice, &c. such as they are, I had already thrown into verse last summer, in the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold, now in preparation for the press; and I think much more highly of them, for being in coincidence with yours.

"Believe me yours, &c."

#### LETTER CCCIV.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Venice, January 22, 1818.

"My dear Mr Murray,  
You're in a damn'd hurry  
To set up this ultimate Canto;  
But (if they don't rob us)  
You'll see Mr Hobhouse  
Will bring it safe in his portmanteau.

2.

"For the Journal you hint of,  
As ready to print off,  
No doubt you do right to commend it;  
But as yet I have writ off  
The devil a bit of  
Our 'Beppo';—when copied, I'll am

4.

"Then you've \* \* \* Tour,—  
No great things, to be sure,—  
You could hardly begin with a laurel.  
For the pompous rascalion,  
Who don't speak Italian  
Nor French, must have scribbledly pruned

7.

"You can make any loss up  
With 'Spence' and his gosh,  
A work which must surely must:  
Then Queen Mary's Epistle-cra,  
With the new 'Fytte' of 'Whitkred'  
Must make people purchase and so

8.

"Then you've General Gordon,  
Who girded his sword on,  
To serve with a Muscovite master.  
And help him to polish  
A nation so owlsh,  
They thought shaving their beards: not

9.

"For the man, 'poor and shrewd,'  
With whom you'd conclude  
A compact without more delay.  
Perhaps some such pen is  
Still extant in Venice;  
But please, sir, to mention your pay"

#### LETTER CCCV.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Venice, January 19th 1818.

"I send you the Story† in three other ~~up~~ covers. It won't do for your Journal, being political allusions. *Print alone, without* alter nothing; get a scholar to see that the *in phrases* are correctly published (your print the way, always makes me ill with its eternal ders, which are incessant), and God spare Hobhouse left Venice a fortnight ago, ~~more~~ days. I have heard nothing of or from him.

"Yours, &c.

"He has the whole of the MSS., so put up in your back shop, or in the printer's 'Chapel'

\* "Vide your letter."

† Beppo.

## LETTER CCCVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Venice, January 27th, 1818.

father—that is, my Armenian father, Padre  
all—in the name of all the other fathers of our  
at, sends you the enclosed, greeting.

as much as it has pleased the translators of the  
and lately-found portions of the text of Eu-  
to put forth the enclosed prospectus, of which  
six copies, you are hereby implored to obtain  
bers in the two Universities, and among the  
t, and the unlearned who would unlearn their  
ace.—This *they* (the Convent) request, *I* re-  
and *do* you request.

ent you Beppo some weeks ago. You must  
it alone; it has politics and ferocity, and  
do for your isthmus of a Journal.

Hobhouse, if the Alps have not broken his  
e, or ought to be, swimming with my commen-  
and his own coat of mail in his teeth and right  
in a cork jacket, between Calais and Dover.

is the height of the Carnival, and I am in the  
e and agonies of a new intrigue with I don't  
know whom or what, except that she is insa-  
of love, and won't take money, and has light  
d blue eyes, which are not common here, and  
met her at the Masque, and that when her  
off, I am as wise as ever. I shall make what  
of the remainder of my youth." \* \* \*

## LETTER CCCVII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Venice, February 2d, 1818.

our letter of Dec. 8th arrived but this day, by  
delay, common but inexplicable. Your domes-  
tunity is very grievous, and I feel with you as  
as I *dare* feel at all. Throughout life, your  
must be my loss, and your gain my gain; and,  
h my heart may ebb, there will always be a  
for you among the dregs.

know how to feel with you, because (selfishness  
always the substratum of our damnable clay) I  
quite wrapt up in my own children. Besides my  
legitimate, I have made unto myself an illegiti-  
since (to say nothing of one before\*), and I  
forward to one of these as the pillar of my old  
supposing that I ever reach—which I hope I  
shall—that desolating period. I have a great  
for my little Ada, though perhaps she may tor-  
me, like

your offered address will be as acceptable as you  
wish. I don't much care what the wretches of  
world think of me—all *that's* past. But I care a  
deal what *you* think of me, and, so, say what  
like. You *know* that I am not sullen; and, as  
ing *savage*, such things depend on circum-  
stances. However, as to being in good-humour in  
society, there is no great merit in that, because

This possibly may have been the subject of the Poem  
in page 37 of the First Part.

it would be an effort, or an insanity, to be otherwise.

"I don't know what Murray may have been saying  
or quoting." I called Crabbe and Sam the fathers of  
present Poesy; and said that I thought—except  
them—all of '*us youth*' were on a wrong tack.  
But I never said that we did not sail well. Our fame  
will be hurt by *admiration* and *imitation*. When  
I say *our*, I mean *all* (Lakers included), except the  
postscript of the Augustans. The next generation  
(from the quantity and facility of imitation) will tumble  
and break their necks off our Pegasus, who runs  
away with us; but we keep the *saddle*, because we  
broke the rascal and can ride. But though easy to  
mount, he is the devil to guide; and the next fellows  
must go back to the riding-school and the manège,  
and learn to ride the 'great horse.'

"Talking of horses, by the way, I have transported  
my own, four in number, to the Lido (*beach*, in Eng-  
lish), a strip of some ten miles along the Adriatic, a  
mile or two from the city; so that I not only get a  
row in my gondola, but a spanking gallop of some  
miles daily along a firm and solitary beach, from the  
fortress to Malamocco, the which contributes consi-  
derably to my health and spirits.

"I have hardly had a wink of sleep this week past.  
We are in the agonies of the Carnival's last days,  
and I must be up all night again, as well as to-  
morrow. I have had some curious masking adven-  
tures this Carnival, but, as they are not yet over, I  
shall not say on. I will work the mine of my youth  
to the last veins of the ore, and then—good night. I  
have lived, and am content.

"Hobhouse went away before the Carnival began,  
so that he had little or no fun. Besides, it requires  
some time to be thoroughgoing with the Venetians;  
but of all this anon, in some other letter." \* \* \*

"I must dress for the evening. There is an opera  
and ridotto, and I know not what, besides balls; and  
so, ever and ever yours,

\* B.

"P.S. I send this without revision, so excuse er-  
rors. I delight in the fame and fortune of Lalla, and  
again congratulate you on your well-merited success."

Of his daily rides on the Lido, which he mentions  
in this letter, the following account, by a gentleman  
who lived a good deal with him at Venice, will be  
found not a little interesting:—

"Almost immediately after Mr Hobhouse's depar-  
ture, Lord Byron proposed to me to accompany him  
in his rides on the Lido. One of the long narrow is-  
lands which separate the Lagune, in the midst of  
which Venice stands, from the Adriatic, is more par-

\* Having seen by accident the passage in one of his let-  
ters to Mr Murray, in which he denounces, as false and  
worthless, the poetical system on which the greater number  
of his cotemporaries, as well as himself, founded their re-  
putation, I took an opportunity, in the next letter I wrote  
to him, of jesting a little on this opinion and his motives  
for it. It was, no doubt (I ventured to say), excellent  
policy in him, who had made sure of his own immortality  
in this style of writing, thus to throw overboard all us,  
poor devils, who were embarked with him. He was in  
fact, I added, behaving towards us much in the manner of  
the methodist preacher who said to his congregation,  
"You may think, at the Last Day, to get to heaven by  
laying hold on my skirts; but I'll cheat you all, for I'll  
wear a spencer, I'll wear a spencer!"



ticularly distinguished by this name. At one extremity is a fortification, which, with the Castle of St Andrea on an island on the opposite side, defends the nearest entrance to the city from the sea. In times of peace this fortification is almost dismantled, and Lord Byron had hired here of the Commandant an unoccupied stable, where he kept his horses. The distance from the city was not very considerable; it was much less than to the Terra Firma, and, as far as it went, the spot was not ineligible for riding.

"Every day that the weather would permit, Lord Byron called for me in his gondola, and we found the horses waiting for us outside of the fort. We rode as far as we could along the seashore, and then on a kind of dyke, or embankment, which had been raised where the island was very narrow, as far as another small fort about half way between the principal one which I have already mentioned, and the town or villago of Malamocco, which is near the other extremity of the island,—the distance between the two forts being about three miles.

"On the land side of the embankment, not far from the smaller fort, was a boundary stone, which probably marked some division of property,—all the side of the island nearest the Lagoon being divided into gardens for the cultivation of vegetables for the Venetian markets. At the foot of this stone Lord Byron repeatedly told me that I should cause him to be interred, if he should die in Venice, or its neighbourhood, during my residence there; and he appeared to think, as he was not a Catholic, that, on the part of the government, there could be no obstacle to his interment in an unhallowed spot of ground by the seaside. At all events, I was to overcome whatever difficulties might be raised on this account. I was, by no means, he repeatedly told me, to allow his body to be removed to England, nor permit any of his family to interfere with his funeral.

"Nothing could be more delightful than these rides on the Lido were to me. We were from half to three-quarters of an hour crossing the water, during which, his conversation was always most amusing and interesting. Sometimes he would bring with him any new book he had received, and read to me the passages which most struck him. Often he would repeat to me whole stanzas of the Poems he was engaged in writing, as he had composed them on the preceding evening; and this was the more interesting to me, because I could frequently trace in them some idea which he had started in our conversation of the preceding day, or some remark, the effect of which he had been evidently trying upon me. Occasionally too, he spoke of his own affairs, making me repeat all I had heard with regard to him, and desiring that I would not spare him, but let him know the worst that was said."

#### LETTER CCCVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Venice, Feb. 20th, 1818.

"I have to thank Mr Croker for the arrival, and you for the contents, of the parcel which came last week, much quicker than any before, owing to Mr Croker's kind attention and the official exterior of the

bags; and all safe, except much friction among the magnesia, of which only two bottles came a tire; but it is all very well, and I am exceedingly obliged to you.

"The books I have read, or rather am reading, Pray, who may be the Sexagenarian, whose pen is very amusing? Many of his sketches I recollect, particularly Gifford, Mackintosh, Drummond, Dens, H. Walpole, Mrs Inchbald, Opie, &c. was Scott's Loughborough, and most of the dramatic lawyers, besides a few shorter hints of authors a few lines about a certain 'noble author,' characterised as malignant and sceptical, according to good old story, 'as it was in the beginning, is so, and not always shall be:' do you know such a man Master Murray? eh?—And pray, of the books which be *you*? the dry, the dirty, the homely, the opulent, the finical, the splendid, or the rascally bookseller? Stap my vitals, but the author is scurrilous in his grand climacteric!

"I remember to have seen Porson at Cambridge, the hall of our college, and in private parties, he frequently; and I never can recollect him *not* drunk or brutal, and generally both: I mean, one evening, for in the hall, he dined at the Dean's and I at the Vicemaster's, so that I was not at him; and he then and there appeared *not* a mean man, nor did I ever hear of excess *except* in his part in public,—commons, college, &c. &c. I have seen him in a private party of *not* graduates, many of them freshmen and *not* up a poker to one of them, and heard him *not* as blackguard as his action. I saw Sheridan drunk, too, with all the world; *not* intoxication was that of Bacchus, and Porson's Silenus.—Of all the disgusting brutes, *not* and intolerable, Porson was the most bestial: the few times that I saw him went, which was at William Bankes's (the Nubian discoverer) I saw him once go away in a rage, because he knew the name of the 'Cobbler of Memphis' and their ignorance with the most vulgar terms of *not* abatement. He was tolerated in this state among young men for his talents, as the Turks tolerate a man inspired, and bear with him. He used *not* or rather vomit pages of all languages, and *not* hiccup Greek like a Helot; and certainly *not* never shocked her children with a grosser *not* than this man's intoxication.

"I perceive, in the book you sent me, a *not* account of him, which is very savage. I cannot *not* as I never saw him sober, except in *not* a nation-room; and then I was never near *not* hear, and hardly to see him. Of his drunken *not* ment, I can be sure, because I saw it.

"With the Reviews, I have been much *not* ed. It requires to be as far from England as I *not* relish a periodical paper properly: it is like *not* water in an Italian summer. But what *not* of you make with Lady \* \* \* \*? You should *not* that she is a woman; though, to be sure, *not* now and then very provoking; still, as *not* they can do no great harm; and I think *not* much good invective should have been laid *not* on her, when there is such a fine field of us Jacobin *not* tlemen, for you to work upon. It is perhaps *not*

as ever was written, and enough to make for Dr \*\*\*\*, both as husband and apothecary she should say, as Pope did of some poisoner, 'That it is as good for her as a dose of hell.'

and from Moore lately, and was sorry to be  
are of his domestic loss. Thus it is—'medio  
leporum'—in the acmé of his fame and his  
comes a drawback as usual.

Happier, whom I saw this morning, has been  
father of a very fine boy.\*—Mother and  
I are very well indeed. By this time Hobbouse  
will be with you, and also certain packets, let-  
ters of mine, sent since his departure.—I am  
I well in health within this last eight days.  
Respects to Gifford and all friends.

"Yours, &c.

"B.

In the course of a month or two, Hanson probably to send off a clerk with commission (Newstead being sold in November ninety-four thousand five hundred pounds), case I supplicate supplies of articles as which, desire Mr Kinnaird to settle from their bank, and deduct from my account

"to-morrow night I am going to see 'Otello,'  
our 'Othello,' and one of Rossini's best.  
It will be curious to see in Venice the  
story itself represented, besides to discover  
what will make of Shakspeare in music."

LETTER CCCIX.

**TO MR HOPFNER.**

**" Venice, February 28, 1818.**

DEAR SIR,

and, il Conte M., threw me into a cold  
light, by telling me of a menaced version  
(in Venetian, I hope, to complete the  
some Italian, who had sent it to you for  
which is the reason why I take the liberty  
you on the subject. If you have any  
communication with the man, would you  
convey to him the offer of any price he  
w think to obtain for his project, provided  
w his translation into the fire, and pro-

irth of this child, who was christened John to, Lord Byron wrote the four following lines, no other respect remarkable than that they worthy of being metrically translated into no different languages; namely, Greek, Latin, in the Venetian dialect, German, French, inn, Hebrew, Armenian, and Samaritan. —

**His father's sense, his mother's grace**

In him, I hope, will always fit us;

Feb (still to keep him in good care)  
The health and quantity of D. ...

### The Health and Appetite of Ruzon.<sup>4</sup>

lines, with the different versions just men-  
printed, in a small neat volume (which now  
is in the Seminary of Padua.

certained that the utmost this translator to make by his manuscript was 200 francs, offered him that sum, if he would desist from his Italian, however, held out for more, nor sought to terms, till it was intimated to him

mise not to undertake any other of that or any other of my things: I will send him his money immediately on this condition.

"As I did not write *to* the Italians, nor *for* the Italians, nor *of* the Italians (except in a poem not yet published, where I have said all the good I know or do not know of them, and none of the harm), I confess I wish that they would let me alone, and not drag me into their arena as one of the gladiators, in a silly contest which I neither understand nor have ever interfered with, having kept clear of all their literary parties, both here and at Milan, and elsewhere.—I came into Italy to feel the climate and be quiet, if possible. Monti's translation I would have prevented if I had known it, or could have done so; and I trust that I shall yet be in time to stop this new gentleman, of whom I heard yesterday for the first time. He will only hurt himself, and do no good to his party, for in *party* the whole thing originates. Our modes of thinking and writing are so unutterably different, that I can conceive no greater absurdity than attempting to make any approach between the English and Italian poetry of the present day. I like the people very much, and their literature very much, but I am not the least ambitious of being the subject of their discussions literary and personal (which appear to be pretty much the same thing, as is the case in most countries); and if you can aid me in impeding this publication, you will add to much kindness already received from you by yours.

"Ever and truly,

"BYRON.

"P.S. How is *the* son, and mamma? Well, I dare say."

LETTER CCCX.

TO MR ROGERS.

" Venice, March 3d, 1888.

"I have not, as you say, 'taken to wife the Adriatic.' I heard of Moore's loss from himself in a letter which was delayed upon the road three months. I was sincerely sorry for it, but in such cases what are words?"

"The villa you speak of is one at Este, which Mr Hopponer (Consul-general here) has transferred to me. I have taken it for two years as a place of Villaggiatura. The situation is very beautiful indeed, among the Euganean hills, and the house very fair. The vines are luxuriant to a great degree, and all the fruits of the earth abundant. It is close to the old castle of the Estes, or Guelphs, and within a

pretty plainly from Lord Byron that, should the publication be persisted in, he would horse-whip him the very first time they met. Being but little inclined to suffer martyrdom in the cause, the translator accepted the 200 francs and delivered up his manuscript, entering at the same time into a written engagement never to translate any other of the noble poet's works.

Of the qualifications of this person as a translator of English poetry, some idea may be formed from the difficulty he found himself under respecting the meaning of a line in the *Isolation* in *Manfred*.—"And the wisp on the morrow,"—which he requested of Mr Hoppner to expound to him, not having been able to find in the dictionaries to which he had access any other signification of the word "wisp" than "a bundle of straw."



few miles of Arqua, which I have visited twice, and hope to visit often.

"Last summer (except an excursion to Rome) I passed upon the Brenta. In Venice I winter, transporting my horses to the Lido, bordering the Adriatic (where the fort is), so that I get a gallop of some miles daily along the strip of beach which reaches to Malamocco, when in health; but within these few weeks I have been unwell. At present I am getting better. The Carnival was short, but a good one. I don't go out much, except during the time of masques; but there are one or two conversazioni, where I go regularly, just to keep up the system; as I had letters to their givers; and they are particular on such points; and now and then, though very rarely, to the Governor's.

"It is a very good place for women. I like the dialect and their manner very much. There is a *naïveté* about them which is very winning, and the romance of the place is a mighty adjunct; the *bel sangue* is not, however, now amongst the *dame* or higher orders; but all under *i fazzoletti*, or kerchiefs (a white kind of veil which the lower orders wear upon their heads);—the *vesta senale*, or old national female costume is no more. The city, however, is decaying daily, and does not gain in population. However, I prefer it to any other in Italy; and here have I pitched my staff, and here do I purpose to reside for the remainder of my life, unless events, connected with business not to be transacted out of England, compel me to return for that purpose; otherwise I have few regrets, and no desires to visit it again for its own sake. I shall probably be obliged to do so, to sign papers for my affairs and a proxy for the Whigs, and to see Mr Waite, for I can't find a good dentist here, and every two or three years one ought to consult one. About seeing my children I must take my chance. One I shall have sent here; and I shall be very happy to see the legitimate one, when God pleases, which he perhaps will some day or other. As for my mathematical \* \* \*, I am as well without her.

"Your account of your visit to Fonthill is very striking: could you beg of him for me a copy in MS. of the remaining *Tales*?\* I think I deserve them, as a strenuous and public admirer of the first one. I will return it when read, and make no ill use of the copy, if granted. Murray would send me out any thing safely. If ever I return to England, I should like very much to see the author, with his permission. In the mean time, you could not oblige me more than by obtaining me the perusal I request, in French or English,—all's one for that, though I prefer Italian to either. I have a French copy of *Vathek*, which I bought at Lauzanne. I can read French with great pleasure and facility, though I neither speak nor write it. Now Italian I can speak with some fluency, and write sufficiently for my purposes, but I don't like their modern prose at all; it is very heavy, and so different from Machiavelli.

\* They say Francis is Junius;—I think it looks like

\* A continuation of *Vathek*, by the author of that very striking and powerful production. The "*Tales*" of which this unpublished sequel consists are, I understand, those supposed to have been related by the Princess in the Hall of Elders.

it. I remember meeting him at Earl (Has not he lately married a young woman not be Madame Talleyrand's *cavalier* India years ago?

"I read my death in the papers, true. I see they are marrying the niece of the royal family. They have Fazio with great and deserved success in the garden: that's a good sign. I tried rector, to have it done at Drury-lane ruled. If you think of coming into it will let me know perhaps beforehand. Moore won't move. Rose is here. other night at Madame Albrizzi's; he is in May. My love to the Hollands."

"P.S. They have been crucifying opera (*Otello*, by Rossini); the music gubrious; but as for the words, all with Iago cut out, and the greatest no the handkerchief turned into a *bill*; first singer would not black his face for reasons assigned in the preface. Singing and music very good."

## LETTER CCCXI

TO MR MOORE.

"Venice, M.

"MY DEAR TOM,

"Since my last, which I hope that received, I have had a letter from our friend. He talks of Italy this summer—won't he? I don't know whether you will like the Italian way of life or not \* \* \*

"They are an odd people. The old man telling a girl, 'you must not come to me. Marguerita is coming at such a time,'—about five feet ten inches high, with good and fine figures—fit to breed gladiators—had some difficulty to prevent a battle (contre once before),—'unless you promise and'—the answer was an interruption, of war against the other, which should be a 'Guerra di Candia.' Is it not a lower order of Venetians should intervene verbally to that famous contest, so fatal to the Republic?

"They have singular expressions. Venetians. For example, '*Vascere*'—as '*my love*,' or '*my heart*,' as an expression. Also, '*I would go for you into the mad knives*.'—'*Malazza ben*,' excessive literally. '*I wish you well even as they say* (instead of our way, '*do you do you so much harm*?' '*do you thus assassinate you in such a manner*.'—'*Te bad weather*,' '*Strade pernici*,' but thousands of other allusions and metaphors the state of society and habits in the

"I am not so sure about *malazza*. It means *malazza*. i. e. a great deal of a

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DATE 08-11-2001 BY 60322 UCBAW

1. The first group of respondents (n = 10) was asked to identify the most important factors influencing their decision to use a mobile app. The factors identified were: ease of use, reliability, security, and privacy. The second group (n = 10) was asked to identify the most important factors influencing their decision to use a mobile app. The factors identified were: ease of use, reliability, security, and privacy. The third group (n = 10) was asked to identify the most important factors influencing their decision to use a mobile app. The factors identified were: ease of use, reliability, security, and privacy.

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are undernourished has declined from 760 million to 600 million. The number of people who are malnourished has declined from 1.1 billion to 800 million. The number of people who are obese has increased from 100 million to 300 million. The number of people who are overweight has increased from 100 million to 300 million. The number of people who are obese and overweight has increased from 100 million to 300 million. The number of people who are obese and overweight has increased from 100 million to 300 million.

1. The first group of respondents (Group 1) consisted of 100 individuals who were randomly selected from a list of all employees of the company. This group was surveyed in the first quarter of 2018.

2. The second group of respondents (Group 2) consisted of 100 individuals who were randomly selected from a list of all employees of the company. This group was surveyed in the second quarter of 2018.

3. The third group of respondents (Group 3) consisted of 100 individuals who were randomly selected from a list of all employees of the company. This group was surveyed in the third quarter of 2018.

4. The fourth group of respondents (Group 4) consisted of 100 individuals who were randomly selected from a list of all employees of the company. This group was surveyed in the fourth quarter of 2018.

5. The fifth group of respondents (Group 5) consisted of 100 individuals who were randomly selected from a list of all employees of the company. This group was surveyed in the first quarter of 2019.

6. The sixth group of respondents (Group 6) consisted of 100 individuals who were randomly selected from a list of all employees of the company. This group was surveyed in the second quarter of 2019.

7. The seventh group of respondents (Group 7) consisted of 100 individuals who were randomly selected from a list of all employees of the company. This group was surveyed in the third quarter of 2019.

8. The eighth group of respondents (Group 8) consisted of 100 individuals who were randomly selected from a list of all employees of the company. This group was surveyed in the fourth quarter of 2019.

9. The ninth group of respondents (Group 9) consisted of 100 individuals who were randomly selected from a list of all employees of the company. This group was surveyed in the first quarter of 2020.

10. The tenth group of respondents (Group 10) consisted of 100 individuals who were randomly selected from a list of all employees of the company. This group was surveyed in the second quarter of 2020.

11. The eleventh group of respondents (Group 11) consisted of 100 individuals who were randomly selected from a list of all employees of the company. This group was surveyed in the third quarter of 2020.

12. The twelfth group of respondents (Group 12) consisted of 100 individuals who were randomly selected from a list of all employees of the company. This group was surveyed in the fourth quarter of 2020.

13. The thirteenth group of respondents (Group 13) consisted of 100 individuals who were randomly selected from a list of all employees of the company. This group was surveyed in the first quarter of 2021.

14. The fourteenth group of respondents (Group 14) consisted of 100 individuals who were randomly selected from a list of all employees of the company. This group was surveyed in the second quarter of 2021.

15. The fifteenth group of respondents (Group 15) consisted of 100 individuals who were randomly selected from a list of all employees of the company. This group was surveyed in the third quarter of 2021.

16. The sixteenth group of respondents (Group 16) consisted of 100 individuals who were randomly selected from a list of all employees of the company. This group was surveyed in the fourth quarter of 2021.

17. The seventeenth group of respondents (Group 17) consisted of 100 individuals who were randomly selected from a list of all employees of the company. This group was surveyed in the first quarter of 2022.

18. The eighteenth group of respondents (Group 18) consisted of 100 individuals who were randomly selected from a list of all employees of the company. This group was surveyed in the second quarter of 2022.

19. The nineteenth group of respondents (Group 19) consisted of 100 individuals who were randomly selected from a list of all employees of the company. This group was surveyed in the third quarter of 2022.

20. The twentieth group of respondents (Group 20) consisted of 100 individuals who were randomly selected from a list of all employees of the company. This group was surveyed in the fourth quarter of 2022.

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1. *Chlorophyll *a** and *Chlorophyll *b** were determined by the method of Arar and Collins (1971).

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## CXVII.

DRE.

Mocenigo, Canal Grande,  
Venice, June 1st, 1818.

the only news, as yet, of  
by no means settled its fate,—  
me how the 'Pocshie' has been  
public. But I suspect, no great  
from Murray's 'horrid stillness'; se-  
that you say about the stanzas running  
† which I take *not* to be *yours*, but  
we been dinned with among the Blues.  
at the terza rima of the Italians, which  
and in, may have led me into expec-  
carelessness into conceit—or conceit  
—in either of which events failure  
le, and my fair woman, 'superne,' end  
at Childe Harold will be like the mer-  
ily crest, with the Fourth Canto for a  
I won't quarrel with the public,  
the 'Bulgars' are generally right; and  
I may hit another time:—and so, the  
joy.'

Beppo, that's right. \* \* \* I have  
judges yet, but live in hopes. I need  
our successes are mine. By the way,  
'here, and has just borrowed my copy  
kh.'

ter is probably the exact piece of vulgar  
might expect from his situation. He  
, with some poetical elements in his  
ilt by the Christ-Church Hospital and  
paper,—to say nothing of the Surry  
needed him into a martyr. But he is a  
hen I saw 'Rimini' in MS., I told him  
it good poetry at bottom, disfigured only  
yle. His answer was, that his style was  
pon system, or some such cant; and,  
alks of system, his case is hopeless: so  
to him, and very little to any one else.  
his trash of vulgar phrases tortured  
I barbarisms to be *old* English; and  
f it as Aimwell says of Captain Gib-  
t, when the Captain calls it an 'old  
*oldest* in Europe, if I may judge by  
He sent out his 'Foliage' by Percy  
and, of all the ineffable Centaurs that  
tten by Self-love upon a Night-mare, I  
stros Sagittary the most prodigious.  
) is an honest Charlatan, who has per-  
f into a belief of his own impostures,  
th in pure simplicity of heart, taking  
or Fitzgerald said of *himself* in the  
for *Vates* in both senses, or nonsenses,  
Did you look at the translations of his  
prefers to Pope and Cowper, and says  
read his skumble-skumble about \* \*

end of his own *profession*, in the *eyes*  
ollowed it? I thought that poetry was  
*attribute*, and not a *profession*;—but  
think, in my letter to him, that this prac-  
one stanza into another was "something  
cross another stage without halting."

be it one, is that \* \* \* \* \* at the head of  
*your* profession in *your* eyes? I 'll be curst if he is  
of *mine*, or ever shall be. He is the only one of us  
(but of us he is not) whose coronation I would oppose.  
Let them take Scott, Campbell, Crabbe, or you, or  
me, or any of the living, and throne him;—but not  
this new Jacob Behmen, this \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* whose pride might  
have kept him true, even had his principles turned as  
perverted as his *soi-disant* poetry.

"But Leigh Hunt is a good man, and a good fa-  
ther—see his Odes to all the Masters Hunt;—a good  
husband—see his Sonnet to Mrs Hunt;—a good friend  
—see his Epistles to different people;—and a great  
coxcomb, and a very vulgar person in every thing  
about him. But that's not his fault, but of circum-  
stances.†

\* \* \* \* \*

"I do not know any good model for a life of Sheri-  
dan but that of *Savage*. Recollect, however, that  
the life of such a man may be made far more amusing  
than if he had been a Wilberforce;—and this with-  
out offending the living, or insulting the dead. The  
whigs abuse him; however, he never left them, and  
such blunderers deserve neither credit nor compas-  
sion. As for his creditors,—remember, Sheridan  
*never* had a shilling, and was thrown, with great  
powers and passions, into the thick of the world, and  
placed upon the pinnacle of success, with no other  
external means to support him in his elevation. Did  
Fox \* \* \* *pay* his debts?—or did Sheridan take  
a subscription? Was the Duke of Norfolk's drunk-  
ennes more excusable than his? Were his intrigues  
more notorious than those of all his contemporaries?  
and is his memory to be blasted, and theirs respect-  
ed? Don't let yourself be led away by clamour, but  
compare him with the coalitioner Fox, and the pen-  
sioner Burke, as a man of principle, and with ten hun-  
dred thousand in personal views, and with none in  
talent, for he beat them all *out* and *out*. Without  
means, without connexion, without character (which  
might be false at first, and make him mad afterwards  
from desperation), he beat them all, in all he ever  
attempted. But alas poor human nature! Good night  
or, rather, morning. It is four,—and the dawn gleams  
over the Grand Canal, and unshadows the Rialto.  
I must to bed; up all night—but, as George Philpot  
says, 'it's life, though; damme, it's life!'

"Ever yours,

"B.

"Excuse errors—no time for revision. The post  
goes out at noon, and I sha'n't be up then. I will  
write again soon about your *plan* for a publication."

During the greater part of the period which this  
last series of letters comprises, he had continued to  
occupy the same lodgings in an extremely narrow street  
called the Speziera, at the house of the linen-draper,

\* I had, in first transcribing the above letter for the  
press, omitted the whole of this caustic and, perhaps, over-  
severe character of Mr Hunt; but the tone of that gentle-  
man's book having, as far as himself is concerned, released  
me from all those scruples which prompted the appren-  
sion, I have considered myself at liberty to restore the  
passage.

to whose lady he devoted so much of his thoughts. That he was, for the time, attached to this person,—as far as a passion so transient can deserve the name of attachment,—is evident from his whole conduct. The language of his letters shows sufficiently how much the novelty of this foreign tie had caught his fancy; and to the Venitians, among whom such arrangements are mere matters of course, the assiduity with which he attended this Signora to the theatre, and the Ridottos was a subject of much amusement. It was with difficulty, indeed, that he could be prevailed upon to absent himself from her so long as to admit of that hasty visit to the Immortal City, out of which one of his own noblest titles to immortality sprung; and having, in the space of a few weeks, drunk in more inspiration from all he saw than, in a less excited state, possibly, he might have imbibed in years, he again hurried back, without extending his journey to Naples,—having written to the fair Marianna to meet him at some distance from Venice.

Besides some seasonable acts of liberality to the husband, who had, it seems, failed in trade, he also presented to the lady herself a handsome set of diamonds; and there is an anecdote related, in reference to this gift, which shows the exceeding easiness and forbearance of his disposition towards those who had acquired any hold on his heart. A casket, which was for sale, being one day offered to him, he was not a little surprised on discovering them to be the same jewels which he had, not long before, presented to his fair favourite, and which had, by some unromantic means, found their way back into the market. Without inquiring, however, any further into the circumstances, he generously repurchased the casket, and presented it to the lady once more, good-humouredly taxing her with the little estimation in which, as it appeared, she held his presents.

To whatever extent this unsentimental incident may have had a share in dispelling the romance of his passion, it is certain that, before the expiration of the first twelvemonth, he began to find his lodgings in the Spezieria inconvenient, and accordingly entered into treaty with Count Grizzi for his Palace on the Grand Canal,—engaging to give for it, what is considered, I believe, a large rent in Venice, 200 louis a year. On finding, however, that, in the counterpart of the lease brought for his signature, a new clause had been introduced, prohibiting him not only from underletting the house, in case he should leave Venice, but from even allowing any of his own friends to occupy it during his occasional absence, he declined closing on such terms; and resenting so material a departure from the original engagement, declared in society, that he would have no objection to give the same rent, though acknowledged to be exorbitant, for any other Palace in Venice, however inferior, in all respects, to this. After such an announcement, he was not likely to remain long unhoused; and the Countess Mocenigo having offered him one of her three Palazzi, on the Grand Canal, he removed to this house in the summer of the present year, and continued to occupy it during the remainder of his stay in Venice.

Highly susceptible, in point of morality and decorum, as was his course of life while under the roof of Madame\*, it was (with pain I am forced to confess)

venial in comparison with the strange, headlong of licence to which, when weaned from this connexion, he so unrestrainedly and, it may be said, defiantly abandoned himself. Of the state of mind on leaving England I have already endeavoured to convey some idea, and, among the feelings which went to make up that self-centred spirit of mine which he then opposed to his fate, was an intense scorn of his own countrymen for the wrongs they thought they had done him. For a time, these sentiments which he still harboured towards Byron, and a sort of vague hope, perhaps, that would yet come right again, kept his mind somewhat more softened and docile, as well as sufficiently under the influence still of English manners to prevent his breaking out into open rebellion against it, as he unluckily did afterwards.

By the failure of the attempted mediation of Lady Byron, his last link with home was cut, while, notwithstanding the quiet and contentment which he had led at Geneva, there was a constant found, no cessation whatever of the clamorous warfare against his character;—the same busy misrepresenting spirit which had tracked him step at home having, with no less malicious industry, dogged him into exile. To the persons for which he had but too much ground to feel all that an imagination like his could feel a reality, all that he was left to interpret, a his own way, of the absent and the silent,—till, a length, and himself against fancied enemies and wrongs, with the condition (as it seemed to him) of assuming also the desperation, he resolved that his countrymen would not do justice to the gentleness of his nature, to have, at least, the permission of braving and shocking them with his own. It is to this feeling, I am convinced, largely due to any depraved taste for such a course of life, the extravagances to which he now, for a short time, gave loose are to be attributed. The existence, indeed, of this mode of existence while I lived, both upon his spirits and his genius,—as he himself tells us, was always preserved by a state of contest and defiance,—demonstrating much of this latter feeling must have been instrumental to his excesses. The altered character, however, in his letters in this respect cannot fail, I think, to be marked by the reader,—there being, with an increase of intellectual vigour, a tone of exulting bravado breaking out in them continually, which marks the high pitch of reaction to which he wound up his temper.

In fact, so far from the powers of his mind being at all weakened or dissipated by these irregularities, he was, perhaps, at no time of his life actively in the full possession of all its energies. His friend Shelley, who went to Venice at this period, to see him,\* used to say, that all he observed

\* The following are extracts from a letter of Shelley to a friend at this time.

“ Venice, August 1818.  
“ We came from Padua hither in a gondola, with Gondoliers, among other things, without any part, began talking of Lord Byron. He said to me ‘Giovannotto Inglese,’ with a ‘nonne stravagante,’ lived very luxuriously, and spent great sums of money.”  
“ At three o’clock I called on Lord Byron. He was



rankings of Byron's mind, during his visit, far higher idea of its powers than he had entertained. It was, indeed, then that he chanced out, and chiefly wrote, his poem of "Maddalo," in the latter of which picturesquely shadowed forth his allusions to "the Swan of the Lines written among the Euganean also, I understand, the result of the admiration and enthusiasm.

the Venetian women, in one of the Lord Byron, it will be recollected, beauty for which they were once longer now to be found among the higher orders, but all under the "fascinations of the lower. It was, unluckily, after specimens of the "bel sangue" of now, by a suddenness of descent in refinement, for which nothing but the state of his mind can account, chose companions of his disengaged hours;—an ironical proof that, in this short, daring libertinism, he was but desperately seeking a strong and mortified spirit, and to us seem'd guilt might be but woe,"—

than once, of an evening, when his house possession of such visitants, he has to hurry away in his gondola, and pass part of the night upon the water, as if to his home. It is, indeed, certain, least defensible portion of his whole life looked back, during the short remainder of painful self-reproach; and among the

see me, and our first conversation of course the object of our visit. \* \* \* He took me in, across the Laguna, to a long, strandy sand, and Venice from the Adriatic. When we dismounted we found his horses waiting for us, and we rode on, talking. Our conversation consisted in his own wounded feelings, and questions as to his great professions of friendship and regard. He said that if he had been in England, at the time of the Chancery affair, he would have moved heaven to have prevented such a decision. He talked of letters,—his Fourth Canto, which he says is very indeed repeated some stanzas, of great energy. When we returned to his palace, which is one of the most magnificent in Venice, &c. &c."

preface also to this poem, under the fictitious name of Maddalo, the following just and striking portrait of Lord Byron is drawn:—

a person of the most consummate genius, and he would direct his energies to such an end, of the redeemer of his degraded country. But it is easy to be proud: he derives, from a comparison of his extraordinary mind with the dwarfish intellects of his own age, an intense apprehension of the nothingness of human life. His passions and his powers are infinitely greater than those of other men, and instead of being employed in curbing the former, he has mutually lent each other strength. His ambition is upon itself for want of objects which it can exertion. I say that Maddalo is proud. can find no other word to express the constant impatient feelings which consume him; but his own hopes and affections only that he seems to have in social life no human being can be more silent, and unassuming than Maddalo. He is frank, and witty. His more serious conversation is full of animation. He has travelled much; and there is a great charm in his relation of his adventures in distant countries."

causes of the detestation which he afterwards felt for Venice, this recollection of the excesses to which he had there abandoned himself was not the least prominent.

The most distinguished and, at last, the reigning favourite of all this unworthy Haram was a woman named Margarita Cogni, who has been already mentioned in one of these letters, and who, from the trade of her husband, was known by the title of the Fornarina. A portrait of this handsome virago, drawn by Harlowe when at Venice, having fallen into the hands of one of Lord Byron's friends after the death of that artist, the noble poet, on being applied to for some particulars of his heroine, wrote a long letter on the subject, from which the following are extracts:—

"Since you desire the story of Margarita Cogni, you shall be told it, though it may be lengthy.

"Her face is the fine Venetian cast of the old time; her figure, though perhaps too tall, is not less fine—and taken altogether in the national dress.

"In the summer of 1817, \* \* \* and myself were sauntering on horseback along the Brenta one evening, when, amongst a group of peasants, we remarked two girls as the prettiest we had seen for some time. About this period, there had been great distress in the country, and I had a little relieved some of the people. Generosity makes a great figure at very little cost in Venetian livres, and mine had probably been exaggerated as an Englishman's. Whether they remarked us looking at them or no, I know not; but one of them called out to me in Venetian, 'Why do not you, who relieve others, think of us also?' I turned round and answered her—'Cara, tu sei troppo bella e giovane per aver' bisogno del soccorso mio.' She answered, 'If you saw my hut and my food, you would not say so.' All this passed half jestingly, and I saw no more of her for some days.

"A few evenings after, we met with these two girls again, and they addressed us more seriously, assuring us of the truth of their statement. They were cousins; Margarita married, the other single. As I doubted still of the circumstances, I took the business in a different light, and made an appointment with them for the next evening.

In short, in a few evenings we arranged our affairs, and for a long space of time she was the only one who preserved over me an ascendancy which was often disputed, and never impaired.

"The reasons of this were, firstly, her person:—very dark, tall, the Venetian face, very fine black eyes. She was two-and-twenty years old, \* \* \* She was besides a thorough Venetian in her dialect, in her thoughts, in her countenance, in every thing, with all their naïveté and pantaloon humour. Besides, she could neither read nor write, and could not plague me with letters,—except twice that she paid sixpence to a public scribe, under the piazzas, to make a letter for her, upon some occasion when I was ill and could not see her. In other respects, she was somewhat fierce and 'prepotente,' that is overbearing, and used to walk in whenever it suited her, with no very great regard to time, place, nor persons; and if she found any women in her way, she knocked them down.

"When I first knew her, I was in 'relazione' (liaison) with la Signora \*\*, who was silly enough one evening at Dolo, accompanied by some of her female friends, to threaten her; for the gossips of the Villeggiatura had already found out, by the neighing of my horse one evening, that I used to 'ride late in the night' to meet the Fornarina. Margarita threw back her veil (fazzoletto), and replied in very explicit Venetian: 'You are not his wife: I am not his wife: you are his Donna, and I am his Donna: your husband is a becco, and mine is another. For the rest, what right have you to reproach me? If he prefers me to you, is it my fault? If you wish to secure him, tie him to your petticoat-string.—But do not think to speak to me without a reply, because you happen to be richer than I am.' Having delivered this pretty piece of eloquence (which I translate as it was related to me by a bystander), she went on her way, leaving a numerous audience, with Madame \*\*, to ponder at her leisure on the dialogue between them.

"When I came to Venice for the winter, she followed; and as she found herself out to be a favourite, she came to me pretty often. But she had inordinate self-love, and was not tolerant of other women. At the 'Cavalchina,' the masqued ball on the last night of the Carnival, where all the world goes, she snatched off the mask of Madame Contarini, a lady noble by birth, and decent in conduct, for no other reason but because she happened to be leaning on my arm. You may suppose what a cursed noise this made; but this is only one of her pranks.

"At last she quarrelled with her husband, and one evening ran away to my house. I told her this would not do: she said she would lie in the street, but not go back to him; that he beat her, (the gentle tigress!) spent her money, and scandalously neglected her. As it was midnight, I let her stay, and next day, there was no moving her at all. Her husband came, roaring and crying, and entreating her to come back:—not she! He then applied to the police, and they applied to me: I told them and her husband to take her; I did not want her; she had come, and I could not fling her out of the window; but they might conduct her through that or the door if they chose it. She went before the commissary, but was obliged to return with that 'becco etico,' as she called the poor man, who had a phthisic. In a few days she ran away again. After a precious piece of work, she fixed herself in my house, really and truly without my consent; but, owing to my indolence, and not being able to keep my countenance—for if I began in a rage, she always finished by making me laugh with some Venetian pantaloonery or another; and the gipsy knew this well enough, as well as her other powers of persuasion, and exerted them with the usual tact and success of all she-things;—high and low, they are all alike for that.

"Madame Beazoni also took her under her protection, and then her head turned. She was always in extremes, either crying or laughing, and so fierce when angered, that she was the terror of men, women, and children—for she had the strength of an Amazon, with the temper of Medea. She was a fine animal, but quite untameable. I was the only person that could at all keep her in any order, and

when she saw me really angry (which they—a savage sight), she subsided. But she had a hundred fooleries. In her fazzoletto, the dress of orders, she looked beautiful; but, alas! all for a hat and feathers; and all I could say (as I said much) could not prevent this travestie. The first into the fire; but I got tired of them before she did of buying them, so that she herself a figure—for they did not at all become her.

"Then she would have her gowns with like a lady, forsooth; nothing would serve 'l'abito colla coda,' or *cua*, (that is the for 'la cola,' the tail or train), and as her pronunciation of the word made me laugh, at an end of all controversy, and she dragged a bolical tail after her every where.

"In the mean time, she beat the stopped my letters. I found her one day over one. She used to try to find out by whether they were feminine or no; and lament her ignorance, and actually strophet, on purpose (as she declared) letters addressed to me and read their contents.

"I must not omit to do justice to her qualities. After she came into my house, 'di governo,' the expenses were reduced half, and every body did their duty. Apartments were kept in order, and every body else, except herself.

"That she had a sufficient regard for wild way, I had many reasons to believe mention one. In the autumn, one day, at Lido with my gondoliers, we were overtaken by a heavy squall, and the gondola put in peril—Fast away, boat filling, oar lost, tumbling away, rain in torrents, night coming, and wind roaring. On our return, after a tight struggle, I found the open steps of the Mocenigo palace, on the Canal, with her great black eyes flashing through tears, and the long dark hair, which was strendrenched with rain, over her brows and breast: was perfectly exposed to the storm; and the blowing her hair and dress about her thin tall and the lightning flashing round her, and the rolling at her feet, made her look like Medea from her chariot, or the Sibyl of the tempest rolling around her, the only living thing within at that moment except ourselves. On seeing me she did not wait to greet me, as might have been expected, but calling out to me—'Ah! can' della donna, xe esto il tempo per andar' a Lido?'—the dog of the Virgin, is this a time to go to Lido?—into the house, and solaced herself with scolding boatmen for not foreseeing the 'temporale.' I told by the servants that she had only been prevented from coming in a boat to look after me, by the of all the gondoliers of the canal to put out the harbour in such a moment; and that then she down on the steps in all the thickest of the and would neither be removed nor comforted. Joy at seeing me again was moderately mixed ferocity, and gave me the idea of a tigress on recovered cubs.

"But her reign drew near a close. She became quite ungovernable some months after, and a succession of complaints, some true, and many false



no friends'—determined me to part with her quietly that she must return home, and required a sufficient provision for herself (i.e. in my service), and she refused to do so. I was firm, and she went threatened revenge. I told her that I had seen her before her time, and that if she chose to do so, she must have a knife, and fork also, at her service; and that intimidation would not do. While I was at dinner, she walked in, and opened a glass-door that led from the staircase, by way of prologue, and might up to the table, snatched the knife from my hand, cutting me slightly in the operation. Whether she meant to do me any harm, I know not—probably not; but Fletcher seized her by the arm, and dismissed her. I then called my boatmen to get the gondola ready, and sent her to her own house again, seeing carefully to herself no mischief by the way. She was quite quiet, and walked down stairs. I remained at dinner.

I heard a great noise, and went out, and met her on the staircase, carrying her up stairs. She went herself into the canal. That she intended to do so, I do not believe: but when we see the fear women and men who can't swim in deep or even of shallow water (and the same in particular, though they live on the water, and that it was also night, and dark, and cold, it shows that she had a devilish spirit of mischief within her. They had got her out without difficulty or damage, excepting the salt water she had swallowed, and the wetting she had undergone.

I saw her intention to refix herself, and sent a surgeon, inquiring how many hours it would take to restore her from her agitation; and he told me the time. I then said, 'I give you that time, more if you require it; but at the expiration of the prescribed period, if she does not leave the house,

all my people were consternated. They had been frightened at her, and were now paralyzed. They wanted me to apply to the police, to guard her, &c. &c. like a pack of snivelling servile fellows as they were. I did nothing of the kind, and that I might as well end that way as another, I had been used to savage women, and their ways.

After her sent home quietly after her recovery, I never saw her since, except twice at the opera, and once amongst the audience. She made many attempts to return, but no more violent ones.—And the story of Margarita Cogni, as far as it goes, is true.

I ought to mention that she was very devout, and crossed herself if she heard the prayer time.

She was quick in reply; as, for instance—One day she had made me very angry with beating her, or rather I called her a *cova* (cow, in Italian,

is a sad affront). I called her 'Vacca.' She turned round, curtsied, and answered, 'Vacca tua, eccellenza, (i.e. eccellenza). 'Your cow, please your Excellency.' In short, she was, as I said before, a very fine animal, of considerable beauty and energy, with many good and several amusing qualities, but wild as a witch and fierce as a demon. She used to boast publicly of her ascendancy over me, contrasting it with that of other women, and assigning for it sundry reasons, \* \* \*. True it was, that they all tried to get her away, and no one succeeded till her own absurdity helped them.

"I omitted to tell you her answer, when I reproached her for snatching Madame Contarini's mask, at the Cavalcina. I represented to her that she was a lady of high birth, 'una Dama,' &c. She answered, 'Se ella è dama, mi (io) son Veneziana;—' if she is a lady, I am a Venetian.' This would have been fine a hundred years ago, the pride of the nation rising up against the pride of aristocracy: but, alas! Venice, and her people, and her nobles, are alike returning fast to the ocean; and where there is no independence, there can be no real self-respect. I believe that I mistook or mis-stated one of her phrases in my letter; it should have been—'Can' della Madonna, cosa vui tu? esto non è tempo per andar' a Lido?'"

It was at this time, as we shall see by the letters I am about to produce, and as the features, indeed, of the progeny itself would but too plainly indicate, that he conceived, and wrote some part of, his Poem of "Don Juan;"—and never did pages more faithfully and, in many respects, lamentably reflect every variety of feeling, and whim, and passion that, like the rack of autumn, swept across the author's mind in writing them. Nothing less, indeed, than that singular combination of attributes, which existed and were in full activity in his mind at this moment, could have suggested, or been capable of, the execution of such a work. The cool shrewdness of age with the vivacity and glowing temperament of youth,—the wit of a Voltaire, with the sensibility of a Rousseau,—the minute, practical knowledge of the man of society, with the abstract and self-contemplative spirit of the poet,—a susceptibility of all that is grandest and most affecting in human virtue, with a deep, withering experience of all that is most fatal to it,—the two extremes, in short, of man's mixed and inconsistent nature, now rankly smelling of earth, now breathing of heaven,—such was the strange assemblage of contrary elements, all meeting together in the same mind, and all brought to bear, in turn, upon the same task, from which alone could have sprung this extraordinary Poem,—the most powerful and, in many respects, painful display of the versatility of genius that has ever been left for succeeding ages to wonder at and deplore.

I shall now proceed with his correspondence,—having thought some of the preceding observations necessary, not only to explain to the reader much of what he will find in these letters, but to account to him for much that has been necessarily omitted.

## LETTER CCCXVIII.

TO MR. MURRAY.

\* Venice, June 18th, 1818.

"Business and the utter and inexplicable silence of all my correspondents renders me impatient and troublesome. I wrote to Mr. Hanson for a balance which is (or ought to be) in his hands;—no answer. I expected the messenger with the Newstead papers two months ago, and instead of him, I received a requisition to proceed to Geneva, which (from \*\*, who knows my wishes and opinions about approaching England) could only be irony or insult.

"I must, therefore, trouble *you* to pay into my bankers' *immediately* whatever sum or sums you can make it convenient to do on our agreement otherwise, I shall be put to the *severest* and most immediate inconvenience; and this at a time when, by every rational prospect and calculation, I ought to be in the receipt of considerable sums. Pray do not neglect this; you have no idea to what inconvenience you will otherwise put me. \*\* had some absurd notion about the disposal of this money in annuity (or God knows what), which I merely listened to when he was here to avoid squabbles and sermons but I have occasion for the principal, and had never any serious idea of appropriating it otherwise than to answer my personal expenses. Hobhouse's wish is, if possible, to force me back to England: \* he will not succeed and if he did, I would not stay. I hate the country, and like this and all foolish opposition, of course, merely adds to the feeling. *Your* silence makes me doubt the success of Canto Fourth. If it has failed, will make such deduction as you think proper and fair from the original agreement; but I could wish whatever is to be paid were remitted to me, without delay, through the usual channel, by course of post.

"When I tell you that I have not heard a word from England since very early in May, I have made the eulogium of my friends, or the persons who call themselves so, since I have written so often and in the greatest anxiety. Thank God, the longer I am absent, the less cause I see for regretting the country or its living contents.

"I am yours, &amp;c.

\* P.S. Tell Mr \* \* \* that \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
and that I will never forgive him (or any body) the atrocity of their late silence, at a time when I wished particularly to hear, for every reason, from my friends."

## LETTER CCCXIX.

TO MR. MURRAY.

\* Venice, July 10th, 1818.

"I have received your letter and the credit from Morlands, &c. for whom I have also drawn upon you at sixty days' sight for the remainder, according to your proposition.

\* Deeply is it, for many reasons, to be regretted that this friendly purpose did not succeed.

"I am still waiting in Venice, arrival of Hanson's clerk. What I do not know; but I trust that Mr Kinnaird, when their politics take the trouble to inquire and have nearly a hundred thousand upon the completion of the sale of the papers.

"The draft on you is drawn to halm. I hope that the form is correct two or three days ago, desiring the Messrs. Morland and Ransom.

"Your projected editions for November be postponed, as I have some preparation, that may be of use very important in themselves. I Ode on Venice, and have two and one ludicrous (à la Beppo), in no hurry to be so.

"You talk of the letter to Hobhouse, and speak of prose. (for your full edition) some Men prefix to them, upon the same enough, I fear, from reaching it &c.; and this without any intention of closures, or remarks upon living people be unpleasant to them: but I think and well done. However, this is I have materials in plenty, but them could not be used by me, no years to come. However, there these, and merely as a literary mask face for such an edition as you may by the way: I have not made up.

"I enclose you a note on the *sina*, which Hobhouse can dress extract of particulars from a history.

"I trust you have been attentive to the English have the character of the Italians at present, which I hope

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## LETTER CCCXX.

TO MR. MURRAY.

\* Venice

"I suppose that Aglietti will offer, but till his return from Vienna no proposal; nor, indeed, have you do so. The three French notes are also another half-English-French—very pretty and passionate; it is as if one of them is lost. Algarotti needed her ill; but she was much women are used ill—or say so, or not.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I shall be glad of your book am still in waiting for Hanson's clerk at Geneva. All my good friends hasten there to meet him, but not sense, or the good nature, to write me that it would be time and a journey as he could not set off for some



appointed. If I had taken the journey on the suggestion, I never would have spoken again of you as long as I existed. I have written to Mr Kinnaird, when the foam of his politics flew away, to extract a positive answer from him, and not to keep me in a state of suspense upon the subject. I hope that Kinnaird, as my power of attorney, keeps a look-out for a gentleman, which is the more necessary, as I have a great dislike to the idea of coming over to see him myself.

I have several things begun, verse and prose, and am in much forwardness. I have written some seven sheets of a *Life*, which I mean to conclude and send you when finished. It may perhaps be your projected editions. If you would tell me (for I know nothing, and have no correspondence, except on business) the state of the reception of your late publications, and the feeling upon without consulting any delicacies (I am too much to require them), I should know how and in what manner to proceed. I should not like to be too much, which may probably have been done already; but, as I tell you, I know nothing. I once wrote from the fullness of my mind and of love of fame (not as an end, but as a means, to gain that influence over men's minds which is power in itself and in its consequences), and now I have a habit and from avarice; so that the effect may be as different as the inspiration. I have some facility, and indeed necessity, of composition to avoid idleness (though idleness in a hot climate is a pleasure), but a much greater indifference to what is to become of it, after it has served its immediate purpose. However, I should on no account like to—*but I won't go on, like the archbishop of Granada, as I am very sure that you dread of Gil Blas, and with good reason.*

"Yours, &c."

I have written some very savage letters to Kinnaird, to you, and to Hanson, because of so long a time made me tear off the remaining rags of patience. I have seen one or two English publications, which are no great exception to Rob Roy. I shall be glad of Whistle-

#### LETTER CCCXXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Venice, August 26th, 1818.

You may go on with your edition, without calling on the *Memoir*, which I shall not publish at all. It is nearly finished, but will be too long; there are so many things, which, out of regard to living, cannot be mentioned, that I have written with too much detail of that which interested me; so that my autobiographical Essay would be like the tragedy of Hamlet at the country theatre, with the part of Hamlet left out by the star desire." I shall keep it among my papers; it will be a kind of guide-post in case of death, and will destroy some which have been told already. The *Tales* also are in an unfinished state, and I have no time for their completion: they are also

not in the best manner. You must not, therefore, calculate upon any thing in time for this edition. The *Memoir* is already above forty-four sheets of very large, long paper, and will be about fifty or sixty; but I wish to go on leisurely; and when finished, although it might do a good deal for you at the time, I am not sure that it would serve any good purpose in the end either, as it is full of many passions and prejudices, of which it has been impossible for me to keep clear:—I have not the patience.

"Enclosed is a list of books which Dr Aglietti would be glad to receive by way of price for his MS. letters, if you are disposed to purchase at the rate of fifty pounds sterling. These he will be glad to have as part, and the rest I will give him in money, and you may carry it to the account of books, &c. which is in balance against me, deducting it accordingly. So that the letters are yours, if you like them, at this rate; and he and I are going to hunt for more Lady Montague letters, which he thinks of finding. I write in haste. Thanks for the article, and believe me,

"Yours, &c."

To the charge brought against Lord Byron by some English travellers of being, in general, repulsive and inhospitable to his own countrymen, I have already made allusion; and shall now add to the testimony then cited in disproof of such a charge some particulars, communicated to me by Captain Basil Hall, which exhibit the courtesy and kindness of the noble poet's disposition in their true, natural light.

"On the last day of August, 1818 (says this distinguished writer and traveller), I was taken ill with an ague at Venice, and having heard enough of the low state of the medical art in that country, I was not a little anxious as to the advice I should take. I was not acquainted with any person in Venice to whom I could refer, and had only one letter of introduction, which was to Lord Byron; but as there were many stories floating about of his lordship's unwillingness to be pestered with tourists, I had felt unwilling, before this moment, to intrude myself in that shape. Now, however, that I was seriously unwell, I felt sure that this offensive character would merge in that of a countryman in distress, and I sent the letter by one of my travelling companions to Lord Byron's lodgings with a note, excusing the liberty I was taking, explaining that I was in want of medical assistance, and saying I should not send to any one till I heard the name of the person who, in his lordship's opinion, was the best practitioner in Venice.

"Unfortunately for me, Lord Byron was still in bed, though it was near noon, and still more unfortunately, the bearer of my message scrupled to awake him, without first coming back to consult me. By this time I was in all the agonies of a cold ague fit, and, therefore, not at all in a condition to be consulted upon any thing—so I replied pettishly, 'Oh, by no means disturb Lord Byron on my account—ring for the landlord, and send for any one he recommends.' This absurd injunction being forthwith and literally attended to, in the course of an hour I was under the discipline of mine host's friend, whose skill and success it is no part of my present purpose to descant upon:—it is sufficient to mention that I was irrevocably in

their being published separately. *Print Don Juan entire*, omitting, of course, the lines on Castlereagh, as I am not on the spot to meet him. I have a Second Canto ready, which will be sent by and by. By this post, I have written to Mr Hobhouse, addressed to your care.

"Yours, &c.

"P.S. I have acquiesced in the request and representation; and having done so, it is idle to detail my arguments in favour of my own self-love and 'Poeshie'; but I *protest*. If the poem has poetry, it would stand; if not, fall; the rest is 'leather and prunello,' and has never yet affected any human production 'pro or con.' Dulness is the only annihilator in such cases. As to the cant of the day, I despise it, as I have ever done all its other finical fashions, which become you as paint became the ancient Britons. If you admit this prudery, you must omit half Ariosto, La Fontaine, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, all the Charles Second writers; in short, *something* of most who have written before Pope and are worth reading, and much of Pope himself. *Read him*—most of you *don't*—but *do*—and I will forgive you; though the inevitable consequence would be that you would burn all I have ever written, and all your other wretched Claudians of the day (except Scott and Crabbe) into the bargain. I wrong Claudian, who *was* a poet, by naming him with such fellows; but he was the 'ultimus Romanorum,' the tail of the comet, and these persons are the tail of an old gown cut into a waistcoat for Jackey; but being both *tails*, I have compared the one with the other, though very unlike, like all similes. I write in a passion and a sirocco, and I was up till six this morning at the Carnival: but I *protest*, as I did in my former letter."

#### LETTER CCCXXVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Venice, February 1st, 1819.

"After one of the concluding stanzas of the First Canto of 'Don Juan,' which ends with (I forget the number)—

\* To have, . . . . .  
. . . . . when the original is dust.  
A book, a d—d bad picture, and worse bust,

insert the following stanza:—

\* What are the hopes of man, &c.

"I have written to you several letters, some with additions, and some upon the subject of the poem itself, which my cursed puritanical committee have protested against publishing. But we will circumvent them on that point. I have not yet begun to copy out the Second Canto, which is finished, from natural laziness, and the discouragement of the milk and water they have thrown upon the First. I say all this to them as to you, that is, for *you* to say to *them*, for I will have nothing underhand. If they had told me the poetry was bad, I would have acquiesced; but they say the contrary, and then talk to me about morality—the first time I ever heard the word from any body who was not a rascal that used it for a purpose. I maintain that it is the most moral

of poems; but if people won't discover the same, that is their fault, not mine. I have already written to beg that in any case you will print *fifty* for private distribution. I will send you the list of persons to whom it is to be sent afterwards.

"Within this last fortnight I have been miserably indisposed with a rebellion of stomach, which will retain nothing (liver, I suppose), and an insupportable phantasy, not to be able to eat of any thing but a relish but a kind of Adriatic fish called 'sardines,' which happens to be the most indigestible of sea viands. However, within these last two days, I am better, and very truly yours."

#### LETTER CCCXXVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Venice, April 1st.

"The Second Canto of Don Juan was sent Saturday last, by post, in four packets, two of one hundred and two of three sheets each, containing a hundred and seventeen stanzas, octavo size. But I will permit no curtailments, except those mentioned about Castlereagh and . . . . .

You sha'n't make *canticles* of my name. To you will please, if it is lively; if it is stupid, it will please me; but I will have none of your damned *satire* at slashing. If you please, you may publish *anonymously*; it will perhaps be better; but I will battle my way against them all, like a porcupine.

"So you and Mr Foscolo, &c. want to take what you call a 'great work' as *Trilium*. I suppose, or some such pyramid. I hate a thing; I hate tasks. And then 'seven or eight years. God send us all well this day three months, or six years. If one's years can't be better employed in sweating poesy, a man had better be a soldier. And works, too!—is Childe Harold nothing? We have so many 'divine' poems, is it nothing to have written a *human* one? without any of your vast machinery. Why, man, I could have equalled the thoughts of the Four Cantos of that poem, if I had wanted to book-make, and its passion more than many modern tragedies. Since you want to have you shall have enough of *Juan*, for I'll make the Cantos.

"And Foscolo, too! Why does he write more than the Letters of Ortis, and a couple of pamphlets? He has good fifteen years and his command than I have: what has he done in his time?—proved his genius, doubtless, but not his fame, nor done his utmost.

"Besides, I mean to write my best work in Italian, and it will take me nine years more to master the language; and then if my fancy fails, and I exist too, I will try what I can do with English. As to the estimation of the English which you speak of, let them calculate what it is worth, before they insult me with their insolent condescension.

"I have not written for their pleasure. If they are pleased, it is that they chose to be so: I have never flattered their opinions, nor their pride: I will I. Neither will I make 'Ladies' books'—*dilettar le femmine e la plebe*." I have written for the fulness of my mind, from passion, from impulse



A. D. 1819.

# LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

from many motives, but not for their 'sweet voices.' I know the precise worth of popular applause, for few scribblers have had more of it; and if I chose to swerve into their paths, I could retain it, or resume it. But I neither love ye, nor fear ye; and though I buy with ye and sell with ye, I will neither eat with ye, drink with ye, nor pray with ye. They made me, without my search, a species of popular idol; they, without reason or judgment, beyond the caprice of their good pleasure, threw down the image from its pedestal: it was not broken with the fall, and they would, it seems, again replace it,—but they shall not.

"You ask about my health: about the beginning of the year I was in a state of great exhaustion, attacked by such debility of stomach that nothing remained upon it; and I was obliged to reform my 'way of life,' which was conducting me from the 'yellow leaf' to the ground, with all deliberate speed. I am better in health and morals, and very much yours, &c.

"P.S. I have read Hodgson's 'Friends.' \* \* \* \* He is right in defending Pope against the bastard pelicans of the poetical winter day, who add insult to their parricide, by sucking the blood of the parent of English real poetry—poetry without fault—and then spurning the bosom which fed them."

It was about the time when the foregoing letter was written, and when, as we perceive, like the first return of reason after intoxication, a full consciousness of some of the evils of his late libertine course of life had broken upon him, that an attachment differing altogether, both in duration and devotion, from any of those that, since the dream of his boyhood, had inspired him, gained an influence over his mind which lasted through his few remaining years; and, indubitably wrong and immoral (even allowing for the Italian estimate of such frailties) as was the nature of the connexion to which this attachment led, we can hardly perhaps,—taking into account the far more wrong from which it rescued and preserved him,—consider it otherwise than an event fortunate both for his reputation and happiness.

The fair object of this last, and (with one signal exception) only real love of his whole life, was a young Romagnese lady, the daughter of Count Gamba, of Ravenna, and married, but a short time before Lord Byron first met with her, to an old and wealthy widower, of the same city, Count Guiccioli. Her husband had in early life been the friend of Alfieri, and had distinguished himself by his zeal in promoting the establishment of a National Theatre, in which the talents of Alfieri and his own wealth were to be combined. Notwithstanding his age, and a character, as it appears, by no means reputable, his great name rendered him an object of ambition among the mothers of Ravenna, who, according to the too common maternal practice, were seen vying with each other in attracting so rich a purchaser for their sons, and just emancipated from a convent, was selected victim.

First time Lord Byron had ever seen this lady was the autumn of 1818, when she made her appearance, soon after her marriage, at the house of

the Countess Albrizzi, in all the gaiety of array, and the first delight of exchanging a glance for the world. At this time, however, no acquaintance ensued between them;—it was not till the spring of the present year that, at an evening of Madame Benzoni's, they were introduced to each other. The love that sprung out of this meeting was instantaneous and mutual,—though with the disproportion of sacrifice between the parties;—an event being, to the man, but one of the incidents of life, while, to the woman, it generally constitutes the whole drama. The young Italian for herself suddenly inspired with a passion, of which till that moment, her mind could not have formed the least idea;—she had thought of love but as an amusement, and now became its slave. If at the outset too, less slow to be won than an Englishwoman, sooner did she begin to understand the full despotism of the passion than her heart shrunk from it as something terrible, and she would have escaped, but that the chain was already around her.

No words, however, can describe so simply and feelingly as her own, the strong impression which their first meeting left upon her mind:—

"I became acquainted (says Madame Guiccioli) with Lord Byron in the April of 1819:—he was introduced to me at Venice, by the Countess Benzoni, at one of that lady's parties. This introduction, which had so much influence over the lives of us both, took place contrary to our wishes, and had been permitted by us only from courtesy. For myself, more fatigued than usual that evening on account of the late hours they keep at Venice, I went with great repugnance to this party, and purely in obedience to Count Guiccioli. Lord Byron, too, who was averse to forming new acquaintances,—alleging that he had entirely renounced all attachments, and was unwilling any more to expose himself to their consequences,—on being requested by the Countess Benzoni to allow himself to be presented to me, refused, and, at last, only assented from a desire to oblige her.

"His noble and exquisitely beautiful countenance, the tone of his voice, his manners, the thousand enchantments that surrounded him, rendered him so different and so superior a being to any whom I had hitherto seen, that it was impossible he should not have left the most profound impression upon me. From that evening, during the whole of my subsequent stay at Venice, we met every day."

"Nell' Aprile del 1819, io feci la conoscenza di Lord Byron: e mi fu presentato a Venezia dalla Contessa Benzoni nella di lei società. Questa presentazione che ebbe tante conseguenze per tutti e due fu fatta contro la volontà d'entrambi, e solo per condiscendenza l'abbiamo permessa. Io stanca più che mai quella sera per le ore tarde che si costuma fare in Venezia andai con molta ripugnanza solo per ubbidire al Conte Guiccioli in quella società. Lord Byron che scaturata di fare nuove conoscenze, dicendo sempre che aveva interamente rinunciato alle passioni e che non voleva esporr più alle loro conseguenze, quando la Contessa Benzoni lo pregò di volersi far presentare a me egli ricusò, e solo per la compiacenza glielo permisero. La nobile e bellissima sua fisonomia, il suono della sua voce, le sue maniere, i mille incanti che lo circondavano lo rendevano un essere così differente, così superiore a tutti quelli che io aveva sino allora veduti, così superiore a meno di non provarne la più profonda impressione. Da quella sera in poi in tutti i giorni che mi fermai in Venezia ci siamo sempre veduti."—*MS.*

## LETTER CCCXXVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Venice, May 15th, 1819.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I have got your extract, and the 'Vampire.' I need not say it is *not mine*. There is a rule to go by: you are my publisher (till we quarrel), and what is not published by you is not written by me.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Next week I set out for Romagna—at least, in all probability. You had better go on with the publications without waiting to hear farther, for I have other things in my head. 'Mazeppa' and the 'Ode' separate?—what think you? *Juan anonymous, without the Dedication*; for I won't be shabby, and attack Southey under cloud of night.

"Yours, &c."

In another letter on the subject of the Vampire, I find the following interesting particulars.

TO MR ———.

"The story of Shelley's agitation is true.\* I can't tell what seized him, for he don't want courage. He was once with me in a gale of wind, in a small boat, right under the rocks between Meillerie and St Gingo. We were five in the boat—a servant, two boatmen, and ourselves. The sail was mismanaged, and the boat was filling fast. He can't swim. I stripped off my coat, made him strip off his, and take hold of an oar, telling him that I thought (being myself an expert swimmer) I could save him, if he would not struggle when I took hold of him—unless we got smashed against the rocks, which were high and sharp, with an awkward surf on them at that minute. We wore then about a hundred yards from shore, and the boat in peril. He answered me with the greatest coolness 'that he had no notion of being saved, and that I would have enough to do to save myself, and begged not to trouble me.' Luckily, the boat righted, and, baling, we got round a point into St Gingo, where the inhabitants came down and embraced the boatmen on their escape, the wind having been high enough to tear up some huge trees from the Alps above us, as we saw next day.

"And yet the same Shelley, who was as cool as it was possible to be in such circumstances (of which I am no judge myself, as the chance of swimming naturally gives self-possession when near shore), certainly had the fit of phantasy which Polidori describes, though *not exactly* as he describes it.

\* This story, as given in the Preface to the 'Vampire,' is as follows:—

"It appears that one evening Lord B., Mr P. B. Shelley, two ladies, and the gentleman before alluded to, after having perused a German work called Phantasmagoria, began relating ghost stories, when his lordship having recited the beginning of Christabel, then unpublished, the whole took so strong a hold of Mr Shelley's mind, that he suddenly started up, and ran out of the room. The physician and Lord Byron followed, and discovered him leaning against a mantle piece, with cold drops of perspiration trickling down his face. After having given him something to refresh him, upon inquiring into the cause of his alarm, they found that his wild imagination having pictured to him the bosom of one of the ladies with eyes (which was reported of a lady in the neighbourhood where he lived), he was obliged to leave the room in order to destroy the impression."

"The story of the agreement to write the gh books is true; but the ladies are *not sisters*. \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Mary Godwin (now Mrs Shelley) wrote Frankenstein which you have reviewed, thinking it Shelley's. I think it is a wonderful book for a girl of nineteen *not* nineteen, indeed, at that time. I enclose you beginning of mine, by which you will see how it resembles Mr Colburn's publication. If you choose to publish it, you may, *stating why*, and with an explanatory poem as you please. I never went with it, as you will perceive by the date. I began in an old account-book of Miss Milbanke's, which I kept because it contains the word 'Homage' written by her twice on the inside blank page of the covers, being the only two scraps I have in the world in her writing, except her name to the Deed of Separation. Her letters I sent back, except those of the quarrelling correspondence, and those, being documents, are placed in the hands of a third person with copies of several of my own; so that I have a kind of memorial whatever of her, but these words,—and her actions. I have torn the leaves containing the part of the Tale out of the book, and enclose them with this sheet.

\* \* \* \* \*

"What do you mean? First you seem hurt by a letter, and then, in your next, you talk of its 'power' and so forth. 'This is a d—d blind story, Jack but never mind, go on.' You may be sure I am nothing *on purpose* to plague you, but if you will put me 'in a frenzy, I will never call you Jack again. I remember nothing of the epistle at present.

"What do you mean by Polidori's *Diary*? Why I defy him to say any thing about me but he is welcome. I have nothing to reproach me with on his score, and I am much mistaken if that is not his own opinion. But why publish the names of the two girls? and in such a manner?—what a blundering piece of exculpation! He asked Pictet, &c. to dinner, and of course was left to entertain them. I went into society *solely* to present him (as I told him), so he might return into good company if he chose; it was the best thing for his youth and circumstances for myself. I had done with society, and, having presented him, withdrew to my own 'way of life.' It is true that I returned without entering Lady Darnley's parlour, because I saw it full. It is true that Mrs Hervey (she writes novels) fainted at my entrance into Coppet, and then came back again. On her fainting, the Duchesse de Broglie exclaimed 'This is *too much*—at *sixty-five years of age*.'—never gave 'the English' an opportunity of avenging me; but I trust that, if ever I do, they will seize it. With regard to Mazeppa and the Ode, you may join or separate them, as you please, from the two Cantos.

"Don't suppose I want to put you out of humour. I have a great respect for your good and gentlemanly qualities, and return your personal friendship towards me; and although I think you a little spoilt by villainous company,—wits, persons of honour about town, authors, and fashionables, together with your 'I am just going to call at Carlton House, are you walking that way?'—I say, notwithstanding 'pictures, tapestries, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses,' you deserve and possess the esteem of those whose esteem is



worth having, and of none more (however useless it may be) than yours very truly, &c.

"P.S. Make my respects to Mr Gifford. I am perfectly aware that 'Don Juan' must set us all by the ears, but that is my concern, and my beginning. There will be the 'Edinburgh,' and all, too, against it, so that, like 'Rob Roy,' I shall have my hands full."

## LETTER CCCXXIX.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Venice, May 25th, 1819.

"I have received no proofs by the last post, and shall probably have quitted Venice before the arrival of the next. There wanted a few stanzas to the termination of Canto First in the last proof; the next will, I presume, contain them, and the whole or a portion of Canto Second; but it will be idle to wait for further answers from me, as I have directed that my letters wait for my return (perhaps in a month, and probably so); therefore do not wait for further advice from me. You may as well talk to the wind, and better—for it will at least convey your accents a little farther than they would otherwise have gone; whereas I shall neither echo nor acquiesce in your 'exquisite reasons.' You may omit the note of reference to Hobhouse's travels, in Canto Second, and just will put as motto to the whole—

"*Difficile est proprie communia dicere.*"—HORACE.

"A few days ago I sent you all I know of Polidori's Vampire. He may do, say, or write, what he pleases, but I wish he would not attribute to me his own composition. If he has any thing of mine in his possession, the MS. will put it beyond controversy; but I sincerely think that any one who knows me would believe the thing in the Magazine to be mine, even if they saw it in my own hieroglyphics.

"I write to you in the agonies of a *sirocco*, which annihilates me; and I have been fool enough to do four things since dinner, which are as well omitted in very hot weather: 1stly, \* \* \* \*; 2dly, to play at billiards from 10 to 12, under the influence of lighted lamps, that doubled the heat; 3dly, to go afterwards into a red-hot conversation of the Countess Benvenuti's; and 4thly, to begin this letter at three in the morning: but being begun, it must be finished.

"Ever very truly and affectionately yours,

"B.

"P.S. I petition for tooth-brushes, powder, magnesia, Macassar oil (or Russia), the sashes, and Sir Nl. Wrexall's Memoirs of his own Times. I want, besides, a bull-dog, a terrier, and two Newfoundland dogs; and I want (is it Buck's?) a life of *Richard 3d*, advertised by Longman long, long ago; I asked for it at least three years since. See Longman's advertisements."

About the middle of April, Madame Guiccioli had been obliged to quit Venice with her husband. Having several houses on the road from Venice to Ravenna, it was his habit to stop at these mansions, one after the other, in his journeys between the two

cities; and from all these places the enamoured young Countess now wrote to her lover, expressing, in the most passionate and pathetic terms, her despair at leaving him. So utterly, indeed, did this feeling overpower her, that three times, in the course of her first day's journey, she was seized with fainting-fits. In one of her letters, which I saw when at Venice, dated, if I recollect right, from "Cà Zen, Cavanelle di Po," she tells him that the solitude of this place, which she had before found irksome, was, now that one sole idea occupied her mind, become dear and welcome to her, and promises that, as soon as she arrives at Ravenna, "she will, according to his wish, avoid all general society, and devote herself to reading, music, domestic occupations, riding on horseback,—every thing, in short, that she knew he would most like." What a change for a young and simple girl, who, but a few weeks before, had thought only of society and the world, but who now saw no other happiness but in the hope of becoming worthy, by seclusion and self-instruction, of the illustrious object of her love!

On leaving this place, she was attacked with a dangerous illness on the road, and arrived half dead at Ravenna; nor was it found possible to revive or comfort her till an assurance was received from Lord Byron, expressed with all the fervour of real passion, that, in the course of the ensuing month, he would pay her a visit. Symptoms of consumption, brought on by her state of mind, had already shown themselves; and, in addition to the pain which this separation had caused her, she was also suffering much grief from the loss of her mother, who, at this time, died in giving birth to her twentieth child. Towards the latter end of May she wrote to acquaint Lord Byron that, having prepared all her relatives and friends to expect him, he might now, she thought, venture to make his appearance at Ravenna. Though, on the lady's account, hesitating as to the prudence of such a step, he, in obedience to her wishes, on the 2d of June, set out from La Mira (at which place he had again taken a villa for the summer), and proceeded towards Romagna.

From Padua he addressed a letter to Mr Hoppner, chiefly occupied with matters of household concern, which that gentleman had undertaken to manage for him at Venice, but, on the immediate object of his journey, expressing himself in a tone so light and jesting, as it would be difficult for those not versed in his character to conceive that he could ever bring himself, while under the influence of a passion so sincere, to assume. But such is ever the wantonness of the mocking spirit, from which nothing,—not even love,—remains sacred; and which at last, for want of other food, turns upon self. The same horror, too, of hypocrisy that led Lord Byron to exaggerate his own errors, led him also to disguise, under a seemingly heartless ridicule, all those natural and kindly qualities by which they were redeemed.

This letter from Padua concludes thus:—

"A journey in an Italian June is a conscription; and if I was not the most constant of men, I should now be swimming from the Lido, instead of smoking in the dust of Padua. Should there be letters from England, let them wait my return. And do look at my house

and (not lands, but) waters, and scold;—and deal out the monies to Edgcombe\* with an air of reluctance and a shake of the head—and put queer questions to him—and turn up your nose when he answers.

“ Make my respects to the Consul—*and to the Chevalier—and to Scotin—and to all the counts and countesses of our acquaintance.*

“ And believe me ever

“ Your disconsolate and affectionate, &c.”

As a contrast to the strange levity of this letter, as well as in justice to the real earnestness of the passion, however censurable in all other respects, that now engrossed him, I shall here transcribe some stanzas which he wrote in the course of this journey to Romagna, and which, though already published, are not comprised in the regular collection of his works.

“ River,† that rollest by the ancient walls,  
Where dwells the lady of my love, when she  
Walks by thy brink, and there perchance recalls  
A faint and fleeting memory of me;

“ What if thy deep and ample stream should be  
A mirror of my heart, where she may read  
The thousand thoughts I now betray to thee,  
Wild as thy wave, and headlong as thy speed!

“ What do I say—a mirror of my heart?  
Are not thy waters sweeping, dark, and strong?  
Such as my feelings were and are, thou art;  
And such as thou art were my passions long.

“ Time may have somewhat tamed them,—not for ever;  
Thou overflow’st thy banks, and not for aye  
Thy bosom overboils, congenial river!  
Thy floods subside, and mine have sunk away,

“ But left long wrecks behind, and now again,  
Borne in our old unchanged career, we move;  
Thou tendest wildly onward to the main,  
And I—to loving one I should not love.

“ The current I behold will sweep beneath  
Her native walls and murmur at her feet;  
Her eyes will look on thee, when she shall breathe  
The twilight air, unharm’d by summer’s heat.

“ She will look on thee,—I have look’d on thee,  
Full of that thought: and, from that moment, ne’er  
Thy waters e’er I dream of, name, or see,  
Without the inseparable sigh for her!

“ Her bright eyes will be imaged in thy stream,—  
Yes! they will meet the wave I gaze on now:  
Mine cannot witness, even in a dream,  
That happy wave repass me in its flow!

“ The wave that bears my tears returns no more.  
Will she return by whom that wave shall sweep?  
Both tread thy banks, both wander on thy shore.  
I by thy source, she by the dark-blue deep.

“ But that which keepeth us apart is not  
Distance, nor depth of wave, nor space of earth  
But the distraction of a various lot,  
As various as the climates of our birth.

“ A stranger loves the lady of the land,  
Born far beyond the mountains, but his blood  
Is all meridian, as if never fann’d  
By the black wind that chills the polar flood.

“ My blood is all meridian; were it not,  
I had not left my clime, nor should I be,  
In spite of tortures, ne’er to be forgot,  
A slave again of love,—at least of thee.

\* A clerk of the English Consulate, whom he at this time employed to control his accounts.

† The Po.

‘Tis vain to struggle—let me perish young—  
Live as I lived, and love as I have loved:  
To dust if I return, from dust I sprang,  
And then, at least, my heart can ne’er be moved!

On arriving at Bologna and receiving no farther intelligence from the Contessa, he began to be of opinion, as we shall perceive in the annexed interesting letters, that he should act most prudently, for all parties, by returning to Venice.

### LETTER CCCXXX.

TO MR HOPFNER.

“ Bologna, June 6th, 1834.

“ I am at length joined to Bologna, where I am settled like a sausage, and shall be broiled like one if this weather continues. Will you thank Mengaldo on my part for the Ferrara acquaintance, which was a very agreeable one. I staid two days at Ferrara and was much pleased with the Count Mosti, and the little the shortness of the time permitted me to see of his family. I went to his conversazione, which is very far superior to any thing of the kind at Venice—the women almost all young—several pretty—and the men courteous and cleanly.—The lady of the mansion, who is young, lately married, and with child, appears very pretty by candlelight (I did not see her by day), pleasing in her manners, and very lady-like, or thorough-bred, as we call it in England,—a kind of thing which reminds one of a racer, an antelope, or an Italian greyhound. She seems very fond of her husband, who is amiable and accomplished; he has been in England two or three times, and is young. The sister, a Countess somebody—I forget what—(they are both Maffei by birth, and Veronese of course)—is a lady of more display; she sings and plays divinely; but I thought she was a d—d long time about it. Her likeness to Madame Flahaut (Miss Mercer that was) is something quite extraordinary.

“ I had but a bird’s-eye view of these people, and shall not probably see them again; but I am very much obliged to Mengaldo for letting me see them at all. Whenever I meet with any thing agreeable in this world, it surprises me so much and pleases me so much (when my passions are not interested one way or the other), that I go on wondering for a week to come. I feel, too, in great admiration of the Cardinal Legate’s red stockings.

“ I found, too, such a pretty epitaph in the Certosa cemetery, or rather two: one was

“ Martini Luigi  
Implora pace;

the other.

“ Lucrezia Picini  
Implora eterna quiete.”

That was all; but it appears to me that these two and three words comprise and compress all that can be said on the subject,—and then, in Italian, they are absolute music. They contain doubt, hope, and humility; nothing can be more pathetic than the ‘implora’ and the modesty of the request;—they have had enough of life—they want nothing but rest—they implore it, and ‘eterna quiete.’ It is like a Greek inscription in some good old heathen ‘City of the Dead’



I am shovelled into the Lido churchyard in *è*, let me have the 'implora pace,' and none, for my epitaph. I never met with any, *an-modern*, that pleased me a tenth part so much about a day or two after you receive this letter, thank you to desire Edgcombe to prepare for me. I shall go back to Venice before I village *Brenta*. I shall stay but a few days in Bologna. *not going out to see sights*, but shall not present redolent letters for a day or two, till I have *er again* the place and pictures; nor perhaps at I find that I have books and sights enough to do *r the inhabitants*. After that, I shall return to *r, where you may expect me about the eleventh, apes sooner*. Pray make my thanks acceptable *galds*; my respects to the Consulens, and to *tt*.

ope my daughter is well.

"Ever yours, and truly.

I. I went over the Ariosto MS. &c. &c. again *ura*, with the castle, and cell, and house, &c. &c. *e of the Ferrarese* asked me if I knew 'Lord' an acquaintance of his, *now* at Naples. I *m* 'No!' which was true both ways; for I *not* the impostor, and in the other, no one *himself*. He stared when told that I was 'the *mon Pure*.'—Another asked me if I had *not* *ated* 'Tasso.' You see what *Fame* is! how *ide*! how *boundless*! I don't know how others at I am always the lighter and the better *on* when I have got rid of mine; it sits on me *mour* on the Lord Mayor's champion; and I *of* all the husk of literature, and the attendant *, by answering*, that I had not translated *, but a namesake* had; and by the blessing of *a*, I looked so little like a poet, that every body *nd me*."

#### LETTER CCCXXXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Bologna, June 7th, 1819.

Al Mr. Hobhouse that I wrote to him a few go from Ferrara. It will therefore be idle in you to wait for any further answers or returns *ofs* from Venice, as I have directed that no *b* letters be sent after me. The publication *r* proceeded in without, and I am already sick *r* remarks, to which I think not the least *on* ought to be paid.

Al Mr. Hobhouse that, since I wrote to him, I *ailed* myself of my Ferrara letters, and found *ciety* much younger and better there than at *. I am very much pleased with the little the* *es* of my stay permitted me to see of the *omiere* Count Mosti, and his family and friends *ral*.

*ave* been picture-gazing this morning at the *r* Domenichino and Guido, both of which are *utive*. I afterwards went to the beautiful *ry* of Bologna, beyond the walls, and found, *r* the superb burial-ground, an original of a *e*, who reminded one of the grave-digger in *t*. He has a collection of capuchins' skulls, *d* on the forehead, and taking down one of

them, said, 'This was Brother Desiderio Berro, who died at forty—one of my best friends. I begged his head of his brethren after his decease, and they gave it me. I put it in lime, and then boiled it. Here it is, teeth and all, in excellent preservation. He was the merriest, cleverest fellow I ever knew. Wherever he went, he brought joy; and whenever any one was melancholy, the sight of him was enough to make him cheerful again. He walked so actively, you might have taken him for a dancer—he joked—he laughed—oh! he was such a Frate as I never saw before, nor ever shall again!'

"He told me that he had himself planted all the cypresses in the cemetery; that he had the greatest attachment to them and to his dead people; that since 1801 they had buried fifty-three thousand persons. In showing some older monuments, there was that of a Roman girl of twenty, with a bust by Bernini. She was a princess Barkorini, dead two centuries ago: he said that, on opening her grave, they had found her hair complete, and 'as yellow as gold.' Some of the epitaphs at Ferrara pleased me more than the more splendid monuments at Bologna; for instance—

'Martini Luigi  
Implora pace;'

'Lucrezia Picini  
Implora eterna quiete.'

Can any thing be more full of pathos? Those few words say all that can be said or sought: the dead had had enough of life; all they wanted was rest, and this they *implore*! There is all the helplessness, and humble hope, and deathlike prayer, that can arise from the grave—'implora pace.'\* I hope whoever may survive me, and shall see me put in the foreigners' burying-ground at the Lido, within the fortress by the Adriatic, will see those two words, and no more, put over me. I trust they won't think of 'pickling, and bringing me home to Clod or Blunderbuss Hall.' I am sure my bones would not rest in an English grave, or my clay mix with the earth of that country. I believe the thought would drive me mad on my deathbed, could I suppose that any of my friends would be base enough to convey my carcass back to your soil.—I would not even feed your worms, if I could help it.

"So, as Shakspeare says of Mowbray, the banished Duke of Norfolk, who died at Venice (see Richard 2d), that he, after fighting

'Against black Pagans, Turks and Saracens,  
And toil'd with works of war, retired himself  
To Italy, and there, at Venice, gave  
His body to that pleasant country's earth,  
And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,  
Under whose colours he had fought so long.'

"Before I left Venice, I had returned to you your late, and Mr Hobhouse's sheets of Juan. Don't wait for further answers from me, but address yours to

\* Though Lord Byron, like most other persons, in writing to different friends, was sometimes led to repeat the same circumstances and thoughts, there is, from the ever ready fertility of his mind, much less of such repetition in his correspondence than in that, perhaps, of any other multifarious letter writer; and, in the instance before us, where the same facts and reflections are, for the second time, introduced, it is with such new touches both of thought and expression, as render them, even a second time, interesting;—what is wanting in the novelty of the matter being made up by the new aspect given to it.

Venice, as usual. I know nothing of my own movements; I may return there in a few days, or not for some time. All this depends on circumstances. I left Mr Hoppner very well. My daughter Allegra was well too, and is growing pretty; her hair is growing darker, and her eyes are blue. Her temper and her ways, M. Hoppner says, are like mine, as well as her features: she will make, in that case, a manageable young lady.

"I have never heard any thing of Ada, the little Electra of my Mycenæ. \* \* \* But there will come a day of reckoning, even if I should not live to see it. I have at least seen \* \* \* shivered, who was one of my assassins. When that man was doing his worst to uproot my whole family, tree, branch, and blossoms—when, after taking my retainer, he went over to them—when he was bringing desolation on my earth and destruction on my household gods—did he think that, in less than three years, a natural event—a severe, domestic, but an expected and common calamity—would lay his carcass in a cross-road, or stamp his name in a Verdict of Lunacy! Did he (who in his sexagenary \* \* \*) reflect or consider what my feelings must have been, when wife, and child, and sister, and name, and fame, and country, were to be my sacrifice on his legal altar—and this at a moment when my health was declining, my fortune embarrassed, and my mind had been perpetually shaken by many kinds of disappointment—while I was yet young, and might have reformed what might be wrong in my conduct, and retrieved what was perplexing in my affairs! But he is in his grave, and \* \* \* What a long letter I have scribbled!

"Yours, &c.

"P. S. Here, as in Greece, they strew flowers on the tombs. I saw a quantity of rose-leaves, and entire roses, scattered over the graves at Ferrara. It has the most pleasing effect you can imagine."

While he was thus lingering irresolute at Bologna, the countess Guiccioli had been attacked with an intermittent fever, the violence of which, combining with the absence of a confidential person to whom she had been in the habit of intrusting her letters, prevented her from communicating with him. At length, anxious to spare him the disappointment of finding her so ill on his arrival, she had begun a letter, requesting that he would remain at Bologna till the visit to which she looked forward should bring her there also; and was in the act of writing, when a friend came in to announce the arrival of an English lord in Ravenna. She could not doubt for an instant that it was her noble lover; and he had in fact, notwithstanding his declaration to Mr Hoppner that it was his intention to return to Venice immediately, wholly altered this resolution before the letter announcing it was despatched,—the following words being written on the outside cover:—"I am just setting off for Ravenna, June 8, 1819.—I changed my mind this morning, and decided to go on."

The reader, however, shall have Madame Guiccioli's own account of these events, which, fortunately for the interest of my narration, I am enabled to communicate.

"On my departure from Venice, he had pro-

mised to come and see me at Ravenna. Dante tomb, the classical pine wood,\* the relics of antiquity which are to be found in that place, afforded a sufficient pretext for me to invite him to come, and for him to accept my invitation. He came, in fact, in the month of June, arriving at Ravenna on the day of the festival of the Corpus Domini; while I, attacked by a consumptive complaint, which had its origin in the moment of my quitting Venice, appeared on the point of death. The arrival of a distinguished sovereign at Ravenna, a town so remote from the routes ordinarily followed by travellers, was an event which gave rise to a good deal of conversation. The motives for such a visit became the subject of discussion, and these he himself afterwards voluntarily divulged; for having made some inquiries with a view to paying me a visit, and being told that it was unlikely that he would ever see me again, as I was at the point of death, he replied, if such were the case, he hoped that he should die also; which circumstance, being repeated, revealed the object of his journey. Count Guiccioli, having been acquainted with Lord Byron at Venice, went to visit him, and in the hope that his presence might amuse, and be of some use to me in the state in which I then found myself, invited him to call upon me. He came the day following. It is impossible to describe the anxiety he showed,—the delicate attentions that he paid me. For a long time he had perpetually medicine books in his hands; and not trusting my physician, he obtained permission from Count Guiccioli to see for a very clever physician, a friend of his, in whom he placed great confidence. The attentions of Professor Aglietti (for so this celebrated Italian was called), together with tranquillity, and the inexpressible happiness which I experienced in Lord Byron's society, had so good an effect on my health, that only two months afterwards I was able to accompany my husband in a tour he was obliged to make to his various estates." †

\* "Tal qual di ramo in ramo si raccoglie  
Per la pineta in sul lito di Chiassi,  
Quando Eolo Scirocco fuor distoglie."

DANTE, PURG. CANTO XXIII.

Dante himself (says Mr Carey, in one of the most admirable translations of this poet) "perhaps wandered this wood during his abode with Guido Novella da Feltre."

† "Partendo io da Venezia egli promise di venir a vedermi a Ravenna. La Tomba di Dante, il classico boschetto, gli avanzi di antichità che a Ravenna si trovano, davano a me ragioni plausibili per invitarlo a venire, ed al per accettare l'invito. Egli venne difatti nel mese di Giugno e giunse a Ravenna nel giorno della Solemnità del Corpus Domini, mentre io attaccata da una malattia da cui temeva ch'ebbe principio dalla mia partenza da Venezia e vicina a morire. L'arrivo in Ravenna d'un fuorile distinto, in un paese così lontano dalle strade che ordinariamente tengono i viaggiatori era un avvenimento di quale molto si parlava, indagandosene i motivi, che ben lungi da me egli fece conoscere. Perché avendo io domandato di me per venire a vedermi ed essendogli risposto 'che non potrebbe vedermi più perché era vicino a morire'—egli rispose che in quel caso valeva morire di più: la qual cosa essendosi poi ripetuta al cosuole fu l'oggetto del suo viaggio.

"Il Conte Guiccioli visitò Lord Byron, avendolo conosciuto in Venezia, e nella speranza che la di lui compagnia potesse distrarmi ed essermi di qualche giovamento nello stato in cui mi trovavo egli lo invitò a venire a visitarmi. Il giorno appresso egli venne. Non si potrebbe descrivere le cure, i pensieri delicati, quanto egli fece per



## LETTER CCCXXXII.

TO MR HOPPNER.

\* Ravenna, June 20, 1819.

"I wrote to you from Padua, and from Bologna, and from Ravenna. I find my situation very idle, but want my horses very much, there good riding in the environs. I can fix no time to return to Venice—it may be soon or late—or all—it all depends on the Donna, whom I seriously ill in bed with a cough and spitting d, &c. all of which has subsided. \* \* \* I found all the here firmly persuaded that she would never—she were mistaken, however.

"Others were useful as far as I employed them; but both the place and people, though I don't like the latter more than I can help. *She manages ill—*

"but if I come away with a stiletto in hand some fine afternoon, I shall not be asto-

"I can't make him out at all—he visits me only, and takes me out (like Whittington, the Mayor) in a coach and six horses. The fact is, to be, that he is completely governed by her matter, so am I. \* The people here don't like to make of us, as he had the character of with all his wives—this is the third. He is sent of the Ravennese, by their own account, not popular among them.

"I pray, send off Augustine, and carriage and to Bologna, without fail or delay, or I shall lose meaning shred of senses. Don't forget this. My going, and every thing, depend upon HER, just as Mrs Hoppner (to whom I remit my money) said in the true spirit of female prophecy. You are but a shabby fellow not to have written

"And I am truly yours, &c.

"*Per molto tempo egli non ebbe per le mani che de' Medicini; e poco confidandosi ne' miei medici dal Conte Guiccioli il permesso di far venire un medico di lui amico nel quale egli aveva molta fede. Le cure del Professore Aglietti (così si chiama l'Italiano), la tranquillità, anzi la felicità, e l'utile che mi cagionava la presenza di Lord Byron erano così rapidamente la mia salute che entro lo spazio di due mesi potei seguire mio marito in un giro che aveva fatto per le sue terre.*"—MS.

"This task of 'governing' him was one of more than the ordinary view of his character, might indeed, I have more than once, in these pages, expressed my opinion, and shall here quote, in corroboration of my remark of his own servant (founded on an observation more than twenty years) in speaking of his matrimonial fate:—'It is very odd, but I never yet saw a lady that could not manage my Lord, except my

"knowledge," says Johnson, "may be gained of a lady's character by a short conversation with one of her attendants than from the most formal and studied nar-

## LETTER CCCXXXIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, June 29th, 1819.

"The letters have been forwarded from Venice, but I trust that you will not have waited for further alterations—I will make none. You ask me to spare \* \* \*—ask the worms. His dust *can* suffer nothing from the truth being spoken—and if it *could*, how did he behave to *me*? You may talk to the wind, which will carry the sound—and to the caves, which will echo you—but *not* to me, on the subject of a \* \* \* who wronged me—whether dead or alive.

"I have no time to return you the proofs—publish without them. I am glad you think the poetry good; and as to 'thinking of the effect,' think *you* of the sale, and leave me to pluck the porcupines who may point their quills at you.

"I have been here (at Ravenna) these four weeks, having left Venice a month ago;—I came to see my 'Amica,' the Countess Guiccioli, who has been, and still continues, very unwell.

"She is only twenty years old, but not of a strong constitution. \* \* \*

"She has a perpetual cough and an intermittent fever, but bears up most gallantly in every sense of the word. Her husband (this is his third wife) is the richest noble of Ravenna, and almost of Romagna; he is also *not* the youngest, being upwards of three-score, but in good preservation. All this will appear strange to you, who do not understand the meridian morality, nor our way of life in such respects, and I cannot at present expound the difference;—but you would find it much the same in these parts. At Faenza there is Lord \* \* \* with an opera girl; and at the inn in the same town is a Neapolitan Prince, who serves the wife of the Gonfaloniere of that city. I am on duty here—so you see 'Cosi fan tutti e tutte.'

"I have my horses here, saddle as well as carriage, and ride or drive every day in the forest, the *Pineta*, the scene of Boccaccio's novel, and Dryden's fable of Honoria, &c. &c.; and I see my *Dama* every day \* \* \* but I feel seriously uneasy about her health, which seems very precarious. In losing her, I should lose a being who has run great risks on my account, and whom I have every reason to love—but I must not think this possible. I do not know what I *should* do if she died, but I ought to blow my brains out—and I hope that I should. Her husband is a very polite personage, but I wish he would not carry me out in his coach and six, like Whittington and his cat.

"You ask me if I mean to continue D. J., &c. How should I know? What encouragement do you give me, all of you, with your nonsensical prudery?—publish the two Cantos, and then you will see. I desired Mr. Kinnaird to speak to you on a little matter of business; either he has not spoken, or you have not answered. You are a pretty pair, but I will be even with you both. I perceive that Mr. Hobhouse has been challenged by Major Cartwright—Is the Major 'so cunning of fence?'—why did not they fight?—they ought.

"Yours, &c."

## LETTER CCCXXXIV.

TO MR. HOPPNER.

\* Ravenna, July 24, 1819.

"Thanks for your letter and for Madame's. I will answer it directly. Will you recollect whether I did not consign to you one or two receipts of Madame Mocenigo's for house rent—(I am not sure of this, but think I did—if not, they will be in my drawers)—and will you desire Mr Dorville\* to have the goodness to see if Edgecombe has receipts to all payments hitherto made by him on my account, and that there are no debts at Venice? On your answer, I shall send order of further remittance to carry on my household expenses, as my present return to Venice is very problematical; and it may happen—but I can say nothing positive—every thing with me being indecisive and undecided, except the disgust which Venice excites when fairly compared with any other city in this part of Italy. When I say Venice, I mean the Venetians—the city itself is superb as its history—but the people are what I never thought them till they taught me to think so.

"The best way will be to leave Allegra with Antonio's spouse till I can decide something about her and myself—but I thought that you would have had an answer from Mrs V——r.† You have had bore enough with me and mine already.

"I greatly fear that the Guiccioli is going into a consumption, to which her constitution tends. Thus it is with every thing and every body for whom I feel any thing like a real attachment:—'War, death, or discord, doth lay siege to them.' I never even could keep alive a dog that I liked or that liked me. Her symptoms are obstinate cough of the lungs, and occasional fever, &c. &c., and there are latent causes of an eruption in the skin, which she foolishly repelled into the system two years ago; but I have made them send her ease to Aglietti; and have begged him to come—if only for a day or two—to consult upon her state.

• • • • •  
If it would not bore Mr Dorville, I wish he would keep an eye on E—— and on my other ragamuffins. I might have more to say, but I am absorbed about La Gui, and her illness. I cannot tell you the effect it has upon me.

"The horses came, &c. &c., and I have been galloping through the pine forest daily.

"Believe me, &c.

"P.S. My benediction on Mrs Hoppner, a pleasant journey among the Bernese tyrants, and safe return. You ought to bring back a Platonic Bernese for my

\* The Vice Consul of Mr Hoppner.

† An English widow lady, of considerable property in the north of England, who, having seen the little Allegra at Mr Hoppner's, took an interest in the poor child's fate, and having no family of her own, offered to adopt and provide for this little girl, if Lord Byron would consent to renounce all claim to her. At first he seemed not disinclined to enter into her views; so far, at least, as giving permission that she should take the child with her to England and educate it, but the entire surrender of his paternal authority he would by no means consent to. The proposed arrangement accordingly was never carried into effect.

reformation. If any thing happens to my poor Amica, I have done with the passion for ever:—my last love. As to libertinism, I have worn myself of that, as was natural in the way I loved, and I have at least derived that advantage from it to love in the better sense of the word. This will be my last adventure—I can hope no more to see attachment, and I trust never again to feel it."

The impression which, I think, cannot be entertained, from some passages of these letters, a real fervour and sincerity of his attachment to Madame Guiccioli,\* would be still further confirmed by the perusal of his letters to that lady, both from Venice and during his present stay there—all bearing, throughout, the true marks of affection and passion. Such effusions, however, but little suited to the general eye. It is not of all strong feeling, from dwelling constantly on the same idea, to be monotonous; and those repeated vows and verbal endearments, which the charm of true love-letters to the parties in them, must for ever render even the most cloying to others. Those of Lord Byron to Madame Guiccioli, which are for the most part original and written with a degree of ease and freedom attained rarely by foreigners, refer chiefly to the difficulties thrown in the way of their union—much by the husband himself, who appears to have liked and courted Lord Byron's company, and the watchfulness of other relatives, and the uneasiness felt by the lovers themselves lest their union should give uneasiness to the father-in-law, Count Gamba, a gentleman to whose politeness and amiableness of character all who have known him bear testimony.

In the near approaching departure of the Countess for Bologna, Lord Byron foresaw the possibility of their being again separated; and the influence of this prospect, though throughout his preceding letters the fear of committing any imprudence seems to have been in his mind, he now, with that wilfulness which has so often sealed the destiny of his passions, proposed that she should, at once, abandon her husband and fly with him:—"c'è una sola pace," he says,—"cioè d'andar via con me." An Italian wife, almost every thing but amenable. The same system which would not allow her a lover, as one of the regular duties of her matrimonial establishment, takes her

\* "During my illness," says Madame Guiccioli, "recollecting of this period, he was frequently paying me the most amiable attentions, and when convalescent he was constantly at my side. In the theatre, riding, walking, he never was absent. Being deprived at that time of his books, he wrote that occupied him at Venice. I begged him to write something on the subject of Dante, and, with usual facility and rapidity, he composed a sonnet. Durante la mia malattia L. B. era sempre presente, e quando convalescente, era sempre al mio fianco, e al teatro, e cavalcando, e passeggiando, e allontanava mai da me. In quel tempo egli scrisse de' suoi libri e de' suoi cavalli e di tutto che Dante in Venezia lo pregai di volermi occupare per qualche cosa sul Dante: ed egli colla sua usata rapidità scrisse la sua Profesia."



unseemly consequences of this pursuit for such convenient facilities of daily an observance of all the ap- propriate. Accordingly, the open step of and for the lover, instead of being England, but a sign and sequel of his rank, in Italian morality, as the himself; and being an offence, too unnecessary by the latitude otherwise, from its rare occurrence no odious.

therefore, of her noble lover seem- ingly a little less than sacrilege, and in her mind, between the horrors of her eager readiness to give up all and in she loved, was depicted most powerfully to the proposal. In a subsequent romantic girl even proposed, giving the ignominy of an elopement, to another Juliet, "pass for dead," at there were many easy ways of deception.

## LETTER CCCXXXV.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, August 1st, 1819.  
Iress your answer to Venice, however. I need. You will see me defend myself if I happen to be in spirits; and I mean your meaning of the word, bull-dog when pinched, or a bull when they make best sport; lions under an attack are probably of the united energies of these you may perhaps see what Marryat and some good tossing and goring, the controversy. But I must be in and I doubt I am almost too far from sufficient fury for the purpose. And I hated and enervated myself with her in these last two months. Hobhouse the other day, and fore- told either fall entirely or succeed will be no medium. Appearances; but as you write the day after I hardly be decided what opinion You seem in a fright, and doubtless what may, I never will flatter the in any shape. Circumstances may have laced me at times in a situation of union, but the public opinion never will lead, me. I will not sit on a so pray put Messrs \* \* or \* \*, or \* upon it; they will all of them be their coronation.

\* \* \*  
atessa Guiccioli is much better than you, before leaving Venice, the real thing gave rise to the 'Vampire,' &c.—

of course, (like most of those he and at this time) intended to be seen, among others, permitted

to see it, I took occasion, in my very next communication to Lord Byron, to twit him a little with the passage in it relating to myself,—the only one, as far as I can learn, that ever fell from my noble friend's pen during our intimacy, in which he has spoken of me otherwise than in terms of kindness and the most undeserved praise. Transcribing his own words, as well as I could recollect them, at the top of my letter, I added, underneath, "Is *this* the way you speak of your friends?" Not long after, too, when visiting him at Venice, I remember making the same harmless little sneer a subject of raillery with him; but he declared boldly that he had no recollection of having ever written such words, and that, if they existed, "he must have been half asleep when he wrote them."

I have mentioned this circumstance merely for the purpose of remarking, that with a sensibility vulnerable at so many points as his was, and acted upon by an imagination so long practised in self-tormenting, it is only wonderful that, thinking constantly, as his letters prove him to have been, of distant friends, and receiving from few or none equal proofs of thoughtfulness in return, he should not more frequently have broken out into such sallies against the absent and "unreplying." For myself, I can only say that, from the moment I began to unravel his character, the most slighting and even acrimonious expressions that I could have heard he had, in a fit of spleen, uttered against me, would have no more altered my opinion of his disposition, nor disturbed my affection for him, than the momentary clouding over of a bright sky could leave an impression on the mind of gloom, after its shadow had passed away.

## LETTER CCCXXXVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, August 9th, 1819.

\* \* \*  
"Talking of blunders reminds me of Ireland—Ireland of Moore. What is this I see in Galignani about 'Bermuda—agent—deputy—appeal—attachment,' &c.? What is the matter? Is it any thing in which his friends can be of use to him? Pray inform me.

"Of Don Juan I hear nothing further from you; \* \* \*, but the papers don't seem so fierce as the letter you sent me seemed to anticipate, by their extracts at least in Galignani's Messenger. I never saw such a set of fellows as you are! And then the pains taken to exculpate the modest publisher—he remonstrated, forsooth! I will write a preface that shall exculpate you and \* \* \*, &c., completely, on that point; but, at the same time, I will cut you up, like gourds. You have no more soul than the Count de Caylus (who assured his friends, on his death-bed, that he had none, and that *he* must know better than they whether he had one or no), and no more blood than a water-melon! And I see there hath been asterisks, and what Perry used to call 'domned cutting and slashing'—but, never mind.

"I write in haste. To-morrow I set off for Bologna. I write to you with thunder, lightning, &c. and all the winds of heaven whistling through my hair, and the racket of preparation to boot. 'My

mistress dear, who hath fed my heart upon smiles and wine' for the last two months, set off with her husband for Bologna this morning and it seems that I follow him at three to-morrow morning. I cannot tell how our romance will end, but it hath gone on hitherto most erotically. Such perils and escapes! Juan's are as child's play in comparison. The fools think that all my *poesie* is always allusive to my own adventures: I have had at one time or another better and more extraordinary and perilous and pleasant than these, every day of the week, if I might tell them; but that must never be.

"I hope Mrs M. has accouched.

"Yours ever."

### LETTER CCCXXXVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Bologna, August 12th, 1819.

"I do not know how far I may be able to reply to your letter, for I am not very well to-day. Last night I went to the representation of Alfieri's *Mirra*, the two last acts of which threw me into convulsions. I do not mean by that word a lady's hysterics, but the agony of reluctant tears, and the choking shudder, which I do not often undergo for fiction. This is but the second time for any thing under reality: the first was on seeing Kean's Sir Giles Overreach. The worst was, that the 'Dama' in whose box I was went off in the same way. I really believe more from fright than any other sympathy—at least with the players: but she has been ill, and I have been ill, and we are languid and pathetic this morning, with great expenditure of sal volatile.\* But, to return to your letter of the 23d of July.

"You are right, Gifford is right, Crabbe is right, Hobhouse is right—you are all right, and I am all wrong; but do, pray, let me have that pleasure. Cut me up root and branch; quarter me in the Quarterly; send round my 'disjecti membra poetæ,' like those of the Levite's concubine—make me, if you will, a spectacle to men and angels: but don't ask me to alter, for I won't—I am obstinate and lazy—and there's the truth.

"But, nevertheless, I will answer your friend P\*\*\*, who objects to the quick succession of fun and gra-

vity, as if in that case the gravity did not (a intention, at least,) heighten the fun. His metaphor is that we are never scorched and drenched at the same time. Blessings on his experience! Ask him the questions about scorching and drenching. Did he never play at cricket, or walk a mile in hot water? Did he never spill a dish of tea over himself in turning the cup to his charmer, to the great shame of his nankin breeches? Did he never swim in the sea noonday with the sun in his eyes and on his hat which all the foam of ocean could not cool? Did he never draw his foot out of too hot water, drench his eyes and his valet's? . . . . . Did he never tumble into a river or lake, fishing, and without clothes in the boat, or on the bank, when 'scorched and drenched,' like a true swimmer? 'Oh for breath to utter!'—but make him compliments; he is a clever fellow for all that—clever fellow.

"You ask me for the plan of Doomy John; I have no plan; I *had* no plan; but I had or have more than that. I am so when I am in spirits, the poem will be as good as the poet turn serious again. If it does, I will leave it off where it is, with all due respect to the public but if continued it must be as good as a mad' in a strait waistcoat as trammelled as a buffoon; their poem would only be pitifully absurd and constrained. Why, man, the soul would never have its licence; at least the *liberty* of that kind—likes—not that one should abuse it. It is by Jury and Peerage and the Habeas Corpus—fine thing, but chiefly in the *reversion*; one wishes to be tried for the mere pleasure of his possession of the privilege.

"But a truce with these reflections. I am earnest and eager about a work never before so serious. Do you suppose that I could be so intention but to giggle and make goggle—satire, with as little poetry as could be made of what I meant. And as to the indecency, I read in Boswell what *Johnson*, the sage says of *Prior* and *Paulo Purgante*.

"Will you get a favour done for me? I want your government friends, Croker, Cannan, and schoolfellow Peel, and I can't. Here it is. I ask them to appoint (*without salary or emolument*) a noble Italian (whom I will name afterwards) or vice-consul for Ravenna. He is a man of large property—noble, too—but he wishes British protection, in case of changes. He is near the sea. He wants *no emolument*. That his office might be useful, I know; and sent off from Ravenna to Trieste a port of an English sailor, who had remained there penniless (having been set ashore in the want of any accredited agent able to help him homewards. Will you get this done, I will then send his name as subject, of course, to rejection, if not approved known.

"I know that in the Levant you make vice-consuls, perpetually, of foreigners. There is a patrician, and has twelve thousand a year.

\* The "Dama," in whose company he witnessed this representation, thus describes its effect upon him:—"The play was that of *Mirra*, the actress, and particularly the actress who performed the part of *Mirra*, seconded with much more the intentions of our great dramatist. Lord Byron took a strong interest in the representation, and it was evident that he was deeply affected. At length there came a point of the performance at which he could no longer restrain his emotion: he burst into a flood of tears, and, his sobs preventing him from remaining any longer in the box, he rose and left the theatre.—I saw him similarly affected another time during the presentation of Alfieri's 'Philip' at Ravenna.—"Gli attori rappresentavano l'attrice che rappresentava *Mirra* secondava assai bene la mente del nostro grande Tragico. L. B. prese molto interesse alla rappresentazione, e si accorse che era molto affetto. Venne un punto poi della Tragedia in cui non pote più frenare la sua emozione, diede in un diritto pianto e i singhiozzi gli impedirono di più restare nel palco, onde si levò, e partì dal teatro. In uno stato simile lo vidi un'altra volta a Ravenna ad una rappresentazione del Filippo d'Alfieri."



British protection in case of new invasions. think Croker would do it for us? To be interest is rare!! but perhaps a brother Tory line might do a good turn at the re- harmless and long absent a Whig, parti- there is no salary or burthen of any sort exed to the office.

assure you, I should look upon it as a great t; but, alas! that very circumstance may, bably, operate to the contrary—indeed, it at I have, at least, been an honest and an ny. Amongst your many splendid govern- sections, could not you, think you, get our ade a Consul? or make me one, that I may o my Vice. You may be assured that, in cidents in Italy, he would be no feeble adjunct would think, if you knew his patrimony.

s is all this about Tom Moore? but why since the state of my own affairs would not e to be of use to him, though they are greatly since 1816, and may, with some more luck e prudence, become quite clear. It seems nt are American merchants? There goes / Moore abused America. It is always e long run—Time, the Avenger. You have y trampler down in turn, from Buonaparte ptest individuals. You saw how some were even upon my insignificance, and how in \* paid for his atrocity. It is an odd world; atch has its mainspring, after all. e Prince has been repealing Lord Edward's forfeiture? Ecco un' sonetto!

he father of the fatherless,  
etch the hand from the throne's height, and raise  
spring, who expired in other days  
thy sire's sway by a kingdom less,—  
be a monarch, and repress  
ato unutterable praise.

thy guard, and trust thee to such traits,  
would lift a hand, except to bless?  
t not easy, Sir, and is 't not sweet  
ake thyself beloved? and to be  
impotent by Mercy's means? for thus  
verignty would grow but more complete,  
just thou, and yet thy people free,  
d by the heart, not hand, enslaving us.

o, you dogs! there's a sonnet for you: you  
re such as that in a hurry from Mr Fitz-  
You may publish it with my name, an' ye  
e deserves all praise, bad and good; it was  
this piece of principality. Would you like  
m—a translation?

for silver, or for gold,  
you could melt ten thousand pimples  
nto half a dozen dimples,  
on your face we might behold,  
looking, doubtless, much more snugly,  
et er'n then 'twould be d—d ugly.

was written on some Frenchwoman, by  
I believe.

"Yours."

## LETTER CCCXXXVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Bologna, August 24d, 1819.

"I send you a letter to R \* \* ts, signed 'Wortley Clutterbuck,' which you may publish in what form you please, in answer to his article. I have had many proofs of men's absurdity, but he beats all in folly. Why, the wolf in sheep's clothing has tumbled into the very trap! We'll strip him. The letter is written in great haste, and amidst a thousand vexations. Your letter only came yesterday, so that there is no time to polish: the post goes out to-morrow. The date is 'Little Piddington.' Let \* \* \* correct the press: he knows and can read the handwriting. Continue to keep the anonymous about 'Juan;' it helps us to fight against overwhelming numbers. I have a thousand distractions at present; so excuse haste, and wonder I can act or write at all. Answer by post, as usual.

"Yours.

"P.S. If I had had time, and been quieter and nearer, I would have cut him to hash; but as it is, you can judge for yourselves."

The letter to the Reviewer, here mentioned, had its origin in rather an amusing circumstance. In the First Canto of Don Juan appeared the following passage:—

\* For fear some prudish readers should grow skittish,  
I've bribed My Grandmother's Review,—the British!

\* I sent it in a letter to the editor,  
Who thank'd me duly by return of post—  
I'm for a handsome article his creditor;  
Yet if my gentle Muse be please to roast,  
And break a promise after having made it her,  
Denying the receipt of what it cost,  
And smear his page with gall instead of honey,  
All I can say is—that he had the money."

On the appearance of the Poem, the learned editor of the Review in question allowed himself to be decoyed into the ineffable absurdity of taking the charge as serious, and, in his succeeding number, came forth with an indignant contradiction of it. To this tempting subject the letter, written so hastily off at Bologna, related; but, though printed for Mr Murray, in a pamphlet consisting of twenty-three pages, it was never published. \* Being valuable, however, as one of the best specimens we have of Lord Byron's simple and thoroughly English prose, I shall here preserve some extracts from it.

\* TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRITISH REVIEW.

"MY DEAR R—TS,

"As a believer in the Church of England—to say nothing of the State—I have been an occasional reader, and great admirer, though not a subscriber to your Review. But I do not know that any arti-

\* It has appeared, however, I understand, in some of the foreign editions of his lordship's works.

cle of its contents ever gave me much surprise till the eleventh of your late twenty-seventh number made its appearance. You have there most manfully refuted a calumnious accusation of bribery and corruption, the credence of which in the public mind might not only have damaged your reputation as a clergyman and an editor, but, what would have been still worse, have injured the circulation of your journal; which, I regret to hear, is not so extensive as the 'purity (as you well observe) of its, &c. &c.' and the present taste for propriety, would induce us to expect. The charge itself is of a solemn nature, and, although in verse, is couched in terms of such circumstantial gravity as to induce a belief little short of that generally accorded to the thirty-nine articles, to which you so generously subscribed on taking your degrees. It is a charge the most revolting to the heart of man from its frequent occurrence; to the mind of a statesman from its occasional truth; and to the soul of an editor from its moral impossibility. You are charged then in the last line of one octave stanza, and the whole eight lines of the next, viz. 209th and 210th of the First Canto of that 'pestilent poem,' Don Juan, with receiving, and still more foolishly acknowledging, the receipt of certain monies to eulogise the unknown author, who by this account must be known to you, if to nobody else. An impeachment of this nature, so seriously made, there is but one way of refuting; and it is my firm persuasion, that whether you did or did not (and I believe that you did not) receive the said moneys, of which I wish that he had specified the sum, you are quite right in denying all knowledge of the transaction. If charges of this nefarious description are to go forth, sanctioned by all the solemnity of circumstance, and guaranteed by the veracity of verse (as Counsellor Phillips would say), what is to become of readers hitherto implicitly confident in the not less veracious prose of our critical journals? what is to become of the reviews? and, if the reviews fail, what is to become of the editors? It is common cause, and you have done well to sound the alarm. I myself, in my humble sphere, will be one of your echoes. In the words of the tragedian Liston, 'I love a row,' and you seem justly determined to make one.

"It is barely possible, certainly improbable, that the writer might have been in jest; but this only aggravates his crime. A joke, the proverb says, 'breaks no bones;' but it may break a bookseller, or it may be the cause of bones being broken. The jest is but a bad one at the best for the author, and might have been a still worse one for you, if your copious contradiction did not certify to all whom it may concern your own indignant innocence, and the immaculate purity of the British Review. I do not doubt your word, my dear R—ts; yet I cannot help wishing that, in a case of such vital importance, it had assumed the more substantial shape of an affidavit sworn before the Lord Mayor Atkins, who readily receives any deposition; and doubtless would have brought it in some way as evidence of the designs of the Reformers to set fire to London, at the same time that he himself meditates the same good office towards the river Thames.

"I recollect hearing, soon after the publication,

this subject discussed at the tea-table of Mr \* poet,—and Mrs and the Misses \* \* \* being corner of the room perusing the proof sheet Mr \*\*\*'s poems, the male part of the *conversa* were at liberty to make some observations on poem and passage in question, and there was difference of opinion. Some thought the allusion to the 'British Critic;' others, that by the expression 'My Grandmother's Review,' it was intimated 'my grandmother' was not the reader of the review but actually the writer; thereby insinuating, my Mr R—ts, that you were an old woman; but as people often say, 'Jeffrey's Review,' 'Gilt Review,' in lieu of Edinburgh and Quarterly, so 'Grandmother's Review' and R—ts's might be synonymous. Now, whatever colour this insinuation might derive from the circumstance of your wearing a gown, as well as from your time of life, your style, and various passages of your writings,—I take upon myself to exculpate you from all suspicion of the kind, and assert, without calling Mrs. R. in testimony, that if ever you should be chosen, you will pass through all the previous ceremonies with as much credit as any pontiff since the coronation of Joan. It is very unfair to judge of your writings, particularly from those of the British view. We are all liable to be deceived, and it is indisputable fact that many of the best articles in your journal, which were attributed to a veteran, were actually written by you yourself, and yet I day there are people who could never find out the difference. But let us return to the more important question.

"I agree with you that it is impossible L. should be the author, not only because, as a peer and a British poet, it would be impractical for him to have recourse to such facetious fiction for some other reasons which you have omitted to state. In the first place, his lordship has no mother. Now the author—and we may believe in this—doth expressly state that the 'British Grandmother's Review;' and if, as I think, I distinctly proved, this was not a mere figurative allusion to your supposed intellectual age and sex, dear friend, it follows, whether you be she or that there is such an elderly lady still extant.

"Shall I give you what I think a prudent opinion? I don't mean to insinuate, God forbid! but if, by accident, there should have been such a correspondence between you and the unknown author, I ever he may be, send him back his money; I dare say he will be very glad to have it again; it can do much, considering the value of the article and the reputation of the journal; and you are too modest to give your praise beyond its real worth—don't be as I know you won't, at this appraisalment of powers of eulogy; for, on the other hand, my fellow, depend upon it your abuse is worth, on your own weight, that's a feather, but your weight is gold. So don't spare it; if he has bargained for it, give it handsomely, and depend upon your doing a friendly office.

"What the motives of this writer may have been for (as you magnificently translate his quizzing)



with the particularity which belongs to fact, y of a groundless fiction,' (do, pray, my dear a little less 'in King Cambyzes' vein) I cand to say; perhaps to laugh at you, but that son for your benevolently making all the g also. I approve of your being angry; I tell angry too, but you should not have shown agnently. Your solemn 'if somebody per- the Editor of the, &c. &c. has received from or from any other person,' reminds me of lacedon's usual exordium when people came terna to hear him sing without paying their the reckoning—'if a maun, or *ony* maun, or r maun,' &c. &c.; you have both the same t eloquence. But, why should you think would personate you? Nobody would such a prank who ever read your compo- perhaps not many who have heard your ion. But I have been inoculated with a our proximity. The fact is, my dear R—is, body has tried to make a fool of you, and did not succeed in doing, you have done for yourself."

In the latter end of August, Count Guiccioli, nized by his lady, went for a short time to e of his Romagnese estates, while Lord mained at Bologna alone. And here, with a nened and excited by the new feeling that a possession of him, he appears to have given p, during this interval of solitude, to a train sholy and impassioned thought such as, for a ight back all the romance of his youthful hat spring of natural tenderness within his ith neither the world's efforts nor his own a able to chill or choke up, was now, with g of its first freshness, set flowing once more. s knew what it was to love and be loved,— it is true, for happiness, and too wrongly for et with devotion enough, on the part of the to satisfy even his thirst for affection, and d earnestness, on his own, a foreboding fide- ch made him cling but the more passionately tachment from feeling that it would be his

unstance which he himself used to mention g occurred at this period will show how ering, at times, was the rush of melancholy heart. It was his fancy, during Madame i's absence from Bologna, to go daily to her t his usual hour of visiting her, and there, her apartments to be opened, to sit turning r books, and writing in them." He would ead into her garden, where he passed hours g; and it was on an occasion of this kind, as

(These notes, written at the end of the 5th chapter, of *Corinne* ("Fragments des Pensées de Corinne")

was:—

w Madame de Stael well,—better than she knew at I little thought that, one day, I should think thoughts, in the country where she has laid the her most attractive productions. She is some- et, and often wrong, about Italy and England; it always true in delineating the heart, which is of mion, and of no country,—or, rather, of all.

"BYRON.

"Bologna, August 23, 1819.

he stood looking, in a state of unconscious reverie, into one of those fountains so common in the gardens of Italy, that there came suddenly into his mind such desolate fancies, such bodings of the misery he might bring on her he loved, by that doom which (as he has himself written) "makes it fatal to be loved,"<sup>22</sup> that, overwhelmed with his own thoughts, he burst into an agony of tears.

During the same few days it was that he wrote in the last page of Madame Guiccioli's copy of "*Corinne*" the following remarkable note:—

"My dearest Teresa,—I have read this book in your garden;—my love, you were absent, or else I could not have read it. It is a favourite book of yours, and the writer was a friend of mine. You will not understand these English words, and *others* will not understand them,—which is the reason I have not scrawled them in Italian. But you will recognize the handwriting of him who passionately loved you, and you will divine that, over a book which was yours, he could only think of love. In that word, beautiful in all languages, but most so in yours—*Amor mio*—is comprised my existence here and hereafter. I feel I exist here, and I fear that I shall exist hereafter,—to *what* purpose you will decide; my destiny rests with you, and you are a woman, eighteen years of age, and two out of a convent. I wish that you had staid there, with all my heart,—or, at least, that I had never met you in your married state.

"But all this is too late. I love you, and you love me,—at least, you *say so*, and *act* as if you *did so*, which last is a great consolation in all events. But I more than love you, and cannot cease to love you.

"Think of me, sometimes, when the Alps and the ocean divide us,—but they never will, unless you *wish* it.

"BYRON.

"Bologna, August 25, 1819."

#### LETTER CCCXXXIX.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Bologna, August 31, 1819.

"I wrote to you by last post, enclosing a buffooning letter for publication, addressed to the buffoon R—is, who has thought proper to tie a canister to his own tail. It was written off-hand, and in the midst of circumstances not very favourable to facetiousness, so that there may, perhaps, be more bitterness than enough for that sort of small acid punch:—you will tell me.

"Keep the *anonymous*, in any case: it helps what fun there may be. But if the matter grows serious about *Don Juan*, and you feel *yourself* in a scrape, or *me* either, *own that I am the author*. I will never *shrink*; and if you do, I can always answer

\* "Oh Love! what is it, in this world of ours,

Which makes it fatal to be loved? ah, why

With cypress branches hast thou wreath'd thy bowers,

And made thy best interverter a sigh?

As those who dote on odours pluck the flowers,

And place them on their breasts—but place to die—

Thus the frail brings we would fondly cherish

Are laid within our bosoms but to perish."

you in the question of Guatimozin to his minister—each being on his own coals.\*

"I wish that I had been in better spirits; but I am out of wits, out of nerves, and now and then (I begin to fear) out of my senses. All this Italy has done for me, and not England: I defy all you, and your climate to bout, to make me mad. But if ever I do really become a bedlamite, and wear a strait waistcoat, let me be brought back among you; your people will then be proper company.

"I assure you what I here say and feel has nothing to do with England, either in a literary or personal point of view. All my present pleasures or plagues are as Italian as the opera. And after all, they are but trifles; for all this arises from my 'Dama's' being in the country for three days (at Capo-fiume). But as I could never live but for one human being at a time (and I assure you, *that one* has never been *myself*, as you may know by the consequences, for the *selfish* are *successful* in life), I feel alone and unhappy.

"I have sent for my daughter from Venice, and I ride daily, and walk in a garden, under a purple canopy of grapes, and sit by a fountain, and talk with the gardener of his tools, which seem greater than Adam's, and with his wife, and with his son's wife, who is the youngest of the party, and, I think, talks best of the three. Then I revisit the Campo Santo, and my old friend, the sexton, has two—but *one* the prettiest daughter imaginable; and I amuse myself with contrasting her beautiful and innocent face of fifteen with the skulls with which he has peopled several cells, and particularly with that of one skull dated 1766, which was once covered (the tradition goes) by the most lovely features of Bologna—noble and rich. When I look at these, and at this girl—when I think of what *they were*, and what she must be—why, then, my dear Murray, I won't shock you by saying what I think. It is little matter what becomes of us 'bearded men,' but I don't like the notion of a beautiful woman's lasting less than a beautiful tree—than her own picture—her own shadow, which won't change so to the sun as her face to the mirror.—I must leave off, for my head aches consumedly. I have never been quite well since the night of the representation of Alferi's *Mirra*, a fortnight ago.

"Yours ever."

#### LETTER CCCXL.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Bologna, August 29, 1819.

"I have been in a rage these two days, and am still bilious therefrom. You shall hear. A captain of dragoons, \* \*, Hanoverian by birth, in the Papal troops at present, whom I had obliged by a loan when nobody would lend him a paul, recommended a horse to me, on sale by a Lieutenant \* \*, an officer who unites the sale of cattle to the purchase of men. I bought it. The next day, on shoeing the horse, we discovered the *thrush*,—the animal being warranted sound. I went to reclaim the contract and the money. The lieutenant desired to speak with me in person.

\* "Am I now reposing on a bed of flowers?"—See ROBERTSON.

I consented. He came. It was his own request. He began a story. I asked him if I return the money. He said no—but he would change. He asked an exorbitant price for horses. I told him that he was a thief. He was an *officer* and a man of honour, and had a Parmesan passport signed by General Cordero. I answered, that as he was an officer, treat him as such; and that as to his being a man, he might prove it by returning the money for his Parmesan passport, I should have more if it had been a Parmesan cheese. He answered in high terms, and said that if it was *morning* (it was about eight o'clock in the evening) he would have *satisfaction*. I then lost my 'As for THAT,' I replied, 'you shall have it'—it will be *mutual satisfaction*, I can assure you. You are a thief, and, as you say, an officer, your tools are in the next room loaded; take out your candles, examine, and make your choice of them. He replied that *pistols* were *English weapons*, always fought with the *sword*. I told him I was able to accommodate him, having three *rapiers* in a drawer near us; and he might choose the longest and put himself on guard.

"All this passed in presence of a third person, who then said *No*, but to-morrow morning he would come to me the meeting at any time or place. I thought that it was not usual to appoint meetings in the presence of witnesses, and that we had best appoint a man, and appoint time and instruments. The man present was leaving the room, the Lieutenant, before he could shut the door after him, was roaring 'help and murder' most lustily, as a sort of hysteric in the arms of about fifty who all saw that I had no weapon of any kind about me, and followed him, asking if the devil was the matter with him. Nothing he did; he ran away without his hat, and went to the door of the fright. He then tried his complaint as a lie, which dismissed it as frivolous. He is, I suppose, gone away, or going.

"The horse was warranted, but, I believed worded that the villain will not be obliged to return it according to law. He endeavoured to raise an indictment of assault and battery, but as it was a public inn, in a frequented street, there were too many witnesses to the contrary; and, as a military man, he has not cut a martial figure, even in the eyes of the priests. He ran off in such a hurry that he lost his hat, and never missed it till he got to his inn. The facts are as I tell you, I can assure you. He began by 'coming Captain Grand over me, I should never have thought of trying his 'cuff' fence.' But what could I do? He talked of 'satisfaction' and his commission; he produced a military passport; there are severe punishments for *regular duels* on the continent, and trifling for *rencontres*, so that it is best to fight it out. He had robbed, and then wanted to insult me. What could I do? My patience was gone, and the devil was at hand, fair and equal. Besides, it was just dinner, when my digestion was bad, and I did not wish to be disturbed. His friend \* \* is at Forlì; I shall meet on my way back to Ravenna. The Hanoverian seems the greater rogue of the two; and if my



ooze away like Acres's—<sup>2</sup> Odds flints and  
if it should be a rainy morning, and my  
in disorder, there may be something for the

pray, 'Sir Lucius, do not you look upon me  
ill-used gentleman?' I send my Lieutenant  
Mr Hobhouse's Major Cartwright: and so  
errow to you, good master Lieutenant.  
ard so other things, I will write soon, but I  
s quarrelling and fooling till I can scribble no

month of September, Count Guiccioli, being  
ay by business to Ravenna, left his young  
and her lover to the free enjoyment of each  
society at Bologna. The lady's ill health,  
I been the cause of her thus remaining be-  
thought soon after to require the still fur-  
stage of a removal to Venice, and the Count,  
and, being written to on the subject, con-  
with the most complaisant readiness, that she  
ceed thither in company with Lord Byron.  
business," (says the lady's own Memoir)  
called Count Guiccioli to Ravenna, I was  
the state of my health, instead of accom-  
ing, to return to Venice, and he consented  
Byron should be the companion of my  
We left Bologna on the fifteenth of Sep-  
we visited the Euganean Hills and Arquà,  
our names in the book which is presented  
who make this pilgrimage. But I cannot  
these recollections of happiness;—the con-  
the present is too dreadful. If a blessed  
in the full enjoyment of heavenly hap-  
are sent down to this earth to suffer all its  
the contrast could not be more dreadful be-  
past and the present, than what I have  
from the moment when that terrible word  
my ears, and I for ever lost the hope of again  
him, one look from whom I valued beyond  
happiness. When I arrived at Venice,  
scians ordered that I should try the country  
Lord Byron having a villa at La Mira, gave  
me, and came to reside there with me. At  
we passed the autumn, and there I had the  
of forming your acquaintance."<sup>2</sup>  
my good fortune, at this period, in the course  
and hasty tour through the north of Italy,

onte Guiccioli doveva per affari ritornare a Ra-  
stato della mia salute esigeva che io ritornassi  
veneziana. Egli acconsentì dunque che Lord Byron,  
compagno di viaggio. Partimmo da Bologna alli  
—esistammo insieme i Colli Euganei ed Arquà:  
a i nostri nomi nel libro che si presenta a quelli  
quel pellegrinaggio. Ma sopra tali rimembranze  
non posso fermarmi, caro Signor Moore: l'oppo-  
presente è troppo forte, e se un'anima benedetta  
godimento di tutte le felicità celesti fosse man-  
già « condannata a sopportare tutte le miserie  
ra terra non potrebbe sentire più terribile con-  
il passato ed il presente di quello che io sento  
ella terribile parola è giunta alle mie orecchie,  
perduto la speranza di più vedere quello di cui  
do valea per me più di tutte le felicità della  
enti a Venezia i medici mi ordinarono di respirare  
a campagna. Egli aveva una villa alla Mira,—la  
me, e venne meco. Là passammo l'autunno, e  
sane di fare la vostra conoscenza."<sup>2</sup>—MS.

to pass five or six days with Lord Byron at Venice.  
I had written to him on my way thither to announce  
my coming, and to say how happy it would make me  
could I tempt him to accompany me as far as Rome.

During my stay at Geneva, an opportunity had  
been afforded me of observing the exceeding readiness  
with which even persons the least disposed to be  
prejudiced gave an ear to any story relating to Lord  
Byron, in which the proper portions of odium  
and romance were but plausibly mingled. In the  
course of conversation, one day, with the late, amiable  
and enlightened Monsieur D \* \*, that gentleman  
related, with much feeling, to my fellow-traveller  
and myself, the details of a late act of seduction of  
which Lord Byron had, he said, been guilty, and  
which was made to comprise within itself all the  
worst features of such unmanly frauds upon innocence;  
—the victim, a young unmarried lady, of one of the  
first families of Venice, whom the noble seducer had  
lured from her father's house to his own, and, after  
a few weeks, most inhumanly turned her out of doors.  
In vain, said the relater, did she entreat to become  
his servant, his slave;—in vain did she ask to remain  
in some dark corner of his mansion, from which she  
might be able to catch a glimpse of his form as he  
passed. Her betrayer was obdurate, and the  
unfortunate young lady, in despair at being thus  
abandoned by him, threw herself into the canal,  
from which she was taken out but to be consigned to  
a mad-house. Though convinced that there must  
be considerable exaggeration in this story, it was  
only on my arrival at Venice I ascertained that the  
whole was a romance; and that out of the circum-  
stances (already laid before the reader) connected  
with Lord Byron's fantastic and, it must be owned,  
discreditable fancy for the Fornarina, this pathetic  
tale, so implicitly believed at Geneva, was fabricated.

Having parted, at Milan, with Lord John Russell,  
whom I had accompanied from England, and whom I  
was to rejoin, after a short visit to Rome, at Genoa,  
I made purchase of a small and (as it soon proved)  
crazy travelling carriage, and proceeded alone on my  
way to Venice. My time being limited, I stopped  
no longer at the intervening places than was sufficient  
to hurry over their respective wonders, and, leaving  
Padua at noon on the 8th of October, I found myself,  
about two o'clock, at the door of my friend's villa, at  
La Mira. He was but just up, and in his bath; but  
the servant having announced my arrival, he returned  
a message that, if I would wait till he was dressed,  
he would accompany me to Venice. The interval I  
employed in conversing with my old acquaintance,  
Fletcher, and in viewing, under his guidance, some  
of the apartments of the villa.

It was not long before Lord Byron himself made  
his appearance, and the delight I felt in meeting him  
once more, after a separation of so many years, was  
not a little heightened by observing that his pleasure  
was, to the full, as great, while it was rendered  
doubly touching by the evident rarity of such meetings  
to him of late, and the frank outbreak of cordiality  
and gniety with which he gave way to his feelings.  
It would be impossible, indeed, to convey to those  
who have not, at some time or other, felt the charm  
of his manner, any idea of what it could be when  
under the influence of such pleasurable excitement

as it was most flatteringly evident he experienced at this moment.

I was a good deal struck, however, by the alteration that had taken place in his personal appearance. He had grown fatter both in person and face, and the latter had most suffered by the change,—having lost, by the enlargement of the features, some of that refined and spiritualized look that had, in other times, distinguished it. The addition of whiskers, too, which he had not long before been induced to adopt, from hearing that some one had said he had a "faccia di musico," as well as the length to which his hair grew down on his neck, and the rather foreign air of his coat and cap,—all combined to produce that dissimilarity to his former self I had observed in him. He was still, however, eminently handsome; and, in exchange for whatever his features might have lost of their high, romantic character, they had become more fitted for the expression of that arch, waggish wisdom, that Epicurean play of humour, which he had shown to be equally inherent in his various and prodigally gifted nature; while, by the somewhat increased roundness of the contours, the resemblance of his finely formed mouth and chin to those of the Belvedere Apollo had become still more striking.

His breakfast, which I found he rarely took before three or four o'clock in the afternoon, was speedily despatched,—his habit being to eat it standing, and the meal in general consisting of one or two raw eggs, a cup of tea without either milk or sugar, and a bit of dry biscuit. Before we took our departure, he presented me to the Countess Guiccioli, who was at this time, as my readers already know, living under the same roof with him at La Mira; and who, with a style of beauty singular in an Italian, as being fair-complexioned and delicate, left an impression upon my mind, during this our first short interview, of intelligence and amiableness, such as all that I have since known or heard of her has but served to confirm.

We now started together, Lord Byron and myself, in my little Milanese vehicle, for Fusina,—his portly gondolier Tita, in a rich livery and most redundant mustachios, having seated himself on the front of the carriage, to the no small trial of its strength, which had already once given way, even under my own weight, between Verona and Vicenza. On our arrival at Fusina, my noble friend, from his familiarity with all the details of the place, had it in his power to save me both trouble and expense in the different arrangements relative to the custom house, remise, &c.; and the good-natured assiduity with which he bustled about in despatching these matters gave me an opportunity of observing, in his use of the infirm limb, a much greater degree of activity than I had ever before, except in sparring, witnessed.

As we proceeded across the Lagoon in his gondola, the sun was just setting, and it was an evening such as Romance would have chosen for a first sight of Venice, rising "with her tiara of bright towers" above the wave; while, to complete, as may be imagined, the solemn interest of the scene, I beheld it in company with him who had lately given a new life to its glories, and sung of that fair City of the Sea thus gradually:

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs;  
A palace and a prison on each hand:  
I saw from out the wave her structures rise  
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:  
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand  
Around me, and a dying glory smiles  
O'er the far times, when many a soldier's hand  
Look'd to the winged lion's marble pike,  
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles.

But, whatever emotions the first sight of such a scene might, under other circumstances, have infused into me with, the mood of mind in which I now saw it was altogether the very reverse of what might have been expected. The exuberant gaiety of my companion, and the recollections,—any thing but those into which our conversation wandered, put me completely to flight all poetical and historical associations; and our course was, I am almost inclined to say, one of uninterrupted merriment and laughter, till we found ourselves at the steps of my friend's palazzo on the Grand Canal. All that had happened, of gay or ridiculous, during our last meeting,—his scrapes and my lectures,—our adventures with the Bores and Boreas, his great enemies, as he always called them, of his happiness,—our joyous nights together at Miss Kinnaird's, &c. and "that d—d supper of his, which ought to have been a dinner,"—all were rapidly in review between us, and with a levity, merriment and hilarity, on his side, of which it would have been difficult, even for persons far apart, I can pretend to be, not to have caught the spirit.

He had all along expressed his determination that I should not go to any hotel, but fix myself in his house during the period of my stay; and he had been residing there himself, such an arrangement would have been all that I most desired, had not being the case, a common hotel in London being a far readier resource; and I therefore knew that he would allow me to order an apartment in Gran Bretagna, which had the reputation, I understood, of being a comfortable hotel. This, however, he would not hear of; and, as an inducement to agree to his plan, said that, as long as I stayed, though he should be obliged to remain at La Mira in the evenings, he would make it a point to come to Venice every day and dine with me. He now turned into the dismal canal, and stopped at his damp-looking mansion, my perdition in Gran Bretagna returned in full force; and he ventured to hint that it would save an abundant trouble to let me proceed thither. But "No," he answered,—“I see you think you'll be more comfortable here; but you'll find that it is not so bad as you expect.”

As I groped my way after him through the hall, he cried out, "Keep clear of the dog; he will care, or that monkey will fly at you!"—a proof, among many others, of his fidelity to the tastes of his youth, as it agrees perfectly with the description of his life at Newstead, in 1802, of the sort of menagerie which his visitors had to encounter in their progress through his hall. Having escaped these dangers, I followed him up the case to the apartment destined for me. All the while he had been despatching servants in various directions.



to procure me a *laquais de place*; and I inquired of Mr Alexander Scott, to whom I gave me in charge; while a third was his Segretario to come to him. "So, keep a Secretary?" I said. "Yes," he said, "a fellow who can't write"—but such as these pompous people give to things." I had reached the door of the apartment when it seemed to be locked, and, to all appearance so for some time, as the key could not be turned. A circumstance which, to my English ears, naturally connected itself with notions of desolation, and I again sighed inwardly at the delay. Impatient at the delay of my noble host, with one of his humorous sallies, gave a vigorous kick to the door and it flew open; on which we at once entered into an apartment not only spacious and elegant, but wearing of comfort and habitableness which to a foreigner is as welcome as it is rare. "Here," said a voice whose every tone spoke kindness and hospitality,—"these are the rooms I use myself, and I mean to establish you."

I ordered dinner from some Trattoria, and awaited its arrival—as well as that of Mr Alexander Scott, whom he had invited to join us—we were on the balcony, in order that, before the day was quite gone, I might have some glimpses of the Canal presented. Happening to be looking up at the clouds, which were of a peculiar rosy hue, that "what had struck me in the east was that peculiar rosy hue—" I pronounced the word "rosy," when Lord Byron, putting his hand on my mouth, said, with a smile, "don't do it, Tom, don't be poetical." A few gondolas passing at the time, there were some distance, in which sat two gentlemen, the appearance of being English; and, as they looked our way, Lord Byron, putting his finger to his lips, said with a sort of comic swagger, "John Bulls, knew who the two fellows were looking up here, I think you would stare!" mentioning these things, though aware how they turned against myself, for the sake of the indescribable traits of manner and which they convey. After a very agreeable conversation through which the jest, the story, and were almost uninterruptedly carried on, he took leave of us to return to La Mira, and I went to one of the theatres, to see Alfieri.

My evenings, during my stay, were passed in the same manner,—my mornings being devoted to the kind superintendence of Mr Scott, and, I fear, unprofitable view of the treasures with which Venice abounds. On the painting and sculpture Lord Byron has, in his letters, expressed strongly and, as to his will appear, heretically his opinions. However, of a due appreciation of these he resembled some of his great precursors of poetry;—both Tasso and Milton, for being evinced so little tendency to such

tastes,\* that, throughout the whole of their pages, there is not, I fear, one single allusion to any of those great masters of the pencil and chisel, whose works, nevertheless, both had seen. That Lord Byron, though despising the imposture and jargon with which the worship of the Arts is, like other worships, clogged and mystified, felt deeply, more especially in sculpture, whatever imaged forth true grace and energy, appears from passages of his poetry which are in every body's memory, and not a line of which but thrills alive with a sense of grandeur and beauty such as it never entered into the capacity of a mere connoisseur even to conceive.

In reference to this subject, as we were conversing one day after dinner about the various collections I had visited that morning, on my saying that fearful as I was, at all times, of praising any picture, lest I should draw upon myself the connoisseur's sneer for my pains, I would yet, to him, venture to own that I had seen a picture at Milan which—"The Hagar!" he exclaimed, eagerly interrupting me; and it was in fact this very picture I was about to mention as having awakened in me, by the truth of its expression, more real emotion than any I had yet seen among the chefs-d'œuvre of Venice. It was with no small degree of pride and pleasure I now discovered that my noble friend had felt equally with myself the affecting mixture of sorrow and reproach with which the woman's eyes tell the whole story in that picture.

On the second evening of my stay, Lord Byron having, as before, left us for La Mira, I most willingly accepted the offer of Mr Scott to introduce me to the conversazioni of the two celebrated ladies, with whose names, as leaders of Venetian fashion, the tourists to Italy have made every body acquainted. To the Countess A's parties Lord Byron had chiefly confined himself during the first winter he passed at Venice; but the tone of conversation at these small meetings being much too learned for his tastes, he was induced, the following year, to discontinue his attendance at them, and chose, in preference, the less erudite, but more easy, society of the Countess B's. Of the sort of learning sometimes displayed by the "blue" visitants at Madame A's, a circumstance mentioned by the noble poet himself may afford some idea. The conversation happening to turn, one evening, upon the statue of Washington, by Canova, which had been just shipped off for the United States, Madame A, who was then engaged in compiling a Description raisonnée of Canova's works, and was anxious for in-

\* That this was the case with Milton is acknowledged by Richardson, who admired both Milton and the Arts too warmly to make such an admission upon any but valid grounds. "He does not appear," says this writer, "to have much regarded what was done with the pencil; no, not even when in Italy, in Rome, in the Vatican. Neither does it seem Sculpture was much esteemed by him." After an authority like this, the theories of Hayley and others, with respect to the impressions left upon Milton's mind by the works of art he had seen in Italy, are hardly worth a thought.

Though it may be conceded that Dante was an admirer of the arts, his recommendation of the Apocalypse to Giotto, as a source of subjects for the pencil, shows, at least, what indifferent judges poets are, in general, of the sort of fancies fittest to be embodied by the painter.

of Segretario is sometimes given, as in this servant or house-steward.

formation respecting the subject of this statue, requested that some of her learned guests would detail to her all they knew of him. This task a Signor \* \* (author of a book on Geography and Statistics) undertook to perform, and, after some other equally sage and authentic details, concluded by informing her that "Washington was killed in a duel by Burke."—"What," exclaimed Lord Byron, as he stood biting his lips with impatience during this conversation, "what, in the name of folly, are you all thinking of?"—for he now recollected the famous duel between Hamilton and Colonel Burr, whom, it was evident, this learned worthy had confounded with Washington and Burke!

In addition to the motives easily conceivable for exchanging such a society for one that offered, at least, repose from such erudite efforts, there was also another cause more immediately leading to the discontinuance of his visits to Madame A \* \*. This lady, who has been sometimes honoured with the title of "the De Stael of Italy," had written a book called "Portraits," containing sketches of the characters of various persons of note; and it being her intention to introduce Lord Byron into this assemblage, she had it intimated to his lordship that an article in which his portraiture had been attempted was to appear in a new edition she was about to publish of her work. It was expected, of course, that this intimation would awaken in him some desire to see the sketch; but, on the contrary, he was provoking enough not to manifest the least symptoms of curiosity. Again and again was the same hint, with as little success, conveyed; till, at length, on finding that no impression could be produced in this manner, a direct offer was made, in Madame A \* \*'s own name, to submit the article to his perusal. He could now contain himself no longer. With more sincerity than politeness, he returned for answer to the lady, that he was by no means ambitious of appearing in her work; that, from the shortness, as well as the distant nature of their acquaintance, it was impossible she could have qualified herself to be his portrait-painter, and that, in short, she could not oblige him more than by committing the article to the flames.

Whether the tribute thus unceremoniously treated ever met the eyes of Lord Byron, I know not; but he could hardly, I think, had he seen it, have escaped a slight touch of remorse at having thus spurned from him a portrait drawn in no unfriendly spirit, and, though affectedly expressed, seizing some of the less obvious features of his character,—as, for instance, that diffidence so little to be expected from a career like his,—with the discriminating niceness of a female hand. The following are extracts from this Portrait:—

\* \* *Tot, dont le monde encore ignore le vrai nom,  
Esprit mystérieux, Mortel, Ange, ou Démon,  
Qui que tu sois, Byron, bon ou fatal génie,  
J'aime de tes concerts la sauvage harmonie.*

LAMARTINE.

"It would be to little purpose to dwell upon the mere beauty of a countenance in which the expression of an extraordinary mind was so conspicuous. What serenity was seated on the forehead, adorned with the finest chestnut hair, light, curling, and disposed with such art, that the art was hidden in the imita-

tion of most pleasing nature! What vision in his eyes! They were of the heavens, from which they seemed to originate. His teeth, in form, in colour, in transparency, resembled pearls; but his complexion was delicately tinged with the hue of the neck, which he was in the habit of covering as much as the usages of society seemed to have been formed in a very white. His hands were as beautiful as the works of art. His figure was as desired, particularly by those who valued grace than a defect in a certain light dilution of the person when he entered of which you hardly felt tempted to inquire. Indeed it was scarcely perceptible,—more were so long.

"He was never seen to walk through Venice, nor along the pleasant banks where he spent some weeks of the summer; are some who assert that he has never been seen from a window, the wonders of San Marco;—so powerful in him was not showing himself to be deformed in person. I, however, believe that he looked on those wonders, but in the late autumn when the stupendous edifices which were illuminated by the soft and placid light appeared a thousand times more lovely.

"His face appeared tranquil like the fine spring morning; but, like it, in an instant changed into the tempestuous and terrible, (a passion did I say?) a thought occurred to disturb his mind. His eyes, in their sweetness, and sparkled so that he could not look on them. So rapid a change have been thought possible; but it was to avoid acknowledging that the natural mind was the tempestuous.

"What delighted him greatly one day, the next; and whenever he appeared in practice of any habits, it arose merely from difference, not to say contempt, in them all: whatever they might be, it was worthy that he should occupy his thoughts. His heart was highly sensitive, and could be governed in an extraordinary degree; but his imagination carried him away, spoiled every thing. He believed in the reollection that he had in common with Napoleon. It appeared in proportion as his intellectual education was neglected, his moral education was neglected; he never suffered himself to know or to be restrained than those imposed by his intellect; nevertheless, who could believe that he had and almost infantine timidity, of which were so apparent as to render its existence so apparent as to render its existence so apparent, notwithstanding the difficulty of associating with Lord Byron a sentiment of the appearance of modesty. Conscious that, wherever he presented himself, he was fixed on him, and all lips, particularly the lips of men, were opened to say 'There he is, Byron,'—he necessarily found himself in the position of an actor obliged to sustain a char-



under no man, not to others (for about them he gave himself no concern), but to himself, of his every action and word. This occasioned him a feeling of consciousness which was obvious to every one.

"He remarked on a certain subject (which in 1814 was the topic of universal discourse) that 'the world was now under the trouble taken in its conquest, nor the spot felt at its loss,' which saying (if the worth of an expression could ever equal that of many and great ones) would almost show the thoughts and feelings of Lord Byron to be more stupendous and commanding than those of him respecting whom he spoke.

"His gymnastic exercises were sometimes violent, and at others almost nothing. His body, like his spirit, readily accommodated itself to all his inclinations. During an entire winter, he went out every morning alone to row himself to the island of Armentera (a small island situated in the midst of a tranquil lake, and distant from Venice about half a league). He enjoyed the society of those learned and hospitable monks, and to learn their difficult language; and, in the evening, entering again into his gondola, he went, but only for a couple of hours, into company. A cold winter, whenever the water of the lake was slightly agitated, he was observed to cross it, and landing on the nearest *terra firma*, to fatigue at least two hours with riding.

"No one ever heard him utter a word of French, although he was perfectly conversant with that language. He hated the nation and its modern literature; in the manner, he held the modern Italian literature in contempt, and said it possessed but one living quality,—a restriction which I know not whether to call infamous, or false and injurious. His voice was extremely sweet and flexible. He spoke with authority, if not contradicted, but rather addressed himself to his neighbour than to the entire company.

"Very little food sufficed him; and he preferred fish to flesh for this extraordinary reason, that the latter, he said, rendered him ferocious. He disliked seeing women eat; and the cause of this extraordinary antipathy must be sought in the dread he always had, that the notion he loved to cherish of their perfection and almost divine nature might be disturbed. Being always been governed by them, it would seem that his very self-love was pleased to take refuge in the idea of their excellence,—a sentiment which he now how (God knows how) to reconcile with the contempt in which, shortly afterwards, almost with a appearance of satisfaction, he seemed to hold them. But contradictions ought not to surprise us in men like Lord Byron's; and then, who does not know that the slave holds in detestation his ruler?

"Lord Byron disliked his countrymen, but only because he knew that his morals were held in contempt by them. The English, themselves rigid observers of family duties, could not pardon him the effect of his, nor his trampling on principles; therefore neither did he like being prevented to them, nor they, especially when they had their wives with them, like to cultivate his acquaintance. Still there was a strong desire in all of them to see him, and the

women in particular, who did not dare to look at him but by stealth, said in an under voice, 'What a pity it is!' If, however, any of his compatriots of exalted rank and of high reputation came forward to treat him with courtesy, he showed himself obviously flattered by it, and was greatly pleased with such association. It seemed that to the wound which remained always open in his ulcerated heart, such soothing attentions were as drops of healing balm, which comforted him.

"Speaking of his marriage,—a delicate subject, but one still agreeable to him, if it was treated in a friendly voice,—he was greatly moved, and said it had been the innocent cause of all his errors and all his griefs. Of his wife he spoke with much respect and affection. He said she was an illustrious lady, distinguished for the qualities of her heart and understanding, and that all the fault of their cruel separation lay with himself. Now, was such language dictated by justice or by vanity? Does it not bring to mind the saying of Julius, that the wife of Cæsar must not even be suspected? What vanity in that saying of Cæsar! In fact, if it had not been from vanity, Lord Byron would have admitted this to no one. Of his young daughter, his dear Ada, he spoke with great tenderness, and seemed to be pleased at the great sacrifice he had made in leaving her to comfort her mother. The intense hatred he bore his mother-in-law, and a sort of Euryclæa of Lady Byron,—two women, to whose influence he, in a great measure, attributed her estrangement from him,—demonstrated clearly how painful the separation was to him, notwithstanding some bitter pleasantries which occasionally occur in his writings against her also, dictated rather by rancour than by indifference."

From the time of his misunderstanding with Madame A \* \* \*, the visits of the noble poet were transferred to the house of the other great rallying point of Venetian society, Madame B \* \* \*,—a lady in whose manners, though she had long ceased to be young, there still lingered much of that attaching charm, which a youth passed in successful efforts to please seldom fails to leave behind. That those powers of pleasing, too, were not yet gone, the fidelity of, at least, one devoted admirer testified; nor is she supposed to have thought it impossible that Lord Byron himself might yet be linked on at the end of that long chain of lovers, which had, through so many years, graced the triumphs of her beauty. If, however, there could have been, in any case, the slightest chance of such a conquest, she had herself completely frustrated it by introducing her distinguished visitor to Madame Guiccioli,—a step by which she at last lost, too, even the ornament of his presence at her parties, as in consequence of some slighting conduct, on her part, towards his "Dama," he discontinued his attendance at her evening assemblies, and at the time of my visit to Venice had given up society altogether.

I could soon collect from the tone held respecting his conduct at Madame B \* \* \*, how subservient of all the morality of intrigue they considered the late step of which he had been guilty in withdrawing his acknowledged "Amant" from the protection of her husband, and placing her, at once, under the same

roof with himself. "You must really said the honestest himself to me: scold your friend;—all this unfortunate affair, he conducted himself so well."—a eulogy on his previous moral conduct, which, when I reported it the following day to my noble host, provoked at once a smile and sigh from his lips.

The chief subject of our conversation, when alone, was his marriage, and the load of obloquy which it had brought upon him. He was most anxious to know the worst that had been alleged of his conduct, and as this was our first opportunity of speaking together on the subject, I did not hesitate to put his candour most searchingly to the proof, not only by enumerating the various charges I had heard brought against him by others, but by specifying such portions of these charges as I had been inclined to think not incredible myself. To all this he listened with patience, and answered with the most unhesitating frankness, laughing to scorn the tales of unmanly outrage related of him, but, at the same time, acknowledging that there had been in his conduct but too much to blame and regret, and stating on two or three occasions, during his domestic life, when he had been irritated into letting "the breath of bitter words" escape him,—words, rather those of the unquiet spirit that possessed him than his own, and which he now evidently remembered with a degree of remorse and pain which might well have entitled them to be forgotten by others.

It was, at the same time, manifest, that whatever admissions he might be inclined to make respecting his own delinquencies, the inordinate measure of the punishment dealt out to him had sunk deeply into his mind, and, with the usual effect of such injustice, drove him also to be unjust himself;—so much so, indeed, as to impute to the quarter, to which he now traced all his ill fate, a feeling of fixed hostility to himself, which would not rest, he thought, even at his grave, but continue to persecute his memory as it was now embittering his life. So strong was this impression upon him, that during one of our few intervals of seriousness, he conjured me, by our friendship, if, as he both felt and hoped, I should survive him, not to let unmerited censure settle upon his name, but, while I surrendered him up to condemnation, where he deserved it, to vindicate him where aspersed.

How groundless and wrongful were these apprehensions, the early death which he so often predicted and sighed for has enabled us, unfortunately but too soon, to testify. So far from having to defend him against any such assailants, an unworthy voice or two, from persons more injurious as friends than as enemies, is all that I find raised in hostility to his name; while by none, I am inclined to think, would a generous amnesty over his grave be more readily and cordially concurred in than by her, among whose numerous virtues a forgiving charity towards himself was the only one to which she had not yet taught him to render justice.

I have already had occasion to remark, in another part of this work, that with persons who, like Lord Byron, live centred in their own tremulous web of sensitiveness, those friends of whom they see least, and who, therefore, least frequently come in collision with them in those every day realities from which such natures shrink so morbidly, have proportionately a greater chance of retaining a hold on their affec-

tions. There is, however, in long absence even of this temperament, another danger hardly less, perhaps, to be dreaded. If friend holds in their hearts is, in near as them, in danger from their sensitiveness equally, perhaps, at the mercy of the imaginations during absence. On this I recollect once expressing my apprehension Byron, in a passage of a letter addressed short time before his death, of which is, as nearly as I can recall it, the— "When with you, I feel sure of you; hence, one is often a little afraid of be victim, all of a sudden, of some of those pious which, like meteoric stones, go selves (God knows how) in the upper imagination, and come clattering down heads, some fine sunny day, when we expecting such an invasion."

In writing thus to him, I had more recollection a fancy of this kind respect which he had, not long before my presence at Venice, taken into his head. In a I now, perhaps, forgotten publication of an account of the adventures of an Eng Paria, there had occurred the following: the chief hero of the tale.

"A fine, mellow, sublime sort of Werter-ism With muscatines which gave (what we n The dear Cornair expression, half savage As hyacinths in love may be fancied to look A something between Abenard and old B"

On seeing this doggerel, my noble I might, indeed, with a little more thought cipated,—conceived the notion that I m ridicule on his whole race of poetic he cordingly, as I learned from persons the intercourse with him, flew out into one half humorous rage against me. This fessed himself, and, in laughing over the with me, owned that he had even gone his first moments of wrath, to contemplate retaliation for this perfidious bit at his be when I recollected," said he, "what plea give the whole tribe of blockheads and you and me turning out against each o up the idea." He was, indeed, a stril of what may be almost invariably observ who best know how to wield the weapo themselves, are the most alive to its p hands of others. I remember, one day 1813, I think,—as we were conversing to critics and their influence on the publi part," he exclaimed, "I don't care what me, so they don't quiz me." "Oh, y fear that,"—I answered, with somethir of a half suppressed smile on my featur could quiz you." *You could*, you v plied, clenching his hand at me, and loo same time, with comic earnestness into n

Before I proceed any farther with m lections, I shall here take the opportunit ing some curious particulars respecting and mode of life of my friend while at V an account obligingly furnished me by



ided in that city, and who, during the of Lord Byron's stay, lived on terms of dly intimacy with him.

en lamented that I kept no notes of his during our rides and aquatic excursions. I exceed the vivacity and variety of his or the cheerfulness of his manner. His e surrounding objects were always ori- at particularly striking was the quickness e availed himself of every circumstance, ing in itself, and such as would have notice of almost any other person, to it in such arguments as we might chance ed in. He was feelingly alive to the ature, and took great interest in any which, as a dabbler in the arts, I vene upon the effects of light and shadow, es produced in the colour of objects by n in the atmosphere.

t where we usually mounted our horses ewish cemetery; but the French, during tion of Venice, had thrown down the ad levelled all the tombstones with the der that they might not interfere with ions upon the Lido, under the guns of a situated. To this place, as it was that where he alighted from his gondola horses, the curious amongst our country were anxious to obtain a glimpse of resort; and it was amusing in the excess the excessive coolness with which ll as gentlemen, would advance within ces of him, eyeing him, some with their ey would have done a statue in a mu- wild breasts at Exeter'Change. However might be to a man's vanity, Lord By- he bore it very patiently, expressed believe he really was, excessively an-

aid that our usual ride was along the l that the spot where we took horse, and mounted, had been a cemetery. It will lieved, that some caution was necessary r the broken tombstones, and that it er an awkward place for horses to pass. of our ride was not very great, scarcely t miles in all, we seldom rode fast, that least prolong its duration, and enjoy as sible the refreshing air of the Adriatic. ve were leisurely returning homewards, all at once, and without saying any et spurs to his horse and started off at aking the greatest haste he could to get a. I could not conceive what fit had nd had some difficulty in keeping even onable distance of him, while I looked discover, if I were able, what could be his unusual precipitation. At length I some distance two or three gentlemen, anning along the opposite side of the t the Lagoon, parallel with him, towards hoping to get there in time to see him race actually took place between them, ing to out strip them. In this he, in fact, ad, throwing himself quickly from his into his gondola, of which he hastily

closed the blinds, ensconcing himself in a corner so as not to be seen. For my own part, not choosing to risk my neck over the ground I have spoken of, I followed more leisurely as soon as I came amongst the gravestones, but got to the place of embarkation just at the same moment with my curious countrymen, and in time to witness their disappointment at having had their run for nothing. I found him exulting in his success in outstripping them. He expressed in strong terms his annoyance at what he called their impertinence, whilst I could not but laugh at his impatience, as well as at the mortification of the unfortunate pedestrians, whose eagerness to see him, I said, was, in my opinion, highly flattering to him. That, he replied, depended on the feeling with which they came, and he had not the vanity to believe that they were influenced by any admiration of his character or of his abilities, but that they were impelled merely by idle curiosity. Whether it was so or not, I cannot help thinking that if they had been of the other sex, he would not have been so eager to escape from their observation, as in that case he would have repaid them glance for glance.

"The curiosity that was expressed by all classes of travellers to see him, and the eagerness with which they endeavoured to pick up any anecdotes of his mode of life, were carried to a length which will hardly be credited. It formed the chief subject of their inquiries of the gondoliers who conveyed them from terra firma to the floating city; and these people, who are generally loquacious, were not at all backward in administering to the taste and humours of their passengers, relating to them the most extravagant and often unfounded stories. They took care to point out the house where he lived, and to give such hints of his movements as might afford them an opportunity of seeing him. Many of the English visitors, under pretext of seeing his house, in which there were no paintings of any consequence, nor, besides himself, any thing worthy of notice, contrived to obtain admittance through the cupidity of his servants, and with the most barefaced impudence forced their way even into his bedroom, in the hopes of seeing him. Hence arose, in a great measure, his bitterness towards them, which he has expressed in a note to one of his poems, on the occasion of some unfounded remark made upon him by an anonymous traveller in Italy; and it certainly appears well calculated to foster that cynicism which prevails in his latter works more particularly, and which, as well as the misanthropical expressions that occur in those which first raised his reputation, I do not believe to have been his natural feeling. Of this I am certain, that I never witnessed greater kindness than in Lord Byron.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The inmates of his family were all extremely attached to him, and would have endured any thing on his account. He was indeed culpably lenient to them; for even when instances occurred of their neglecting their duty, or taking an undue advantage of his good-nature, he rather bantered than spoke seriously to them upon it, and could not bring himself to discharge them, even when he had threatened to do so. An instance occurred within my knowledge of his unwillingness to act harshly towards a tradesman whom he had materially assisted, not only by lending

him money, but by forwarding his interest in every way that he could. Notwithstanding repeated acts of kindness on Lord Byron's part, this man robbed and cheated him in the most barefaced manner, and when at length Lord Byron was induced to sue him at law for the recovery of his money, the only punishment he inflicted upon him, when sentence against him was passed, was to put him in prison for one week, and then to let him out again, although his debtor had subjected him to a considerable additional expense, by dragging him into all the different courts of appeal, and that he never at last recovered one halfpenny of the money owed to him. Upon this subject he writes to me from Ravenna. "If \* \* is in (prison), let him out; if out, put him in for a week, merely for a lesson, and give him a good lecture."

"He was also ever ready to assist the distressed, and he was most unostentatious in his charities: for besides considerable sums which he gave away to applicants at his own house, he contributed largely by weekly and monthly allowances to persons whom he had never seen, and who, as the money reached them by other hands, did not even know who was their benefactor. One or two instances might be adduced where his charity certainly bore an appearance of ostentation; one particularly when he sent fifty louis-d'or to a poor printer whose house had been burnt to the ground, and all his property destroyed; but even this was not unattended with advantage; for it in a manner compelled the Austrian authorities to do something for the poor sufferer, which I have no hesitation in saying they would not have done otherwise; and I attribute it entirely to the publicity of his donation, that they allowed the man the use of an unoccupied house belonging to the government until he could rebuild his own, or re-establish his business elsewhere. Other instances might be perhaps discovered where his liberalities proceeded from selfish, and not very worthy motives; \* but these are rare, and it would be unjust in the extreme to assume them as proofs of his character."

It has been already mentioned that, in writing to my noble friend to announce my coming, I had expressed a hope that he would be able to go on with me to Rome; and I had the gratification of finding, on my arrival, that he was fully prepared to enter into this plan. On becoming acquainted, however, with all the details of his present situation, I so far sacrificed my own wishes and pleasure as to advise strongly that he should remain at La Mira. In the first place, I saw reason to apprehend that his leaving Madame Guiccioli at this crisis might be the means of drawing upon him the suspicion of neglecting, if not actually deserting, a young person who had just sacrificed so much to her love for him, and whose position, at this moment, between husband and lover, it required all the generous prudence of the latter to shield from further shame or fall. There had just occurred too, as it appeared to me, a most favourable opening for the retrieval of, at least, the imprudent part of the transaction, by replacing the lady instantly under her husband's protection, and thus enabling her still to

\* The writer here, no doubt, alludes to such questionable liberalities as those exercised towards the husbands of his two favourites, Madame S \* \* and the Fornarina.

retain that station in society which, in nothing but such imprudence could have

This latter hope had been suggested to me one day showed me (as we were dining alone, at the well-known Pellegrino), who had this morning been received by the Countess's husband, and the chief object of which was to express any censure of her conduct, but that she should prevail upon her noble husband to transfer into his keeping a sum of £1000 then lying, if I remember right, in the hands of Byron's banker at Ravenna, but which the Count professed to think would be more advantageously placed in his own. Security, the wife would be given, and five per cent. interest to accept of the sum on any other terms but to be an "avvilimento" to him. The Countess regarded the lady herself, who has since performed the most noble sacrifice, how perfectly dissimilar her feelings throughout, this trait of so dissimulate a character in her lord must have increased her disgust at returning to him. Important did it seem, as well for her lover as for her own, to retrace, while there was time, the last imprudent step, that even the same sum, which I saw would materially facilitate the arrangement, did not appear to me by any high a price to pay for it. On this point, however, my noble friend entirely differed with me; he could be more humorous and amusing than I, and in which, in his newly assumed character of lover of money, he dilated on the many thousands of pounds, and his determination to give with a single one of them to Count Guiccioli confidence, too, in his own power of extricating from this difficulty he spoke with equal humour; and Mr Scott, who joined our dinner, having taken the same view of the matter, did, he laid a wager of two sequins with me, that, without any such disbursement, he yet bring all right again, and "save the lady her money too."

It is, indeed, certain, that he had at that time taken up the whim (for it hardly deserves a serious name) of minute and constant watch over his expenditure; and, as most usually it was with the increase of his means that the increased sense of the value of money came. A symptom I saw of this new fancy of his was the exceeding joy which he manifested on my presenting him a rouleau of twenty Napoleons, which K \* \* d, to whom he had, on some occasions, a sum, had intrusted me with, at Milan, to deliver into his hands. With the most joyous and diverting nervousness, he tore open the paper, and, in counting the sum, stopped frequently to congratulate himself on the recovery of it.

Of his household frugalities I speak but with the authority of others; but it is not difficult to see that, with a restless spirit like his, which was always in having something to contend with, which, but a short time before, "for was said, "of something craggy to break upon," amused itself with the study of the Armenian alphabet, he should, in default of all better excitement, sort of stir and amusement in the task of c



every encroachment of expense, and to suppress what he himself calls

That climax of all earthly ills,  
The end of our weekly bills."

is constant recurrence to the praise of Don Juan, and the humorous zest with which he dwells on it, shows how new to him as how far from serious, was his this "good old-gentlemanly vice." In the first he had, a short time before my arrival, established a hoarding-box, with a key into which he occasionally put sequins, and at periods, opened it to contemplate his own ascetic style of living enabled himself to be concerned, to gratify this economy in no ordinary degree,—his daily when the Margarita was his companion, have been assured, of but four beccafichi the Fornarina eat three, leaving even

parsimony, however (if this new phasis of his character is to be called by such a name) very far from being of that kind which is common, as "withholding men from works" is apparent from all that is known of him; at this very period,—some particulars from a most authentic source have just proving amply that while, for the indulgence, he kept one hand closed, he gave to his generous nature by dispensing liberally the other. It should be remembered, too, that money shall continue to be one of the sources of power, so long will they who seek for their fellow-men attach value to it as to the more lowly they are inclined to be disinterestedness of the human heart, available and precious will they consider that gives such power over it. Hence, it is not among those who have thought unkind that the disposition to avarice has been displayed itself. In Swift the love of strong and avowed; and to Voltaire the necessity was also frequently imputed,—on sufficient grounds, perhaps, as to Lord

Byron preceding that of my departure from the noble host, on arriving from La Mira to me, with all the glee of a schoolboy who had wanted a holiday, that, as this was my last visit, Contessa had given him leave to "make a book" and that accordingly he would not only come to the opera, but that we should sup at some café (as in the old times) afterwards. In a volume in his gondola, with a number of letters between the leaves, I enquired of him if he had "Only a book," he answered, "from trying to *crib*, as I do wherever I can; \* the way I get the character of an original." On taking it up and looking into it, I found "Ah, my old friend, Agathon!"†—

I remind the reader of Moliere's avowal in *Le Bourgeois gentilhomme*:—"C'est mon bien, et je le prends partout." The story of Agathon, by Wieland.

"What!" he cried, archly, "you have been beforehand with me there, have you?"

Though in thus imputing to himself premeditated plagiarism, he was, of course, but jesting: it was, I am inclined to think, his practice, when engaged in the composition of any work, to excite his vein by the perusal of others on the same subject or plan, from which the slightest hint caught by his imagination, as he read, was sufficient to kindle there such a train of thought as, but for that spark, had never been awakened, and of which he himself soon forgot the source. In the present instance, the inspiration he sought was of no very elevating nature,—the anti-spiritual doctrines of the Sophist in this Romance\* being what chiefly, I suspect, attracted his attention to its pages, as not unlikely to supply him with fresh argument and sarcasm for those depreciating views of human nature and its destiny, which he was now, with all the wantonness of unbounded genius, enforcing in Don Juan.

Of this work he was, at the time of my visit to him, writing the Third Canto, and before dinner, one day, read me two or three hundred lines of it;—beginning with the stanzas "Oh Wellington, &c." which at that time formed the opening of this Third Canto, but were afterwards reserved for the commencement of the Ninth. My opinion of the Poem, both as regarded its talent and its mischief, he had already been made acquainted with, from my having been one of those,—his Committee, as he called us,—to whom, at his own desire, the manuscript of the Two First Cantos had been submitted, and who, as the reader has seen, angered him not a little by depreciating the publication of it. In a letter which I, at that time, wrote to him on the subject, after praising the exquisite beauty of the scenes between Juan and Haidée, I ventured to say, "Is it not odd that the same licence which, in your early Satire, you blamed me for being guilty of on the borders of my twentieth year, you are now yourself (with infinitely greater power, and therefore infinitely greater mischief) indulging in *after thirty*!"

Though I now found him, in full defiance of such remonstrances, proceeding with this work, he had yet, as his own letters prove, been so far influenced by the general outcry against his Poem, as to feel the zeal and zest with which he had commenced it

\* Between Wieland, the author of this Romance, and Lord Byron, may be observed some of those generic points of resemblance which it is so interesting to trace in the characters of men of genius. The German poet, it is said, never perused any work that made a strong impression upon him, without being stimulated to commence one, himself, on the same topic and plan; and in Lord Byron the imitative principle was almost equally active,—there being few of his Poems that might not, in the same manner, be traced to the strong impulse given to his imagination by the perusal of some work that had interested him. In the history, too, of their lives and feelings, there was a strange and painful coincidence,—the revolution that took place in all Wieland's opinions, from the Platonism and romance of his youthful days, to the material and Epicurean doctrines that pervaded all his maturer works, being chiefly, it is supposed, brought about by the shock his heart had received from a disappointment of its affections in early life. Speaking of the illusion of this first passion, in one of his letters, he says,— "It is one for which no joys, no honours, no gifts of fortune, not even wisdom itself can afford an equivalent, and which, when it has once vanished, returns no more."

considerably abated,—so much so, as to render, ultimately, in his own opinion, the Third and Fourth Cantos much inferior in spirit to the Two First. So sensitive, indeed,—in addition to his usual abundance of this quality,—did he, at length, grow on the subject, that when Mr W. Banks, who succeeded me as his visitor, happened to tell him, one day, that he had heard a Mr Saunders (or some such name), then resident at Venice, declare that, in his opinion, “Don Juan was all Grub-street,” such an effect had this disparaging speech upon his mind (though coming from a person who, as he himself would have it, was “nothing but a d—d salt-fish seller”), that, for some time after, by his own confession to Mr Banks, he could not bring himself to write another line of the Poem; and, one morning, opening a drawer where the neglected manuscript lay, he said to his friend, “Look here—this is all Mr Saunders’s ‘Grub-street.’”

To return, however, to the details of our last evening together at Venice.—After a dinner with Mr Scott at the Pellegrino, we all went, rather late, to the opera, where the principal part in the *Baccanali di Roma* was represented by a female singer, whose chief claim to reputation, according to Lord Byron, lay in her having *stilettoed* one of her favourite lovers. In the intervals between the singing he pointed out to me different persons among the audience, to whom celebrity of various sorts, but, for the most part, disreputable, attached; and of one lady who sat near us, he related an anecdote, which, whether new or old, may, as creditable to Venetian facetiousness, be worth, perhaps, repeating. This lady had, it seems, been pronounced by Napoleon the finest woman in Venice; but the Venetians, not quite agreeing with this opinion of the great man, contented themselves with calling her “*La Bella per Decréto*,”—adding (as the Decrees always begin with the word “*Considerando*”), “*Ma senza il Considerando*.”

From the opera, in pursuance of our agreement to “make a night of it,” we betook ourselves to a sort of *cabaret* in the Place of St Mark, and there, within a few yards of the Palace of the Doges, sat drinking hot brandy punch, and laughing over old times, till the clock of St Mark struck the second hour of the morning. Lord Byron then took me in his gondola, and, the moon being in its fullest splendour, he made the gondoliers row us to such points of view as might enable me to see Venice, at that hour, to advantage. Nothing could be more solemnly beautiful than the whole scene around, and I had, for the first time, the Venice of my dreams before me. All those meaner details which so offend the eye by day were now softened down by the moonlight into a sort of visionary indistinctness; and the effect of that silent city of palaces, sleeping, as it were, upon the waters, in the bright stillness of the night, was such as could not but affect deeply even the least susceptible imagination. My companion saw that I was moved by it, and, though familiar with the scene himself, seemed to give way, for the moment, to the same strain of feeling; and, as we exchanged a few remarks suggested by that wreck of human glory before us, his voice, habitually so cheerful, sunk into a tone of mournful sweetness,

such as I had rarely before heard from him and not easily forget. This mood, however, was but the moment; some quick turn of ridicule soon threw him off into a totally different vein, and at three o’clock in the morning, at the door of his palazzo, we parted, laughing as we had met, agreement having been first made that I should have an early dinner with him next day, at his villa on my road to Ferrara.

Having employed the morning of the following day in completing my round of sights at Venice,—I care to visit specially “that picture by Giorgi to which the poet’s exclamation, “such a woman will long continue to attract all votaries of beauty,” I took my departure from Venice, and, at three o’clock, arrived at La Mira. I found my host waiting to receive me, and, in passing through the hall, saw his little *Allegro*, who, her nursery maid, was standing there as if returned from a walk. To the perverse lady for falsifying his own character, and even to himself faults the most alien to his nature, I already frequently adverted, and had, as I then said, a striking instance of it. After I had said little, in passing, to the child, and much we said on its beauty, he said to me—“Have you any more—but I suppose you have—of what they call a rental feeling? For myself, I have none. And yet, when that child died, in a paroxysm, he who now uttered this address, was so overwhelmed by the event, that he wept about him at the time actually *united* by his reason!”

A short time before dinner he left the room, and a minute or two returned, carrying in his hand a white leather bag. “Look here,” he said, holding it up,—“this would be worth something to you, though you, I dare say, would not give much for it.” “What is it?” I asked.—“My *Life* and *ventures*,” he answered. On hearing this, he held out his hands in a gesture of wonder. “What a thing,” he continued, “that can be printed in my lifetime, but you may have it, if you like, do whatever you please with it.” In taking it, and thanking him most warmly, I added, “You may make a nice legacy for my little Tom, who will finish the latter days of the nineteenth century.” He then added, “You may show it to any friends you think worthy of it:”—and this, word for word, the whole of what passed between us on the subject.

At dinner we were favoured with the presence of Madame Guiccioli, who was so obliging as to let me, at Lord Byron’s suggestion, with a kind introduction to her brother, Count Gamba, who was probable, they both thought, I should meet in Rome. This letter I never had an opportunity of presenting; and as it was left open for so long, and was, the greater part of it, I have little doubt, dictated by my noble friend, I may venture, with

\* “‘Tis but a portrait of his son and self,  
And self; but such a woman? Love is life!”  
BYRON, *Stanzas* III.

This seems, by the way, to be an incorrect description of the picture, as, according to Vasari and others, it never was married, and died young.





*nasty?*—It is not my intention to continue him in my service."

## LETTER CCCXLII.

TO MR HOPFNER.

October 25th, 1819.

"You need not have made any excuses about *the* letter; I never said but that you might, could, should, or would have reason. I merely described my own state of inaptitude to listen to it at that time, and in those circumstances. Besides, you did not speak from your *own* authority—but from what you said you had heard. Now my blood boils to hear an Italian speaking ill of another Italian, because though they lie in particular, they speak truth in general by speaking ill at all—and although they know that they are trying and wishing to lie, they do not succeed, merely because they can say nothing so bad of each other, that it *may* not, and must not be true, from the atrocity of their long debased national character."

"With regard to E. you will perceive a most irregular, extravagant account, without proper documents to support it. He demanded an increase of salary, which made me suspect him; he supported an outrageous extravagance of expenditure, and did not like the dismissal of the cook; he never complained of him—as in duty bound—at the time of his robberies. I can only say, that the house expense is now under *one half* of what it then was, as he himself admits. He charged for a comb *eighteen* francs,—the real price was *eight*. He charged a passage from Fusina for a person named Iambelli, who paid it *herself*, as she will prove, if necessary. He fancies, or asserts himself, the victim of a domestic complot against him;—accounts are accounts—prices are prices;—let him make out a fair detail. I am not prejudiced against him—on the contrary, I supported him against the complaints of his wife, and of his former master, at a time when I could have crushed him like an earwig, and if he is a scoundrel, he is the greatest of scoundrels, an ungrateful one. The truth is, probably, that he thought I was leaving Venice, and determined to make the most of it. At present he keeps bringing in *account after account*, though he had always money in hand—as I believe you know my system was never to allow longer than a week's bill to run. Pray read him this letter—I desire nothing to be concealed against which he may defend himself.

"Pray how is your little boy? and how are you?—I shall be up in Venice very soon, and we will be bi-

"\* This language" (says Mr Hopfner, in some remarks upon the above letter) "is strong, but it was the language of prejudice, and he was rather apt thus to express the feelings of the moment, without troubling himself to consider how soon he might be induced to change them. He was at this time so sensitive on the subject of Malame \* \*, that, merely because some persons had disapproved of her conduct, he declaimed in the above manner against the whole nation. I never" (continues Mr Hopfner) "was partial to Venice; but disliked it almost from the first month of my residence there. Yet I experienced more kindness in that place than I ever met with in any country, and witnessed acts of generosity and disinterestedness such as rarely are met with elsewhere."

lions together. I hate the place and all that berits.

"Yours, &c."

## LETTER CCCXLIII.

TO MR HOPFNER.

October 26th 1819

"I have to thank you for your letter, and a compliment to Don Juan. I said nothing about it, understanding that it is a sore subject to the moral reader, and has been the cause of disrow; but I am glad you like it. I will say nothing about the shipwreck, except that I hope you find it is as *nautical* and *technical* as verse could be in the octave measure.

"The poem has *not sold well*, so Mr Hopfner—but the best judges, &c., say, &c.'s opinion is a worthy man. I have never seen it in print. The Third Canto is in advance about one hundred lines, but the failure of the two first has weakened it, and it will neither be so good as the two first, nor completed, unless I get a little more ricchies in behalf. I understand the outcry was less of thing.—Pretty cant for people who read Ariosto, and Roderick Random, and the *Fortunio* Ariosto, and Dryden, and Pope—*to say* Little's Poems. Of course I refer to *these* works, and not to any pretensions to compete with them in any thing but *business*. Yours is the Paris edition, and the *London* price. I have seen *some* newspapers.

"Pray make my respects to Mrs H. and of your little boy. All my household have agreed, except Fletcher, Allegra, and we used to say in Nottinghamshire, and in Mutz, and Moretto. In the beginning of November, perhaps sooner, I expect to have the pleasure of seeing you. To-day I got drenched by a storm, and my horse and groom too, and I benumbed up to the middle in a cross-rain—summer at noon, and at five we were back—but the lightning was sent perhaps to let us know the summer was not yet over. It is gone for the 27th October.

"Yours, &c."

## LETTER CCCXLIV.

TO MR MURRAY.

Venice, October 28th.

"Yours of the 15th came yesterday. I am glad that you do not mention a large letter about your care for Lady Byron, from me, at three months ago. Pray tell me, was this kind notice forwarded?

"You say nothing of the vice-consul at Ravenna patrician, from which it is to be inferred the thing will not be done.

"I had written about a hundred stanzas of Canto to Don Juan, but the reception of the first is no encouragement to you nor me to proceed.



also written about 600 lines of a poem, the Prophecy of Dante, the subject a view of the ages down to the present—supposing to speak in his own person, previous to his embracing all topics in the way of prophecy, as in the Prophecy of the Sibyl; but this and the other are at a stand-still for the present.

Moore, who is gone to Rome, my Life in 78 folio sheets, brought down to 1816. But I put it into his hands for his care, as he has some MSS. of mine—a Journal kept in 1814, &c. &c. for publication during my life, but when you may do what you please. In the mean time I like to read them you may, and show them to you like—I care not.

My Life is *Memoranda*, and not *Confessions*. But all my loves (except in a general way), other of the most important things (because I compromise other people), so that it is like *Hamlet*—the part of *Hamlet* omitted by *Shakespeare*. But you will find many opinions, with a detailed account of my marriage sequences, as true as a party concerned in such account, for I suppose we are all

never read over this Life since it was first published. I know not exactly what it may repeat.

Moore and I passed some merry days together. I must return for business, or in my opinion. Pray, did you get a letter for Hobhouse? I will have told you the contents? I understand the Venezuelan commissioners had treated with emigrants: now I want to go there, to make a bad South-American planter, and to make my natural daughter, Allegra, with me, as I wrote, at length, to Hobhouse, to get in from Perry, who, I suppose, is the best soldier and trumpeter of the new republicans.

"Yours ever,

Moore and I did nothing but laugh. He told me of my whereabouts, and all my proceedings at present; they are as usual. You should see fellows publish false 'Don Juans,' but at my name, because I mean to cut R—to sound in the preface, if I continue the poem."

#### LETTER CCCXLV.

TO MR HOPPNER.

"October 29th, 1819.

Ferrara story is of a piece with all the rest of the Italian manufacture,—you may judge: I only wonder there since I wrote to you, after my time last. 'Convent,' and 'carry off,' and 'girl.' I should like to know who has led off, except poor dear me. I have been asked myself than any body since the Trojan as to the arrest, and its causes, one is as another, and I can account for the invention.

I suppose it is some confusion of the tale of Me. Guiccioli, and half a dozen others; it is useless to unravel the web, when one can brush it away. I shall settle with Mas-

ter E., who looks very blue at your *in-decision*, and swears that he is the best arithmetician in Europe; and so I think also, for he makes out two and two to be five.

"You may see me next week. I have a horse or two more (five in all), and I shall repossess myself of Lido, and I will rise earlier, and we will go and shake our livers over the beach, as heretofore, if you like—and we will make the Adriatic roar again with our hatred of that now empty oyster-shell, without its pearl, the city of Venice.

"Murray sent me a letter yesterday: the impostors have published two new *Third Cantos* of *Don Juan*:—the devil take the impudence of some blackguard bookseller or other therefor! Perhaps I did not make myself understood; he told me the sale had been great, 1200 out of 1500 quarto, I believe, (which is nothing after selling 13,000 of the *Corsair* in one day); but that the 'best judges, &c.' had said it was very fine, and clever, and particularly good English, and poetry, and all those consolatory things, which are not, however, worth a single copy to a bookseller: and as to the author, of course I am in a d-d—ned passion at the bad taste of the times, and swear there is nothing like posterity, who, of course, must know more of the matter than their grandfathers. There has been an eleventh commandment to the women not to read it, and what is still more extraordinary, they seem not to have broken it. But that can be of little import to them, poor things, for the reading or non-reading a book will never

"Count G. comes to Venice next week, and I am requested to consign his wife to him, which shall be done. \* \* \*. What you say of the long evenings at the Mira, or Venice, reminds me of what Curran said to Moore:—'So I hear you have married a pretty woman, and a very good creature, too—an excellent creature. Pray—um!—how do you pass your evenings?' It is a devil of a question that, and perhaps as easy to answer with a wife as with a mistress.

"If you go to Milan, pray leave at least a *Vice-Consul*—the only vice that will ever be wanting in Venice. D'Orville is a good fellow. But you shall go to England in the spring with me, and plant Mrs. Hoppner at Berne with her relations for a few months. I wish you had been here (at Venice, I mean, not the Mira) when Moore was here—we were very merry and tipsy. He *hated* Venice, by the way, and swore it was a sad place. †

"So Madame Albrizzi's death is in danger—poor woman! \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* Moore told me that at Geneva they had made a devil of a story of the Fornaretta:—'Young lady seduced;—subsequent abandonment!—leap into the Grand Canal!'—and her being in the 'hospital of *fous* in consequence!' I should like to know who was nearest being made '*fou*,' and be d-d to them! Don't you think me in the interesting character of a very ill-used gentleman? I hope your little boy is well. Allegrina is flourishing like a pomegranate blossom.

"Yours, &c."

† I beg to say that this report of my opinion of Venice is coloured somewhat too deeply by the feelings of the reporter.

## LETTER CCCXLVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

" Venice, November 8th, 1819.

"Mr. Hoppner has lent me a copy of 'Don Juan,' Paris edition, which he tells me is read in Switzerland by clergymen and ladies with considerable approbation. In the Second Canto, you must alter the 49th stanza to

'T was twilight, and the sunless day went down  
Over the waste of waters, like a veil  
Which if withdrawn would but disclose the frown  
Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail;  
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,  
And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale  
And the dim desolate deep; twelve days had Fear  
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

"I have been ill these eight days with a tertian fever, caught in the country on horseback in a thunder-storm. Yesterday I had the fourth attack: the two last were very smart, the first day as well as the last being preceded by vomiting. It is the fever of the place and the season. I feel weakened, but not unwell, in the intervals, except headache and lassitude.

"Count Guiccioli has arrived in Venice, and has presented his spouse (who had preceded him two months for her health and the prescriptions of Dr Aglietti) with a paper of conditions, regulations of hours and conduct, and morals, &c. &c. &c., which he insists on her accepting, and she persists in refusing. I am expressly, it should seem, excluded by this treaty, as an indispensable preliminary; so that they are in high dissension, and what the result may be, I know not, particularly as they are consulting friends.

"To-night, as Countess Guiccioli observed me poring over 'Don Juan,' she stumbled by mere chance on the 137th stanza of the First Canto, and asked me what it meant. I told her, 'Nothing,—but 'your husband is coming.' As I said this in Italian with some emphasis, she started up in a fright, and said, 'Oh, my God, is he coming?' thinking it was *her own*, who either was or ought to have been at the theatre. You may suppose we laughed when she found out the mistake. You will be amused, as I was;—it happened not three hours ago.

"I wrote to you last week, but have added nothing to the Third Canto since my fever, nor to 'The Prophecy of Dante.' Of the former there are about 100 octaves done; of the latter about 500 lines—perhaps more. Moore saw the third Juan, as far as it then went. I do not know if my fever will let me go on with either, and the tertian lasts, they say, a good while. I had it in Malta on my way home, and the malarial fever in Greece the year before that. The Venetian is not very fierce, but I was delirious one of the nights with it, for an hour or two, and, on my senses coming back, found Fletcher sobbing on one side of the bed, and La Contessa Guiccioli weeping

\* The following curious particulars of his delirium are given by Madame Guiccioli:—"At the beginning of winter Count Guiccioli came from Ravenna to fetch me. When he arrived, Lord Byron was ill of a fever, occasioned by his

on the other; so that I had no want of attendants. I have not yet taken any physician, because, as I think they may relieve in chronic disorders, in gout and the like, &c. &c. &c. (though they cure them)—just as surgeons are necessary to bones and tend wounds—yet I think fever is of their reach, and remediable only by distant means.

"I don't like the taste of bark, but I suppose I must take it soon.

"Tell Rose that somebody at Milan (as Mr Hoppner says) is answering his book. Mr Bankes is in quarantine at Trieste. I have not heard from you. Excuse this paper: it is long shortened for the occasion. What folly is Carlisle's trial? why let him have the human martyr? it will only advertise the books in question.

" Yours, &c.

"P.S. As I tell you that the Guiccioli came on the eve of exploding in one way or the other, will just add that, without attempting to influence the decision of the Contessa, a good deal depends on it. If she and her husband make a voyage, perhaps see me in England sooner than you will. If not, I shall retire with her to France; I have changed my name, and lead a quiet private life. This may seem odd, but I have got the perfect scrape; and as neither her birth, nor her own connexions by birth or marriage are of my own, I am in honour bound to support her. Besides, she is a very pretty woman—she is not yet one and twenty.

"If she gets over this and I get over this, will perhaps look in at Albemarle-street on these days, *en passant* to Bolivar."

## LETTER CCCXLVII.

TO MR BANKES.

" Venice, November 10th.

"A tertian ague which has troubled me some time, and the indisposition of my daughter, prevented me from replying before to your letter. I have not been ignorant of your honor of your discoveries, and I trust that you

having got wet through;—a violent storm had overtaken him while taking his usual exercise on horseback. He has been delirious the whole night, and I had written continually by his bedside. During his delirium he composed good many verses, and ordered his servant to write down from his dictation. The rhythm of these was quite correct, and the poetry itself had no appearance of being the work of a delirious mind. He grew better for some time after he got well, and then burst out again. "Sul cominciare dell' inverno il Conte Guiccioli si prendermi per ricondurmi a Ravenna. Quando Lord Byron era ammalato di febbre prese per suo mezzo un cavallo. Egli aveva delirato la notte, ed io aveva sempre vegliato presso di lui. Il suo delirio egli compose molti versi che ordinò che si scrivessero sotto la sua dittatura. La sua versificazione era esattissima, e la poesia pure non presentava una mente in delirio. Egli si conservò lungo tempo restabilito—poi l'abbruciò."

I have been informed, too, that, during this time, he was constantly haunted by his mother-in-law,—taking every one that he saw for her, and reproaching those about him for his room.



to health from your labours. You may rely on finding every body in England eager to reap the fruit of them; and as you have done more than other I hope you will not limit yourself to saying less may do justice to the talents and time you have expended on your perilous researches. The first sentence of my letter will have explained to you why I visit you at Trieste. I was on the point of setting out for England (before I knew of your arrival) when your illness has made her and me dependent on your Venetian Proto-Medico.

Now seven years since you and I met;—you have employed better for others and more for yourself than I have done.

And you will find considerable changes, private,—you will see some of our old associates turned into lords of the treasury, and the like,—others become reformers

—many settled in life, as it is called,—settled in death; among the latter (by the fellow collegians), Sheridan, Curran, Moore, Monk Lewis, Frederick Douglass, &c.; but you will still find Mr \* \* living

as usual, as also \* \* \*

you come up this way, and I am still here, not be assured how glad I shall be to see

to hear some part, from you, of that respect in no long time to see. At length you

better fortune than any traveller of equal (except Humboldt) in returning safe; and

state of the Brownes, and the Parkes, and Richards, it is hardly less surprise than

to get you back again.

\* Believe me ever

\* and very affectionately yours,

\* "BYRON."

#### LETTER CCCXLVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Venice, Dec. 4, 1819.

you may do as you please, but you are about a experiment. Eldon will decide against you, only that my name is in the record. You will collect that if the publication is pronounced on the grounds you mention, as *indecent* and *impious*, that I lose all right in my daughter's education, in short, all authority, and every thing concerning her.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* It was so decided in Shelley's case, he had written *Queen Mab*, &c. &c. How can I ask the lawyers, and do as you like: I

submit that you trying the question; I merely state the consequences to me. With regard to the

it, it is hard that you should pay for a non-

will therefore refund it, which I can very

not having spent it, nor begun upon it; and

it will be quits on that score. It lies at my

the Chancellor's law I am no judge; but take

Jones, and read his *Mrs Waters* and *Molly*

or *Prior's Hans Carvel* and *Paulo Purganti*;

or *Roderick Random*, the chapter of *Lord*

and many others; *Peregrine Pickle*, the

scene of the *Beggar Girl*; Johnson's *London*, for coarse expressions; for instance, the words \* \* \* and \* \* \*; Anstey's *Bath Guide*, the 'Hearken, Lady Betty, hearken;'—take up, in short, Pope, Prior, Congreve, Dryden, Fielding, Smollett, and let the Counsel select passages, and what becomes of their copyright, if his *Wat Tyler* decision is to pass into a precedent? I have nothing more to say: you must judge for yourselves.

"I wrote to you some time ago. I have had a tertian ague; my daughter Allegra has been ill also, and I have been almost obliged to run away with a married woman; but with some difficulty, and many internal struggles, I reconciled the lady with her lord, and cured the fever of the child with bark, and my own with cold water. I think of setting out for England by the Tyrol in a few days, so that I could wish you to direct your next letter to Calais. Excuse my writing in great haste and late in the morning, or night, whichever you please to call it. The Third Canto of 'Don Juan' is completed, in about two hundred stanzas; very decent, I believe, but do not know, and it is useless to discuss until it be ascertained if it may or may not be a property.

"My present determination to quit Italy was unlooked for; but I have explained the reasons in letters to my sister and Douglas Kinnaird, a week or two ago. My progress will depend upon the snows of the Tyrol, and the health of my child, who is at present quite recovered;—but I hope to get on well, and am

"Yours ever and truly.

"P. S. Many thanks for your letters, to which you are not to consider this as an answer, but as an acknowledgment."

The struggle which, at the time of my visit to him, I had found Lord Byron so well disposed to make towards averting, as far as now lay in his power, some of the mischievous consequences which, both to the object of his attachment and himself, were likely to result from their connexion, had been brought, as the foregoing letters show, to a crisis soon after I left him. The Count Guiccioli, on his arrival at Venice, insisted, as we have seen, that his lady should return with him; and, after some conjugal negotiations, in which Lord Byron does not appear to have interfered, the young Contessa consented reluctantly to accompany her lord to Ravenna, it being first covenanted that, in future, all communication between her and her lover should cease.

"In a few days after this," says Mr Hoppner, in some notices of his noble friend with which he has favoured me, "he returned to Venice, very much out of spirits, owing to Madame Guiccioli's departure, and out of humour with every body and every thing around him. We resumed our rides at the Lido, and I did my best not only to raise his spirits, but to make him forget his absent mistress, and to keep him to his purpose of returning to England. He went into no society, and having no longer any relish for his former occupation, his time, when he was not writing, hung heavy enough on hand."

The promise given by the lovers not to correspond was, as all parties must have foreseen, soon violated; and the letters Lord Byron addressed to the lady, at

this time, though written in a language not his own, are rendered frequently even eloquent by the mere force of the feeling that governed him—a feeling which could not have owed its fuel to fancy alone, since now that reality had been so long substituted, it still burned on. From one of these letters, dated November 25th, I shall so far presume upon the discretionary power vested in me, as to lay a short extract or two before the reader—not merely as matters of curiosity, but on account of the strong evidence they afford of the struggle between passion and a sense of right that now agitated him.

"You are," he says, "and ever will be, my first thought. But, at this moment, I am in a state most dreadful, not knowing which way to decide;—on the one hand; fearing that I should compromise you for ever, by my return to Ravenna and the consequences of such a step, and, on the other, dreading that I shall lose both you and myself, and all that I have ever known or tasted of happiness, by never seeing you more. I pray of you, I implore you to be comforted, and to believe that I cannot cease to love you but with my life."\* In another part he says, "I go to save you, and leave a country insupportable to me without you. Your letters to F\*\* and myself do wrong to my motives—but you will yet see your injustice. It is not enough that I must leave you—from motives of which ere long you will be convinced—it is not enough that I must fly from Italy, with a heart deeply wounded, after having passed all my days in solitude since your departure, sick both in body and mind—but I must also have to endure your reproaches without answering and without deserving them. Farewell!—in that one word is comprised the death of my happiness."†

He had now arranged every thing for his departure for England, and had even fixed the day, when accounts reached him from Ravenna that the Contessa was alarmingly ill;—her sorrow at their separation having so much preyed upon her mind, that even her own family, fearful of the consequences, had withdrawn all opposition to her wishes, and now, with the sanction of Count Guiccioli himself, entreated her lover to hasten to Ravenna. What was he, in this dilemma, to do? Already had he announced his coming to different friends in England, and every dictate, he

\* "Tu sei, e sarai sempre mio primo pensier. Ma in questo momento sono in uno stato orribile non sapendo cosa decidere;—temendo, da una parte, comprometterti in eterno col mio ritorno a Ravenna, e colle sue conseguenze; e, dall'altra perdeti, e me stesso, e tutto quel che ho conosciuto o gustato di felicità, nel non vederti più. Ti prego, ti supplico calmarti, e credere che non posso cessare d'amarti che colla vita."

† "Io parto, per salvarvi, e lascio un paese divenuto insopportabile senza di te. Le tue lettere alla F\*\*, ed anche a me stesso fanno torto ai miei motivi: ma col tempo vedrai la tua ingiustizia. Tu parli del dolor—in lo sento, ma mi mancano le parole. Non basta lasciarti per dei motivi dei quali tu eri persuasa (non molto tempo fa)—non basta partire dall'Italia col cuore lacerato, dopo aver passato tutti i giorni dopo la tua partenza nella solitudine, ammalato di corpo e di anima—ma ho anche a sopportare i tuoi rimproveri, senza replicarti, e senza meritarti. Addio—in quella parola è compresa la morte di mia felicità."

The close of this last sentence exhibits one of the very few instances of incorrectness that Lord Byron falls into in these letters;—the proper construction being "della mia felicità."

felt, of prudence and manly fortitude in his departure. While thus balancing between inclination, the day appointed for his set-  
rived; and the following picture, from the irresolution on the occasion, is from a letter by a female friend of Madame Guiccioli present at the scene. "He was ready for the journey, his gloves and cap on, and a cane in his hand. Nothing was now wanting to his coming down stairs,—his boxes being on board the gondola. At this moment, he, in way of pretext, declares, that if it should be o'clock before every thing was in order, being the only thing not yet quite ready, not go that day. The hour strikes, and he goes."

The writer adds, "it is evident he had a heart to go;" and the result proved that he judged him wrongly. The very next day from Ravenna decided his fate, and he wrote a letter to the Contessa, thus announcing the success which she had achieved. "F\*\* will tell you, with her accustomed subtlety, that Love has gained the victory. I could not find up resolution enough to leave the country, are, without, at least, once more seeing yourself, perhaps, it will depend when again shall leave you. Of the rest, when we meet. You ought, by this time, which is most conducive to your happiness, sence or my absence. For myself, I am in the world—all countries are alike to me. I have ever been, since our first acquaintance, the subject of my thoughts. My opinion was, the best course I could adopt, both for you and that of all your family, would have been to go far, far away from you;—since it was near and not approach you would have been impossible. You have however decided to return to Ravenna. I shall accordingly and shall do—and be all that you wish any more."‡

On quitting Venice he took leave of her in a short but cordial letter, which I introduce than by prefixing to it the comment with which this excellent friend poet has himself accompanied it. "I leave you with what painful feeling I witnessed."

\* "Egli era tutto vestito da viaggio e mani, col suo bonnet, e persino colla piana non altro aspettava che egli scendesse. I bauli erano in barca. Milord fu la prima volta un'ora dopo il mezzodì e che non sia ogni (poiché le armi sole non erano in pronta) e sarebbe più per quel giorno. L'ora suonava ed."

† "La F\*\* ti avrà detto, colla sua educazione che l'Amor ha vinto. Io non ho potuto resistere anima per lasciare il paese dove tu sei, almeno un'altra volta:—forse dipenderà da lascio più. Per il resto parleremo. Tu saprai cosa sarà più convenevole al tuo bene presenza o la mia lontananza. Io sono cittadino—tutti i paesi sono eguali per me. Tu sei (dopo che ci siamo conosciuti) l'unico oggetto aieri. Credeva che il miglior partito per la pace di tua famiglia fosse il mio partire, e tanto; poichè stare vicino e non avvicinarsi me impossibile. Ma tu hai deciso che io da Ravenna—tornerò—e farò—e sarò ciò che posso dirti di più."





The vice-legate, and all the other vices, were as polite as could be;—and I, who had acted on the reserve, was fairly obliged to take the lady under my arm, and look as much like a cicisbeo as I could on so short a notice,—to say nothing of the embarrassment of a cocked hat and sword, much more formidable to me than ever it will be to the enemy.

"I write in great haste—do you answer as hastily. I can understand nothing of all this; but it seems as if the G. had been presumed to be *planted*, and was determined to show that she was not,—*plantation*, in this hemisphere, being the greatest moral misfortune. But this is mere conjecture, for I know nothing about it—except that every body are very kind to her, and not discourteous to me. Fathers, and all relations, quite agreeable.

"Yours ever,  
"B.

"P.S. Best respects to Mrs H.

"I would send the *compliments* of the season; but the season itself is so little complimentary with snow and rain that I wait for sun-shine."

#### LETTER CCCLII.

TO MR MOORE.

January 2d, 1820.

"MY DEAR MOORE,

"To-day it is my wedding-day,  
And all the folks would stare  
If wife should dine at Edmonton,  
And I should dine at Ware."

Or thus,

"Here's a happy new year! but with reason  
I beg you will permit me to say—  
Wish me *many* returns of the *season*,  
But as *few* as you please of the *day*.

"This present writing is to direct you that, if *she chooses*, she may see the MS. Memoir in your possession. I wish her to have fair play, in all cases, even though it will not be published till after my decease. For this purpose, it were but just that Lady B. should know what is there said of her and hers, that she may have full power to remark on or respond to any part or parts, as may seem fitting to herself. This is fair dealing, I presume, in all events.

"To change the subject, are you in England? I send you an epitaph for Castlereagh.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another for Pitt—

"With death doom'd to grapple  
Beneath this cold slab, he  
Who lied in the Chapel  
Now lies in the Abbey.

"The gods seem to have made me poetical this day:—

"In digging up your bones, Tom Paine,  
Will Cobbett has done well:  
You visit him on earth again,  
He'll visit you in hell.

Or

"You come to him on earth again,  
He'll go with you to hell.

"Pray let not these versicoli go forth in name, except among the initiated, because H. has teamed into a reformer, and, I guess, will subside into Newgate; since the Ban House, according to Galgani's Reports of Parliamentary Debates, are menacing a posthumous pamphlet of his. I shall be very sorry to hear of anything but good for him, particularly in these squabbles; but these are the natural effects of a part in them.

"For my own part, I had a sad scene when Count Gu. came for his wife, and all those consequences which Scott prophesied. There was no damages, as in England, and he lost his wager. But there was a great scene, he would not, at first, go back with him—*as he did* go back with him; but he insisted enough, that all communication should be kept between her and me. So, finding Italy my only having a fever tertian, I packed up my wife, prepared to cross the Alps; but my daughter and detained me.

"After her arrival at Ravenna, the Count came again too; and, at last, her father (who had always opposed the liaison most violently till now) told me to say that she was in such a state that she must come and see her,—and that he himself acquiesced, in consequence of her raptures. *He* (her father) would guarantee all that was said; there would be no further scenes between them, and that I should not interfere in any way. I set out soon after, and have not been here ever since. I found her a great deal better, but getting better:—*all* this comes from Ravenna.

"The Carnival is about to begin, and will see two or three hundred people at the *Mascherade* the other evening, with as much youth, beauty, and diamonds among the women, as ever I saw in like number. My appearance in *mask* Guiccioli was considered as a thing of *importance*; his marquis is her uncle, and naturally considered her relation.

"The paper is out, and so is the letter. Write. Address to Venice, whence the letter forwarded.

"Yours &c.

#### LETTER CCCLIII.

TO MR HOPKINS.

"Ravenna, January 2d.

"I have not decided any thing about *staying* at Ravenna. I may stay a day, a week, a year, or a life; but all this depends upon what I can see nor foresee. I came because I was told I would go the moment that I perceived what my departure proper. My attachment has not the blindness of the beginning, nor the near accuracy of the close to such liaisons; but the hour must decide upon what I do. I yet say nothing, because I hardly know any beyond what I have told you.



to you last post for my moveables, as getting a lodging with a chair or table here as I have already some things of the sort which I had last summer there for my I have directed them to be moved; and to be done with those of Venice, that I get out of the 'Albergo Imperiale,' which in all true sense of the epithet. Buffini did for his poison. I forgot to thank you Hoppner for a whole treasure of toys for Alour departure; it was very kind, and we are grateful.

account of the wedding of the Governor's very entertaining. If you do not understand my exceptions, I do; and it is right that a man, and a woman of probity, should find peculiarly in a place where there are not ten

As to nobility—in England none are noble but peers, not even peers' sons, though courtesy; nor knights of the garter, unless by grace, so that Castlereagh himself would go through a foreign herald's ordeal till the day of his father.

now is a foot deep here. There is a new opera,—the Barber of Seville. Balls Monday next. Pay the porter for never enter the gate, and ship my chattels, and let me or let Castelli let me know, how my lawyer—but fee him only in proportion to his Perhaps we may meet in the spring yet, if in England. I see H \* \* has got into a which does not please me; he should not have been among those men, without calculating consequences. I used to think myself the most of all among my friends and acquaintances, and begin to doubt it.

"Yours, &c."

#### LETTER CCCLIV.

TO MR HOPPNER.

\* Ravenna, January 31st, 1820.

would hardly have been troubled with the my furniture, but there is none to be had in Bologna, and I have been fain to have rooms which I fitted up for my daughter the summer removed here. The expense is at least as great of the land carriage, so that was necessity, and not choice. Here they bring things from Bologna, except some lighter in Forlì or Faenza.

it is returned, pray remember me to him, laziness the whole and sole cause of my grief:—dreadful is the exertion of letter the Carnival here is less boisterous, but still and a theatre. I carried Bankes to be carried away, I believe, a much more impression of the society here than of that—recollect that I speak of the native so-

filling very hard to learn how to double a should succeed to admiration if I did not make it the wrong side out; and then I somehow and bring away two, so as to put all out, besides keeping their *Servite* in the

cold till every body can get back their property. But it is a dreadfully moral place, for you must not look at any body's wife except your neighbour's,—if you go to the next door but one, you are scolded, and presumed to be perfidious. And then a *relazione* or an *amicizia* seems to be a regular affair of from five to fifteen years, at which period, if there occur a widowhood, it finishes by a *sposalizio*; and in the mean time it has so many rules of its own that it is not much better. A man actually becomes a piece of female property,—they won't let their *Serventi* marry until there is a vacancy for themselves. I know two instances of this in one family here.

"To-night there was a ———\* Lottery after the opera; it is an odd ceremony. Bankes and I took tickets of it, and buffooned together very merrily. He is gone to Firenze. Mrs J \* \* should have sent you my postscript; there was no occasion to have bored you in person. I never interfere in any body's squabbles,—she may scratch your face herself.

"The weather here has been dreadful—snow several feet—a *fiume* broke down a bridge, and flooded heaven knows how many *campi*; then rain came—and it is still thawing—so that my saddle-horses have a sinecure till the roads become more practicable. Why did Lega give away the goat? a blockhead—I must have him again.

"Will you pay Missaglia and the Buffo Buffini of the Gran Bretagna. I heard from Moore, who is at Paris; I had previously written to him in London, but he has not yet got my letter, apparently.

"Believe me, &c."

#### LETTER CCCLV.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, February 7th, 1820.

"I have had no letter from you these two months; but since I came here in December, 1819, I sent you a letter for Moore, who is God knows *where*—in Paris or London, I presume. I have copied and cut the Third Canto of Don Juan into two, because it was too long; and I tell you this beforehand, because in case of any reckoning between you and me, these two are only to go for *one*, as this was the original form, and, in fact, the two together are not longer than one of the first: so remember that I have not made this division to *double* upon you; but merely to suppress some tediousness in the aspect of the thing. I should have served you a pretty trick if I had sent you, for example, cantos of 50 stanzas each.

"I am translating the First Canto of Pulci's Morgante Maggiore, and have half done it; but these last days of the Carnival confuse and interrupt every thing.

"I have not yet sent off the Cantos, and have some doubt whether they ought to be published, for they have not the spirit of the first. The outcry has not frightened but it has *hurt* me, and I have not written *con amore* this time. It is very decent, however, and as dull as 'the last new comedy.'

"I think my translations of Pulci will make you stare. It must be put by the original, stanza for

\* The word here, being under the seal, is illegible.

stanza, and verse for verse; and you will see what was permitted in a catholic country and a bigoted age to a churchman, on the score of religion;—and so tell those buffoons who accuse me of attacking the Liturgy.

"I write in the greatest haste, it being the hour of the Corso, and I must go and buffoon with the rest. My daughter Allegra is just gone with the Countess G. in Count G.'s coach and six, to join the cavalcade, and I must follow with all the rest of the Ravenna world. Our old Cardinal is dead, and the new one not appointed yet; but the masquing goes on the same, the vice-legate being a good governor. We have had hideous frost and snow, but all is mild again.

"Yours, &c."

#### LETTER CCCLVI.

TO MR BANKES.

"Ravenna, February 19th, 1830.

"I have room for you in the house here, as I had in Venice, if you think fit to make use of it; but do not expect to find the same gorgeous suite of tapestried halls. Neither dangers nor tropical heats have ever prevented your penetrating wherever you had a mind to it, and why should the snow now?—Italian snow—sit on it!—so pray come. Tita's heart yearns for you, and mayhap for your silver broad pieces; and your playfellow, the monkey, is alone and inconsolable.

"I forget whether you admire or tolerate red hair, so that I rather dread showing you all that I have about me and around me in this city. Come, nevertheless,—you can pay Dante a morning visit, and I will undertake that Theodore and Honoria will be most happy to see you in the forest hard by. We Goths, also, of Ravenna hope you will not despise our arch-Goth, Theodoric. I must leave it to these worthies to entertain you all the fore part of the day, seeing that I have none at all myself—the lark, that rouses me from my slumbers, being an afternoon bird. But, then, all your evenings, and as much as you can give me of your nights, will be mine. Ay! and you will find me eating flesh, too, like yourself or any other cannibal, except it be upon Fridays. Then, there are more Cantos (and be d—d to them) of what the courteous reader, Mr S——, calls Grub-street, in my drawer, which I have a little scheme to commit to your charge for England; only I must first cut up (or cut down) two aforesaid Cantos into three, because I am grown base and mercenary, and it is an ill precedent to let my Mæcenæ, Murray, get too much for his money. I am busy, also, with Pulci—translating—servilely translating, stanza for stanza, and line for line—two octaves every night,—the same allowance as at Venice.

"Would you call at your banker's at Bologna, and ask him for some letters lying there for me, and burn them?—or I will—so do not burn them, but bring them,—and believe me ever and very affectionately

"Yours,

"BYRON.

"P.S. I have a particular wish to hear from yourself something about Cyprus, so pray recollect all that you can.—Good night."

#### LETTER CCCLVI

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna,

"The bull-dogs will be very agreeable only those of this country, who, though not the tenacity of tooth and stoicism my canine fellow-citizens: then pray the readiest conveyance—perhaps be Kinnaird will disburse for them, and amount on your application or that of

"I see the good old King is gone to I can't help being sorry, though blindness insanity, are supposed to be drawbbs felicity; but I am not at all sure that it might not render him happier than subjects.

"I have no thoughts of coming to though I should like to see it, and it right to be a puppet in it; but my divi Byron, which has drawn an equinoct me and mine in all other things, will also to prevent my being in the same p

"By Saturday's post I sent you fourteen Cantos Third and Fourth. these two cantos reckon only as *one* being in fact the third canto cut into found it too long. Remember this, as that there could be any other motive. about 225 stanzas, more or less, and a so that they are no longer than the first but the truth is, that I made the first should have cut those down also had I Instead of saying in future for so many many stanzas or pages; it was Jacob and certainly the best; it prevents mis have sent you a dozen cantos of 40 those of 'The Minstrel' (Beattie's) a and ruined you at once, if you don't But recollect that you are not *pinnet* thing you say in a letter, and that, c these two cantos as *one* only (which are to be reckoned), you are not bound Act as may seem fair to all parties.

"I have finished my translation of the 'Morgante Maggiore' of Pulci transcribe and send. It is the pure Whistlecraft, but of all jocose Italian must print it side by side with the c because I wish the reader to judge of is stanza for stanza, and often line for l for word.

"You ask me for a volume of me Italy. Perhaps I am in the case to them than most Englishmen, because among the natives, and in parts of the Englishmen never resided before (I spe and this place particularly); but it reasons why I do not choose to treat i a subject. I have lived in their hou heart of their families, sometimes me di casa' and sometimes as 'amico di Dama, and in neither case do I feel my in making a book of them. Their mo



Life is not your life; you would not understand it, nor English, nor French, nor German, would all understand. The conventual life is the cavalier servitude, the habits of thought are so entirely different, and the difference is much more striking the more you live with them, that I know not how to make them a people who are at once temperate, serious in their characters and buffoons, serious, capable of impressions and passions are at once *sudden* and *durable* (what no other nation), and who actually have what we would call so, as you may see by their faces; they have no real comedy, not even and that is because they have no society among them.

*Conversazioni* are not society at all. They are content to talk, and into company to hold. The women sit in a circle, and the men in groups, or they play at dreary faro, for small sums. Their academies are of their own, with better music and more beautiful things are the carnival balls and when every body runs mad for six months their dinners and suppers they make of buffoon one another; but it is which you would not enter into, ye of

It is better. I should know something of it, having had a pretty general experience of their women, from the fisherman's wife to the Nobil Dama, whom I serve. Their rules, and its fitnesses, and its decorations, be reduced to a kind of discipline or system, which admits few deviations, unless to lose it. They are extremely tenacious, as furies, not permitting their lovers even to leave them; they can help it, and keeping them always in public as in private, whenever they are short, they transfer marriage to adultery, and the *not* out of that commandment. The fact that they marry for their parents, and love themselves. They exact fidelity from a lover as a soldier, while they pay the husband as a tradesman, is not at all. You hear a person's character or female, canvassed not as depending on conduct to their husbands or wives, but to their friends or lover. If I wrote a quarto, I don't think I could do more than amplify what I have said. It is to be observed that while they do the greatest outward respect is to be paid to women, not only by the ladies, but by their husbands; particularly if the husband serves no one but himself (which is not often the case, however); so would often suppose them relations—the making the figure of one adopted into the family, sometimes the ladies run a little restive and divide, or make a scene; but this is at startingly, when they know no better, or when they love with a foreigner, or some such anecdote is always reckoned unnecessary and ex-

acquire after Dante's Prophecy: I have not more than six hundred lines, but will vaticinate

"Of the bust I know nothing. No cameos or seals are to be cut here or elsewhere that I know of, in any good style. Hobhouse should write himself to Thorwaldsen: the bust was made and paid for three years ago.

"Pray tell Mrs Leigh to request Lady Byron to urge forward the transfer from the funds. I wrote to Lady Byron on business this post, addressed to the care of Mr D. Kinnaird."

## LETTER CCCLVIII.

TO MR BANKES.

\* Ravenna, February 26th, 1820.

"Pulci and I are waiting for you with impatience; but I suppose we must give way to the attraction of the Bolognese galleries for a time. I know nothing of pictures myself, and care almost as little; but to me there are none like the Venetian—above all, Giorgione. I remember well his Judgment of Solomon in the Mariscalchi in Bologna. The real mother is beautiful, exquisitely beautiful. Buy her, by all means, if you can, and take her home with you: put her in safety; for be assured there are troublous times brewing for Italy; and as I never could keep out of a row in my life, it will be my fate, I dare say, to be over head and ears in it; but no matter, these are the stronger reasons for coming to see me soon.

"I have more of Scott's novels (for surely they are Scott's) since we met, and am more and more delighted. I think that I even prefer them to his poetry, which (by the way) I redde for the first time in my life in your rooms in Trinity College.

"There are some curious commentaries on Dante preserved here, which you should see. Believe me ever, faithfully and most affectionately,

"Yours, &amp;c."

## LETTER CCCLIX.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, March 1st, 1820.

"I sent you by last post the translation of the First Canto of the Morgante Maggiore, and wish you to ask Rose about the word 'sbergo,' i. e. 'usbergo,' which I have translated *cuirass*. I suspect that it means *helmet* also. Now, if so, which of the senses is best accordant with the text? I have adopted *cuirass*, but will be amenable to reasons. Of the natives, some say one, and some t'other; but they are no great Tuscans in Romagna. However, I will ask Sgricci (the famous improvisatore) to-morrow, who is a native of Arezzo. The Countess Guiccioli, who is reckoned a very cultivated young lady, and the dictionary, say *cuirass*. I have written *cuirass*, but *helmet* runs in my head nevertheless—and will run in verse very well, which is the principal point. I will ask the Sposa Spina Spinelli, too, the Florentine bride of Count Gabriel Rusconi, just imported from Florence, and get the sense out of somebody.

"I have just been visiting the new Cardinal, who arrived the day before yesterday in his legation. He seems a good old gentleman, pious and simple, and

not quite like his predecessor, who was a bon-vivant, in the worldly sense of the words.

"Enclosed is a letter which I received some time ago from Dallas. It will explain itself. I have not answered it. This comes of doing people good. At one time or another (including copyrights) this person has had about fourteen hundred pounds of my money, and he writes what he calls a posthumous work about me, and a scrubby letter accusing me of treating him ill, when I never did any such thing. It is true that I left off letter-writing, as I have done with almost every body else; but I can't see how that was misusing him.

"I look upon his epistle as the consequence of my not sending him another hundred pounds, which he wrote to me for about two years ago, and which I thought proper to withhold, he having had his share, methought, of what I could dispense upon others.

"In your last you ask me after my articles of domestic wants: I believe they are as usual: the bulldogs, magnesia, soda-powders, tooth-powders, brushes, and every thing of the kind which are here unattainable. You still ask me to return to England: alas! to what purpose? You do not know what you are requiring. Return, I must, probably, some day or other (if I live), sooner or later; but it will not be for pleasure, nor can it end in good. You inquire after my health and SPIRITS in large letters: my health can't be very bad, for I cured myself of a sharp tertian ague, in three weeks, with cold water, which had held my stoutest gondolier for months, notwithstanding all the bark of the apothecary,—a circumstance which surprised Dr Aglietti, who said it was a proof of great stamina, particularly in so epidemic a season. I did it out of dislike to the taste of bark (which I can't bear), and succeeded, contrary to the prophecies of every body, by simply taking nothing at all. As to *spirits*, they are unequal, now high, now low, like other people's, I suppose, and depending upon circumstances.

"Pray send me W. Scott's new novels. What are their names and characters? I read some of his former ones, at least once a day, for an hour or so. The last are too hurried: he forgets Ravenswood's name, and calls him *Edgar* and then *Norman*; and Girder, the cooper, is styled now *Gilbert*, and now *John*; and he don't make enough of Montrose; but Dalgetty is excellent, and so is Lucy Ashton, and the b—h her mother. What is *Ivanhoe*? and what do you call his other? are there *two*? Pray, make him write at least two a year: I like no reading so well.

"The editor of the Bologna Telegraph has sent me a paper with extracts from Mr Mulock's (his name always reminds me of Muley Moloch of Morocco) 'Atheism answered,' in which there is a long eulogium of my poesy, and a great 'compatimento' for my misery. I never could understand what they mean by accusing me of irreligion. However, they may have it their own way. This gentleman seems to be my great admirer, so I take what he says in good part, as he evidently intends kindness, to which I can't accuse myself of being invincible.

"Yours, &c."

## LETTER CCCLX.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, March 20, 1841.

"In case, in your country, you should not lay hands on the Morgante Maggiore, I send you original text of the First Canto, to correspond the translation which I sent you a few days ago, is from the Naples edition in quarto of 1722,—*di Firenze*, however, by a trick of the trade, & you, as one of the allied sovereigns of the *prima* will perfectly understand without any further *gazzione*.

"It is strange that here nobody understands real precise meaning of 'sbergo,' or 'asbergo,' old Tuscan word, which I have rendered *cuirass* (I am not sure it is not *helmet*). I have asked at least twenty people, learned and ignorant, male and female, including poets and officers civil and military. The dictionary says *cuirass*, but gives no notice of a female friend of mine says positively *no*, which makes me doubt the fact still more before. Ginguéné says 'bonnet de fer,' and is usual superficial decision of a Frenchman, who can't believe him; and what between *de* and the Italian woman, and the Frenchman, for trusting to a word they say. The *cuirass* should decide, admits equally of either, and you will perceive. Ask Rose, Hobbes, and Foscolo, and vote with the major: a good Tuscan? if he be, bother him in *la*, you see, to be as accurate as I would. This my third or fourth letter, or packet, will take twenty days."

## LETTER CCCLXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, March 21, 1841.

"Enclosed is Dante's *Prophesy*—*Vanto*—not.† Where I have left more than one (which I have done often), you may adopt Gifford, Frere, Rose, and Hobbouse, and let your Utican Senate think the best, or least the preface will explain all that is explicable. But the four first cantos: if approved, I will print.

"Pray, mind in printing; and let some good scholar correct the Italian quotations.

"Four days ago I was overturned in an *accident* between the river and a steep bank—*dash*—dashed to pieces, slight bruises, narrow escapes of all that; but no harm done, though coachman, man, horses, and vehicle, were all mixed up.

\* It has been suggested to me that *asbergo* is double the same as *hauberk*, *haubergson*, &c. all from the *hauberg*, or covering of the neck.

† There were in this Poem, originally, three lines of remarkable strength and severity, which, as the *Italian* against whom they were directed was then living, were omitted in the publication. I shall here give them to memory.

"The prostitution of his Muse and wife,  
Both beautiful, and both by him defiled,  
Shall salt his bread and give him name of ill."



It was owing to bad driving, as I eachman swears to a start on the part We went against a post on the verge t, and capsized. I usually go out of the age, and meet the saddle horses at the in going there that we boggled; but as usual, after the accident. They say owing to St Antonio of Padua (serious, —who does thirteen miracles a day,— not come of it. I have no objection his fourteenth in the four-and-twenty esides over overturns and all escapes ems; and they dedicate pictures, &c. sailors once did to Neptune, after ' the ashion."

"Yours, in haste,"

## LETTER CCCLXII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, March 20th, 1820.

I sent you 'The Vision of Dante,'— Enclosed you will find, *line for rhyme (terza rima)*, of which your hard reader as yet understands nothing, ai. You know that she was born here, and slain, from Cary, Boyd, and such re done it into *cramp* English, line for me for rhyme, to try the possibility.— append it to the poems already sent by a. I shall not allow you to play the (last year, with the prose you *post-teppa*, which I sent to you *not* to be got in a periodical paper,—and there without a word of explanation.—If this publish it *with the original*, and the *Pulci* translation, or the *Dante* suppose you have both by now, and before.

\* FRANCESCA OF RIMINI.

from the *Inferno* of Dante, Canto 5th.

ere I was born sits by the seas,  
sore to which the Po descends,  
followers, in search of peace,  
or gentle heart soon apprehends,  
or the fair person which was ta'en  
of me even yet the mode offends,  
some beloved to love again  
ed me with wish to please, so strong,  
is sweet, yet, yet it doth remain.  
with conducted as along,  
alts for him our life who ended: '  
the accents utter'd by her tongue.—  
sten'd to these souls offended,  
riage and so kept it till—

it thou" said the bard: { then } I unbended  
seed: "Alas! unto such ill  
sweet thoughts, what strong ecstasies  
cir evil fortune to fulfil!"  
w'd unto their side my eyes,  
rancesca, thy sad destinies  
no sorrow till the tears arise.  
the season of sweet sighs,  
how thy Love to Passion rose,

So as his dim desires to recognise?"

Then she to me: 'The greatest of all woes

Is to { recall to mind } our happy days  
Is to { remind us of } our happy days  
Is to { this }

In misery, and { that } thy teacher knows.

But if to learn our passion's first root preys

Upon thy spirit with such sympathy,

I will { relate } as he who weeps and says.—

We read one day for pastime, seated nigh,

Of Laucilot, how Love enchain'd him too

We were alone, quite unsuspectingly,

But oft our eyes met, and our cheeks in hue

All o'er discolour'd by that reading were;

But one point only wholly { overthrew }  
But one point only wholly { us o'erthrew; }

When we read the { desired } smile of her,

To be thus kiss'd by such { a fervent } lover,

He who from me can be divided ne'er

Kiss'd my mouth, trembling in the act all over.

Accurs'd was the book and he who wrote!

That day no further leaf we did uncover,—

While thus one Spirit told us of their lot,

The other wept, so that with pity's thralls

I swoon'd as if by death I had been smote,

And fell down even as a dead body falls."

## LETTER CCCLXIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, March 23d, 1820.

"I have received your letter of the 7th. Besides the four packets you have already received, I have sent the Pulci a few days after, and since (a few days ago) the four first Cantos of Dante's Prophecy (the best thing I ever wrote, if it be not *unintelligible*), and by last post a literal translation, word for word (versed like the original), of the episode of Francesca of Rimini. I want to hear what you think of the new Juans, and the translations, and the Vision. They are all things that are, or ought to be, very different from one another.

"If you choose to make a print from the Venetian, you may; but she don't correspond at all to the character you mean her to represent. On the contrary, the Contessa G. does (except that she is fair), and is much prettier than the Fornarina; but I have no picture of her except a miniature, which is very ill done; and, besides, it would not be proper, on any account whatever, to make such a use of it, even if you had a copy.

"Recollect that the *two* new Cantos only count with us for *one*. You may put the Pulci and Dante together: perhaps that were best. So you have put *your* name to Juan, after all your panic. You are a rare fellow.—I must now put myself in a passion to continue my prose.

"Yours, &c.

"I have caused write to Thorwaldsen. Pray be careful in sending my daughter's picture—I mean, that it be not hurt in the carriage, for it is a journey rather long and jolting."

\*\* In some of the editions, it is 'diro,' in others 'faro;'—an essential difference between 'saying' and 'doing,' which I know not how to decide. Ask Foscolo, The 4—d editions drive me mad."

## LETTER CCCLIV.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, March 28th, 1820.

"Enclosed is a 'Screed of Doctrine' for you, of which I will trouble you to acknowledge the receipt by next post. Mr Hobhouse must have the correction of it for the press. You may show it first to whom you please.

"I wish to know what became of my two Epistles from St Paul (translated from the Armenian three years ago and more), and of the letter to R—ts of last autumn, which you never have attended to? There are two packets with this.

"P.S. I have some thoughts of publishing the 'Hints from Horace,' written ten years ago,\*—if Hobhouse can rummage them out of my papers left at his father's,—with some omissions and alterations previously to be made when I see the proofs."

## LETTER CCCLV.

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, March 29th, 1820.

"Herewith you will receive a note (enclosed) on Pope, which you will find tally with a part of the text of last post. I have at last lost all patience with the atrocious cant and nonsense about Pope, with which our present \*s are overflowing, and am determined to make such head against it as an individual can, by prose or verse; and I will at least do it with good-will. There is no bearing it any longer; and if it goes on, it will destroy what little good writing or taste remains amongst us. I hope there are still a few men of taste to second me; but if not, I'll battle it alone, convinced that it is in the best cause of English literature.

"I have sent you so many packets, verse and prose, lately, that you will be tired of the postage, if not of the perusal. I want to answer some parts of your last letter, but I have not time, for I must 'boot and saddle,' as my Captain Craigengelt (an officer of the old Napoleon Italian army) is in waiting, and my groom and cattle to boot.

"You have given me a screed of metaphor and what not about *Pulci*, and manners, and 'going without clothes, like our Saxon ancestors.' Now, the Saxons did not go without clothes; and, in the next place, they are not my ancestors, nor yours either; for mine were Norman, and yours, I take it by your name, were Gael. And, in the next, I differ from you about the 'refinement' which has banished the comedies of Congreve. Are not the comedies of

\* When making the observations which occur in the early part of this work, on the singular preference given by the noble author to the 'Hints from Horace,' I was not aware of the revival of this strange predilection, which (as it appears from the above letter, and, still more strongly, from some that follow) took place so many years after, in the full maturity of his powers and taste. Such a delusion is hardly conceivable, and can only, perhaps, be accounted for by that tenaciousness of early opinions and impressions by which his mind, in other respects so versatile, was characterized.

Sheridan acted to the thinnest bodice! I know *ex-committed*) that 'The School for Scandal' the worst stock piece upon record. I shan't that Congreve gave up writing because Mrs. W. balderdash drove his comedies off. So not decency, but stupidity, that does all the Sheridan is as decent a writer as need be, and greave no worse than Mrs Centlivre, of whom W. (the actor) said, not only her play would be done but she too.' He alluded to 'A Bold Stroke for a Wife.' But last, and most to the purpose, he is not an indecent writer—at least in his first G as you will have perceived by this time.

"You talk of refinement:—are you all moral? are you so moral? No such thing. I know what the world is in England, by my own experience of the best of it—at least of the life and I have described it every where as it is found in all places.

"But to return. I should like to see the rest of mine answer, because there will be something to omit or to alter. But pray let it be carefully put. When convenient let me have an answer."

"Yours"

## LETTER CCCLVI.

TO MR HOPFNER.

"Ravenna, April 1st.

"Ravenna continues much the same as of late. Conversazioni all Lent, and not with more than any at Venice. There are small parties at the zard, that is, faro, where nobody can get more than a shilling or two;—other card-tables, and much talk and coffee as you please. Mrs. W. does and says what they please; and I do not select any disagreeable events, except being thought falsely accused of flirtation, and some being paid six sixpences by a nobleman of the city, &c. I did not suspect the illustrious delinquents. Countess V\*\*\* and the Marquis L\*\*\* were directly, and also that it was a way he had of getting money when he saw it before him; but to ask him for the cash, but contented myself with him that if he did it again, I should sue him at law.

"There is to be a theatre in April, and also an opera, and another opera in June, besides the weather of nature's giving, and the ride to the rest of Pine. With my best respects to Mr. Hopfner, believe me ever, &c.

"Yours"

"P.S. Could you give me an item of what remains at Venice? I don't want them, but I want to know whether the few that are not here are so and were not lost by the way. I hope and wish to have got all your wine safe, and that it is still Allegra is prettier, I think, but as obstinate a mule, and as ravenous as a vulture: I should not judge of the complexion—temper tolerable, but vanity and pertinacity. She thinks herself to be some, and will do as she pleases."



## LETTER CCCLXVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, April 9th, 1820.

of all the devils in the printing-office, write to acknowledge the receipt of d, and fourth packets, viz. the Pulci original, the *Danticles*, the *Observa-* You forget that you keep me in hot now whether they are arrived, or if I ore of recopying.

often the cream of translations, Fran- ti, from the *Inferno*? Why, I have house of trash within the last month, o sort of feeling about you: a pastry- e had twice the gratitude, and thanked the quantity.

he letter heavier, I enclose you the e's (our *Campeius*) circular for his his evening. It is the anniversary of a-tion, and all polite christians, even in creed, must go and be civil. And circle, and a faro-table (for shillings, don't allow high play), and all the y, and sanctity of Ravenna present. himself is a very good-natured little of Muda, and legate here,—a decent the doctrines of the church. He has eeper these forty years \* \* \* \* ; a pious man and a moral liver.

quite sure that I won't be among you or I find that business don't go on— stees and lawyers—as it should do, rate speed." They differ about invest-

ween the devil and deep sea,  
tween the lawyer and trustee,

and so much time is lost by my not e spot, what with answers, demurs, it may be I must come and look to it; y, and t' other don't, so that I know to turn: but perhaps they can manage

"Yours, &c.

re begun a tragedy on the subject of the Doge of Venice; but you sha'n't t years, if you don't acknowledge my ore quickness and precision. *Always a line*, by return of post, when any (hich is not a mere letter. rect to Ravenna; it saves a week's postage."

## LETTER CCCLXVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, April 16th, 1820

post arrives without bringing any at from you of the different packets (firm) which I have sent within the last

two months, all of which ought to be arrived long ere now; and as they were announced in other letters, you ought at least to say whether they are come or not. You are not expected to write frequent, or long letters, as your time is much occupied; but when parcels that have cost some pains in the composition, and great trouble in the copying, are sent to you, I should at least be put out of suspense, by the immediate acknowledgment, per return of post, addressed *directly to Ravenna*. I am naturally—knowing what continental *posts* are—eager to hear that they are arrived; especially as I loathe the task of copying so much, that if there was a human being that could copy my blotted MSS., he should have all they can ever bring for his trouble. All I desire is two lines, to say, such a day I received such a packet. There are at least six unacknowledged. This is neither kind nor courteous.

"I have, besides, another reason for desiring you to be speedy, which is, that there is *THAT* brewing in Italy which will speedily cut off all security of communication, and set all your Anglo-travellers flying in every direction, with their usual fortitude in foreign tumults. The Spanish and French affairs have set the Italians in a ferment; and no wonder: they have been too long trampled on. This will make a sad scene for your exquisite traveller, but not for the resident, who naturally wishes a people to redress itself. I shall, if permitted by the natives, remain to see what will come of it, and perhaps to take a turn with them, like Dugald Dalgetty and his horse, in case of business; for I shall think it by far the most interesting spectacle and moment in existence, to see the Italians send the barbarians of all nations back to their own dens. I have lived long enough among them to feel more for them as a nation than for any other people in existence. But they want union, and they want principle; and I doubt their success. However, they will try, probably, and if they do, it will be a good cause. No Italian can hate an Austrian more than I do: unless it be the English, the Austrians seem to me the most obnoxious race under the sky.

"But I doubt, if any thing be done, it won't be so quietly as in Spain. To be sure, revolutions are not to be made with rose-water, where there are foreigners as masters.

"Write while you can; for it is but the toss up of a paul that there will not be a row that will somewhat retard the mail by and by.

"Yours, &c."

## LETTER CCCLXIX.

TO MR HOPFNER.

\* Ravenna, April 18th, 1820.

"I have caused write to Siri and Willhalm to send with Vincenza, in a boat, the camp-beds and swords left in their care when I quitted Venice. There are also several pounds of *Manton's best powder* in a japan case; but unless I felt sure of getting it away from V. without seizure, I won't have it ventured. I can get it in here, by means of an acquaintance in the customs, who has offered to get it ashore for me; but should like to be certiorated of its safety in leaving

Venice. I would not lose it for its weight in gold—there is none such in Italy, as I take it to be.

"I wrote to you a week or so ago, and hope you are in good plight and spirits. Sir Humphry Davy is here, and was last night at the Cardinal's. As I had been there last Sunday, and yesterday was warm, I did not go, which I should have done, if I had thought of meeting the man of chemistry. He called this morning, and I shall go in search of him at Corso time. I believe to-day, being Monday, there is no great conversazione, and only the family one at the Marchese Cavalli's, where I go as a *relation* sometimes, so that, unless he stays a day or two, we should hardly meet in public.

"The theatre is to open in May for the fair, if there is not a row in all Italy by that time,—the Spanish business has set them all a constitutioning, and what will be the end, no one knows—it is also necessary thereunto to have a beginning.

"Yours, &c.

"P.S. My benediction to Mrs Hoppner. How is your little boy? Allegra is growing, and has increased in good looks and obstinacy."

#### LETTER CCCLXX.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, April 23d, 1820.

"The proofs don't contain the *last* stanzas of Canto Second, but end abruptly with the 105th stanza.

"I told you long ago that the new Cantos \* were *not* good, and I also *told you a reason*. Recollect, I do not oblige you to publish them; you may suppress them, if you like, but I can alter nothing. I have erased the six stanzas about those two impostors \* \* \* \* (which I suppose will give you great pleasure), but I can do no more. I can neither recast, nor replace; but I give you leave to put it all into the fire, if you like, or *not* to publish, and I think that's sufficient.

"I told you that I wrote on with no good-will—that I had been, *not* frightened, but *hurt* by the outcry, and, besides, that when I wrote last November, I was ill in body, and in very great distress of mind about some private things of my own; but *you would* have it: so I sent it to you, and to make it lighter, *cut* it in two—but I can't piece it together again. I can't cobble: I must 'either make a spoon or spoil a horn,'—and there's an end; for there's no remeid: but I leave you free will to suppress the whole, if you like it.

"About the *Morgante Maggiore*, I won't have a line omitted. It may circulate, or it may not; but all the criticism on earth sha'n't touch a line, unless it be because it is *badly* translated. Now you say, and I say, and others say, that the translation is a good one; and so it shall go to press as it is. Pulci must answer for his own irreligion: I answer for the translation only.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Pray let Mr. Hobhouse look to the *Italian* next time in the *proofs*: this time, while I am scribbling to you, they are corrected by one who passes for the

\* Of Don Juan.

prettiest woman in Romagna, and even the March as far as Ancona, be the other who she may.

"I am glad you like my answer to your query about Italian society. It is fit you should *do something*, and be d—d to you.

"My love to Scott. I shall think higher knighthood ever after for his being dubbed. By way, he is the first poet titled for his talent in Rome it has happened abroad before now; but we do not think titles are universal and worthless. Why do you send me *Ivanhoe* and the *Monastery*? I have never written to Sir Walter, for I know he has a thousand things, and I a thousand nothing, and but I hope to see him at Abbotsford before long, and I will sweat his claret for him, though Italian abstemiousness has made my brain too shilpit concern for a Scotch sitting 'inter punk' love Scott, and Moore, and all the better ladies, but I hate and abhor that puddle of water with whom you have taken into your troop.

"Yours, &c.

"P.S. You say that *one-half* is very good—are *wrong*; for, if it were, it would have no poem in existence. *Where* is the poem? *one-half* is good? is it the *Æneid*? is it *Dryden's*? is it any one's except Goldsmith's, of which *all* is good? and yet the last are the poets your pond poem was made of. But if *one-half* of the two new Cantos is your opinion, what the devil would you say? No—no; no poetry is *generally* good, and starts—and you are lucky, to find it and there. You might as well wear *stars* as rhyme all perfect.

"We are on the verge of a rose here, which they have overwritten all the city with, 'with the republic!' and 'Death to the Pope!' This would be nothing in London, where the Pope are privileged. But here it is a different thing, are not used to such fierce political inscriptions: the police is all on the alert, and the Cardinal pale through all his purple.

\* April 24th, 1820, &c.

"The police have been, all noon and afternoon, looking for the inscribers, but have caught none. They must have been all night about it. 'Live republics—Death to Popes and Pops' innumerable, and plastered over all the palace has plenty. There is 'Down with the Pope' too; they are down enough already, for the rain. A very heavy rain and wind having come on, I did not go out and 'skirr the country'; but I shall go to-morrow, and take a canter among the people who are a savage, resolute race, always with guns in their hands. I wonder they don't shoot the serenaders, for they play on the guitar here at night, as in Spain, to their mistresses.

"Talking of politics, as Caleb Quincey says, look at the *conclusion* of my *Ode on Water*, written in the year 1815, and, comparing it with Duke de Berry's catastrophe in 1820, tell me if it is not as good a right to the character of 'Fanny' both senses of the word, as Fitzgerald and Coleridge.

"Crimson tears will flow yet—and have not they?



not pretend to foresee what will happen to Englishers at this distance, but I vaticinate Italy; in which case, I don't know that I have a finger in it. I dislike the Austrians, and the Italians infamously oppressed; and if you, why, I will recommend 'the erection of a monument upon Drumsabab,' like Dugald Dalgetty."

## LETTER CCCLXXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, May 8th, 1820.

From your not having written again, an intention which your letter of the 7th ultimo indicated, I presume that the 'Prophecy of Dante' has been found more worthy than its predecessors in the eyes of your illustrious synod. In that case, I am in some perplexity; to end which, I request, that you are not to consider yourself as pledged to publish any thing because it is always to act according to your own opinions, or those of your friends; and to that you will in no degree offend me by 'deleting' an article, to use a technical phrase. The observations on John Wilson's attack, I do not send for publication at this time; and I send a copy to Mr. Kinnaird (they were written last evening the Po) which must not be published. I mention this, because it is probable I give you a copy. Pray recollect this, as verses of society, and written upon feelings and passions. And, moreover, I can't say mutilations or omissions of *Pulci*: the *Pulci* have been ever free from such in Italy, the land of Christianity, and the translation may be so; though you will think it strange that I should have allowed such freedom for many years to the Morgante, while the other day they translated the whole translation of the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, and have persecuted *Leoni*, the translator—so he writes me, and so I could have told you he consulted me before his publication. It shows how much more politics interest men in Italy than religion. Half a dozen invectives against tyranny confiscate *Childe Harold* in a month; and twenty cantos of quizzing monks and the church government, are let loose for nothing. I copy *Leoni's* account.

Non ignorerà forse che la mia versione del 4° Canto di *Childe Harold* fu confiscata in ogni parte: io ho dovuto soffrir vessazioni altrettanto egualmente illiberali, ad arte che alcuni versi esclusi dalla censura. Ma siccome il divieto ordinario che accrescere la curiosità così quell'Italia è ricercato più che mai, e penso di stampare in Inghilterra senza nulla escludere, agitata condizione di questa mia patria! e si può chiamare una terra così avvilita, dagli uomini, da se medesima.

I will translate this to you. Has he had his intended piece of publication I shall dissuade him, or he may chance to see the inside of the book. The last sentence of his letter is the

common and pathetic sentiment of all his countrymen.

"Sir Humphry Davy was here last fortnight, and I was in his company in the house of a very pretty Italian lady of rank, who, by way of displaying her learning in presence of the great chemist, then describing his fourteenth ascension of Mount Vesuvius, asked 'if there was not a similar volcano in Ireland?' My only notion of an Irish volcano consisted of the lake of Killarney, which I naturally conceived her to mean; but on second thoughts I divined that she alluded to *Iceland* and to *Hecla*—and so it proved, though she sustained her volcanic topography for some time with all the amiable pertinacity of 'the feminine.' She soon after turned to me, and asked me various questions about Sir Humphry's philosophy, and I explained as well as an oracle his skill in gasen safety lamps, and ungluing the Pompeian MSS. 'But what do you call him?' said she. 'A great chemist,' quoth I. 'What can he do?' repeated the lady. 'Almost any thing,' said I. 'Oh, then, mio caro, do pray beg him to give me something to dye my eyebrows black. I have tried a thousand things, and the colours all come off; and besides, they don't grow: can't he invent something to make them grow?' All this with the greatest earnestness; and what you will be surprised at, she is neither ignorant nor a fool, but really well educated and clever. But they speak like children, when first out of their convents; and, after all, this is better than an English blue-stocking.

"I did not tell Sir Humphry of this last piece of philosophy, not knowing how he might take it. Davy was much taken with Ravenna, and the primitive Italianism of the people, who are unused to foreigners: but he only staid a day.

"Send me Scott's novels and some news.

"P.S. I have begun and advanced into the second act of a tragedy on the subject of the Doge's conspiracy (i. e. the story of Marino Faliero); but my present feeling is so little encouraging on such matters, that I begin to think I have mined my talent out, and proceed in no great phantasy of finding a new vein.

"P.S. I sometimes think (if the Italians don't rise) of coming over to England in the autumn after the coronation (at which I would not appear, on account of my family schism), but as yet I can decide nothing. The place must be a great deal changed since I left it, now more than four years ago."

## LETTER CCCLXXII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, May 26th, 1820.

"Murray, my dear, make my respects to Thomas Campbell, and tell him from me, with faith and friendship, three things that he must right in his poets: Firstly, he says Anstey's Bath Guide Characters are taken from Smollett. 'Tis impossible—the Guide was published in 1766, and Humphrey Clinker in 1771—*dunque*, 'tis Smollett who has taken from Anstey. Secondly, he does not know to whom Cowper alludes, when he says that there was one who 'built a church

to God, and then blasphemed his name: 'it was 'Deo crexit *Voltaire*' to whom that maniacal Calvinist and coddled poet alludes. Thirdly, he misquotes and spoils a passage from Shakspeare, 'to gild refined gold, to paint the lily,' &c.; for *lily* he puts *rose*, and bedevils in more words than one the whole quotation.

"Now, Tom is a fine fellow; but he should be correct: for the first is an *injustice* (to Anstey), the second an *ignorance*, and the third a *blunder*. Tell him all this, and let him take it in good part; for I might have rammed it into a review and rowed him—instead of which, I act like a Christian.

"Yours, &c."

#### LETTER CCCLXXIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, May 20th, 1820.

"First and foremost, you must forward my letter to *Moore*, dated 2d January, which I said you might open, but desired you to forward. Now, you should really not forget these little things, because they do mischief among friends. You are an excellent man, a great man, and live among great men, but do pray recollect your absent friends and authors.

"In the first place, *your packets*; then a letter from Kinnaid, on the most urgent business; another from Moore, about a communication to Lady Byron of importance; a fourth from the mother of Allegra; and fifthly, at Ravenna, the Contessa G. is on the eve of being divorced.—But the Italian public are on our side, particularly the women,—and the men also, because they say that *he* had no business to take the business up now after a year of toleration. All her relations (who are numerous, high in rank, and powerful) are furious *against him* for his conduct. I am warned to be on my guard, as he is very capable of employing *sicarii*—this is Latin as well as Italian, so you can understand it; but I have arms, and don't mind them, thinking that I could pepper his ragamuffins, if they don't come unawares, and that, if they do, one may as well end that way as another; and it would besides serve *you* as an advertisement.

\* Man may escape from rope or gun, &c.

But he who takes woman, woman, woman, &c.

"Yours.

"P.S. I have looked over the press, but heaven knows how. Think what I have on hand, and the post going out to-morrow. Do you remember the epitaph on *Voltaire*?

\* C'est l'enfant gâté, &c.

\* Here lies the spoilt child  
Of the world which he spoilt'd.

The original is in Grimm and Diderot, &c. &c. &c."

#### LETTER CCCLXXIV.

TO MR MOORE.

"Ravenna, May 24th, 1820.

"I wrote to you a few days ago. There is also a letter of January last for you at Murray's, which will

explain to you why I am here. Murray may have forwarded it long ago. I enclose you one from a countrywoman of yours at Paris, who moved my entrails. You will have the good perhaps, to inquire into the truth of her story; I will help her as far as I can,—though not in the way she proposes. Her letter is evidently warm and so natural, that the orthography is also a part of nature.

"Here is a poor creature, ill and solitary, thinks, as a last resource, of translating you into French! Was there ever such a notion seems to me the consummation of despair. I inquire, and let me know, and, if you could scribble on me *here* for a few hundred francs, as a banker's, I will duly honour it,—that is, if she is an impostor.\* If not, let me know, that I may something remitted by my banker Louch. &c. &c. for I have no correspondence, myself. As I tell her she must not translate;—if she does, it is the height of ingratitude.

"I had a letter (not of the same kind, but of flattery) from a Madame Sophie Gaudin, whom I take to be the spouse of a Gaudin, a name. Who is she? and what is she? and how she to take an interest in my *poor little* &c. &c. If you know her, tell her, with my compliments, as I only read French. I have not answered, but would have done so in Italian, if I could; it would look like an affectation. I am scolding my monkey for tearing the cover of my book, and spoiling a mock book, in which I am. I had a civet-cat the other day, too; and after scratching my monkey's cheek, and making of it still. It was the fiercest beast I ever saw like \* \* in the face and manner.

"I have a world of things to say; but I cannot come to a *dénouement*, I don't care to write history till it is wound up. After you were a fever, but got well again without bark. No phry Davy was here the other day, and I like very much. He will tell you any thing you wish to know about the place and your visitor.

"Your apprehensions (arising from See unfounded. There are *no damages* in the but there will probably be a separation of them, as her family, which is a principle of connexion, are very much against *him*, because of his conduct;—and he is old and obstinate, and is young and a woman, determined to do nothing to her affections. I have given her advice, viz., to stay with him,—pointing out the of a separated woman (for the priests will not live openly together, unless the husband is dead, and making the most exquisite moral reasoning, but to no purpose. She says, 'I will stay and

\* According to his desire, I waited upon the Countess, having provided myself with a route-card from Napoleon to present to her from his brother. She is a very creditable spirit, my young countrywoman. She gave me the gift, saying that Lord Byron had mistaken her application to him, which was to request that he might let her have the sheets of some of his works. I said, 'I would enable her to prepare one for the French book-sellers, and thus direct her towards acquiring something towards a livelihood.'



Let you remain with me. It is hard that I be the only woman in Romagna who is not to see Amico; but, if not, I will not live with him; for the consequences, love, &c. &c. &c.—you females reason on such occasions.

But he has let it go on, till he can do so no more; he wants her to stay, and dismiss me; he will like to pay back her dowry and to make good. Her relations are rather for the separation; they detest him,—indeed, so does every one of the populace and the women are, as usual, who are in the wrong, viz., the lady and I should have retreated, but honour, and which has attacked her, prevent me,—lack of love, for I love her most entirely, enough to persuade her to sacrifice every penny. 'I see how it will end; she will with Mrs Shuffleton.'

It is finished, and so must this letter.

"Yours ever,

"B.

I regret that you have not completed the verses. Pray, how come you to be still in Italy? Pray has four or five things of mine in the new Don Juan, which his back-shop synodizes;—a translation of the first canto of *Sante Maggiore*, excellent;—a short ditto, not so much approved;—the Prophecy very grand and worthy, &c. &c. &c.;—an answer to Blackwood's Observations on the Pope, with a savage Defence of Pope—likely to draw. The opinions above I quote from the Urican senate;—you will form your own opinion on the things.

You will have no great chance of seeing me, for I think I must finish in Italy. But, if you stay, you shall have a tureen of macaroni. I am about yourself and your intents.

My trustees are going to lend Earl Blessington a hundred pounds (at six per cent.) on a Dublin bill. Only think of my becoming an Irish ab-

#### LETTER CCCLXXV.

TO MR HOPPNER.

\* Ravenna, May 25, 1820.

A man named Ruppscht has sent me, heaven knows, several *Deutsche Gazettes*, of all which I read neither word nor letter. I have sent enclosed to beg you to translate to me some which appear to be *Goethe's upon Manfred* (many judge by two notes of admiration, but after something ridiculous by us), and *hypocondrich*, are any thing but favourable. I regret this, for I should have been *Goethe's* good word; but I sha'n't alter my mind, even though he should be savage. You excuse this trouble, and do me this favour—never mind—soften nothing—I am literary and had good and evil said in most modern

"Believe me, &c."

#### LETTER CCCLXXVI.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Ravenna, June 1st, 1820.

"I have received a Parisian letter from W. W., which I prefer answering through you, if that worthy be still at Paris, and, as he says, an occasional visitor of yours. In November last he wrote to me a well-meaning letter, stating, for some reasons of his own, his belief that a reunion might be effected between Lady B. and myself. To this I answered as usual; and he sent me a second letter, repeating his notions, which letter I have never answered, having had a thousand other things to think of. He now writes as if he believed that he had offended me by touching on the topic; and I wish you to assure him that I am not at all so,—but, on the contrary, obliged by his goodness. At the same time acquaint him the thing is impossible. You know this, as well as I,—and there let it end.

"I believe that I showed you his epistle in autumn last. He asks me if I have heard of my 'laureat' at Paris,—somebody who has written 'a most sanguinary Epitre' against me; but whether in French, or Dutch, or on what score, I know not, and he don't say,—except that (for my satisfaction) he says it is the best thing in the fellow's volume. If there is any thing of the kind that I ought to know, you will doubtless tell me. I suppose it to be something of the usual sort;—he says, he don't remember the author's name.

"I wrote to you some ten days ago, and expect an answer at your leisure.

"The separation business still continues, and all the world are implicated, including priests and cardinals. The public opinion is furious against him, because he ought to have cut the matter short at first, and not waited twelve months to begin. He has been trying at evidence, but can get none sufficient; for what would make fifty divorces in England won't do here—there must be the most decided proofs. \* \* \*

"It is the first cause of the kind attempted in Ravenna for these two hundred years; for, though they often separate, they assign a different motive. You know that the continental incontinent are more delicate than the English, and don't like proclaiming their coronation in a court, even when nobody doubts it.

"All her relations are furious against him. The father has challenged him—a superfluous valour, for he don't fight, though suspected of two assassinations—one of the famous Monzoni of Forlì. Warning was given me not to take such long rides in the Pine Forest without being on my guard; so I take my stiletto and a pair of pistols in my pocket during my daily rides.

"I won't stir from this place till the matter is settled one way or the other. She is as femininely firm as possible; and the opinion is so much against him, that the advocates decline to undertake his cause, because they say that he is either a fool or a rogue—fool, if he did not discover the liaison till now; and rogue, if he did know it, and waited, for some bad end, to divulge it. In short, there has been nothing like it

† M. Lamartine.

since the days of Guido di Polenta's family, in these parts.

"If the man has me taken off, like Polonius, 'say he made a good end'—for a melodrame. The principal security is, that he has not the courage to spend twenty scudi—the average price of a clean-handed bravo—otherwise there is no want of opportunity, for I ride about the woods every evening, with one servant, and sometimes an acquaintance, who latterly looks a little queer in solitary bits of bushes.

"Good bye.—Write to yours ever, &c."

#### LETTER CCCLXXVII.

TO MR. MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, June 7th, 1820.

"Enclosed is something which will interest you, to wit, the opinion of the greatest man of Germany—perhaps of Europe—upon one of the great men of your advertisements (all 'famous hands,' as Jacob Tonson used to say of his ragamuffins)—in short, a critique of Goethe's upon *Manfred*. There is the original, an English translation, and an Italian one; keep them all in your archives, for the opinions of such a man as Goethe, whether favourable or not, are always interesting—and this is more so, as favourable. His *Faust* I never read, for I don't know German; but Matthew Monk Lewis, in 1816, at Coligny, translated most of it to me *vivâ voce*, and I was naturally much struck with it; but it was the *Steinbach* and the *Jungfrau*, and something else, much more than Faustus, that made me write *Manfred*. The first scene, however, and that of Faustus, are very similar. Acknowledge this letter.

"Yours ever.

"P.S. I have received *Ivanhoe*;—good. Pray send me some tooth-powder and tincture of myrrh, by Waite, &c. Ricciardetto should have been translated literally, or not at all. As to puffing *Whistlecraft*, it won't do. I'll tell you why some day or other. Cornwall's a poet, but spoilt by the detestable schools of the day. Mrs Hemans is a poet also, but too stilted and apostrophic,—and quite wrong. Men died calmly before the Christian era, and since, without Christianity: witness the Romans, and, lately, Thistlewood, Sandt, and Louvel—men who ought to have been weighed down with their crimes, even had they believed. A deathbed is a matter of nerves and constitution, and not of religion. Voltaire was frightened, Frederick of Prussia not: Christians the same, according to their strength rather than their creed. What does H \* \* H \* \* mean by his stanza? which is octave got drunk or gone mad. He ought to have his ears boxed with Thor's hammer for rhyming so fantastically."

The following is the article from Goethe's "Kunst und Alterthum," enclosed in this letter. The grave confidence with which the venerable critic traces the fancies of his brother poet to real persons and events, making no difficulty even of a double murder at Florence to furnish grounds for his theory, affords an amusing instance of the disposition so prevalent throughout Europe, to picture Byron as a man of marvels and mysteries, as well in his life as his poetry.

To these exaggerated, or wholly false notions the numerous fictitious palmed upon the world romantic tours and wonderful adventures, as he never saw, and with persons that never existed, have, no doubt, considerably contributed; the consequence is, so utterly out of truth and nature the representations of his life and character current upon the continent, that it may be questioned whether the real "flesh and blood" hero of the pages,—the social, practical-minded man, with faults and eccentricities, *English Lord Byron*, not, to the over-exalted imaginations of our foreign admirers, appear but an ordinary, sane and prosaic personage.

#### \* GOETHE ON MANFRED. [1820.]

"Byron's tragedy, *Manfred*, was to me a new phenomenon, and one that closely needed no singular intellectual poet has taken my fancy himself, and extracted from it the strongest element for his hypochondriac humour. He has used the impelling principles in his own way, for his own purposes, so that no one of them remains the same; and it is particularly on this score that I cannot enough admire his genius. The way in which this way so completely formed anew, and made an interesting task for the critic to pursue the alterations he has made, but the resemblance with, or dissimilarity to, the original, the course of which I cannot deny to be the heat of an unbounded and exuberant imagination at last oppressive to us. Yet is the dramatic to feel always connected with esteem and admiration."

"We find thus in this tragedy the greatest the most astonishing talent born to be in our century. The character of Lord Byron's poetry hardly permits a just and equal estimation. He has often enough confirmed what that torments him. He has repeatedly promised, and scarcely any one feels compassion for his tolerable suffering, over which he is ever labouring. There are, properly speaking, no males whose phantoms for ever haunt him, as in this piece also, perform principal parts—the name of Astarte, the other without firm presence, and merely a voice. Of the occurrence which took place with the former, nothing is related. When a bold and enterprising man, he won the affections of a Florentine lady; his husband discovered the amour, and murdered his wife; but the murderer was the same night found dead in the street, and there was no one on whom suspicion could be attached. Lord Byron came from Florence, and these spirits haunted him till his life after."

\* Of this kind are the accounts, filled with circumstances and wondrous, of his residence in the island of Mytilene;—his voyages to Sicily,—to Florence, with his friends Guicciotti, &c., &c. But the most absurd, and all these fabrications, are the stories told by Francesco the poet's religious conferences in the cell of Father at Athens; and the still more unaccountable tale which Rizo has indulged, in giving the details of a pretended theatrical scene, got up (according to the historian) between Lord Byron and the Archbishop at the tomb of Botzaris, in Missolonghi.



"This romantic incident is rendered highly probable by innumerable allusions to it in his poems. As, for instance, when turning his sad contemplations onwards, he applies to himself the fatal history of the king of Sparta. It is as follows:—Pausanias, a Lacedæmonian general, acquires glory by the important victory at Platæa, but afterwards forfeits the confidence of his countrymen through his arrogance, obstinacy, and secret intrigues with the enemies of his country. This man draws upon himself the heavy guilt of innocent blood, which attends him to his end; for, while commanding the fleet of the allied Greeks, in the Black Sea, he is inflamed with a violent passion for a Byzantine maiden. After long resistance, he at length obtains her from her parents, and she is to be delivered up to him at night. She modestly desires the servant to put out the lamp, and, while groping her way in the dark, she overturns it. Pausanias is awakened from his sleep, apprehensive of an attack from murderers—he seizes his sword, and destroys his mistress. The horrid sight never leaves him. Her shade pursues him unceasingly, and he implores for aid in vain from the gods and the exorcising priests.

"That poet must have a lacerated heart who selects such a scene from antiquity, appropriates it to himself, and burthens his tragic image with it. The following soliloquy, which is overladen with gloom and a weariness of life, is, by this remark, rendered intelligible. We recommend it as an exercise to all friends of declamation. Hamlet's soliloquy appears improved upon here."\*

## LETTER CCCLXXVIII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Ravenna, June 9th, 1820.

"Galignani has just sent me the Paris edition of your works (which I wrote to order), and I am glad to see my old friends with a French face. I have been skimming and dipping, in and over them, like a swallow, and as pleased as one. It is the first time that I had seen the Melodies without music; and, I don't know how, but I can't read in a music-book—the crotchets confound the words in my head, though I recollect them perfectly when sung. Music assists my memory through the ear, not through the eye; I mean, that her quavers perplex me upon paper, but they are a help when heard. And thus I was glad to see the words without their borrowed robes;—to my mind they look none the worse for their nudity.

"The biographer has made a botch of your life—calling your father 'a venerable old gentleman,' and prattling of 'Addison,' and 'dowager countesses.' If that damned fellow was to write my life, I would certainly take his. And then, at the Dublin dinner, you have 'made a speech' (do you recollect, at Douglas K.'s, 'Sir, he made me a speech?') too complimentary to the 'living poets,' and somewhat redolent of universal praise. I am but too well off in it, but"

\* \* \* \* \*

"You have not sent me any poetical or personal

\* The critic here subjoins the soliloquy from Manfred, beginning "We are the fools of time and terror," in which the allusion to Pausanias occurs.

news of yourself. Why don't you complete an Italian Tour of the Fudges? I have just been turning over Little, which I knew by heart in 1803, being then in my fifteenth summer. Heigho! I believe all the mischief I have ever done, or sung, has been owing to that confounded book of yours.

"In my last I told you of a cargo of 'Poeshie,' which I had sent to M. at his own impatient desire;—and, now he has got it, he don't like it, and demurs. Perhaps he is right. I have no great opinion of any of my last shipment, except a translation from Pulci, which is word for word, and verse for verse.

"I am in the Third Act of a Tragedy; but whether it will be finished or not, I know not: I have, at this present, too many passions of my own on hand to do justice to those of the dead. Besides the vexations mentioned in my last, I have incurred a quarrel with the Pope's carabinieri, or gens d'armes, who have petitioned the Cardinal against my liveries, as resembling too nearly their own lousy uniform. They particularly object to the epaulettes, which all the world with us have on upon gala days. My liveries are of the colours conforming to my arms, and have been the family hue since the year 1666.

"I have sent a tranchant reply, as you may suppose; and have given to understand that, if any soldados of that respectable corps insult my servants, I will do likewise by their gallant commanders; and I have directed my ragamuffins, six in number, who are tolerably savage, to defend themselves, in case of aggression; and, on holydays and gaudy days, I shall arm the whole set, including myself, in case of accidents or treachery. I used to play pretty well at the broad-sword, once upon a time, at Angelo's; but I should like the pistol, our national buccaneer weapon, better, though I am out of practice at present. However, I can 'wink and hold out mine iron.' It makes me think (the whole thing does) of Romeo and Juliet — now, Gregory, remember thy *smashing* blow."

"All these feuds, however, with the Cavalier for his wife, and the troopers for my liveries, are very tiresome to a quiet man, who does his best to please all the world, and longs for fellowship and good will. Pray write.

"I am yours, &c."

## LETTER CCCLXXIX.

TO MR MOORE,

\* Ravenna, July 13th, 1820.

"To remove or increase your Irish anxiety about my being 'in a wisp,'\* I answer your letter forthwith; premising that, as I am a 'Will of the wisp,' I may chance to flit out of it. But, first, a word on the Memoir;—I have no objection, nay, I would rather that *one* correct copy was taken and deposited in honourable hands, in case of accidents happening to the original; for you know that I have none, and have never even re-read, nor, indeed, read at all, what is there written: I only know that I wrote it with the fullest intention to be 'faithful and true' in my narrative, but *not* impartial—no, by the Lord! I can't pretend to be that, while I feel. But I wish to

\* An Irish phrase for being in a scrape.

give every body concerned the opportunity to contradict or correct me.

"I have no objection to any proper person seeing what is there written,—seeing it was written, like every thing else, for the purpose of being read, however much many writings may fail in arriving at that object.

"With regard to 'the wisp,' the Pope has pronounced *their separation*. The decree came yesterday from Babylon,—it was *she* and *her friends* who demanded it, on the grounds of her husband's (the noble Count Cavalier's) extraordinary usage. He opposed it with all his might, because of the alimony, which has been assigned, with all her goods, chattels, carriage, &c. to be restored by him. In Italy they can't divorce. He insisted on her giving me up, and he would forgive every thing,—even the adultery, which he swears that he can prove by 'famous witnesses.' But, in this country, the very courts hold such proofs in abhorrence, the Italians being as much more delicate in public than the English, as they are more passionate in private.

"The friends and relatives, who are numerous and powerful, reply to him—'You, yourself, are either fool or knave,—fool, if you did not see the consequences of the approximation of these two young persons,—knave, if you connive at it. Take your choice,—but don't break out (after twelve months of the closest intimacy, under your own eyes and positive sanction), with a scandal, which can only make you ridiculous and her unhappy.'

"He swore that he thought our intercourse was purely amicable, and that *I* was more partial to him than to her, till melancholy testimony proved the contrary. To this they answer, that 'Will of *this wisp*' was not an unknown person, and that 'clamosa Fama' had not proclaimed the purity of my morals;—that *her* brother, a year ago, wrote from Rome to warn him, that his wife would infallibly be led astray by this ignis fatuus, unless he took proper measures, all of which he neglected to take, &c. &c.

"Now, he says, that he encouraged my return to Ravenna, to see '*in quanti piedi di acqua siamo*,' and he has found enough to drown him in. In short,

'Ce ne fut pas le tout; sa femme se plaignit—  
Procès—La parenté se joint en excuse et dit  
Que du Docteur venait tout le mauvais ménage:  
Que cet homme était fou, que sa femme était sage.  
On fit casser le mariage.'

It is but to let the women alone, in the way of conflict, for they are sure to win against the field. She returns to her father's house, and I can only see her under great restrictions—such is the custom of the country. The relations behaved very well;—I offered any settlement, but they refused to accept it, and swear she *shan't* live with G. (as he has tried to prove her faithless), but that he shall maintain her; and, in fact, a judgment to this effect came yesterday. I am, of course, in an awkward situation enough.

"I have heard no more of the carabinieri who protested against my liveries. They are not popular, those same soldiers, and, in a small row, the other night, one was slain, another wounded, and divers put to flight, by some of the Romagna youth, who

are dexterous, and somewhat liberal of the knife. The perpetrators are not discovered, but I hope and believe that none of my ragamuffins were in it, though they are somewhat savage, and secretly armed, like most of the inhabitants. It is their way, and seems sometimes a good deal of litigation.

"There is a revolution at Naples. If so, it will probably leave a card at Ravenna in its way to Lombardy.

"Your publishers seem to have used you like mine. M. has shuffled, and almost insinuated that my last productions are *dull*. Dull, sir!—damme, dull!—I believe he is right. He begs for the completion of my tragedy on Marino Faliero, none of which is yet gone to England. The fifth act is nearly completed, but it is dreadfully long—40 sheets of long paper, of 4 pages each—about 150 when printed; but 'a full of pastime and prodigality' that I think it will do.

"Pray send and publish your *Poeme* upon me; and don't be afraid of praising me too highly. I shall pocket my blushes.

"'Not actionable!'—*Chantre d'enfer!*—by—that's 'a speech,' and I won't put up with it,—A pretty title to give a man for doubting if there be any such place!

"So my Gail is gone—and Miss Mahony won't take money. I am very glad of it—I like to be somewhat free of expense. But beg her not to translate me.

"Oh, pray tell Galignani that I shall send him a screed of doctrine if he don't be more punctual.—Somebody regularly *detains* two, and sometimes four, of his *Messengers* by the way. Oh, pray, treat him to be more precise. News are worth money in this remote kingdom of the Ostrogots.

"Pray, reply. I should like much to share some of your Champagne and Lafitte, but I am too Italian for Paris in general. Make Murray send my letter to you—it is full of *epigrams*.

"Yours, &c."

In the separation that had now taken place between Count Guiccioli and his wife, it was one of the conditions that the lady should, in future, reside under the paternal roof:—in consequence of which, Miss Guiccioli, on the 16th of July, left Ravenna retired to a villa belonging to Count Gamba, distant fifteen miles distant from that city. Here Lord Byron occasionally visited her—about once or twice, perhaps, in the month—passing the rest of his time in perfect solitude. To a mind like his, whose world was within itself, such a mode of life could have been neither new nor unwelcome; but to the woman, young and admired, whose acquaintance with the world and its pleasures had but just begun, the change was, it must be confessed, most sudden and trying. Count Guiccioli was rich, and, as a young wife, she had gained absolute power over him. So was proud, and his station placed her among the highest in Ravenna. They had talked of travelling to Naples, Florence, Paris,—and every luxury, in short, that wealth could command was at her disposal.

All this she now voluntarily and determinedly sacrificed for Byron. Her splendid home abandoned—

† The title given him by M. Lamartine, in one of his Poems.



A copy of the will of the late J. D. Davis, which was filed for record in the probate court of the county of Adams, State of Missouri, on the 10th day of January, 1900, is hereby published for the purpose of giving notice to all persons who may have any claim against the estate of the said J. D. Davis, that they should present the same to the undersigned, who is the executor of the will of the said J. D. Davis, within the time specified in the will, to wit: within three months after the date of the death of the said J. D. Davis, which date is the 10th day of January, 1900, and that after the expiration of the time so specified, the undersigned will proceed to distribute the assets of the estate of the said J. D. Davis according to the provisions of the will.

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Whereas the undersigned, J. D. Davis, is the executor of the will of the late J. D. Davis, and the said will has been admitted to probate in the probate court of the county of Adams, State of Missouri, on the 10th day of January, 1900;

And whereas the said will contains a provision that the undersigned should give notice to all persons who may have any claim against the estate of the said J. D. Davis, that they should present the same to the undersigned, who is the executor of the will of the said J. D. Davis, within the time specified in the will, to wit: within three months after the date of the death of the said J. D. Davis, which date is the 10th day of January, 1900;

And whereas the undersigned is desirous of settling the accounts of the estate of the said J. D. Davis, and of distributing the assets of the estate according to the provisions of the will, he hereby gives notice to all persons who may have any claim against the estate of the said J. D. Davis, that they should present the same to the undersigned, who is the executor of the will of the said J. D. Davis, within the time specified in the will, to wit: within three months after the date of the death of the said J. D. Davis, which date is the 10th day of January, 1900, and that after the expiration of the time so specified, the undersigned will proceed to distribute the assets of the estate of the said J. D. Davis according to the provisions of the will.

Witness my hand and seal this 10th day of January, 1900.

J. D. DAVIS, Executor of the will of the late J. D. Davis.

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it.\* I verily believe that nor you, nor any man of poetical temperament, can avoid a strong passion of some kind. It is the poetry of life. What should I have known or written, had I been a quiet, mercantile politician, or a lord in waiting? A man must travel and turmoil, or there is no existence. Besides, I only meant to be a Cavalier Servente, and had no idea it would turn out a romance, in the Anglo fashion.

"However, I suspect I know a thing or two of Italy—more than Lady Morgan has picked up in her posting. What do Englishmen know of Italians beyond their museums and saloons—and some hack \*\*, *en passant*? Now, I have lived in the heart of their houses, in parts of Italy freshest and least influenced by strangers,—have seen and become (*pars magna fui*) a portion of their hopes, and fears, and passions, and am almost inoculated into a family. This is to see men and things as they are.

You say that I called you 'quiet'—I don't recollect any thing of the sort. On the contrary, you are always in scrapes.

"What think you of the Queen? I hear Mr. Hoby says, 'that it makes him weep to see her, she reminds him so much of Jane Shore.'

\* Mr Hoby the bootmaker's heart is quite sore,  
For seeing the Queen makes him think of Jane Shore;  
And, in fact,

Pray excuse this ribaldry. What is your Poem about? Write and tell me all about it and you.

"Yours, &c.

"P.S. Did you write the lively quiz on Peter Bell? It has wit enough to be yours, and almost too much to be any body else's now going. It was in Galignani the other day or week."

#### LETTER CCLXXXIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, September 7th, 1820.

"In correcting the proofs you must refer to the *manuscript*, because there are in it *various readings*. Pray attend to this, and choose what Gifford thinks best. Let me hear what he thinks of the whole.

"You speak of Lady \*\*'s illness: she is not of those who die:—the amiable only do; and those whose death would *do good* live. Whenever she is pleased to return, it may be presumed she will take her 'divining rod' along with her: it may be of use to her at home, as well as to the 'rich man' of the Evangelists.

"Pray do not let the papers paragraph me back to England. They may say what they please, any loathsome abuse but that. Contradict it.

"My last letters will have taught you to expect an explosion here: it was primed and loaded, but they hesitated to fire the train. One of the cities shirked from the league. I cannot write more at large for a thousand reasons. Our 'puir hill folk' offered to strike, and raise the first banner, but

\* I had mistaken the concluding words of his letter of the 9th of June.

Bologna paused; and now 'tis autumn, and is half over. 'O Jerusalem! Jerusalem!' They are on the Po; but if once they pass it on to Naples, all Italy will be behind them. —the wolves—may they perish like the Sennacherib! If you want to publish the Poem of Dante, you never will have a better time."

#### LETTER CCLXXXIV.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, September 11th.

"Here is another historical note for you. I to be as near truth as the drama can be.

"Last post I sent you a note from *Le Figaro* self,\* in answer to a trashy tourist, who said that he could have been introduced to me. I have a proof of it, that I may cut in less in shape.

"What Gifford says is very comical (First Act). English, sterling *germine* English desideratum amongst you, and I am glad to get so much left; though Heaven know how it: I hear none but from my rival, of *Wiltshire* and I see none but a *persecution*, and theirs is *no language*. Even your \* \* \* \* is terribly *stiff* with 'very, very' so soft and palsy.

"Oh! if ever I do come amongst you, give you such a 'Baviad and Muriad' as the old, but even *better* men. There was such a *set* as your *ragamuffins* (yours only, but every body's). *Wiltshire*, *Wiltshire*, and the *Lakers*, and the *Salmon*, and Moore, and Byron, you are in the decline and degradation of literature. I wish of it without all the remorse of a nation, that Johnson were alive again to crush them."

#### LETTER CCLXXXV.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, Sept 12th.

"What! not a line? Well, have it your way."

"I wish you would inform Perry that the paragraph is the cause of all my newspaper stopped in Paris. The fools believe me a foreign country, and have not sent on their so that I know nothing of your beauty and Queen.

"I cannot avail myself of Mr Gifford's name, because I have received none, except in the act.

"Yours, &c."

"P.S. Do, pray, beg the editors of papers any thing blackguard they please; but not to be amongst their arrivals. They do me more harm by such nonsense than all their abuse can do."

\* The angry note against English travellers against this tragedy, in consequence of an assertion made by a recent tourist that he (or, as it afterwards turned out) had repeatedly declined an introduction to Lord Byron while in Italy.\*





\* Sept. 29th.

"I open my letter to say that, on reading *more* of the four volumes on Italy, where the author says 'declined an introduction,' I perceive (*horresco referens*) it is written by a WOMAN!!! In that case you must suppress my note and answer, and all I have said about the book and the writer. I never dreamed of it until now, in my extreme wrath at that precious note. I can only say that I am sorry that a lady should say any thing of the kind. What I would have said to one of the other sex you know already. Her book too (as a *she* book) is not a bad one; but she evidently don't know the Italians, or rather don't like them, and forgets the *causes* of their misery and profligacy (*Matthews* and *Forsyth* are your men for truth and tact), and has gone over Italy in *company—always a bad plan*: you must be *alone* with people to know them well. Ask her, who was the '*descendant of Lady M. W. Montague*,' and by whom? by Algarotti?

"I suspect that in Marino Faliero, you and yours won't like the *politics*, which are perilous to you in these times: but recollect that it is *not* a *political* play, and that I was obliged to put into the mouths of the characters the sentiments upon which they acted. I hate all things written like Pizarro, to represent France, England, and so forth. All I have done is meant to be purely Venetian, even to the very propriety of its present state.

"Your Angles in general know little of the *Italians*, who detest them for their numbers and their GENOA treachery. Besides, the English travellers have not been composed of the best company. How could they?—out of 100,000, how many gentlemen were there, or honest men?

"Mitchell's Aristophanes is excellent. Send me the rest of it.

"These fools will force me to write a book about Italy myself, to give them 'the loud lie.' They prate about assassination; what is it but the origin of duelling—and '*a wild justice*,' as Lord Bacon calls it? It is the fount of the modern point of honour in what the laws can't or *won't* reach. Every man is liable to it more or less, according to circumstances or place. For instance, I am living here exposed to it daily, for I have happened to make a powerful and unprincipled man my enemy;—and I never sleep the worse for it, or ride in less solitary places, because precaution is useless, and one thinks of it as of a disease which may or may not strike. It is true that there are those here, who, if he did, would 'hve to think on't'; but that would not awake my bones: I should be sorry if it would, were they once at rest."

#### LETTER CCLXXXIX.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, *Shre 6<sup>th</sup>*, 1839.

"You will have now received all the Acts, corrected, of the Marino Faliero. What you say of the 'bet of 100 guineas' made by some one who says that he saw me last week reminds me of what happened in 1810; you can easily ascertain the fact, and it is an odd one.

"In the latter end of 1811, I met one evening at

the Alfred my old school and form-fellow (for we were within two of each other, *As the higher*, though both very near the top of our remove) *Peel*, the Irish secretary. He told me that, in 1810, he met me, as he thought, in St James's-street, but we passed without speaking. He mentioned this, and it was denied as impossible, I being then in Turkey. A day or two afterward, he pointed out to his brother a person on the opposite side of the way:—'There,' said he, 'is the man whom I took for Byron.' His brother instantly answered, 'Why, it *is* Byron, and no other.' But this is not all:—I was *seen* by somebody to *write down my name* amongst the inquirers after the king's health, then attacked by insanity. Now, at this very period, as nearly as I could make out, I was ill of a *strong fever* at Patras, caught in the marshes near Olympia, from the *malaria*. If I had died there, this would have been a new ghost story for you. You can easily make out the accuracy of this from Peel himself, who told it in detail. I suppose you will be of the opinion of Lucretia, who (denies the immortality of the soul, but) asserts that from the 'flying off of the surfaces of bodies, these surfaces or cases, like the coats of an onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it, so that the shapes and shadows of both the dead and living are frequently beheld.'

"But if they are, are their coats and waistcoats also seen? I do not disbelieve that we may know by some unconscious process, to a certain extent, which of these two I happen at present to be. I leave you to decide. I only hope that *it's other* will behave like a gentleman.

"I wish you would get Peel asked how far I am accurate in my recollection of what he told me; for I don't like to say such things without authority.

"I am not sure that I was *not spoken* with; but this also you can ascertain. I have written to you such letters that I stop.

"Yours, &c.

"P. S. Last year (in June, 1819) I met at Cocchi's, at Ferrara, an Italian who asked me 'Did you know Lord Byron?' I told him *no* (no one knew himself, *you* know). 'Then,' says he, 'I do; I met him at Naples the other day.' I putted out my card and asked him if that was the way he spelt his name; he answered, *yes*. I suspect that it was a bad guard navy surgeon, who attended a young travelling madam about, and passed himself for a lord at the post-houses. He was a vulgar dog—quite of the cock-pit order—and a precious representative I may have had of him, if it was even so; but I don't know. He passed himself off as a gentleman, and spoke about a Countess \* (of this place), then at Venice an ugly battered woman, of bad morals even to Italy."

#### LETTER CCCX.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, *Shre 10<sup>th</sup>*, 1839.

"Foscolo's letter is exactly the thing wanted firstly, because he is a man of genius; and, secondly, because he is an Italian, and therefore the best judge of Italica. Besides,



e an antique Roman than a Dane ;'

more of the ancient Greek than of the  
Though 'somewhat,' as Dugald  
'too wild and salvage' (like 'Ronald  
'tis a wonderful man, and my friends  
Rose 'both swear by him; and they  
of men and of Italian humanity.

in all too worthy voices gain'd :

: is good 'sterling genuine English,'  
ys that the characters are right Vene-  
ure and Otway had a million of advan-  
besides the incalculable one of being  
to two centuries, and having been  
guards (which ARE such attractions to  
og reader); let me then preserve the  
I could possibly have—that of having  
, and entered more into the local spirit  
no more.

at Foscolo means about Calendaro's  
ritism; *that's* national—the objection,  
Italians and French, with those 'flags  
, their pocket handkerchiefs, spit  
e, and every where else—in your face  
efore *object* to it on the stage as *too*  
t we who *spit* nowhere—but in a  
n we grow savage—are not likely to  
member *Massinger*, and Kean's Sir  
h—

us I spit at thee and at thy counsel !'

laro does *not* spit in Bertram's face ;  
n, as I have seen the Mussulmans do  
nd when they are in a rage. Again,  
*fact* *despise* Bertram, though he af-  
: all do, when angry with one we think  
e is angry at not being allowed to die in  
although not afraid of death); and re-  
spected and hated Bertram from the  
ertuccio, on the other hand, is a cooler  
entrated fellow : he acts upon *princi-*  
*se*; Calendaro upon *impulse* and *ex-*

argument for you.

*repeats*;—*true*, but it is from en-  
n, and because he *sees* *different* per-  
lways obliged to recur to the *cause*  
his mind. His speeches are long;—  
ote for the *closet*, and on the French  
del rather than yours, which I think  
of, for all your *old* dramatists, who  
h too, God knows:—*look* into any of

u Foscolo's letter, because it alludes  
ate affairs. I am sorry to see such a  
because I know what they are, or  
e. I never met but three men who  
ld out a finger to me : one was your-  
William Bankes, and the other a no-  
o dead : but of these the first was the  
ffered it while I *really* wanted it ;  
good-will—but I was not in need of  
d would not have accepted it if I had

(though I love and esteem him); and the *third* —

"So you see that I have seen some strange things  
in my time. As for your own offer, it was in 1815,  
when I was in actual uncertainty of five pounds. I  
rejected it; but I have not forgotten it, although you  
probably have.

"P. S. Foscolo's Ricciardo was lent, with the  
*leaves uncut*, to some Italians, now in villeggiatura,  
so that I have had no opportunity of hearing their  
decision, or of reading it. They seized on it as Fos-  
colo's, and on account of the beauty of the paper and  
printing, directly. If I find it takes, I will reprint it  
*here*. The Italians think as highly of Foscolo as  
they can of any man, divided and miserable as they  
are, and with neither leisure at present to read, nor  
head nor heart to judge of any thing but extracts  
from French newspapers and the *Lugano Gazette*.

"We are all looking at one another, like wolves  
on their prey in pursuit, only waiting for the first  
falling on to do unutterable things. They are a great  
world in chaos, or angels in hell, which you please;  
but out of chaos came paradise, and out of hell—I  
don't know what; but the devil went *in* there, and  
he was a fine fellow once, you know.

"You need never favour me with any periodical  
publication, except the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and an  
occasional *Blackwood*; or now and then a *Monthly*  
*Review* : for the rest I do not feel curiosity enough  
to look beyond their covers.

"To be sure I took in the *Editor of the British*  
*finely*. He fell precisely into the glaring trap laid for  
him. It was inconceivable how he could be so ab-  
surd as to imagine us serious with him.

"Recollect, that if you put my name to '*Don*  
*Juan*' in these canting days, any lawyer might op-  
pose my guardian right of my daughter in chancery,  
on the plea of its containing the *parody*;—such are  
the perils of a foolish jest. I was not aware of this  
at the time, but you will find it correct, I believe;  
and you may be sure that the Noels would not let it  
slip. Now I prefer my child to a poem at any time,  
and so should you, as having half a dozen.

"Let me know your notions.

"If you turn over the earlier pages of the *Hunt-*  
*ington* peerage story, you will see how common a  
name Ada was in the early Plantagenet days. I  
found it in my own pedigree in the reign of John and  
Henry, and gave it to my daughter. It was also the  
name of Charlemagne's sister. It is in an early chap-  
ter of *Genesis*, as the name of the wife of Lamech;  
and I suppose Ada is the feminine of *Adam*. It is  
short, ancient, vocalic, and had been in my family;  
for which reason I gave it my daughter."

## LETTER CCCXCL

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, 8bre 12<sup>th</sup>, 1830.

"By land and sea carriage a considerable quantity  
of books have arrived; and I am obliged and grateful :  
but '*medio de fonte leporum, surgit amari aliquid*,'  
&c. &c. ; which, being interpreted, means,

\* The paragraph is left thus imperfect in the original.

\* I'm thankful for your books, dear Murray;  
But why not send Scott's *Monastery*

the only book in four *living* volumes I would give a baicocolo to see—"bating the rest of the same author, and an occasional Edinburgh and Quarterly, as brief chroniclers of the times. Instead of this, here are Johnny Keats's \* \* \* poetry, and three novels, by God knows whom, except that there is Peg \* \* \* 's name to one of them—a spinster whom I thought we had send back to her spinning. Crayon is very good; Hogg's *Tales* rough, but RACY, and welcome.

"Books of travels are expensive, and I don't want them, having travelled already; besides, they lie. Thank the author of the *Profligate* for his (or her) present. Pray send me *no more* poetry but what is rare and decidedly good. There is such a trash of Keats and the like upon my tables that I am ashamed to look at them. I say nothing against your parsons, your S \* \* s and your C \* \* s—it is all very fine—but pray dispense me from the pleasure. Instead of poetry, if you will favour me with a few soda-powders, I shall be delighted: but all prose ('bating travels and novels nor by Scott) is welcome, especially Scott's *Tales of My Landlord*, and so on.

In the notes to Marino Faliero, it may be as well to say that '*Benintende*' was not really of the *Ten*, but merely *Grand Chancellor*, a separate office (although important); it was an arbitrary alteration of mine. The Doges too were all *buried in St Mark's before* Faliero. It is singular that when his predecessor, Andrea Dandolo, died, the *Ten* made a law that *all the future Doges should be buried with their families, in their own churches,—one would think by a kind of presentiment.* So that all that is said of his *ancestral Doges*, as buried at St John's and Paul's, is altered from the fact, *they being in St Mark's.* Make a note of this, and put *Editor* as the subscription to it.

"As I make such pretensions to accuracy, I should not like to be *twitted* even with such trifles on that score. Of the play they may say what they please, but not so of my costume and *dram. pers.*, they having been real existences.

"I omitted Foscolo in my list of living *Venetian worthies*, in the notes, considering him as an *Italian* in general, and not a mere provincial like the rest; and as an Italian I have spoken of him in the preface to canto 4th of *Childe Harold*.

"The French translation of us *oimè! oimè!*—and the German but don't understand the latter, and his long dissertation at the end about the Fausts. Excuse haste. Of politics it is not safe to speak, but nothing is decided as yet.

"I am in a very fierce humour at not having Scott's *Monastery*. You are *too liberal* in quantity, and somewhat careless of the quality, of your missives. All the *Quarterlies* (four in number) I had had before from you, and *two* of the Edinburgh; but no matter; we shall have new ones by and by. No more Keats, I entreat:—flay him alive if some of you don't, I must skin him myself. There is no bearing the drivelling idiotism of the manikin.

"I don't feel inclined to care further about '*Don Juan*. What do you think a very pretty Italian lady said to me the other day? She had read it in the French, and paid me some compliments, with due DRAW-

BACKS, upon it. I answered that w<sup>l</sup> true, but that I suspected it would Childe Harold.—'Ah but' (said she) '*have the fame of Childe Harold, than an IMMORTALITY of Don Juan* is that it is TOO TRUE, and the wo things which strip off the tinsel of ; they are right, as it would rob them of I never knew a woman who did not l *mont's Memoirs* for the same reason: used to abuse them.

"Rose's work I never received. I Venice. Such is the liberality of ; their two hundred thousand men, the let such a volume as his circulate.

#### LETTER CCXCXI

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna,

"The Abbot has just arrived; me also for the *Monastery*—when you s

The Abbot will have a more than a for me, for an ancestor of mine by the Sir J. Gordon of Gight, the handsome died on a scaffold at Aberdeen for his of whom he was an imputed paramour's relation. His fate was much commed Chronicles of the times. If I mistak something to do with her escape from l or with her captivity there. But this better than I.

"I recollect Loch Leven as it w<sup>l</sup> I saw it in my way to England in 17<sup>th</sup> ten years of age. My mother, who w<sup>l</sup> as Lucifer with her descent from the her right line from the *old Gordons*, w<sup>l</sup> *Gordons*, as she disdainfully termed the told me the story, always reminding me her Gordons were to the southern Byr standing our Norman, and always mas which has never lapsed into a female, : Gordons had done in her own person.

"I have written you so often lately t of this will be welcome.

" Y<sup>o</sup>

#### LETTER CCXCXII

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna,

"Enclosed is the Dedication of *Ma Goethe*. Query,—is his title *Baron* o yea. Let me know your opinion, and

"P. S. Let me know what Mr Hob have decided about the two *prose* le publication.

"I enclose you an Italian abstract : translator of Manfred's Appendix, in perceive quoted what Goethe says of t of English poetry (and *not* of me in p<sup>o</sup> this the Dedication is founded, as you though I had thought of it before, for I as a great man."



regular Dedication transmitted with this  
er before been published, nor, as far as  
er reached the hands of the illustrious  
is written in the poet's most whimsical  
mood; and the unmeasured severity  
it upon the two favourite objects of his  
licale compels me to deprive the reader  
most amusing passages.

ICATION TO BARON GOETHE.

&c. &c. &c.

pendix to an English work lately trans-  
man and published at Leipsic, a judg-  
upon English poetry is quoted as follows:  
English poetry, great genius, universal  
ing of profundity, with sufficient tender-  
e, are to be found; but that *altogether*  
*constitute poets*, &c. &c.

to see a great man falling into a great  
his opinion of yours only proves that the  
of *ten thousand living English au-*  
not been translated into German. You  
ed, in your friend Schlegel's version, the  
Jacobeth—

\* There are *ten thousand*.

1. *Geese, villain?*

Authors, sir.

se 'ten thousand authors,' there are  
teen hundred and eighty-seven poets, all  
moment, whatever their works may be,  
sellers well know; and amongst these  
eral who possess a far greater reputation  
though considerably less than yours. It  
his neglect on the part of your German  
that you are not aware of the works of

\* also another, named \* \* \*

in these poets by way of sample to en-  
They form but two bricks of our Babel  
ricks, by the way), but may serve for a  
the building.

Moreover, asserted that 'the predominant  
the whole body of the present English  
*disgust and contempt* for life.' But I  
et that, by one single work of *prose*, you  
e excited a greater contempt for life than  
ish volumes of poesy that ever were  
adame de Stael says, that 'Werther has  
more suicides than the most beautiful  
I really believe that he has put more  
ut of this world than Napoleon himself,  
the way of his profession. Perhaps,  
er, the acrimonious judgment passed by  
northern journal upon you in particular,  
mans in general, has rather indisposed  
English poetry as well as criticism. But  
et regard our critics, who are at bottom  
d fellows, considering their two profes-  
g up the law in court, and laying it  
it. No one can more lament their hasty  
gment, in your particular, than I do;

and I so expressed myself to your friend Schlegel, in  
1816, at Coppet.

"In behalf of my 'ten thousand' living brethren,  
and of myself, I have thus far taken notice of an opi-  
nion expressed with regard to 'English poetry' in  
general, and which merited notice, because it was  
YOURS.

"My principal object in addressing you was to tes-  
tify my sincere respect and admiration of a man, who,  
far half a century, has led the literature of a great  
nation, and will go down to posterity as the first literary  
character of his age.

"You have been fortunate, sir, not only in the  
writings which have illustrated your name, but in the  
name itself, as being sufficiently musical for the arti-  
culation of posterity. In this you have the advantage  
of some of your countrymen, whose names would  
perhaps be immortal also—if any body could pro-  
nounce them.

"It may, perhaps, be supposed, by this apparent  
tone of levity, that I am wanting in intentional re-  
spect towards you; but this will be a mistake: I am  
always flippant in prose. Considering you, as I really  
and warmly do, in common with all your own, and  
with most other nations, to be by far the first literary  
character which has existed in Europe since the  
death of Voltaire, I felt, and feel, desirous to inscribe  
to you the following work,—not as being either a  
tragedy or a *poem* (for I cannot pronounce upon its  
pretensions to be either one or the other, or both, or  
neither), but as a mark of esteem and admiration  
from a foreigner to the man who has been hailed in  
Germany 'THE GREAT GOETHE.'

"I have the honour to be,

"with the truest respect,

"your most obedient

"and very humble servant,

"BYRON.

\* Ravenna, 8bre, 14<sup>o</sup>, 1820.

"P.S. I perceive that in Germany, as well as in  
Italy, there is a great struggle about what they call  
'Classical' and 'Romantic,'—terms which were  
not subjects of classification in England, at least when  
I left it four or five years ago. Some of the English  
scribblers, it is true, abused Pope and Swift, but the  
reason was that they themselves did not know how to  
write either prose or verse; but nobody thought them  
worth making a sect of. Perhaps there may be  
something of the kind sprung up lately, but I have  
not heard much about it, and it would be such bad  
taste that I shall be very sorry to believe it."

#### LETTER CCCXCIV.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Ravenna, October 17th, 1820.

"You owe me two letters—pay them. I want  
to know what you are about. The summer is over,  
and you will be back to Paris. Apropos of Paris, it  
was not *Sophia Gail* but *Sophia Gay*—the English  
word *Gay*—who was my correspondent.\* Can you

\* I had mistaken the name of the lady he inquired after,  
and reported her to him as dead. But, on the receipt of

tell who *she* is, as you did of the defunct \* \* ?

"Have you gone on with your Poem? I have received the French of mine. Only think of being *translated* into a foreign language in such an abominable travesty! It is useless to rail, but one can't help it.

"Have you got my Memoir copied? I have begun a continuation. Shall I send it you, as far as it is gone?

"I can't say any thing to you about Italy, for the Government here look upon me with a suspicious eye, as I am well informed. Pretty fellows!—as if I, a solitary stranger, could do any mischief. It is because I am fond of rifle and pistol shooting, I believe; for they took the alarm at the quantity of cartridges I consumed,—the wisacres!

"You don't deserve a long letter—nor a letter at all—for your silence. You have got a new Bourbon, it seems, whom they have christened 'Dieu-donné;'—perhaps the honour of the present may be disputed. Did you write the good lines on—, the Laker? \* \*

"The Queen has made a pretty theme for the journals. Was there ever such evidence published? Why, it is worse than 'Little's Poems' or 'Don Juan.' If you don't write soon, I will 'make you a speech.'

"Yours, &c."

#### LETTER CCCXCV.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, Stre 25, 1830.

"Pray forward the enclosed to Lady Byron. It is on business.

"In thanking you for the Abbot, I made four grand mistakes. Sir John Gordon was not of Gight, but of Bogagicht, and a son of Huntley's. He suffered *not* for his loyalty, but in an insurrection. He had *nothing* to do with Loch Leven, having been dead some time at the period of the Queen's confinement: and, fourthly, I am not sure that he was the Queen's paramour or no, for Robertson does not allude to this, though *Walter Scott does*, in the list he gives of her admirers (as unfortunate) at the close of 'the Abbot.'

"I must have made all these mistakes in recollecting my mother's account of the matter, although she was more accurate than I am, being precise upon points of genealogy, like all the aristocratical Scotch. She had a long list of ancestors, like Sir Lucius O' Trigger's, most of whom are to be found in the old Scotch Chronicles, Spalding, &c. in arms and doing mischief. I remember well passing Loch Leven, as well as the Queen's Ferry: we were on our way to England in 1798.

"Yours.

"You had better not publish Blackwood and the Roberts' prose, except what regards Pope;—you have let the time slip by."

The Pamphlet in answer to Blackwood's Magazine, here mentioned, was occasioned by an article in that work entitled "Remarks on Don Juan," and, though put to press by Mr. Murray, was never

the above letter, I discovered that his correspondent was Madame Sophie Gay, mother of the celebrated poetess and beauty, Mademoiselle Delphine Gay.

published. The writer in the Magazine reference to certain passages in D occasion to pass some severe strict thor's matrimonial conduct, Lord reply, enters at some length into the subject; and the following extracts from—if defense it can be called, where yet been any definite charge,—will be of strong interest.

"My learned brother proceeds to say that it is in vain for Lord B. to attempt to clear up his own behaviour in that affair: as he has so *openly* and *audaciously* invited reproach, we do not see any good that should not be plainly told so by the votaries. How far the 'openness' of the poem, and the 'audacity' of an image which the writer supposes to be meant may be deemed to merit this formal rebuke from their 'most sweet voices,' I need not care; but when he tells me that I can *justify* my own behaviour in that affair because no man can '*justify*' himself of what he is accused; and I have as God knows, my whole desire has ever been to clear up any specific charge, in a tangible way to me by the adversary, nor by the atrocities of public rumour and the speculations of the lady's legal advisers may be done. But is not the writer content with what he has already said and done? Has not 'the opinion' of his countrymen' long ago pronounced subject—sentence without trial, and without a charge? Have I not been criticised, except that the shells which protect me are anonymous? Is the writer ignorant of opinion and the public conduct upon? If he is, I am not: the public will find before I shall cease to remember either."

"The man who is exiled by a factious isolation of thinking that he is a martyr by hope and the dignity of his cause nary: he who withdraws from the public may indulge in the thought that time will retrieve his circumstances: he who by the law has a term to his banishment of its abbreviation; or, it may be, the belief of some injustice of the law nistration in his own particular: but lawed by general opinion, without the hostile politics, illegal judgment, or circumstances, whether he be innocent or not, undergo all the bitterness of exile, without pride, without alleviation. This Upon what grounds the public found I am not aware; but it was general, sive. Of me or of mine they knew less. I had written what is called poetry, and had married, became a father, and differences with my wife and her father knew why, because the persons come to state their grievances. The fashion

\* While these sheets are passing through the press, a printed statement has been transmitted to me from Noel Byron, which the reader will find in the Appendix to this volume.



led into parties, mine consisting of a very small minority: the reasonable world was naturally on the other side, which happened to be the lady's, as most proper and polite. The press was active and honest; and such was the rage of the day, that the unfortunate publication of two copies of verses, or complimentary than otherwise to the subject of both, was tortured into a species of crime, or at least petty treason. I was accused of every crime by public rumour and private rancour: I was, which had been a knightly or a noble one, by authors helped to conquer the kingdom for the Norman, was tainted. I felt that, if I was whispered, and muttered, and murmured, I was unfit for England; if false, England was not for me. I withdrew: but this was not the case in other countries, in Switzerland, in the valley of the Alps, and by the blue depth of the lake I was pursued and breathed upon by the same breeze I crossed the mountains, but it was the same; I went a little farther, and settled myself by the shores of the Adriatic, like the stag at bay, who betakes himself to the waters.

I judge by the statements of the few friends who surrounded me, the outcry of the period to which I was beyond all precedent, all parallel, all cases where political motives have sharpened and doubled enmity. I was advised to withdraw from the theatres, lest I should be hissed, nor to appear in parliament, lest I should be insulted by the opposition on the day of my departure, my most intimate friend told me afterwards that he was under the influence of violence from the people who might surround me at the door of the carriage. However, I was deterred by these counsels from seeing the most illustrious characters, nor from voting according to my principles; and, with regard to the third apprehension of my friends, I could not avoid them, not being made acquainted with their names some time after I had crossed the Channel. I had been so, I am not of a nature to be affected by men's anger, though I may feel hurt or mortified. Against all individual outrage, I protect or redress myself; and against that of a nation, I should probably have been enabled to defend myself, with the assistance of others, as has been the case on similar occasions.

Retired from the country, perceiving that I was just of general obloquy; I did not indeed imagine like Jean Jacques Rousseau, that all mankind were in a conspiracy against me, though I had perhaps found grounds for such a chimera as ever he had: I perceived that I had to a great extent become generally obnoxious in England, perhaps through no fault, but the fact was indisputable; the blame in general would hardly have been so much against a more popular character, without at least an accusation or a charge of some kind actually made or substantiated, for I can hardly conceive a common and every-day occurrence of a separation between man and wife could in itself produce a ferment. I shall say nothing of the usual imputations of 'being prejudged,' 'condemned unfairly,' 'partiality,' and so forth, the changes rung by parties who have had, or are to have, a trial; but I was a little surprised to find

myself condemned without being favoured with the act of accusation, and to perceive in the absence of this portentous charge or charges, whatever it or they were to be, that every possible or impossible crime was rumoured to supply its place, and taken for granted. This could only occur in the case of a person very much disliked, and I knew no remedy, having already used to their extent whatever little powers I might possess of pleasing in society. I had no party in fashion, though I was afterwards told that there was one—but it was not of my formation, nor did I then know of its existence—none in literature; and in politics I had voted with the Whigs, with precisely that importance which a Whig vote possesses in these Tory days, and with such personal acquaintance with the leaders in both houses as the society in which I lived sanctioned, but without claim or expectation of any thing like friendship from any one, except a few young men of my own age and standing, and a few others more advanced in life, which last it had been my fortune to serve in circumstances of difficulty. This was, in fact, to stand alone: and I recollect, some time after, Madame de Staël said to me in Switzerland, 'You should not have warred with the world—it will not do—it is too strong always for any individual: I myself once tried it in early life, but it will not do.' I perfectly acquiesce in the truth of this remark; but the world had done me the honour to begin the war; and, assuredly, if peace is only to be obtained by courting and paying tribute to it, I am not qualified to obtain its countenance. I thought, in the words of Campbell,

'Then wed thee to an exiled lot,  
And if the world hath loved thee not,  
Its absence may be borne.'

"I recollect, however, that having been much hurt by Romilly's conduct (he, having a general retainer for me, had acted as adviser to the adversary, alleging, on being reminded of his retainer, that he had forgotten it, as his clerk had so many), I observed that some of those who were now eagerly laying the axe to my roof tree, might see their own shaken, and feel a portion of what they had inflicted.—His fell, and crushed him.

"I have heard of, and believe, that there are human beings so constituted as to be insensible to injuries; but I believe that the best mode to avoid taking vengeance is to get out of the way of temptation. I hope that I may never have the opportunity, for I am not quite sure that I could resist it, having derived from my mother something of the '*perfidum ingenium Scotorum*.' I have not sought, and shall not seek it, and perhaps it may never come in my path. I do not in this allude to the party, who might be right or wrong; but to many who made her cause the pretext of their own bitterness. She, indeed, must have long avenged me in her own feelings, for whatever her reasons may have been (and she never adduced them to me at least), she probably neither contemplated nor conceived to what she became the means of conducting the father of her child, and the husband of her choice.

"So much for the general voice of his countrymen: I will now speak of some in particular.

"In the beginning of the year 1817, an article ap-

peared in the Quarterly Review, written, I believe, by Walter Scott, doing great honour to him, and no disgrace to me, though both poetically and personally more than sufficiently favourable to the work and the author of whom it treated. It was written at a time when a selfish man would not, and a timid one dared not, have said a word in favour of either; it was written by one to whom temporary public opinion had elevated me to the rank of a rival—a proud distinction, and unmerited; but which has not prevented me from feeling as a friend, nor him from more than corresponding to that sentiment. The article in question was written upon the Third Canto of *Childe Harold*, and after many observations, which it would as ill become me to repeat as to forget, concluded with 'a hope that I might yet return to England.' How this expression was received in England itself I am not acquainted, but it gave great offence at Rome to the respectable ten or twenty thousand English travellers then and there assembled. I did not visit Rome till some time after, so that I had no opportunity of knowing the fact; but I was informed, long afterwards, that the greatest indignation had been manifested in the enlightened Anglo-circle of that year, which happened to comprise within it—amidst a considerable leaven of Welbeck-street and Devonshire-place, broken loose upon their travels—several really well-born and well-bred families, who did not the less participate in the feeling of the hour. 'Why should he return to England?' was the general exclamation—I answer *why*? It is a question I have occasionally asked myself, and I never yet could give it a satisfactory reply. I had then no thoughts of returning, and if I have any now, they are of business, and not of pleasure. Amidst the ties that have been dashed to pieces, there are links yet entire, though the chain itself be broken. There are duties, and connexions, which may one day require my presence—and I am a father. I have still some friends whom I wish to meet again, and, it may be, an enemy. These things, and those minuter details of business, which time accumulates during absence, in every man's affairs and property, may, and probably will, recall me to England; but I shall return with the same feelings with which I left it, in respect to itself, though altered with regard to individuals, as I have been more or less informed of their conduct since my departure; for it was only a considerable time after it that I was made acquainted with the real facts and full extent of some of their proceedings and language. My friends, like other friends, from conciliatory motives, withheld from me much that they could, and some things which they *should* have unfolded; however, that which is deferred is not lost—but it has been no fault of mine that it has been deferred at all.

"I have alluded to what is said to have passed at Rome merely to show that the sentiment which I have described was not confined to the English in England, and as forming part of my answer to the reproach cast upon what has been called my 'selfish exile,' and my 'voluntary exile.' 'Voluntary' it has been; for who would dwell among a people entertaining strong hostility against him? How far it has been 'selfish' has been already explained."

The following passages from the same unpublished

pamphlet will be found, in a letter not less curious.

"And here I wish to say a few words on the present state of English poetry. That the decline of English poetry will be the result of the fact, who have calmly considered the subject are men of genius among the present generation, and next to him who forms the taste of the age, the greatest genius is he who corrupts the taste. I have never denied genius to Marino, who was merely the taste of Italy, but that nearly a century. The great cause of the deplorable state of English poetry is not to that absurd and systematic degeneration in which, for the last few years, the taste has been of epidemical concurrence. Men of genius have united upon this topic, and Churchill began it, having borrowed the idea from the heroes of the *Dunciad*, an internal conviction that their property was as nothing till the most perfect poets—he who, having no fault to find, made his reproach—was reduced to the level of his level; but even to grade him below Dryden. Goldsmith and Campbell, his most successful imitators, Hayley, who, however feeble, has not been willingly let die," (the *Imitation*,) kept up the reputation of that style; and Crabbe, the first of the moderns, most equalled the master. Then came the *Imitation* was put down by a single poem in the *Crusoeans*, from *Merry to the point* were annihilated (if *Nothing* can be annihilated) by Gifford, the last of the satirists.

"These three personages, S\*\*\*, had all of them a very natural antipathy to me. I respect them for it, as the only principle which they have contrived to have been joined in it by those who have not them in nothing else: by the Edinburgh Reviewers, the whole heterogeneous mass of living writers, excepting Crabbe, Rogers, Gifford, who, both by precept and practice, have adhered to their adherence; and by me, who have deviated in practice, but have honoured Pope's poetry with my whole heart to do so till my dying day. I would have ever written lining the same style, and actually read the eleventh book of the *Imitation* at Malta in 1811, (I opened the change after the paroxysm of a seizure of my servant, and found it in the hands of the maker, Eyre, Cockspur-street, London.) Epic poetry alluded to, than sacred poetry believe in as the Christianity of the *Imitation* of Pope.

"Nevertheless, I will not go so far as to say that I am a postscript, who pretends that no great fame, which, being a



that \*\* is not quite so much read by his cotemporaries as might be desirable. This assertion is as false as it is foolish. Homer's glory depended upon his present popularity: he recited,—and, without the strongest impression of the moment, who would have gotten the Iliad by heart, and given it to tradition? Ennius, Terence, Plautus, Lucretius, Horace, Virgil, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Sappho, Anacreon, Theocritus, all the great poets of antiquity, were the delight of their cotemporaries. \* The very existence of a poet, previous to the invention of printing, depended upon his present popularity; and how often has it impaired his future fame? Hardly ever. History informs us, that the best have come down to us. The reason is evident; the most popular found the greatest number of transcribers for their MSS., and that the taste of their cotemporaries was corrupt can hardly be avouched by the moderns, the mightiest of whom have but barely approached them. Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso, were all the darlings of the cotemporary reader. Dante's Poem was celebrated long before his death; and, not long after it, States negotiated for his ashes, and disputed for the sites of the composition of the Divina Commedia. Petrarch was crowned in the Capitol. Ariosto was permitted to pass free by the public robber who had read the Orlando Furioso. I would not recommend Mr \*\* to try the same experiment with his Smugglers. Tasso, notwithstanding the criticisms of the Cruscant, would have been crowned in the Capitol, but for his death.

"It is easy to prove the immediate popularity of the chief poets of the only modern nation in Europe that has a poetical language, the Italian. In our own, Shakspeare, Spenser, Jonson, Waller, Dryden, Congreve, Pope, Young, Shenstone, Thomson, Johnson, Goldsmith, Gray, were all as popular in their lives as since. Gray's Elegy pleased instantly, and eternally.—His Odes did not, nor yet do they please like his Elegy. Milton's politics kept him down; but the Epigram of Dryden, and the very sale of his work, in proportion to the less reading time of its publication, prove him to have been honoured by his cotemporaries. I will venture to assert, that the sale of the Paradise Lost was greater in the first four years after its publication than that of 'the Excursion' in the same number, with the difference of nearly a century and a half between them of time, and of thousands in point of general readers.

"It may be asked, why, having this opinion of the present state of poetry in England, and having had it long, as my friends and others well know—possess-

\* As far as regards the poets of ancient times, this assertion is, perhaps, right; though, if there be any truth in what Ælian and Seneca have left on record, of the obscurity, during their lifetime, of such men as Socrates and Epicurus, it would seem to prove that, among the ancients, cotemporary fame was a far more rare reward of literary or philosophical eminence than among us moderns. When the "Clouds" of Aristophanes was exhibited before the assembled deputies of the towns of Attica, these personages, as Ælian tells us, were unanimously of opinion, that the character of an unknown person, called Socrates, was uninteresting upon the stage; and Seneca has given the substance of an authentic letter of Epicurus, in which that philosopher declares that nothing hurt him so much, in the midst of all his happiness, as to think that Greece,—*"illa nobilis Græcia,"*—so far from knowing him, had scarcely even heard of his existence.—Epiet. 79.

ing, or having possessed too, as a writer, the ear of the public for the time being—I have not adopted a different plan in my own compositions, and endeavoured to correct rather than encourage the taste of the day. To this I would answer, that it is easier to perceive the wrong than to pursue the right, and that I have never contemplated the prospect of filling (with Peter Bell, see its Preface) permanently a station in the literature of the country. Those who know me best, know this, and that I have been considerably astonished at the temporary success of my works, having flattered no person and no party, and expressed opinions which are not those of the general reader. Could I have anticipated the degree of attention which has been accorded, assuredly I would have studied more to deserve it. But I have lived in far countries abroad, or in the agitating world at home, which was not favourable to study or reflection; so that almost all I have written has been mere passion,—passion, it is true, of different kinds, but always passion: for in me (if it be not an Irishism to say so) my *indifference* was a kind of passion, the result of experience, and not the philosophy of nature. Writing grows a habit, like a woman's gallantry: there are women who have had no intrigue, but few who have had but one only; so there are millions of men who have never written a book, but few who have written only one. And thus, having written once, I wrote on; encouraged no doubt by the success of the moment, yet by no means anticipating its duration, and I will venture to say, scarcely even wishing it. But then I did other things besides write, which by no means contributed either to improve my writings or my prosperity.

"I have thus expressed publicly upon the poetry of the day the opinion I have long entertained and expressed of it to all who have asked it, and to some who would rather not have heard it; as I told Moore not very long ago, 'we are all wrong except Rogers, Crabbe, and Campbell.'\* Without being old in years, I am old in days, and do not feel the adequate spirit within me to attempt a work which should show what I think right in poetry, and must content myself with having denounced what is wrong. There are, I trust, younger spirits rising up in England, who, escaping the contagion which has swept away poetry from our literature, will recall it to their country, such as it once was and may still be.

"In the mean time, the best sign of amendment

\* I certainly ventured to differ from the judgment of my noble friend, no less in his attempts to depreciate that peculiar walk of the art in which he himself so grandly trod, than in the inconsistency of which I thought him guilty, in condemning all those who stood up for particular "schools" of poetry, and yet, at the same time, maintaining so exclusive a theory of the art himself. How little, however, he attended to either the grounds or degrees of my dissent from him, will appear by the following wholesale report of my opinion, in his "Detached Thoughts":

"One of my notions different from those of my cotemporaries, is, that the present is not a high age of English poetry. There are more poets (*sol disant*) than ever there were, and proportionally less poetry.

"This *thesis* I have maintained for some years, but, strange to say, it meeteth not with favour from my brethren of the shell. Even Moore shakes his head, and firmly believes that it is the grand age of British poetry."



will be repentance, and new and frequent editions of Pope and Dryden.

"There will be found as comfortable metaphysics, and ten times more poetry in the 'Essay on Man,' than in the 'Excursion.' If you search for passion, where is it to be found stronger than in the epistle from Eloisa to Abelard, or in Palamon and Arcite? Do you wish for invention, imagination, sublimity, character? seek them in the Rape of the Lock, the Fables of Dryden, the Ode on Saint Cecilia's Day, and Absalom and Achitophel: you will discover in these two poets only, *all* for which you must ransack innumerable metres, and God only knows how many *writers* of the day, without finding a tittle of the same qualities,—with the addition, too, of wit, of which the latter have none. I have not, however, forgotten Thomas Brown the Younger, nor the Fudge Family, nor Whistlecraft; but that is not wit—it is humour. I will say nothing of the harmony of Pope and Dryden in comparison, for there is not a living poet (except Rogers, Gifford, Campbell, and Crabbe,) who can write an heroic couplet. The fact is, that the exquisite beauty of their versification has withdrawn the public attention from their other excellencies, as the vulgar eye will rest more upon the splendour of the uniform than the quality of the troops. It is this very harmony, particularly in Pope, which has raised the vulgar and atrocious cant against him:—because his versification is perfect, it is assumed that it is his only perfection; because his truths are so clear, it is asserted that he has no invention; and because he is always intelligible, it is taken for granted that he has no genius. We are sneeringly told that he is the 'Poet of Reason,' as if this was a reason for his being no poet. Taking passage for passage, I will undertake to cite more lines teeming with *imagination* from Pope than from any *two* living poets, be they who they may. To take an instance at random from a species of composition not very favourable to imagination—Satire: set down the character of Sporus, with all the wonderful play of fancy which is scattered over it, and place by its side an equal number of verses, from any two existing poets, of the same power and the same variety—where will you find them?

"I merely mention one instance of many in reply to the injustice done to the memory of him who harmonized our poetical language. The attorneys' clerks, and other self-educated genii, found it easier to distort themselves to the new models than to toil after the symmetry of him who had enchanted their fathers. They were besides smitten by being told that the new school were to revive the language of Queen Elizabeth, the true English; as every body in the reign of Queen Anne wrote no better than French, by a species of literary treason.

"Blank verse, which, unless in the drama, no one except Milton ever wrote who could rhyme, became the order of the day,—or else such rhyme as looked still blander than the verse without it. I am aware that Johnson has said, after some hesitation, that he could not 'prevail upon himself to wish that Milton had been a rhymist.' The opinions of that truly great man, whom it is also the present fashion to decry, will ever be received by me with that deference which time will restore to him from all; but, with all humility, I am not persuaded that the *Paradise Lost* would

not have been more nobly conveyed to posterity, or perhaps in heroic couplets, although even *they* could sustain the subject if well balanced, but in the stanzas of Spenser, or of Tasso, or in the terza rima of Dante, which the powers of Milton could easily have graded on our language. The Seasons of Thomson would have been better in rhyme, although still *inferior* to his Castle of Indolence; and Mr Southey's *Juana* is Are no worse, although it might have taken up six months instead of weeks in the composition. I commend also to the lovers of lyrics the perusal of the present laureate's odes by the side of Dryden's on Saint Cecilia, but let him be sure to read *first* those of Mr Southey.

"To the heaven-born genii and inspired young scribes of the day much of this will appear paradox; it will appear so even to the higher order of our critics; but it was a truism twenty years ago, and it will be re-acknowledged truth in ten more. In the mean time, I will conclude with two quotations, both intended for some of my old classical friends who have still enough of Cambridge about them to think themselves honoured by having had John Dryden as a predecessor in their college, and to recollect that their earliest English poetical pleasures were drawn from the 'little nightingale' of Twickenham.

"The first is from the notes to the *Faust* of the 'Friends,' pages 181, 182.

"It is only within the last twenty or thirty years that those notable discoveries in criticism have been made which have taught our recent writers to undervalue this energetic, melodious, and moral poet. The consequences of this want of due esteem for a writer whom the good sense of our predecessors had raised to his proper station have been *NUMEROUS AND DEGRADING ENOUGH*. This is not the place to enter into the subject, even as far as it affects our poetical numbers alone, and there is matter of more importance that requires present reflection."

"The second is from the volume of a young person learning to write poetry, and beginning by teaching the art. Hear him:†

'But ye were dead  
To things ye knew not of—were closely wed  
To musty laws lined out with wretched rule  
And compass vile; so that ye taught a school."

\* Written by Lord Byron's early friend, the Rev. Frank Hodgson.

† The strange verses that follow are from a poem by Keats.—In a manuscript note on this passage of the pamphlet, dated Nov. 12, 1821, Lord Byron says, "Mr Keats died at Rome about a year after this was written, of a decline produced by his having burst a blood vessel on reading the article on his 'Endymion' in the Quarterly Review. I have read the article before and since; and although it is bitter, I do not think that a man should permit himself to be killed by it. But a young man little dreams what he must inevitably encounter in the course of a life ambitious of public notice. My indignation at Mr Keats's depreciation of Pope has hardly permitted me to do justice to his own genius, which, in spite of all the fantastic fopperies of his style, was undoubtedly of great promise. His fragment of 'Hyperion' seems actually inspired by the Titans, and is as sublime as *Æschylus*. He is a loss to our literature, and the more so, as he himself, before his death, is said to have been persuaded that he had not taken the right line, and was reforming his style upon the more classical models of the language."

‡ "It was at least a grammar school."



*Their verses talked. Easy was the task :  
Of dolts to smooth, inlay, and chip, and flit,  
Till, like the certain wands of Jacob's wit,  
A thousand handicraftsmen wore the mask  
Of poetry. Ill-fated, impious race,  
That blasphemed the bright lyrist to his face,  
And did not know it; so, they went about  
Holding a poor decrepit standard out,  
Mark'd with most flimsy mottoes, and in large  
The name of one Boileau !*

\* A little before the manner of Pope is termed

'A scism,\*  
Nurtured by *foppery* and barbarism,  
Made great Apollo blush for this his land.'

'I thought '*foppery*' was a consequence of *re-  
ment*; but *n'importe*.

'The above will suffice to show the notions enter-  
ed by the new performers on the English lyre of  
a who made it most tunable, and the great improve-  
ments of their own *variazioni*.

'The writer of this is a tadpole of the Lakes, a  
young disciple of the six or seven new schools, in  
which he has learnt to write such lines and such sen-  
timents as the above. He says 'easy was the task'  
imitating Pope, or it may be of equalling him, I  
dare say. I recommend him to try before he is so  
sitive on the subject, and then compare what he  
has *then* written and what he has *now* written  
with the humblest and earliest compositions of Pope,  
produced in years still more youthful than those of  
K. when he invented his new 'Essay on Criticism,'  
titled 'Sleep and Poetry' (an ominous title), from  
whence the above canons are taken. Pope's was  
written at nineteen, and published at twenty-two.

'Such are the triumphs of the new schools, and  
of their scholars. The disciples of Pope were John-  
son, Goldsmith, Rogers, Campbell, Crabbe, Gifford,  
Mitford, Hayley, and the author of the *Paradise of  
petites*; to whom may be added Richards, Heber,  
Langham, Bland, Hodgson, Merivale, and others  
who have not had their full fame, because 'the race  
is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong,'  
and because there is a fortune in fame as in all other  
things. Now of *all* the new schools—I say *all*, for  
the Legion, they are many'—has there appeared a  
single scholar who has not made his master ashamed  
him? unless it be \* \*, who has imitated every-  
body, and occasionally surpassed his models. Scott  
and peculiar favour and imitation among the fair  
too: there was Miss Holford, and Miss Mitford, and  
Miss Francis; but with the greatest respect be it  
said, none of his imitators did much honour to the  
genius except Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, until the  
appearance of 'The Bridal of Triermain,' and 'Harold  
Dauntless,' which in the opinion of some equalled  
and surpassed him; and lo! after three or four  
years they turned out to be the Master's own com-  
positions. Have Southey, or Coleridge, or Words-  
worth, made a follower of renown? Wilson never  
will till he set up for himself in the 'City of the  
Futures.' Has Moore, or any other living writer of  
reputation, had a tolerable imitator, or rather disciple?  
Now it is remarkable that almost all the followers of  
Pope, whom I have named, have produced beautiful  
and standard works, and it was not the number of his

\* \* So spelt by the author.\*

imitators who finally hurt his fame, but the despair of  
imitation, and the *ease* of *not* imitating him suffi-  
ciently. This, and the same reason which induced  
the Athenian burgher to vote for the banishment of  
Aristides, 'because he was tired of always hearing  
him called *the Just*,' have produced the temporary  
exile of Pope from the State of Literature. But the  
term of his ostracism will expire, and the sooner the  
better, not for him, but for those who banished him,  
and for the coming generation, who

'Will blush to find their fathers were his foes.'

#### LETTER CCCXCVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, 9bre 4, 1820.

'I have received from Mr Galignani the enclosed  
letters, duplicates and receipts, which will explain  
themselves.\* As the poems are your property by  
purchase, right, and justice, *all matters of publica-  
tion, &c. &c. are for you to decide upon*. I know  
not how far my compliance with Mr Galignani's re-  
quest might be legal, and I doubt that it would not  
be honest. In case you choose to arrange with him,  
I enclose the permits to you, and in so doing I wash  
my hands of the business altogether. I sign them  
merely to enable you to exert the power you justly  
possess more properly. I will have nothing to do  
with it farther, except, in my answer to Mr Galign-  
ani, to state that the letters, &c. &c. are sent to  
you, and the causes thereof.

'If you can check these foreign pirates, do; if  
not, put the permissive papers in the fire. I can  
have no view nor object whatever, but to secure to  
you your property.

'Yours, &c.

'P. S. I have read part of the Quarterly just ar-  
rived: Mr Bowles shall be answered:—he is not  
*quite* correct in his statement about English Bards and  
Scotch Reviewers. They support Pope, I see, in  
the Quarterly; let them continue to do so: it is a sin,  
and a shame, and a *damnation* to think that *Pope!!*  
should require it—but he does. Those miserable  
mountebanks of the day, the poets, disgrace them-  
selves and deny God in running down Pope, the most  
*faultless* of poets, and almost of men.

#### LETTER CCCXCVII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Ravenna, November 5th, 1820.

'Thanks for your letter, which hath come some-  
what costively,—but better late than never. Of it  
anon. Mr Galignani, of the Press, hath, it seems,  
been supplanted and sub-pirated by another Parisian  
publisher, who has audaciously printed an edition of  
L. B.'s Works, at the ultra-liberal price of 10 francs,  
and (as Galignani piteously observes) 8 francs only for  
booksellers! 'horresco referens.' Think of a man's  
*scholar* works producing so little!

\* Mr Galignani had applied to Lord Byron with the view  
of procuring from him such legal right over those works of  
his Lordship of which he had hitherto been the sole pub-  
lisher in France, as would enable him to prevent others  
in future, from usurping the same privilege.

will be repentance, and new and frequent editions of Pope and Dryden.

"There will be found as comfortable metaphysics, and ten times more poetry in the 'Essay on Man,' than in the 'Excursion.' If you search for passion, where is it to be found stronger than in the epistle from Eloisa to Abelard, or in Palamon and Arcite? Do you wish for invention, imagination, sublimity, character? seek them in the Rape of the Lock, the Fables of Dryden, the Ode on Saint Cecilia's Day, and Absalom and Achitophel: you will discover in these two poets only, *all* for which you must ransack innumerable metres, and God only knows how many *writers* of the day, without finding a tittle of the same qualities,—with the addition, too, of wit, of which the latter have none. I have not, however, forgotten Thomas Brown the Younger, nor the Fudge Family, nor Whistlecraft; but that is not wit—it is humour. I will say nothing of the harmony of Pope and Dryden in comparison, for there is not a living poet (except Rogers, Gifford, Campbell, and Crabbe,) who can write an heroic couplet. The fact is, that the exquisite beauty of their versification has withdrawn the public attention from their other excellencies, as the vulgar eye will rest more upon the splendour of the uniform than the quality of the troops. It is this very harmony, particularly in Pope, which has raised the vulgar and atrocious cant against him:—because his versification is perfect, it is assumed that it is his only perfection; because his truths are so clear, it is asserted that he has no invention; and because he is always intelligible, it is taken for granted that he has no genius. We are sneeringly told that he is the 'Poet of Reason,' as if this was a reason for his being no poet. Taking passage for passage, I will undertake to cite more lines teeming with *imagination* from Pope than from any *two* living poets, be they who they may. To take an instance at random from a species of composition not very favourable to imagination—Satire: set down the character of Sporus, with all the wonderful play of fancy which is scattered over it, and place by its side an equal number of verses, from any two existing poets, of the same power and the same variety—where will you find them?

"I merely mention one instance of many in reply to the injustice done to the memory of him who harmonized our poetical language. The attorneys' clerks, and other self-educated genii, found it easier to distort themselves to the new models than to toil after the symmetry of him who had enchanted their fathers. They were besides smitten by being told that the new school were to revive the language of Queen Elizabeth, the true English; as every body in the reign of Queen Anne wrote no better than French, by a species of literary treason.

"Blank verse, which, unless in the drama, no one except Milton ever wrote who could rhyme, became the order of the day,—or else such rhyme as looked still blander than the verse without it. I am aware that Johnson has said, after some hesitation, that he could not 'prevail upon himself to wish that Milton had been a rhymer.' The opinions of that truly great man, whom it is also the present fashion to decry, will ever be received by me with that deference which time will restore to him from all; but, with all humility, I am not persuaded that the Paradise Lost would

not have been more nobly conveyed to posterity perhaps in heroic couplets, although even *that* sustain the subject if well balanced, but in the of Spenser, or of Tasso, or in the *terza rima* of which the powers of Milton could easily have on our language. The Seasons of Thomson have been better in rhyme, although still *ad* his Castle of Indolence; and Mr Southey's. Are no worse, although it might have taken months instead of weeks in the composition, commend also to the lovers of lyrics the present laureate's odes by the side of Dryden's Saint Cecilia, but let him be sure to read *first* of Mr Southey.

"To the heaven-born geni and inspired scribes of the day much of this will appear *page* it will appear so even to the higher order of our *geni* but it was a truism twenty years ago, and it will re-acknowledged truth in ten more. In the time, I will conclude with two quotations, both intended for some of my old classical friends who still enough of Cambridge about them to think themselves honoured by having had John Dryden's predecessor in their college, and to recollect that the earliest English poetical pleasures were *drawn* by the 'little nightingale' of Twickenham.

"The first is from the notes to the Poet of 'Friends,' pages 181, 182.

"It is only within the last twenty or thirty years that those notable discoveries in criticism have been made which have taught our recent writers to undervalue this energetic, melodious, and *sublime* poetry. The consequences of this want of due sense to the writer whom the good sense of our predecessors raised to his proper station have been *degrading* enough. This is not the place to enter into the subject, even as far as it *affects* our *poetical numbers alone*, and there is matter of importance that requires present reflection."

"The second is from the volume of a young man learning to write poetry, and beginning by the art. Hear him:†

"But ye were dead  
To things ye knew not of—were closely wed  
To musty laws lined out with wretched rules  
And compass vile; so that ye taught a school

\* Written by Lord Byron's early friend, the Rev Hodgson.

† The strange verses that follow are from a Keats.—In a manuscript note on this passage of philet, dated Nov. 12, 1821, Lord Byron says, "I died at Rome about a year after this was written, a cline produced by his having burst a blood vessel in the article on his 'Endymion' in the Quarterly Review. I have read the article before and since; and with bitter, I do not think that a man should permit to be killed by it. But a young man little dreams must inevitably encounter in the course of a life of public notice. My indignation at Mr Keats's opinion of Pope has hardly permitted me to do justice to his own genius, which, malgré all the fantastic foppery style, was undoubtedly of great promise. His first 'Hyperion' seems actually inspired by the Titans as sublime as Æschylus. He is a loss to our literature more so, as he himself, before his death, has been persuaded that he had not taken the right way in reforming his style upon the more classical language."

‡ It was at least a *grammar* school."



*is talked. Easy was the task :  
smooth, inslay, and chip, and flit,  
certain wands of Jacob's wit,  
handicraftsmen wore the mask  
ill-fated, impious race,  
named the bright lyrist to his face,  
(I know it ; no, they went about  
poor decrepit standard out,  
most flimsy mottoes, and in large  
of one Boileau !'*

re the manner of Pope is termed :

' A scion, \*  
by foppery and barbarism,  
Apollo blush for this his land.'

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written and what he has *now* written  
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is still more youthful than those of  
invented his new 'Essay on Criticism,'  
and Poetry' (an ominous title), from  
the canons are taken. Pope's was  
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the triumphs of the new schools, and  
new. The disciples of Pope were John-  
Rogers, Campbell, Crabbe, Gifford,  
y, and the author of the *Paradise of*  
hom may be added Richards, Heber,  
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favour and imitation among the fair  
Miss Holford, and Miss Mitford, and  
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his imitators did much honour to the  
Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, until the  
The Bridal of Triermain,' and 'Harold  
which in the opinion of some equalled  
him ; and lo ! after three or four  
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follower of renown ? Wilson never  
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\* So spelt by the author.\*

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be honest. In case you choose to arrange with him,  
I enclose the permits to you, and in so doing I wash  
my hands of the business altogether. I sign them  
merely to enable you to exert the power you justly  
possess more properly. I will have nothing to do  
with it farther, except, in my answer to Mr Galign-  
ani, to state that the letters, &c. &c. are sent to  
you, and the causes thereof.

"If you can check these foreign pirates, do ; if  
not, put the permissive papers in the fire. I can  
have no view nor object whatever, but to secure to  
you your property.

"Yours, &c.

"P. S. I have read part of the Quarterly just ar-  
rived : Mr Bowles shall be answered :—he is not  
*quite* correct in his statement about English Bards and  
Scotch Reviewers. They support Pope, I see, in  
the Quarterly ; let them continue to do so : it is a sin,  
and a shame, and a *damnation* to think that *Pope!!*  
should require it—but he does. Those miserable  
mountebanks of the day, the poets, disgrace them-  
selves and deny God in running down Pope, the most  
*faultless* of poets, and almost of men.

#### LETTER CCCXCVII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Ravenna, November 5th, 1820.

"Thanks for your letter, which hath come some-  
what costively,—but better late than never. Of it  
anon. Mr Galignani, of the Press, hath, it seems,  
been supplanted and sub-pirated by another Parisian  
publisher, who has audaciously printed an edition of  
L. B.'s Works, at the ultra-liberal price of 10 francs,  
and (as Galignani piteously observes) 8 francs only for  
booksellers ! 'horresco referens.' Think of a man's  
*whole* works producing so little !

\* Mr Galignani had applied to Lord Byron with the view  
of procuring from him such legal right over those works of  
his Lordship of which he had hitherto been the sole pub-  
lisher in France, as would enable him to prevent others  
in future, from usurping the same privilege.

## LETTER CCCC.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, 9bre 23<sup>o</sup>, 1820.

"The 'Hints,' Hobhouse says, will require a good deal of slashing to suit the times, which will be a work of time, for I don't feel at all laborious just now. Whatever effect they are to have would perhaps be greater in a separate form, and they also must have my name to them. Now, if you publish them in the same volume with Don Juan, they identify Don Juan as mine, which I don't think worth a chancery suit about my daughter's guardianship, as in your present code a facetious poem is sufficient to take away a man's rights over his family.

"Of the state of things here it would be difficult and not very prudent to speak at large, the Huns opening all letters. I wonder if they can read them when they have opened them; if so, they may see, in my MOST LEGIBLE HAND, THAT I THINK THEM DAMNED SCOUNDRELS AND BARBARIANS, and THEIR EMPEROR A FOOL, and themselves more fools than he; all which they may send to Vienna for any thing I care. They have got themselves masters of the Papal police, and are bullying away; but some day or other they will pay for all: it may not be very soon, because these unhappy Italians have no consistency among themselves; but I suppose that Providence will get tired of them at last, \* \* \* \*

"Yours, &amp;c."

## LETTER CCCC.I.

TO MR MOORE.

"Ravenna, Dec. 9th, 1820.

"Besides this letter, you will receive *three* packets, containing, in all, 18 more sheets of Memoranda, which, I fear, will cost you more in postage than they will ever produce by being printed in the next century. Instead of waiting so long, if you could make any thing of them *now* in the way of *reversion* (that is, after *my* death), I should be very glad,—as, with all due regard to your progeny, I prefer you to your grand-children. Would not Longman or Murray advance you a certain sum *now*, pledging themselves *not* to have them published till after *my* decease, think you?—and what say you?

"Over these latter sheets I would leave you a discretionary power;\* because they contain, perhaps, a thing or two which is too sincere for the public. If I consent to your disposing of their reversion *now*, where would be the harm? Tastes may change. I would, in your case, make my essay to dispose of them, *not* publish, now; and if *you* (as is most likely) survive me, add what you please from your own knowledge; and, *above all*, *contradict* any thing, if I have *mis*-stated; for my first object is the truth, even at my own expense.

\* The power here meant is that of omitting passages that might be thought objectionable. He afterwards gave me this, as well as every other right, over the whole of the manuscript.

"I have some knowledge of your con-  
ley Moloch, the lecturer. He wrote  
letters upon Christianity, to convert  
I had not been a Christian already, I sh  
have been now, in consequence. I tho  
something of wild talent in him, mixe  
leaven of absurdity,—as there must b  
let loose upon the world, without a mar

"The ministers seem still to persec  
\* \* \* \* \*  
won't go out, the sons of b—es. Dam  
want a place—what say you? You must  
honesty of the declaration, whatever you  
the intention.

"I have quantities of paper in Engl  
and translated—tragedy, &c. &c. and a  
ing out a Fifth Canto of Don Juan, 169  
that there will be near *three* *thin* Albe  
*thick* volumes of all sorts of my Musen  
plunge thick, too, into the contest upon  
lay about me like a dragon till I make  
for the top of Parnassus.

"Those rogues are right—*we do* ~~do~~  
—eh?—don't we?" You shall ~~see~~  
what things I'll say, as it pleases P—  
us leisure. But in these parts th  
war; and there is to be liberty, and  
stitution—when they can get them—  
politics—it is low. Let us talk ~~o~~  
her bath, and her bottle—that's ~~i~~  
nowadays.

"If there are any acquaintances ~~w~~  
them. The priests here are trying ~~to~~ ~~pe~~  
but no matter.

"Yours, &amp;c."

## LETTER CCCCII.

TO MR MOORE.

"Ravenna, De

"I open my letter to tell you a fac  
show the state of this country better than  
commandant of the troops is *now* lying  
house. He was shot at a little past  
about two hundred paces from my  
putting on my great-coat to visit Madan  
G. when I heard the shot. On coming  
I found all my servants on the balcony  
that a man was murdered. I immediat  
calling on Tita (the bravest of them)  
The rest wanted to hinder us from goin  
custom for every body here, it seems,  
from 'the stricken deer.'

"However, down we ran, and found  
his back, almost, if not quite, dead, with  
one in the heart, two in the stomach  
finger, and the other in the arm.  $\xi$   
cocked their guns, and wanted to hir  
passing. However, we passed, and I  
the adjutant, crying over him like a chick

\* He here alludes to a humorous article,  
told him, in Blackwood's Magazine, where t  
day were all grouped together in a varie  
shapes, with "Lord Byron and little Moor  
hind, as if they would split," at the rest of th



his profession—a priest, sobbing—and the commandant, all this on the hard, cold pavement, without, or any thing around him but

or would, do any thing but howl; no one would stir a finger to move sequences, I lost my patience—I a couple of the mob take up two soldiers to the guard,—de the Cardinal with the news, and carried up stairs into my own too late, he was gone—not at awarably—not above an ounce or

stripped—made the surgeon examine him myself. He had been slugs. I felt one of the slugs, though him, all but the skin. Every by he was killed, but no one gun was found close by him—an

wa. O Dio! and 'Gesù!' two or appeared to have suffered little. a brave officer, but had made d by the people. I knew him met him often at conversazioni house is full of soldiers, draets, and all kinds of persons,—cleared it, and clapt sentinels at ow the body is to be moved. greatest confusion, as you may

v that, if I had not had the body ave left him there till morning in of consequences. I would not dog die in such a manner, with-as for consequences, I care for

"Yours, &c.

ant on duty by the body is smok-at composure.—A queer people

TER CCCCIII.

O MR MOORE.

\* Ravenna, December 25th, 1820.

it to have received the packet remitted to your address a forty-be more days), and I shall be as, in these times and places, in some risk of not reaching their

king of a project for you and me, to London again, which (if a suscite) may be calculated as about the spring of 1821. I so, will be back by that time, or you will give me some index. The you and me to set up jointly a more nor less—weekly, or so, sent or modifications upon the oundrels, who degrade that de- newspaper, which we will edit in less, with some attention.

"There must always be in it a piece of poesy from one or other of us *two*, leaving room, however, for such dilettanti rhymers as may be deemed worthy of appearing in the same column; but *this* must be a *sine quid non*; and also as much prose as we can compass. We will take an *office*—our names *not* announced, but suspected—and, by the blessing of Providence, give the age some new lights upon policy, poesy, biography, criticism, morality, theology, and all other *ism, ality, and ology* whatsoever.

"Why, man, if we were to take to this in good earnest, your debts would be paid off in a twelve-month, and by dint of a little diligence and practice, I doubt not that we could distance the commonplace blackguards, who have so long disgraced common sense and the common reader. They have no merit but practice and impudence, both of which we may acquire, and, as for talent and culture, the devil's in 't if such proofs as we have given of both can't furnish out something better than the 'funeral baked meats' which have coldly set forth the breakfast table of all Great Britain for so many years. Now, what think you? Let me know; and recollect that, if we take to such an enterprise, we must do so in good earnest. Here is a hint,—do you make it a plan. We will modify it into as literary and classical a concern as you please, only let us put out our powers upon it, and it will most likely succeed. But you must *live* in London, and I also, to bring it to bear, and *we must keep it a secret*.

"As for the living in London, I would make that not difficult to you (if you would allow me), until we could see whether one means or other (the success of the plan, for instance) would not make it quite easy for you, as well as your family; and, in any case, we should have some fun, composing, correcting, supposing, inspecting, and supping together over our lucubrations. If you think this worth a thought, let me know, and I will begin to lay in a small literary capital of composition for the occasion.

"Yours ever affectionately,

"B.

"P.S. If you thought of a middle plan between a *Spectator* and a newspaper, why not?—only not on a *Sunday*. Not that Sunday is not an excellent day, but it is engaged already. We will call it the '*Tenda Rossa*,' the name Tassoni gave an answer of his in a controversy, in allusion to the delicate hint of Timour the Lame, to his enemies, by a '*Tenda*' of that colour, before he gave battle. Or we will call it '*Gli*,' or '*I Carbonari*,' if it so please you—or any other name full of '*pastime and prodigality*,' which you may prefer. \* \* \* \* \* Let me have an answer. I conclude poetically, with the bellman, '*A merry Christmas to you!*'"

The year 1820 was an era signalized, as will be remembered, by the many efforts of the revolutionary spirit which, at that time, broke forth, like ill-suppressed fire, throughout the greater part of the South of Europe. In Italy, Naples had already raised the Constitutional standard, and her example was fast operating through the whole of that country. Throughout Romagna, secret societies, under the name of Carbonari, had been organized, which waited but the word of their chiefs to break out into open insurre-

tion. We have seen from Lord Byron's Journal in 1814, what intense interest he took in the last struggles of Revolutionary France under Napoleon; and his exclamations, "Oh for a Republic!—Brutus, thou sleepest!" show the lengths to which, in theory at least, his political zeal extended. Since then, he had but rarely turned his thoughts to politics; the tame, ordinary vicissitude of public affairs having but little in it to stimulate a mind like his, whose sympathies nothing short of a crisis seemed worthy to interest. This the present state of Italy gave every promise of affording him; and, in addition to the great national cause itself, in which there was every thing that a lover of liberty, warm from the pages of Petrarch and Dante, could desire, he had also private ties and regards to enlist him socially in the contest. The brother of Madame Guiccioli, Count Pietro Gamba, who had been passing some time at Rome and Naples, was now returned from his tour; and the friendly sentiments with which, notwithstanding a natural bias previously in the contrary direction, he at length learned to regard the noble lover of his sister, cannot better be described than in the words of his fair relative herself.

"At this time," says Madame Guiccioli, "my beloved brother, Pietro, returned to Ravenna from Rome and Naples. He had been prejudiced by some enemies of Lord Byron against his character, and my intimacy with him afflicted him greatly; nor had my letters succeeded in entirely destroying the evil impression which Lord Byron's detractors had produced. No sooner, however, had he seen and known him, than he became inspired with an interest in his favour, such as could not have been produced by mere exterior qualities, but was the result only of that union he saw in him of all that is most great and beautiful, as well in the heart as mind of man. From that moment every former prejudice vanished, and the conformity of their opinions and studies contributed to unite them in a friendship, which only ended with their lives." \*

The young Gamba, who was, at this time, but twenty years of age, with a heart full of all those dreams of the regeneration of Italy, which not only the example of Naples, but the spirit working beneath the surface all around him, inspired, had, together with his father, who was still in the prime of life, become enrolled in the secret bands now organizing throughout Romagna, and Lord Byron was, by their intervention, admitted also among the brotherhood. The following heroic Address to the Neapolitan Government (written by the noble poet in Italian, † and

\* \* In quest' epoca venne a Ravenna di ritorno da Roma e Napoli il mio diletto fratello Pietro. Egli era stato prevenuto da dei nemici di Lord Byron contro il di lui carattere; molto lo affliggeva la mia intimità con lui, e le mie lettere non avevano riuscito a bene distruggere la cattiva impressione ricevuta dai detrattori di Lord Byron. Ma appena lo vidi e lo conobbe egli pure ricevette quella impressione che non può essere prodotta da dei pregi esteriori, ma solamente dall' unione di tutti ciò che vi è di più grande nel cuore e nella mente dell' uomo. Svani ogni sua anteriore prevenzione contro di Lord Byron, e la conformità della loro idee e degli studi loro contribuì a stringerli in quella amicizia che non doveva avere fine che colla loro vita."

† A draft of this Address, in his own handwriting, was found among his papers. He is supposed to have intrusted

forwarded, it is thought, by himself to Naples, intercepted on the way) will show how deep, earnest, and expansive was his zeal in that general cause of Political Freedom, for which soon after laid down his life among the marble Missolonghi.

"An Englishman, a friend to liberty, having understood that the Neapolitans permit even foreigners to contribute to the good cause, is desirous that I should do him the honour of accepting a thousand louis, which he takes the liberty of offering. I have already, not long since, been an ocular witness of the despotism of the Barbarians in the States compassed them in Italy, he sees, with the enthusiasm due to a cultivated man, the generous determination of the Neapolitans to assert their well-won independence. As a member of the English House of Peers, he may be a traitor to the principles which placed the reigning family of England on the throne, if he were grateful for the noble lesson so lately given him by people and to kings. The offer which he desires to make is small in itself, as must always be the presentment from an individual to a nation; but he trusts that it will not be the last they will receive from his countrymen. His distance from the frontier, and the feeling of his personal incapacity to contribute efficaciously to the service of the nation, prevent him from proposing himself as worthy of the great mission, for which experience and talent are the requisite. But if, as a mere volunteer, his services were not a burden to whomsoever he might be put under, he would repair to whatever part of the Neapolitan Government might point out, that he would obey the orders and participate in the dangers of a commanding officer, without any other motive than that of sharing the destiny of a brave nation, fighting itself against the self-called Holy Alliance, which but combines the vice of hypocrisy with despotism." \*

it to a professed agent of the Constitutional Government of Naples, who had waited upon him secretly at Rome, and, under the pretence of having been waylaid and bed, induced his lordship to supply him with money, return. This man turned out afterwards to have been a spy, and the above paper, if confided to him, fell probably into the hands of the Pontifical Government.

\* \* Un Inglese amico della libertà avendo veduto i Napolitani permettono anche agli stranieri di contribuire alla buona causa, bramerebbe l'onore di vedere la sua offerta di mille luigi, la quale egli accetta. Già testimonio oculare non molto fa della tirannia dei bari negli stati da loro occupati nell' Italia, egli tutto l'entusiasmo di un uomo ben nato la generosa minazione dei Napolitani per confermare la loro conquistata indipendenza. Membro della Camera del Parlamento Inglese egli sarebbe un traditore se non avesse posto sul trono la famiglia regnante d' Inghilterra non riconoscesse la bella lezione di bel nuovo dataci da Re. L' offerta che egli brama di presentare se stessa, come bisogna che sia sempre quella di un individuo ad una nazione, ma egli spera che non sia dalla parte dei suoi compatriotti. La sua lontananza dalle frontiere, e il sentimento della sua poca capacità di contribuire efficacemente a servire la nazione, lo impediscono dal proporre di presentarsi come degno della più piccola parte che domanda dell' esperienza e del talento. Ma il semplice volontario la sua presenza non fosse a modo a quello che l'accettasse egli ripartirebbe a luogo indicato dal Governo Napolitano, per obbedire agli ordini e partecipare ai pericoli del suo servizio, senza altri motivi che quello di dividere il destino della brava nazione resistendo alla se dicente Santa Alleanza, la quale aggiunge l' ipocrisia al despotismo."



ring the agitation of this crisis, while by rumours and alarms, and expecting, not, to be summoned into the field, that commenced the Journal which I am now reading; and which it is impossible to peruse, without reflecting how wholly different, in instances connected with them, were the circumstances at which these records of his passing were traced. The first he wrote at a time when he was to be considered, to use his own words, as the poetical part of his whole life,"—not, what regarded the powers of his genius, every succeeding year added new force and vigour to all that may be said to constitute the character,—those fresh, unworldly feelings, in spite of his early plunge into experience, and the gloss, and that ennobling light of youth, which, with all his professed scorn of the world, still followed in the track of his affections, and were to every object on which they rested. Indeed, in his misanthropy, as in his sort of period, to the full as much of fancy as of reality, and even those gallantries and loves in which he at the same time entangled himself, partook of the same character. Though brought early under the influence of the senses, he had been also early in this thralldom by, in the first place, such excesses never fail to produce, and, at an interval after, by this series of half-fanciful pleasures which, though in their moral consequences perhaps, still more mischievous, had the effect of refinement on the surface, and by the apparent difficulty that invested them kept alive that illusion of imagination from which all pursuits derive their sole redeeming

character, a mixture, or rather predominance, of his loves, his hates, and his sorrows, the existence at that period, animated as it was, kept buoyant, by such a flow of success, and acknowledged, even with every deduction of picturesque associations of a London life, was, in a high degree, poetical, and to have it altogether a sort of halo of romance, and events that followed were but too much to dissipate. By his marriage, and its consequences, was again brought back to some of those circumstances of which his youth had had a foretaste. Embarrassment,—that ordeal, of all others, trying to delicacy and high-mindedness—brought him with all the indignities that usually attend a train; and he was thus rudely schooled in the advantages of possessing money, when he so thought but of the generous pleasure of giving it. No stronger proof, indeed, is wanted of such difficulties in tempering down that chivalrous pride, than the necessity to find himself reduced in 1816, not only from his resolution never to profit by the sale of his works, but of accepting a sum of money, lent, from his publisher, which he had for some time persisted in refusing for himself, and, in the end, of his generous heart, had destined for

The injustice and malice to which he soon after became a victim had an equally fatal effect in disenchaining the dream of his existence. Those imaginary, or, at least, retrospective sorrows, in which he had once loved to indulge, and whose tendency it was, through the medium of his fancy, to soften and refine his heart, were now exchanged for a host of actual, ignoble vexations, which it was even more humiliating than painful to encounter. His misanthropy, instead of being, as heretofore, a vague and abstract feeling, without any object to light upon, and losing therefore its acrimony in diffusion, was now, by the hostility he came in contact with, condensed into individual enmities, and narrowed into personal resentments; and from the lofty, and, as it appeared to himself, philosophical luxury of hating mankind in the gross, he was now brought down to the self-humbling necessity of despising them in detail.

By all these influences, so fatal to enthusiasm of character, and forming, most of them, indeed, a part of the ordinary process by which hearts become chilled and hardened in the world, it was impossible but that some material change must have been effected in a disposition at once so susceptible and tenacious of impressions. By compelling him to concentrate himself in his own resources and energies, as the only stand now left against the world's injustice, his enemies but succeeded in giving to the principle of self-dependence within him a new force and spring which, however it added to the vigour of his character, could not fail, by bringing Self into such activity, to impair a little its amiableness. Among the changes in his disposition, attributable mainly to this source, may be mentioned that diminished deference to the opinions and feelings of others which, after this compulsory rally of all his powers of resistance, he exhibited. Some portion, no doubt, of this refractoriness may be accounted for by his absence from all those whose slightest word or look would have done more with him than whole volumes of correspondence; but by no cause less powerful and revulsive than the struggle in which he had been committed could a disposition naturally diffident as his was, and diffident even through all this excitement, have been driven into the assumption of a tone so universally defying, and so full, if not of pride in his own pre-eminent powers, of such a contempt for some of the ablest among his contemporaries, as almost implied it. It was, in fact, as has been more than once remarked in these pages, a similar stirring up of all the best and worst elements of his nature, to that which a like rebound against injustice had produced in his youth;—though with a difference, in point of force and grandeur, between the two explosions, almost as great as between the out-breaks of a firework and a volcano.

Another consequence of the spirit of defiance now roused in him, and one that tended, perhaps, even more fatally than any yet mentioned, to sully and, for a time, bring down to earth the romance of his character, was the course of life to which, outrunning even the licence of his youth, he abandoned himself at Venice. From this, as from his earlier excesses, the timely warning of disgust soon rescued him; and the connexion with Madame Guiccioli which followed, and which, however much to be reprehended, had in it all of marriage that his real marriage wanted,

seemed to place, at length, within reach of his affectionate spirit that union and sympathy for which, through life, it had thirsted. But the treasure came too late;—the pure poetry of the feeling had vanished, and those tears he shed so passionately in the garden at Bologna flowed less, perhaps, from the love which he felt at that moment, than from the saddening consciousness, how differently he could have felt formerly. It was, indeed, wholly beyond the power, even of an imagination like his, to go on investing with its own ideal glories a sentiment which,—more from daring and vanity than from any other impulse,—he had taken such pains to tarnish and debase in his own eyes. Accordingly, instead of being able, as once, to elevate and embellish all that interested him, to make an idol of every passing creature of his fancy, and mistake the form of love, which he so often conjured up, for its substance, he now degenerated into the wholly opposite and perverse error of depreciating and making light of what, intrinsically, he valued, and, as the reader has seen, throwing slight and mockery upon a tie in which it was evident some of the best feelings of his nature were wrapped up. That foe to all enthusiasm and romance, the habit of ridicule, had, in proportion as he exchanged the illusions for the realities of life, gained further empire over him; and how far it had, at this time, encroached upon the loftier and fairer regions of his mind may be seen in the pages of *Don Juan*,—that diversified arena, on which the two *Genii*, good and evil, that governed his thoughts, hold, with alternate triumph, their ever powerful combat.

Even this, too, this vein of mockery,—in the excess to which, at last, he carried it,—was but another result of the shock his proud mind had received from those events that had cast him off, branded and heart-stricken, from country and from home. As he himself touchingly says,

\* And if I laugh at any mortal thing,  
'Tis that I may not weep.\*

This laughter,—which, in such temperaments, is the near neighbour of tears,—served as a diversion to him from more painful vents of bitterness; and the same philosophical calculation which made the poet of melancholy, Young, declare, that “he preferred laughing at the world to being angry with it,” led Lord Byron also to settle upon the same conclusion; and to feel, in the misanthropic views he was inclined to take of mankind, that mirth often saved him the pain of hate.

That, with so many drawbacks upon all generous effusions of sentiment, he should still have preserved so much of his native tenderness and ardour as is conspicuous, through all disguises, in his unquestionable love for Madame Guiccioli, and in the still more undoubted zeal with which he now entered, heart and soul, into the great cause of human freedom, wheresoever, or by whomsoever, asserted,\*—only

\* Among his “*Detached Thoughts*” I find this general passion for liberty thus strikingly expressed. After saying, in reference to his own choice of Venice as a place of residence, “I remembered General Ludlow’s domat inscription, ‘*Omne solui forti patria*,’ and sat down free in a country which had been one of slavery for centuries,” he

shows how rich must have been the of sensibility and enthusiasm which such as his could so little chill or console, too, is it to reflect that the of his life should have been thus visited of that poetic lustre, which, though ceased to surround the bard, had but away from the character of the man—Love, reprehensible as it was, but the credit of rescuing him from the disgraced his maturer years, for served the proud, but mournful, the last stage of his glorious course lighting him, amidst the sympathies of his grave.

Having endeavoured, in this comparison his present and former self, to account consider to be their true causes, for the mena which his character, at this period I shall now lay before the reader the these remarks were more immediately from which I fear they will be thought detained him.

#### EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY OF BYRON, 1821.

“Ravenna, January 1821.”

“A sudden thought strikes me.” *Journal* once more. The last I kept in England, in record of a tour made in the which I made to send to my sister in, suppose that she has it still, for she was she was pleased with it. Another, and in 1813-1814, which I gave to Thomas same year.

“This morning I got me up late, as usual—bad—bad as England—worse. The snow melting to the sirocco of to-day, so the two d—d things at once. Could not get on horseback in the forest. Staid at morning—looked at the fire—wondered would come. Post came at the Ave of half-past one o’clock, as it ought Messengers, six in number—a letter but none from England. Very sulky (for there ought to have been letters), sequence a copious dinner; for when makes me swallow quicker—but drank.

“I was out of spirits—read the paper what *fame* was, on reading, in a card that ‘Mr Wych, grocer, at Tunbridge bacon, flour, cheese, and, it is believed to some gipsy woman accused. He had (I quote faithfully) a *book*, the *Life of I*

adds, ‘But there is no freedom, even for midst of slaves. It makes my blood boil. I sometimes wish that I was the owner of once what Wilberforce will do in time, via from her deserts, and look on upon the free freedom.’

“As to political slavery, so general, fault: if they will be slaves, let them! Yet and a blow.” See how England formerly, Portugal, America, Switzerland, freed there is no one instance of a long contest in triumph over systems. If Tyranny misers she is cowardly as the tiger, and retires to



ing for waste paper, &c. &c. In the end, &c., and a leaf of *Pamela wrapped* in it. What would Richardson, the luckiest of living authors (*i. e.* while so, with Aaron Hill, used to prophesy over the presumed fall of Fielding (the of human nature) and of Pope (the most poets)—what would he have said could he have said? what can any body at Solomon said long before us? After passing from one counter to another, from r's to the other tradesman's—grocer or

For my part, I have met with most trunks; so that I am apt to consider the as the sexton of authorship.

re letters in about half an hour, short and all my rascally correspondents. Carriage and the news of three murders at Faenza (a carabiniere, a smuggler, and an attorney

ht. The two first in a quarrel, the latter

tion. weeks ago—almost a month—the 7th it ed up the Commandant, mortally wound- e street; he died in my house; assassins it presumed political. His brethren wrote ast night to thank me for having assisted at moments. Poor fellow! it was a pity; ed soldier, but imprudent. It was eight g when they killed him. We heard the rants and I ran out, and found him ex- five wounds, two whereof mortal—by emed. I examined him, but did not go on next morning.

at 8 or so—went to visit La Contessa G. (playing on the piano-forte—talked till he Count, her father, and the no less rother, came in from the theatre. Play, fieri's Filippo—well received.

s ago the King of Naples passed through is way to congress. My servant Luigi news. I had sent him to Bologna for a will it end? Time will show.

me at eleven, or rather before. If the ather are conformable, mean to ride to- gh time—almost a week at this work—, one day—frost and snow the other—sad ally. But the two seasons, last and pre- traordinary. Read a Life of Leonardo lossi—ruminated—wrote this much, and

\* January 5th, 1821.

—dull and drooping—the weather drip- se. Snow on the ground, and sirocco sky, like yesterday. Roads up to the so that riding (at least for pleasure) is ble. Added a postscript to my letter to ad the conclusion, for the fiftieth time ill W. Scott's novels at least fifty times) ries of 'Tales of my Landlord'—grand Fielding, as well as great English poet man! I long to get drunk with him. was six o' the clock. Forgot that there

was a plum-pudding (I have added, lately, *eating* to my 'family of vices'), and had dined before I knew it. Drank half a bottle of some sort of spirits—probably spirits of wine; for, what they call brandy, rum, &c. &c. here is nothing but spirits of wine, coloured accordingly. Did not eat two apples, which were placed, by way of dessert. Fed the two cats, the hawk, and the tame (but *not tamed*) crow. Read Mitford's History of Greece—Xenophon's Retreat of the Ten Thousand. Up to this present moment writing, 6 minutes before eight o' the clock—French hours, not Italian.

"Hear the carriage—order pistols and great coat, as usual—necessary articles. Weather cold—carriage open, and inhabitants somewhat savage—rather treacherous and highly inflamed by politics. Fine fellows, though—good materials for a nation. Out of chaos God made a world, and out of high passions comes a people.

"Clock strikes—going out to make love. Somewhat perilous, but not disagreeable. Memorandum—a new screen put up to-day. It is rather antique, but will do with a little repair.

"Thaw continues—hopeful that riding may be practicable to-morrow. Sent the papers to Alli—grand events coming.

"11 o' the clock and nine minutes. Visited La Contessa G. Nata G. G. Found her beginning my letter of answer to the thanks of Alessio del Pinto of Rome for assisting his brother the late Commandant in his last moments, as I had begged her to pen my reply for the purer Italian, I being an ultra-montane, little skilled in the set phrase of Tuscany. But short the letter—finish it another day. Talked of Italy, patriotism, Alfieri, Madame Albany, and other branches of learning. Also Sallust's Conspiracy of Catiline, and the War of Jugurtha. At 9 came in her brother, Il Conte Pietro—at 10, her father, Conte Ruggiero.

"Talked of various modes of warfare—of the Hungarian and Highland modes of broad-sword exercise, in both whereof I was once a moderate 'master of fence.' Settled that the R. will break out on the 7th or 8th of March, in which appointment I should trust, had it not been settled that it was to have broken out in October, 1820. But those Bolognese shirked the Romagnoules.

"'It is all one to Ranger.' One must not be particular, but take rebellion when it lies in the way. Came home—read the 'Ten Thousand' again, and will go to bed.

"Mem.—Ordered Fletcher (at four o'clock this afternoon) to copy out 7 or 8 apophthegms of Bacon, in which I have detected such blunders as a school-boy might detect, rather than commit. Such are the sages! What must they be, when such as I can stumble on their mistakes or misstatements? I will go to bed, for I find that I grow cynical.

\* January 6th, 1821.

"Mist—thaw—slop—rain. No stirring out on horseback. Read Spence's Anecdotes. Pope a fine fellow—always thought him so. Corrected blunders in nine apophthegms of Bacon—all historical—and read Mitford's Greece. Wrote an epigram. Turned to a passage in Guinegué—ditto, in Lord Holland's Lope de Vega. Wrote a note on Don Juan.

"At eight went out to visit. Heard a little music—like music. Talked with Count Pietro G. of the Italian comedian Vestris, who is now at Rome—have seen him often act in Venice—a good actor—very. Somewhat of a mannerist; but excellent in broad comedy, as well as in the sentimental pathetic. He has made me frequently laugh and cry, neither of which is now a very easy matter—at least, for a player to produce in me.

"Thought of the state of women under the ancient Greeks—convenient enough. Present state, a remnant of the barbarism of the chivalry and feudal ages—artificial and unnatural. They ought to mind home—and be well fed and clothed—but not mixed in society. Well educated, too, in religion—but to read neither poetry nor politics—nothing but books of piety and cookery. Music—drawing—dancing—also a little gardening and ploughing now and then. I have seen them mending the roads in Epirus with good success. Why not, as well as hay-making and milking?

"Came home, and read Mitford again, and played with my mastiff—gave him his supper. Made another reading to the epigram, but the turn the same. To-night at the theatre, there being a prince on his throne in the last scene of the comedy,—the audience laughed, and asked him for a *Constitution*. This shows the state of the public mind here, as well as the assassinations. It won't do. There must be an universal republic,—and there ought to be.

"The crow is lame of a leg—wonder how it happened—some fool trod upon his toe, I suppose. The falcon pretty brisk—the cats large and noisy—the monkeys I have not looked to since the cold weather, as they suffer by being brought up. Horses must be gay—get a ride as soon as weather serves. Deuced muggy still—an Italian winter is a sad thing, but all the other seasons are charming.

"What is the reason that I have been, all my lifetime, more or less *ennuyé*? and that, if any thing, I am rather less so now than I was at twenty, as far as my recollection serves? I do not know how to answer this, but presume that it is constitutional,—as well as the waking in low spirits, which I have invariably done for many years. Temperance and exercise, which I have practised at times, and for a long time together vigorously and violently, made little or no difference. Violent passions did;—when under their immediate influence—it is odd, but—I was in agitated, but *not* in depressed spirits.

"A dose of salts has the effect of a temporary inebriation, like light champagne, upon me. But wine and spirits make me sullen and savage to ferocity—silent, however, and retiring, and not quarrelsome, if not spoken to. Swimming also raises my spirits,—but in general they are low, and get daily lower. That is *hopeless*; for I do not think I am so much *ennuyé* as I was at nineteen. The proof is, that then I must game, or drink, or be in motion of some kind, or I was miserable. At present, I can mope in quietness; and like being alone better than any company—except the lady's whom I serve. But I feel a something, which makes me think that, if I ever reach near to old age, like Swift, 'I shall die at top' first. Only I do not dread idiotism or madness so much as he did. On the contrary, I

think some quieter stages of both must be preferable to much of what men think the possession of their senses.

\* January 7th, 1821, Sunday.

"Still rain—mist—snow—drizzle—and all the incalculable combinations of a climate, where heat and cold struggle for mastery. Read Spenser, and turned over Roscoe, to find a passage I have not found. Read the 4th vol. of W. Scott's second series of 'Tales of my Landlord.' Dined. Read the *Lagos Gazette*. Read—I forget what. At 8 went to conversazione. Found there the Countess Gelreale, Betti V. and her husband, and others. Pretty black-eyed woman that—*only* twenty-two—same age as Teresa, who is prettier, though.

"The Count Pietro G. took me aside to say that the Patriots have had notice from Forlì (twenty miles off) that to-night the government and its party mean to strike a stroke—that the Cardinal here has had orders to make several arrests immediately, and that, in consequence, the Liberals are arming, and have posted patrols in the streets, to sound the alarm and give notice to fight for it.

"He asked me 'what should be done?'—I answered 'fight for it, rather than be taken in detail,' and offered, if any of them are in immediate apprehension of arrest, to receive them in my home (which is defensible), and to defend them, with my servants and themselves (we have arms and ammunition, as long as we can,—or to try to get them away under cloud of night. On going home, I looked into the pistols which I had about me—but he refused, but said he would come off to me in case of accident.

"It wants half an hour of midnight, and rain,—as Gibbet says, 'a fine night for their enterprise—dark as hell, and blows like the devil.' If the war don't happen *now*, it must soon. I thought that their system of shooting people would soon produce reaction—and now it seems coming. I will do all I can in the way of combat, though a little out of exercise. The cause is a good one.

"Turned over and over half a score of books by the passage in question, and can't find it. Expect to hear the drum and the musquetry momentarily (for they swear to resist, and are right)—but I hear nothing as yet, save the plash of the rain and the gusts of the wind at intervals. Don't like to go to bed, because I hate to be waked, and would rather sit up for the war, if there is to be one.

"Mended the fire—have got the arms—and a book or two, which I shall turn over. I know little of their numbers, but think the Carbonari strong enough to beat the troops, even here. With twenty men for house might be defended for twenty-four hours against any force to be brought against it, *even* in this place, for the same time; and, in such a time, the country would have notice, and would rise,—if ever they will rise, of which there is some doubt. In the same time, I may as well read as do any thing else, being alone.

\* January 8th, 1821, Monday.

"Rose, and found Count P. G. in my apartments. Sent away the servant. Told me that, according to the best information, the Government had not moved



orders for the arrests apprehended; that the attack in Forlì had not taken place (as expected) by the Sanfedisti—the opponents of the Carbonari or Liberals—and that, as yet, they are still in apprehension only. Asked me for some arms of a better sort, which I gave him. Settled that, in case of a row, the Liberals were to assemble *here* (with me), and that he had given the word to Viucenzo G. and others of the *Chiefs* for that purpose. He himself and father are going to the chase in the forest; but V. G. is to come to me, and an express to be sent off to him, P. G., if any thing occurs. Concerted operations. They are to seize—but no matter.

"I advised them to attack in detail, and in different parties, in different *places* (though at the *same* time), so as to divide the attention of the troops, who, though few, yet being disciplined, would beat any body of people (not trained) in a regular fight—unless dispersed in small parties, and distracted with different assaults. Offered to let them assemble here, if they choose. It is a strongish post—narrow street, commanded from within—and tenable walls. \* \* \* \*

"Dined. Tried on a new coat. Letter to Murray, with corrections of Bacon's Apophthegms and an epigram—the *latter* not for publication. At eight went to Teresa, Countess G. \* \* \* \*

At nine and a half came in Il Conte P. and Count P. G. Talked of a certain proclamation lately issued. Count R. G. had been with \*\* (the \*\*), to sound him about the arrests. He, \*\*, is a *trimmer*, and deals, at present, his cards with both hands. If he don't mind, they'll be full. \*\* pretends (*I* doubt him—they don't—we shall see) that there is no such order, and seems staggered by the immense exertions of the Neapolitans, and the fierce spirit of the Liberals here. The truth is, that \*\* cares for little but his place (which is a good one), and wishes to play pretty with both parties. He has changed his mind thirty times these last three moons, to my knowledge, for he corresponds with me. But he is not a bloody fellow—only an avaricious one.

"It seems that, just at this moment (as Lydia Languish says) there will be no elopement after all. I wish that I had known as much last night—or, rather, this morning—I should have gone to bed two hours earlier. And yet I ought not to complain; for, though it is a sirocco, and heavy rain, I have not *yawned* for these two days.

"Came home—read History of Greece—before dinner had read Walter Scott's Rob Roy. Wrote address to the letter in answer to Alezio del Pinto, who has thanked me for helping his brother (the late Commandant, murdered here last month) in his last moments. Have told him I only did a duty of humanity—as is true. The brother lives at Rome.

"Mended the fire with some 'sgobole,' (a Romagnuolo word) and gave the falcon some water. Drank some Seltzer-water. Mem.—received to-day a print, or etching, of the story of Ugolino, by an Italian painter—different, of course, from Sir Joshua Reynolds's, and I think (as far as recollection goes) *no worse*, for Reynolds's is not good in history. Tore a button in my new coat.

"I wonder what figure these Italians will make in a regular row. I sometimes think that, like the Irishman's gun (somebody had sold him a crooked one), they

will only do for 'shooting round a corner;' at least, this sort of shooting has been the late tenor of their exploits. And yet, there are materials in this people, and a noble energy, if well directed. But who is to direct them? No matter. Out of such times heroes spring. Difficulties are the hot-beds of high spirits, and Freedom the mother of the few virtues incident to human nature.

"Tuesday, January 9th, 1831.

"Rose—the day fine. Ordered the horses; but Lega (my *secretary*, an Italianism for steward or chief servant) coming to tell me that the painter had finished the work in fresco, for the room he has been employed on lately, I went to see it before I set out. The painter has not copied badly the prints from Titian, &c. considering all things. \* \* \* \*

"Dined. Read Johnson's 'Vanity of Human Wishes,'—all the examples and mode of giving them sublime, as well as the latter part, with the exception of an occasional couplet. I do not so much admire the opening. I remember the observation of Sharpe's (the *Conversationist*, as he was called in London, and a very clever man), that the first line of this poem was superfluous, and that Pope (the best of poets, *I* think,) would have begun at once, only changing the punctuation—

'Survey mankind from China to Peru!'

The former line, 'Let observation,' &c. is certainly heavy and useless. But 'tis a grand poem—and *so true!*—true as the 10th of Juvenal himself. The lapse of ages *changes* all things—time—language—the earth—the bounds of the sea—the stars of the sky, and every thing 'about, around, and underneath' man, *except man himself*, who has always been, and always will be, an unlucky rascal. The infinite variety of lives conduct but to death, and the infinity of wishes lead but to disappointment. All the discoveries which have yet been made have multiplied little but existence. An extirpated disease is succeeded by some new pestilence; and a discovered world has brought little to the old one, except the p—first and freedom afterwards—the *latter* a fine thing, particularly as they gave it to Europe in exchange for slavery. But it is doubtful whether 'the Sovereigns' would not think the *first* the best present of the two to their subjects.

"At eight went out—heard some news. They say the king of Naples has declared, by couriers from Florence, to the *Powers* (as they call now those wretches with crowns), that his Constitution was compulsive, &c. &c. and that the Austrian barbarians are placed again on *war* pay, and will march. Let them—they come like sacrifices in their trim, the hounds of hell! Let it still be a hope to see their bones piled like those of the human dogs at Morat, in Switzerland, which I have seen.

"Heard some music. At nine the usual visitors—news, war, or rumours of war. Consulted with P. G., &c. &c. They mean to *insurrect* here, and are to honour me with a call thereupon. I shall not fall back; though I don't think them in force or heart sufficient to make much of it. But, *now* the time to act, and what *signifies*

spark of that which would be worthy of the past can be bequeathed unquenchedly to the future? It is not one man, nor a million, but the *spirit* of liberty which must be spread. The waves which dash upon the shore are, one by one, broken, but yet the *ocean* conquers, nevertheless. It overwhelms the Armada, it wears the rock, and, if the *Neptunians* are to be believed, it has not only destroyed, but made a world. In like manner, whatever the sacrifice of individuals, the great cause will gather strength, sweep down what is rugged, and fertilize (for *sea-weed is manure*) what is cultivable. And so, the mere selfish calculation ought never to be made on such occasions; and, at present, it shall not be computed by me. I was never a good arithmetician of chances, and shall not commence now.

\* January 10th, 1821.

"Day fine—rained only in the morning. Looked over accounts. Read Campbell's Poets—marked errors of Tom (the author) for correction. Dined—went out—music—Tyrolese air, with variations. Sustained the cause of the original simple air against the variations of the Italian school. \* \* \* \*

"Politics somewhat tempestuous, and cloudier daily. To-morrow being foreign post-day, probably something more will be known.

"Came home—read. Corrected Tom Campbell's slips of the pen. A good work, though—style affected—but his defence of Pope is glorious. To be sure, it is his *own cause* too,—but no matter, it is very good, and does him great credit.

\* Midnight.

"I have been turning over different *Lives* of the Poets. I rarely read their works, unless an occasional flight over the classical ones, Pope, Dryden, Johnson, Gray, and those who approach them nearest (I leave the *rant* of the rest to the *cant* of the day), and—I had made several reflections, but I feel sleepy, and may as well go to bed.

\* January 11th, 1821.

"Read the letters. Corrected the tragedy and the 'Hints from Horace.' Dined, and got into better spirits. Went out—returned—finished letters, five in number. Read Poets, and an anecdote in Spence.

"Alli, writes to me that the Pope, and Duke of Tuscany, and King of Sardinia, have also been called to Congress; but the Pope will only deal there by proxy. So the interests of millions are in the hands of about twenty coxcombs, at a place called Leibach!

"I should almost regret that my own affairs went well, when those of nations are in peril. If the interests of mankind could be essentially bettered (particularly of these oppressed Italians), I should not so much mind my own 'sma' peculiar.' God grant us all better times, or more philosophy.

"In reading, I have just chanced upon an expression of Tom Campbell's;—speaking of Collins, he says that 'no reader cares any more about the *characteristic manners* of his Eclogues than about the authenticity of the tale of Troy.' 'Tis false—we do care about 'the authenticity of the tale of Troy.' I

have stood upon that plain *daily*, for more month, in 1810; and, if any thing diminished pleasure, it was that the blackguard Brys impugned its veracity. It is true I read 'Travestied' (the first two volumes), became house and others bored me with their learnings, and I love quizzing. But I still venerate grand original as the truth of *history* (in the *facts*) and of *place*. Otherwise, it would have me no delight. Who will persuade me, reclined upon a mighty tomb, that it did not a hero?—its very magnitude proved this. I should not the *dead* be *Homer's* dead? The of Tom Campbell's defence of *inaccuracy* in and description is, that his Gertrude, &c. has locality in common with Pennsylvania the Penmanmaur. It is notoriously full of gross scenery, as all Americans declare, though praise parts of the poem. It is thus that for ever creeps out, like a snake, to sting a which happens, even accidentally, to sting it.

\* January 12th.

"The weather still so humid and improved that London, in its most oppressive days, summer-bower to this mist and steam, which now lasted (but with one day's interval, except with snow or heavy rain only, since the 28th of cember, 1820. It is so far lucky that I have to turn;—but it is very tiresome not to be able to out, in comfort, on any horse but Pegasus, many days. The roads are even worse in weather, by the long splashing, and the loss and the growth of the waters.

"Read the Poets—English, that is to say Campbell's edition. There is a good deal of in some of Tom's prefatory phrases, but his good as a whole. I like him best, though own poetry.

"Murray writes that they want to act the of Marino Faliero;—more fools they; it was for the closet. I have protested against this usurpation (which, it seems, is legal) for me over any printed work, against the author and I hope they will not attempt it. Why do bring out some of the numberless aspirants to literary celebrity, now encumbering their instead of lugging me out of the library? I have written a fierce protest against any such a but I still would hope that it will not be so and that they will see, at once, that it is not for the stage. It is too regular—the time, four hours—the change of place not frequent—melodramatic—no surprises, no starts, nor tragedies nor opportunities for tossing their heads and their heels—and no love—the grand ingredients of modern play.

"I have found out the seal cut on Murray's It is meant for Walter Scott—or Sir Walter the first poet knighted since Sir Richard Blackmore. But it does not do him justice. Scott's—part when he recites—is a very intelligent countenance and this seal says nothing.

"Scott is certainly the most wonderful writer



day. His novels are a new literature in themselves, and his poetry as good as any—if not better (only on an erroneous system)—and only ceased to be so popular, because the vulgar learned were tired of hearing ‘Aristides called the Just,’ and Scott the Best, and ostracised him.

“I like him, too, for his manliness of character, for the extreme pleasantness of his conversation, and his good-nature towards myself, personally. May he prosper!—for he deserves it. I know no reading to which I fall with such alacrity as a work of W. Scott’s. I shall give the seal, with his bust on it, to Madame la Comtesse G. this evening, who will be curious to have the effigies of a man so celebrated.

“How strange are our thoughts, &c. &c. &c.”

“Midnight.

“Read the Italian translation by Guido Sorelli of the German Grillparzer—a devil of a name, to be sure, for posterity; but they must learn to pronounce it. With all the allowance for a translation, and, above all, an *Italian* translation (they are the very worst of translators, except from the Classics—Annibale Caro, for instance—and *there*, the bastardy of their language helps them, as, by way of *looking legitimate*, they ape their fathers’ tongue)—but with every allowance for such a disadvantage, the tragedy of Sappho is superb and sublime! There is no denying it. The man has done a great thing in writing that play. And *who is he?* I know him not; but *ages will*. ‘Tis a high intellect.

“I must premise, however, that I have read *nothing* of Adolph Müllner’s (the author of ‘Guilt’), and much less of Goethe, and Schiller, and Wieland than I could wish. I only know them through the medium of English, French, and Italian translations. Of the *real* language I know absolutely nothing,—except oaths learnt from postillions and officers in a squabble. I can *swear* in German potently, when I like—‘*Sacrament—Verfluchter—Hundsfott*’—and so forth; but I have little of their less energetic conversation.

“I like, however, their women (I was once *so desperately* in love with a German woman, Constance), and all that I have read, translated, of their writings, and all that I have seen on the Rhine of their country and people—all, except the Austrians, whom I abhor, loathe, and—I cannot find words for my hate of them, and should be sorry to find deeds correspondent to my hate; for I abhor cruelty more than I abhor the Austrians—except on an impulse, and then I am savage—but not deliberately so.

“Grillparzer is grand—antique—not so simple as the ancients, but very simple for a modern—too Madame de Staël-ish, now and then—but altogether a great and goodly writer.

“January 13th, 1831, Saturday.

“Sketched the outline and Drama. Pers. of an intended tragedy of Sardanapalus, which I have for some time meditated. Took the names from Diodorus Siculus (I know the history of Sardanapalus, and have known it since I was twelve years old), and read over a passage in the ninth vol. octavo of Mitford’s

“Here follows a long passage, already extracted, relative to his early friend, Edward Noel Long.

Greece, where he rather vindicates the memory of this last of the Assyrians.

“Dined—news come—the *Powers* mean to war with the peoples. The intelligence seems positive—let it be so—they will be beaten in the end. The king-times are fast finishing. There will be blood shed like water, and tears like mist; but the peoples will conquer in the end. I shall not live to see it, but I foresee it.

“I carried Teresa the Italian translation of Grillparzer’s Sappho, which she promises to read. She quarrelled with me, because I said that love was *not the loftiest* theme for true tragedy; and, having the advantage of her native language, and natural female eloquence, she overcame my fewer arguments. I believe she was right. I must put more love into ‘Sardanapalus’ than I intended. I speak, of course, *if* the times will allow me leisure. That *if* will hardly be a peacemaker.

“January 14th, 1831.

“Turned over Seneca’s tragedies. Wrote the opening lines of the intended tragedy of Sardanapalus. Rode out some miles into the forest. Misty and rainy. Returned—dined—wrote some more of my tragedy.

“Read Diodorus Siculus—turned over Seneca, and some other books. Wrote some more of the tragedy. Took a glass of grog. After having ridden hard in rainy weather, and scribbled, and scribbled again, the spirits (at least mine) need a little exhilaration, and I don’t like laudanum now as I used to do. So I have mixed a glass of strong waters and single waters, which I shall now proceed to empty. Therefore and thereunto I conclude this day’s diary.

“The effect of all wines and spirits upon me is, however, strange. It *settles*, but it makes me gloomy—gloomy at the very moment of their effect, and not gay hardly ever. But it composes for a time, though sullenly.

“January 15th, 1831.

“Weather fine. Received visit. Rode out into the forest—fired pistols. Returned home—dined—dipped into a volume of Mitford’s Greece—wrote part of a scene of ‘Sardanapalus.’ Went out—heard some music—heard some politics. More ministers from the other Italian powers gone to Congress. War seems certain—in that case, it will be a savage one. Talked over various important matters with one of the initiated. At ten and half returned home.

“I have just thought of something odd. In the year 1814, Moore (‘the poet,’ *par excellence*, and he deserves it) and I were going together, in the same carriage to dine with Earl Grey, the Capo Politico of the remaining whigs. Murray, the magnificent (the illustrious publisher of that name), had just sent me a Java gazette—I know not why, or wherefore. Pulling it out, by way of curiosity, we found it to contain a dispute (the said Java gazette) on Moore’s merits and mine. I think, if I had been there, that I could have saved them the trouble of disputing on the subject. But, there is *fame* for you at six and twenty! Alexander had conquered India at the same age; but I doubt if he was disputed about, or his

conquests compared with those of Indian Bacchus, at Java.

"It was great fame to be named with Moore; greater to be compared with him; greatest—*pleasure*, at least—to be *with* him; and surely, an odd coincidence, that we should be dining together while they were quarrelling about us beyond the equinoctial line.

"Well, the same evening, I met Lawrence, the painter, and heard one of Lord Grey's daughters (a fine, tall, spirit-looking girl, with much of the *patri-cian*, *thorough-bred* look of her father, which I dote upon) play on the harp, so modestly and ingenuously, that she *looked music*. Well, I would rather have had my talk with Lawrence (who talked delightfully) and heard the girl, than have had all the fame of Moore and me put together.

"The only pleasure of fame is that it paves the way to pleasure; and the more intellectual our pleasure, the better for the pleasure and for us too. It was, however, agreeable to have heard our fame before dinner, and a girl's harp after.

"January 16th, 1821.

"Read—rode—fired pistols—returned—dined—wrote—visited—heard music—talked nonsense—and went home.

"Wrote part of a Tragedy—advance in Act Ist with 'all deliberate speed.' Bought a blanket. The weather is still muggy as a London May—mist, mizzle, the air replete with Scotticisms, which, though fine in the descriptions of Ossian, are somewhat tiresome in real, prosaic perspective. Politics still mysterious.

"January 17th, 1821.

"Rode i' the forest—fired pistols—dined. Arrived a packet of books from England and Lombardy—English, Italian, French, and Latin. Read till eight—went out.

"January 18th, 1821.

"To-day, the post arriving late, did not ride. Read letters—only two gazettes, instead of twelve now due. Made Lega write to that negligent Galignani, and added a postscript. Dined.

"At eight proposed to go out. Lega came in with a letter about a bill *unpaid* at Venice, which I thought paid months ago. I flew into a paroxysm of rage, which almost made me faint. I have not been well ever since. I deserve it for being such a fool—but it *was* provoking—a set of scoundrels! It is, however, but five and twenty pounds.

"January 19th, 1821.

"Rode. Winter's wind somewhat more unkind than ingratitude itself, though Shakspeare says otherwise. At least, I am so much more accustomed to meet with ingratitude than the north wind, that I thought the latter the sharper of the two. I had met with both in the course of the twenty-four hours, so could judge.

"Thought of a plan of education for my daughter Allegra, who ought to begin soon with her studies. Wrote a letter—afterwards a postscript. Rather in low spirits—certainly hippish—liver touched—will take a dose of salts.

"I have been reading the *Life*, daughter, of Mr R. L. Edgeworth, Miss Edgeworth. It is altogether a 1813, I recollect to have met them in world of London (of which I then fo fraction, the segment of a circle, the the nothing of something), in the a hour, and at a breakfast of Sir Hui Davy's, to which I was invited for th been the lion of 1812; Miss Edgewor de Staël, with 'the Cossack,' towards were the exhibitions of the succeedi

"I thought Edgeworth a fine old rety, elderly, red complexion, but a endless. He was seventy, but did n nor forty-eight even. I had seen poor very long before—a man of pleasure, all things. He tottered—but still talk man, though feebly. Edgeworth bow talked loud and long; but he seemed nor decrepit, and hardly old.

"He began by telling 'that he had dressing, who had taken him for trotter,' &c. &c. Now I, who know who know (not by experience—for I have presumed so far as to contend by hearing him *with* others, and of not so easy a matter to 'dress him,' the worth an asserter of what was not in not have stood before Parr an instant. he seemed intelligent, vehement, virat life. He bids fair for a hundred years.

"He was not much admired in Lon member a 'ryght merrie' and coss was rife among the gallants of the day, had been presented for the *recall of the stage* (she having lately taken let of ages,—for nothing ever was, or her), to which all men had been calle Whereupon, Thomas Moore, of profi memory, did propose that a similar p subscribed and circumscribed 'for Mr Edgeworth to Ireland.'"

"The fact was—every body cared She was a nice little unassuming 'looking bodie,' as we Scotch say—a some, certainly not ill-looking. Her c as quiet as herself. One would nev she could write *her name*; whereas b not as if he could write nothing else, else was worth writing.

"As for Mrs Edgeworth, I forget think she was the youngest of the par they were an excellent cage of the kind for two months, till the landing of M:

"To turn from them to their works. but they excite no feeling, and they except for some Irish steward or posti the impression of intellect and pruden and may be useful.

"Janu

"Rode—fired pistols. Read from

\* In this, I rather think he was misinf merit there may be in the jest. I have n recollect, the slightest claim to it.



Dined—went out—heard music—read a letter to the Lord Chamberlain to prevent the theatres from representing the Italian papers say that they are. This is pretty work—what! without eat, and even in opposition to it!

\* January 21st, 1821.

frosty day—that is to say, an Italian winters hardly get beyond snow; for nobody knows how to skate (or skait)—an English accomplishment. Rode out, as pistols. Good shooting—broke four rather small, bottles, in four shots, at a, with a common pair of pistols and order. Almost as good *wafering* or *skating* the difference of powder and sea, in 1809, 1810, 1811, 1812, 1813, my luck to split walking-sticks, wafers, billings, and even the *eye* of a walking-paces, with a single bullet—and all by intuition; for my hand is not steady, and apt to the very weather. To the prowess note, Joe Manton and others can bear the former taught, and the latter has these feats.

visited—came home—read. Remarked in Grimm's Correspondence, which guard et la plupart des poètes comiques lieux et mélancoliques; et que M. de est très gai, n'a jamais fait que des tristes la comédie gaie est le seul genre où il lui. C'est que celui qui rit et celui qui eux hommes fort différens.—Vol. VI. I feel as bilious as the best comic (all even as Regnard himself, the next he has written some of the best comedies he, and who is supposed to have composed, and am not in spirits to continue my study of Sardanapalus, which I have, for used to compose.

is my birthday—that is to say, at clock, midnight, i. e. in twelve minutes, completed thirty and three years of go to my bed with a heaviness of heart so long, and to so little purpose. minutes past twelve.—'Tis the middle castle clock, and I am now thirty-

, fugaces, Posthume, Posthume, natur anni;—

ret them so much for what I have done, might have done.

ough life's road, so dim and dirty, ve dragg'd to three-and-thirty, at have these years left to me? sing—except thirty-three.

\* January 23d, 1821.

1821.  
Here lies  
interred in the Eternity  
of the Past  
from whence there is no  
Resurrection  
for the Days—whatever there may be  
for the Dust—  
the Thirty-Third Year  
of an ill-spent Life,  
Which, after  
a lingering disease of many months  
sunk into a lethargy,  
and expired,  
January 23d, 1821, A. D.  
Leaving a successor  
Inconsolable  
for the very loss which  
occasioned its  
Existence.

\* January 23d, 1821.

"Fine days. Read—rode—fired pistols, and returned. Dined—read. Went out at eight—made the usual visit. Heard of nothing but war,—the cry is still, They come.' The Carls seem to have no plan—nothing fixed among themselves, how, when, or what to do. In that case, they will make nothing of this project, so often postponed, and never put in action.

"Came home, and gave some necessary orders, in case of circumstances requiring a change of place. I shall act according to what may seem proper, when I hear decidedly what the Barbarians mean to do. At present, they are building a bridge of boats over the Po, which looks very warlike. A few days will probably show. I think of retiring towards Ancona, nearer the northern frontier; that is to say, if Teresa and her father are obliged to retire, which is most likely, as all the family are Liberals. If not, I shall stay. But my movements will depend upon the lady's wishes,—for myself, it is much the same.

"I am somewhat puzzled what to do with my little daughter, and my effects, which are of some quantity and value,—and neither of them do in the seat of war, where I think of going. But there is an elderly lady who will take charge of her, and T. says that the Marchese C. will undertake to hold the chattels in safe keeping. Half the city are getting their affairs in marching trim. A pretty Carnival! The blackguards might as well have waited till Lent.

\* January 24th, 1821.

"Returned—met some masques in the Corso—'Vive la bagatelle!'—the Germans are on the Po, the Barbarians at the gate, and their masters in council at Leybach (or whatever the erudition of the sound may syllable into a human pronunciation), and lo! they dance and sing, and make merry, 'for to-morrow they may die.' Who can say that the Arlequins are not right? Like the Lady Baussière, and my old friend Burton—I 'rode on.'

"Dined—(damn this pen!)—beef tough—there is no beef in Italy worth a curse; unless a man could eat an old ox with the hide on, singed in the sun.

"The principal persons in the events which may occur in a few days are gone out on a *shooting-party*. If it were like a 'highland hunting,' a pretext of the chase for a grand reunion of counsellors and chiefs, it would be all very well. But it is nothing more or less than a real snivelling, popping, small-shot, water-hen waste of powder, ammunition, and shot, for their own special amusement:—a rare set of fellows for 'a man to risk his neck with,' as 'Marshall Wells' says in the Black Dwarf.

"If they gather,—'whilk is to be doubted'—they will not muster a thousand men. The reason of this is, that the populace are not interested,—only the higher and middle orders. I wish that the peasantry were: they are a fine savage race of two legged leopards. But the Bolognese won't—the Romagnuoles can't without them. Or, if they try—what then? They will try, and man can do no more—and, if he would but try his utmost, much might be done. The Dutch, for instance, against the Spaniards—then, the tyrants of Europe—since, the slaves—and, lately, the freedmen.

"The year 1820 was not a fortunate one for the individual me, whatever it may be for the nations. I lost a lawsuit, after two decisions in my favour. The project of lending money on an Irish mortgage was finally rejected by my wife's trustee after a year's hope and trouble. The Rochdale lawsuit had endured fifteen years, and always prospered till I married; since which, every thing has gone wrong—with me, at least.

"In the same year, 1820, the Countess T. G. nata G<sup>a</sup>. G<sup>a</sup>., in despite of all I said and did to prevent it, would separate from her husband, Il Cavalier Comendatore G<sup>a</sup>., &c. &c. &c., and all on account of 'P. P. clerk of this parish.' The other little petty vexations of the year—overtures in carriages—the murder of people before one's door, and dying in one's beds—the cramp in swimming—colics—indigestions and bilious attacks, &c. &c. &c.—

'Many small articles make up a sum,  
And hey ho for Caleb Quotem, oh!'

"January 25th, 1821.

"Received a letter from Lord S. O. state secretary of the Seven Islands—a fine fellow—clever—dished in England five years ago, and came abroad to retrench and to renew. He wrote from Ancona, in his way back to Corfu, on some matters of our own. He is son of the late Duke of L. by a second marriage. He wants me to go to Corfu. Why not?—perhaps I may, next spring.

"Answered Murray's letter—read—loured.—Scrawled this additional page of life's log-book. One day more is over of it, and of me;—but 'which is best, life or death, the gods only know,' as Socrates said to his judges, on the breaking up of the tribunal. Two thousand years since that sage's declaration of ignorance have not enlightened us more upon this important point; for, according to the Christian dispensation, no one can know whether he is *sure* of salvation—even the most righteous—since a single

slip of faith may throw him on his back, like a skaiter, while gliding smoothly to his paradise. Now, therefore, whatever the certainty of faith in the fact may be, the certainty of the individual as to his happiness or misery is no greater than it was under Jupiter.

"It has been said that the immortality of the soul is a 'grand peut-être'—but still it is a *grand* one. Every body clings to it—the stupidest, *not* dullest, and wickedest of human bipeds is still persuaded that he is immortal.

"January 26th, 1821.

"Fine day—a few mares' tails portending change, but the sky clear, upon the whole. Rode—and pistols—good shooting. Coming back, met an old man. Charity—purchased a shilling's worth of salvation. If that was to be bought, I have given more to my fellow-creatures in this life—sometimes in *vice*, but, if not more *often*, at least more *considerably*, for virtue—than I now possess. I never in my life gave a mistress so much as I have sometimes given a poor man in honest distress;—but, so make the scoundrels who have all along persecuted me (with the help of \* \* who has crowned that effort) will triumph;—and, when justice is done to me, it will be when this hand that writes is as cold as the hearts which have stung me.

"Returning, on the bridge near the mill, met an old woman. I asked her age—she said, 'The crux.' I asked my groom (though myself a *beast* trained) what the devil *her* three crosses meant. He said, ninety years, and that she had five years more to boot!! I repeated the same three times, not to mistake—ninety-five years!!!—and she was so rather active—heard my question, for she answered *à*-saw me, for she advanced towards me; and did not appear at all decrepit, though certainly touched with years. Told her to come to-morrow, and will examine her myself. I love phenomena. If she is *so* five years old, she must recollect the Cardinal Ferroni, who was legate here.

"On dismounting, found Lieutenant E. just rived from Faenza. Invited him to dine with me to-morrow. Did not invite him for to-day, because there was a small *turbot* (Friday, fast regarded religiously) which I wanted to eat all myself. *Arks*.

"Went out—found T. as usual—music. The gentlemen, who make revolutions and are gone out shooting, are not yet returned. They don't come till Sunday—that is to say, they have been out five days, bulloozing, while the interests of a whole country are at stake, and even they themselves compromised.

"It is a difficult part to play amongst such a set of assassins and blockheads—but, when the soup is skimmed off, or has boiled over, good may come of it. If this country could but be freed, what would be too great for the accomplishment of that dream for the extinction of that Sigh of Ages? Let us hope. They have hoped these thousand years. The very revolvment of the chances may bring it—*à* upon the dice.

"If the Neapolitans have but a single *Masaniello* amongst them, they will beat the bloody butcher of the crown and sabre. Holland, in worse circum-



the Spains and Philips; America beat Greece beat Xerxes; and France beat he took a tyrant; South America beats res out of their nest; and, if these men in themselves, there is nothing to shake about.

" January 28th, 1821.

Gazette did not come. Letters from appears that the Austrian brutes have three or four pounds of English powder. re!—I hope to pay them in *ball* for that lode out till twilight.

and the subjects of four tragedies to be and circumstances permitting), to wit, as, already begun; Cain, a metaphysical thing in the style of Manfred, but in five ps, with the chorus; Francesca of Rimini, and I am not sure that I would not try think that I could extract a something, at least, out of the gloomy sequestration of the tyrant—and even out of his sojourn y softening the *details*, and exhibiting rich must have led to those very vicious or none but a powerful and gloomy own would have had recourse to such s,—being also, at the same time, *old*, of the world.

" *Memoranda.*

Poetry?—The feeling of a Former world

" *Thought Second.*

the very height of desire and human redly, social, amorous, ambitious, or even does there mingle a certain sense of doubt a fear of what is to come—a doubt of retrospect to the past, leading to a prog- of the future. (The best of Prophets of the Past.) Why is this? or these?—I except that on a pinnacle we are most of giddiness, and that we never fear falling a precipice—the higher, the more awful, sublime; and, therefore, I am not sure not a pleasurable sensation; at least, and *what Hope* is there without a deep ar? and what sensation is so delightful as if it were not for Hope, where would the —in hell. It is useless to say *where* the or most of us know; and as for the Past, minates in memory?—*Hope baffled.* human affairs, it is Hope—Hope—Hope. en minutes, though I never counted them, or supposed possession. From what- commence, we know where it all must et, what good is there in knowing it? It ake men better or wiser. During the rors of the greatest plagues (Athens and example—see Thucydides and Machia- ere more cruel and profligate than ever. ystery. I feel most things, but I know

— — — — —  
— — — — —  
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" *Thought for a speech of Lucifer, in the tragedy of Cain:*

" *Were Death an evil, would I let thee live?*  
Fool! live as I live—as thy father lives,  
And thy son's sons shall live for evermore.

" Past midnight. One o' the clock.

"I have been reading W. F. S \* \* (brother to the other of the name) till now, and I can make out nothing. He evidently shows a great power of words, but there is nothing to be taken hold of. He is like Hazlitt, in English, who *talks pimples*—a red and white corruption rising up (in little imitation of mountains upon maps), but containing nothing, and discharging nothing, except their own humours.

"I dislike him the worse (that is, S \* \*), because he always seems upon the verge of meaning; and, lo, he goes like sunset, or melts down like a rainbow, leaving a rather rich confusion,—to which, however, the above comparisons do too much honour.

"Continuing to read Mr F. S \* \*. He is not such a fool as I took him for, that is to say, when he speaks of the North. But still he speaks of things *all over the world* with a kind of authority that a philosopher would disdain, and a man of common sense, feeling, and knowledge of his own ignorance, would be ashamed of. The man is evidently wanting to make an impression, like his brother,—or like George in the Vicar of Wakefield, who found out that all the good things had been said already on the right side, and therefore 'dressed up some paradoxes' upon the wrong side—ingenious, but false, as he himself says—to which 'the learned world said nothing, nothing at all, sir.' The 'learned world,' however, *has* said something to the brothers S \* \*.

"It is high time to think of something else. What they say of the antiquities of the North is best.

" January 29th, 1821.

"Yesterday the woman of ninety-five years of age was with me. She said her eldest son (if now alive) would have been seventy. She is thin—short, but active—hears, and sees, and talks incessantly. Several teeth left—all in the lower jaw, and single front teeth. She is very deeply wrinkled, and has a sort of scattered gray beard over her chin, at least as long as my mustachios. Her head, in fact, resembles the drawing in crayons of Pope the poet's mother, which is in some editions of his works.

"I forgot to ask her if she remembered Alberoni (legate here), but will ask her next time. Gave her a lousie—ordered her a new suit of clothes, and put her upon a weekly pension. Till now, she had worked at gathering wood and pine-nuts in the forest,—pretty work at ninety-five years old! She had a dozen children, of whom some are alive. Her name is Maria Montanari.

"Met a company of the sect (a kind of Liberal Club) called the 'Americani' in the forest, all armed, and singing, with all their might, in Romagnuolo—

\* Thus marked, with impatient strokes of the pen, by himself in the original.

# NOTICES OF THE

A. D.

tem tutti soldat' per la liberta' ('we are all soldiers for liberty'). They cheered me as I passed—I returned their salute, and rode on. This may show the spirit of Italy at present.

"My to-day's journal consists of what I omitted yesterday. To-day was much as usual. Have rather a better opinion of the writings of the Schlegels than I had four-and-twenty hours ago; and will amend it still farther, if possible.

"They say that the Piedmontese have at length risen—*ga ira!*

"Read S \*\*. Of Dante he says that 'at no time has the greatest and most national of all Italian poets ever been much the favourite of his countrymen.' 'Tis false! There have been more editors and commentators (and imitators, ultimately) of Dante than of all their poets put together. Not a favourite! Why, they talk Dante—write Dante—and think and dream Dante at this moment (1821) to an excess, which would be ridiculous, but that he deserves it.

"In the same style this German talks of gondolas on the Arno—a precious fellow to dare to speak of Italy!

"He says also that Dante's chief defect is a want, in a word, of gentle feelings. Of gentle feelings!—and Francesca of Rimini—and the father's feelings in Ugolino—and Beatrice—and 'La Pia.' Why, there is a gentleness in Dante beyond all gentleness, when he is tender. It is true that, treating of the Christian Hades, or Hell, there is not much scope or site for gentleness—but who *but* Dante could have introduced any 'gentleness' at all into *Hell*? Is there any in Milton's? No—and Dante's Heaven is all love, and glory, and majesty.

"1 o'clock.

"I have found out, however, where the German is right—it is about the Vicar of Wakefield. 'Of all romances in miniature (and, perhaps, this is the best shape in which romance can appear), the Vicar of Wakefield is, I think, the most exquisite.' He thinks!—he might be sure. But it is very well for a S \*\*. I feel sleepy, and may as well get me to bed. To-morrow there will be fine weather.

'Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay.'

"January 30th, 1821.

"The Count P. G. this evening (by commission from the C.) transmitted to me the new words for the next six months. \*\*\* and \*\*\*. The new sacred word is \*\*\*—the reply \*\*\*—the rejoinder \*\*\*. The former word (now changed) was \*\*\*—there is also \*\*\*. † Things seem fast coming to a crisis—*ga ira!*

"We talked over various matters of moment and movement. These I omit;—if they come to any thing, they will speak for themselves. After these, we spoke of Kosciusko. Count R. G. told me that he has seen the Polish officers in the Italian war burst into tears on hearing his name.

"Something must be up in Piedmont—all the letters and papers are stopped. Nobody knows any

thing, and the Germans are concentrating near town. Of the decision of Leybach, nothing is known. This state of things cannot last long. The French men's minds at present cannot be conceived seeing it.

"January 31st.

"For several days I have not written except a few answers to letters. In momentary expectation of an explosion of some kind, it is better to settle down to the desk for the higher kind of composition. I could do it, to be sure, for, last autumn, my drama in the very bustle of Madame G.'s divorce, and all its process of action. At the same time, I also had the news of an important lawsuit in England. But only private and personal business; the only private nature.

"I suppose it is this, but have some idea it may be laziness, which prevents me especially as Rochefoucault says that 'the masters them all'—speaking of the masters this were true, it could hardly be said this is the root of all evil,' since this is supplied from the passions only: ergo, that the passions (laziness, to wit) would be good. Who knows?

"I have been reading Grimm's. He repeats frequently, in speaking of man of genius in any department (Gretry, for instance), that he *qui se tourmente*, un esprit violent may be true, I know not; but if a poet 'per eccellenza,' for I have a poet 'per eccellenza,' which not only tormented else in contact with it; and an has almost left me without any defining what a poet *should* be for what are *they* worth? what

"Grimm, however, is an extraordinary historian. His Correspondence of the literary part of that age of her politics, and still more. He is as valuable, and far more so, than Muratori or Tiraboschi—I Guinguené—but there we stop 'tis a great man in its line.

"Monsieur St Lambert has

'Et lorsqu'à ses regards  
Il n'a plus, en mourant

This is, word for word, 'T

'And dying, all we

without the smallest acknowledgment of a poet. M. St and (for any thing I know as a poet, by this time. good things, and, it may

"I have been considering why I always wake, at night, and always in very bad despair and despondence

† In the original MS. these watch-words are blotted over so as to be illegible.



that which pleased me over night. In about an hour or two, this goes off, and I compose either to sleep again, or, at least, to quiet. In England, five years ago, I had the same kind of hypochondria, but accompanied with so violent a thirst that I have drank as many as fifteen bottles of soda-water in one night, after going to bed, and been still thirsty—calculating, however, some lost from the bursting out and effervescence and overflowing of the soda-water, in drawing the corks, or striking off the necks of the bottles from mere thirsty impatience. At present, I have not the thirst; but the depression of spirits is no less violent.

"I read in Edgeworth's *Memoirs* of something similar (except that his thirst expended itself on *small beer*) in the case of Sir F. B. Delaval;—but then he was, at least, twenty years older. What is it?—liver? In England, Le Man (the apothecary) cured me of the thirst in three days, and it had lasted as many years. I suppose that it is all hypochondria.

"What I feel most growing upon me are laziness, and a disrelish more powerful than indifference. If I rouse, it is into fury. I presume that I shall end (if not earlier by accident, or some such termination) like Swift—'dying at top.' I confess I do not contemplate this with so much horror as he apparently did for some years before it happened. But Swift had hardly *begun life* at the very period (thirty-three) when I feel quite an *old sort* of feel.

"Oh! there is an organ playing in the street—a waltz, too! I must leave off to listen. They are playing a waltz, which I have heard ten thousand times at the balls in London, between 1812 and 1815. Music is a strange thing."

"February 5th, 1821.

"At last, 'the kila's in a low.' The Germans are ordered to march, and Italy is, for the ten thousandth time, to become a field of battle. Last night the news came.

"This afternoon, Count P. G. came to me to consult upon divers matters. We rode out together. They have sent off to the C. for orders. To-morrow the decision ought to arrive, and then something will be done. Returned—dined—read—went out—talked over matters. Made a purchase of some arms for the new enrolled Americani, who are all on tiptoe to march. Gave orders for some *harness* and portmanteaus necessary for the horses.

"Read some of Bowles's dispute about Pope, with all the replies and rejoinders. Perceive that my name has been lugged into the controversy, but have not time to state what I know of the subject. On some 'piping day of peace' it is probable that I may resume it.

"February 9th, 1821.

"Before dinner wrote a little; also, before I rode out, Count P. G. called upon me, to let me know the result of the meeting of the C<sup>h</sup>. at F. and at B. \* \* returned late last night. Every thing was combined

\* In this little incident of the music in the streets thus touching so suddenly upon the nerve of memory, and calling away his mind from its dark bodings to a recollection of years and scenes the happiest, perhaps, of his whole life, there is something that appears to me peculiarly affecting.

under the idea that the Barbarians would pass the Po on the 15th inst. Instead of this, from some previous information or otherwise, they have hastened their march and actually passed two days ago; so that all that can be done at present in Romagna is, to stand on the alert and wait for the advance of the Neapolitans. Every thing was ready, and the Neapolitans had sent on their own instructions and intentions, all calculated for the *tenth* and *eleventh*, on which days a general rising was to take place, under the supposition that the Barbarians could not advance before the 15th.

"As it is, they have but fifty or sixty thousand troops, a number with which they might as well attempt to conquer the world as secure Italy in its present state. The artillery marches *last*, and alone, and there is an idea of an attempt to cut part of them off. All this will much depend upon the first steps of the Neapolitans. *Here*, the public spirit is excellent, provided it be kept up. This will be seen by the event.

"It is probable that Italy will be delivered from the Barbarians if the Neapolitans will but stand firm, and are united among themselves. *Here* they appear so.

"February 10th, 1821.

"Day passed as usual—nothing new. Barbarians still in march—not well equipped, and, of course, not well received on their route. There is some talk of a commotion at Paris.

"Rode out between four and six—finished my letter to Murray on Bowles's pamphlets—added postscript. Passed the evening as usual—out till eleven—and subsequently at home.

"February 11th, 1821.

"Wrote—had a copy taken of an extract from Petrarch's Letters, with reference to the conspiracy of the Doge, M. Faliero, containing the poet's opinion of the matter. Heard a heavy firing of cannon towards Comacchio—the Barbarians rejoicing for their principal pig's birth-day, which is to-morrow—or Saint-day—I forget which. Received a ticket for the first ball to-morrow. Shall not go to the first, but intend going to the second, as also to the Veglioni.

"February 13th, 1821.

"To-day read a little in Louis B.'s *Hollande*, but have written nothing since the completion of the letter on the Pope controversy. Politics are quite misty for the present. The Barbarians still upon their march. It is not easy to divine what the Italians will now do.

"Was elected yesterday 'Socio' of the Carnival ball society. This is the fifth carnival that I have passed. In the four former, I racketed a good deal. In the present, I have been as sober as Lady Grace herself.

"February 14th, 1821.

"Much as usual. Wrote, before riding out, part of a scene of 'Sardanapalus.' The first act nearly finished. The rest of the day and evening as before—partly without, in conversazione—partly at home.

"Heard the particulars of the late fray at Russi, a town not far from this. It is exactly the fact of

Roméo and Giulietta—not Roméo, as the Barbarian writes it. Two families of Contadini (peasants) are at feud. At a ball, the younger part of the families forget their quarrel, and dance together. An old man of one of them enters, and reproves the young men for dancing with the females of the opposite family. The male relatives of the latter resent this. Both parties rush home, and arm themselves. They meet directly, by moonlight, in the public way, and fight it out. Three are killed on the spot, and six wounded, most of them dangerously,—pretty well for two families, methinks—and all *fact*, of the last week. Another assassination has taken place at Cesenna,—in all about forty in Romagna within these last three months. These people retain much of the middle ages.

"February 15th, 1821.

"Last night finished the first act of Sardanapalus. To-night, or to-morrow, I ought to answer letters.

"February 16th, 1821.

"Last night Il Conte P. G. sent a man with a bag full of bayonets, some muskets, and some hundreds of cartridges to my house, without apprizing me, though I had seen him not half an hour before. About ten days ago, when there was to be a rising here, the Liberals and my brethren C<sup>i</sup>. asked me to purchase some arms for a certain few of our ragamuffins. I did so immediately, and ordered ammunition, &c. and they were armed accordingly. Well—the rising is prevented by the Barbarians marching a week sooner than appointed; and an *order* is issued, and in force, by the Government, 'that all persons having arms concealed, &c. &c. shall be liable to,' &c. &c.—and what do my friends, the patriots, do two days afterwards? Why, they throw back upon my hands, and into my house, these very arms (without a word of warning previously) with which I had furnished them at their own request, and at my own peril and expense.

"It was lucky that Lega was at home to receive them. If any of the servants had (except Tita and F. and Lega) they would have betrayed it immediately. In the mean time, if they are denounced, or discovered, I shall be in a scrape.

"At nine went out—at eleven returned. Beat the crow for stealing the falcon's victuals. Read 'Tales of my Landlord'—wrote a letter—and mixed a moderate beaker of water with other ingredients.

"February 18th, 1821.

"The news are that the Neapolitans have broken a bridge, and slain four pontifical carabinieri, while carabinieri wished to oppose. Besides the disrespect to neutrality, it is a pity that the first blood shed in this German quarrel should be Italian. However, the war seems begun in good earnest; for, if the Neapolitans kill the Pope's carabinieri, they will not be more delicate towards the Barbarians. If it be even so, in a short time 'there will be news o' thae craws,' as Mrs Alison Wilson says of Jenny Blane's 'unco cockernony' in the Tales of my Landlord.

"In turning over Grimm's Correspondence to-day, I found a thought of Tom Moore's in a song of Maupertuis to a female Laplander.

'Et tous les lieux,  
Où sont ses yeux,  
Font la Zone brûlante.'

This is Moore's—

'And those eyes make my climate, wherever I roam.'

But I am sure that Moore never saw it; for this song was published in Grimm's Correspondence in 1811, and I knew Moore's by heart in 1812. There is also another, but an antithetical coincidence—

Le soleil luit,  
Des jours sans nuit  
Bientôt il nous destine;  
Mais ces long jours,  
Seront trop courts,  
Passés près de Christine.'

This is the *thought, reversed*, of the last stanza of the ballad on Charlotte Lynes, given in Miss Sewall's Memoirs of Darwin, which is pretty—I quote from memory of these last fifteen years.

'For my first night I'll go  
To those regions of snow,  
Where the sun for six months never shines;  
And think, even then,  
He too soon came again,  
To disturb me with fair Charlotte Lynes.'

"To-day I have had no communication with my Carbonari cronies; but, in the mean time, my dear apartments are full of their bayonets, fusils, ~~carabines~~ and what not. I suppose that they consider me a dépôt, to be sacrificed, in case of accident. It is a great matter, supposing that Italy could be freed, who or what is sacrificed. It is a great ~~thing~~—the very poetry of politics. Only think—~~the tale~~! Why, there has been nothing like it since the days of Augustus. I reckon the times of Caesar (Julius) better, because the commotions left every body a sick man, and the parties were pretty equal at the end of it. But, afterwards, it was all praetorian and legions business—and since!—we shall see, or, at least, we will see, what card will turn up. It is best to be even of the hopeless. The Dutch did not do so—these fellows have to do, in the Seventy Year

"February 19th, 1821.

"Came home solus—very high wind—light-moonshine—solitary stragglers muffled in their women in mask—white houses—clouds hurrying to the sky, like spilt milk blown out of the pail—~~all~~ very poetical. It is still blowing hard—the tide is in, and the house rocking—rain splashing—lightning flashing—quite a fine Swiss Alpine evening, and the sea roaring in the distance.

"Visited—conversazione. All the women frightened by the squall: they won't go to the ~~marquise~~ because it lightens—the pious reason!

"Still blowing away. A. has sent me some news to-day. The war approaches nearer and nearer. Those scoundrel sovereigns! Let us beat them first—let the Neapolitans but have the pluck of the Dutch of old, or the Spaniards of now, or of the German protestants, the Scotch presbyterians, the Swiss under Tell, or the Greeks under Themistocles—all small and solitary nations (except the Spaniards and German Lutherans), and there is yet a prospect for Italy, and a hope for the world.



\* February 26th, 1812.

off the day are, that the Neapolitans are. The public spirit here is certainly great. The "Amateur," a patriotic society or society of the "Catholics," gave a *Faust* a few days, and have invited the C. It is to be in the *Forest* of St. Eusebio's "Barracks's Ghost," and, not the same picture, feelings, to my not common men, which every now and I want go in a post, or, at least, in a . . . I shall expect to see the spirit of St. Charles. Dryden has turned him into words—on extremely different poems, as it is. Dante came "muttering for his name of the future." At any rate, whether or not, I will get as busy and patriotic as

have few days I have read, but not with

\* February 26th, 1812.

. . . read—read, &c. . . . . begins to be Pope too perfect a decoration against which, he says, meditate a rising. The of all this will be, that, is a fortnight, money will be up. The pronunciation is short, not perfect, ready for distribution, in every province—a sign that he does not do them. When he wants to be well liked, he wants to be some civil message

own part, it seems to me, that nothing is distinct success of the Barbarians can stand and associate one of the whole

\* February 26th, 1812.

time with yesterday—read, &c.—read King—read Roman History. . . . . comes after from a fellow, who informs Barbarians are ill-disposed towards me, by a spy, or an informant. But he is a spy. They cannot better their hostility but they cannot overcome them more than I will oppose their views with some real, spontaneous effort.

\* February 26th, 1812.

it, as usual. The secret intelligence according from the frontier is the C. is as his. The peace has come—the Church, military as well as civil—and the Neapolitans have not moved, but have received government, and is the Barbarians, that nothing of the matter. . . . . world goes; and then the Indians are for lack of want among themselves, so done here, between the two forces, and the No. frontier is not decided. My brother to the fact he takes as detail: will be settled now, I cannot tell. Men impounded to the deception of the other, their constitution.

when the same is, I think. Perhaps.

\* I always had an idea that it would be laughed; but was willing to hope, and act as well. Whatever I can do by money, means, or person, I will venture freely for their freedom: and have so reported to them some of the Chiefs here: and as last night, I have two thousand five hundred words, better than five hundred pounds, in the house, which I offered to begin with.

\* February 26th, 1812.

\* Come home—my head aches—plenty of news, but no leisure to act down. I have neither read, nor written, nor thought, but led a purely animal life all day. I mean to try to write a page or two before I go to bed. But, as Squire Sullen says, "My head aches excessively: Scrub, bring me a drink." Drink some home wine, and some punch.

\* Lay-bent continued.

\* February 26th, 1812.

\* I have been a day without continuing the log, because I could not find a blank book. At length I succeeded this.

\* Read, &c.—read—write down an additional stanza for the 5th canto of D. J., which I had composed in last this morning. Visited *L'Amore*. We are invited, on the night of the Vegione next December, with the Northern Celia Cavalli and the Countess Spinola Raposo. I promise to go. Last night there was a row at the ball, of which I am a "sore." The Vice-legate had the imprudent impulse to introduce three of his servants in disguise—without tickets, and in spite of remonstrances. The consequence was, that the young men of the ball took it up, and were now throwing the Vice-legate out of the window. His servants, among the scene, withdrew, and he after them. His reverence Muni-pate says it knows, that there are not times for the performance of parties over oceans. Two minutes more, two steps further, and the whole city would have been in arms, and the government driven out of it.

\* Such is the spirit of the day, and these fellows appear not to perceive it. As far as the sample last week, the young men were right, servants being prohibited always at these festivals.

\* Yesterday wrote two notes on the "Reviews and Pope's controversy," and sent them off to Murray by the post. The old woman whom I relieved in the forest, she is ninety-four years of age, brought me two bunches of violets. "Non van pariter nostra fortuna." I was much pleased with the present. An Englishwoman would have presented a pair of worsted stockings, at least, in the month of February. Both excellent things; but the former are more elegant. The present, at this season, reminds of Goff's stories, scattered from his cage:

How sweet a gift, the number of the year  
By hands unseen, are showers of violets sent  
The red-brown petals to bloom and warm the brow,  
And little innocents again to warm the ground.

As fine a stanza as any is his own. I wonder that he could have the heart to send it.

\* In another paper-book.

"Last night I suffered horribly—from an indigestion, I believe. I *never* sup—that is, never at home. But, last night, I was prevailed upon by the Countess Gamba's persuasion, and the strenuous example of her brother, to swallow, at supper, a quantity of boiled cockles, and to dilute them, *not* reluctantly, with some *fmola* wine. When I came home, apprehensive of the consequences, I swallowed three or four glasses of spirits, which men (the venders) call brandy, rum, or Hollands, but which Gods would entitle spirits of wine, coloured or sugared. All was pretty well till I got to bed, when I became somewhat swollen, and considerably vertiginous. I got out, and, mixing some soda-powders, drank them off. This brought on temporary relief. I returned to bed; but grew sick and sorry once and again. Took more soda-water. At last I fell into a dreary sleep. Woke, and was ill all day, till I had galloped a few miles. Query—was it the cockles, or what I took to correct them, that caused the commotion? I think both. I remarked in my illness the complete inaction, inaction, and destruction of my chief mental faculties. I tried to rouse them, and yet could not—and this is the *Soul!!!* I should believe that it was married to the body, if they did not sympathize so much with each other. If the one rose, when the other fell, it would be a sign that they longed for the natural state of divorce. But, as it is, they seem to draw together like post-horses.

"Let us hope the best—it is the grand possession."

During the two months comprised in this Journal, some of the Letters of the following series were written. The reader must therefore be prepared to find in them occasional notices of the same train of events.

#### LETTER CCCCIV.

TO MR MOORE.

"Ravenna, January 2d, 1821.

"Your entering into my project for the Memoir is pleasant to me. But I doubt (contrary to my dear Madame Mac F\*\*, whom I always loved and always shall—not only because I really *did* feel attached to her *personally*, but because she and about a dozen others of that sex were all who stuck by me in the grand conflict of 1815)—but I doubt, I say, whether the Memoir could appear in my lifetime;—and, indeed, I had rather it did not; for a man always *looks dead* after his Life has appeared, and I should certes not survive the appearance of mine. The first part I cannot consent to alter, even although Madame de S.'s opinion of B. C., and my remarks upon Lady C.'s beauty (which is surely great, and I suppose that I have said so—at least, I ought) should go down to our grandchildren in unsophisticated nakedness.

"As to Madame de S\*\*, I am by no means bound to be her bondsman—she was always more civil to me in person than during my absence. Our dear defunct friend, M\*\* L\*\*, † who was too great a bore ever to lie, assured me, upon his tiresome word

† Of this gentleman, the following notice occurs in the "Detached Thoughts."—L\*\* was a good man, a clever

of honour, that, at Florence, the said M was open-mouthed against me; and *Switzerland*, why she had changed plied with laudable sincerity, that I in a sonnet with Voltaire, Rousseau, that she could not help it, through de have not forgotten this, but I have be as mine acquaintance, the late Capt the navy, used to say to his seamen (to the gunner's daughter')—'two doz off easy.' The 'two dozen' were with tails;—the 'let you off easy' was rather nion than that of the patient.

"My acquaintance with these terms arises from my having been much of ships of war and naval heroes in the voyages in the Mediterranean. While gallant action off Lissa in 1811. He a disciplinarian. When he left his *fr parrot*, which was taught by the cre sounds—(It must be remarked that C was the image of Fawcett the actor, and figure, and that he squinted).

"The Parrot *loquitur*.

"'Whitby! Whitby! funny eye! dozen, and let you off easy. Oh you-

"Now, if Madame de B. has a parrot be taught a French parody of the san

"With regard to our purposed Joe it what you please, but it should be a make it *pay*. We can call it 'The H—or any thing.

"I feel exactly as you do about our comes over me in a kind of rage every

man, but a bore. My only revenge or can be setting him by the ears with some rival hated bores especially,—Madame de S—example. But I liked L\*\*; he was a had he been better set;—I don't mean per tiresome, for he was tedious, as well as every thing and every body. Being shorts used to ride out together near the Brenta in summer, he made me go *before*, to absent at times, especially towards evening sequence of this pilotage was some narrow M\*\* on horseback. Once I led him a which I had passed as usual, forgetting to once I led him nearly into the river, in moveable bridge which incommodes passage did we both run against the Diligence, w and slow, did communicate less damage in its leaders, who were terrified by th did I lose him in the gray of the gloaming, to bring to to his distant signals of distas—all the time he went on talking without: he was a man of many words. Poor fe martyr to his new riches—of a second visit

"I'd give the lands of Dolomieu Dark Mingrave were alive again

that is—

"I would give many a sugar cane M\*\* L\*\* were alive again

\* The following passage from the le which the above was an answer, will b follows:—"With respect to the news enough that Lord \*\*\*\* and myself h week or two before I received your letter; your assistance in a plan somewhat similar and less regularly periodical in Lord \*\*, as you will see by his volum reaches you, has a very sly, dry, and pit sound truths, upon politics and manne



\* \* \* \* \* and then, if I  
se to empty my mind, I go mad. As to that  
uninterrupted love of writing, which you de-  
your friend, I do not understand it. I feel it  
are, which I must get rid of, but never as a

On the contrary, I think composition a

ish you to think seriously of the Journal  
—for I am as serious as one can be, in this  
about any thing. As to matters here, they  
and mighty—but not for paper. It is much  
the state of things betwixt Cain and Abel.  
in fact, no law or government at all; and it  
ful how well things go on without them. Ex-  
a few occasional murders (every body killing  
ever he pleases, and being killed, in turn, by  
or relative, of the defunct), there is as quiet  
and as merry a Carnival as can be met with  
through Europe. There is nothing like ha-  
se things.

all remain here till May or June, and, unless  
comes unlooked for,\* we may perhaps meet,  
e or England, within the year.

"Yours, &c.

course, I cannot explain to you existing cir-  
ces, as they open all letters.

you set me right about your curst 'Champs'  
—are they 'ès' or 'ées' for the adjective?  
ething of French, being all Italian. Though  
ad and understand French, I never attempt  
it; for I hate it. From the second part of  
sira cut what you please."

# LETTER CCCC.

TO MR. MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, January 4th, 1821.

see, by the papers of Galignani, that there  
tragedy of great expectation, by Barry Corn-  
f what I have read of his works, I liked the  
ic Sketches, but thought his Sicilian story  
cian Colonna, in rhyme, quite spoilt, by I  
t what affectation of Wordsworth, and  
and myself,—all mixed up into a kind of  
I think him very likely to produce a good  
if he keep to a natural style, and not play  
form harlequinades for an audience. As he  
ornwall is not his *true* name) was a school-  
mine, I take more than common interest in  
us, and shall be glad to hear of it speedily.  
been aware that he was in that line, I should  
ken of him in the preface to Marino Faliero.  
do a world's wonder if he produce a great

I am, however, persuaded, that this not to  
by following the old dramatists,—who are  
own faults, pardoned only for the beauty of

adopt, he will be a very useful and active ally in  
as a pleasure in writing quite inconceivable to a  
scribe like me, who always feel, about my art,  
each husband did when he found a man making  
(the Frenchman's) wife:—Comment, Monsieur,  
être obligé!" When I say this, however, I mean  
the executive part of writing; for the imagining,  
sing out of the future work is, I own, a delicious  
ation.\*

their language,—but by writing naturally and *regu-  
larly*, and producing *regular* tragedies, like the  
*Greeks*; but not in *imitation*,—merely the out-  
line of their conduct, adapted to our own times and  
circumstances, and of course *no* chorus.

"You will laugh, and say, 'Why don't you do so?'  
I have, you see, tried a sketch in Marino Faliero;  
but many people think my talent '*essentially un-  
dramatic*,' and I am not at all clear that they are  
not right. If Marino Faliero don't fall—in the pe-  
rusal—I shall, perhaps, try again (but not for the  
stage); and as I think that *love* is not the principal  
passion for tragedy (and yet most of ours turn upon  
it), you will not find me a popular writer. Un-  
less it is love, *furious*, *criminal*, and *hapless*, it  
ought not to make a tragic subject. When it is  
melting and maudlin, it *does*, but it ought not to do;  
it is then for the gallery and second-price boxes.

"If you want to have a notion of what I am try-  
ing, take up a *translation* of any of the *Greek* tra-  
gedians. If I said the original, it would be an impu-  
dent presumption of mine; but the translations are  
so inferior to the originals that I think I may risk it.  
Then judge of the 'simplicity of plot,' &c. and do not  
judge me by your old mad dramatists, which is like  
drinking usquebaugh and then proving a fountain.  
Yet after all, I suppose that you do not mean that  
spirits is a nobler element than a clear spring bub-  
bling in the sun? and this I take to be the difference  
between the Greeks and those turbid mountebanks—  
always excepting Ben Jonson, who was a scholar and  
a classic. Or, take up a translation of Alfieri, and  
try the interest, &c. of these my new attempts in the  
old line, by *him* in *English*; and then tell me fairly  
your opinion. But don't measure me by *YOUR OWN*  
*old or new* tailors' yards. Nothing so easy as intri-  
cate confusion of plot and rant. Mrs Centlivre, in  
comedy, has *ten times the bustle of Congreve*; but  
are they to be compared? and yet she drove Con-  
greve from the theatre."

# LETTER CCCCVI.

TO MR. MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, January 19th, 1821.

"Yours of the 29th ultimo hath arrived. I must  
really and seriously request that you will beg of  
Messrs Harris or Elliston to let the Doge alone: it is  
*not* an acting play; it will not serve *their* purpose;  
it will destroy *yours* (the sale); and it will distress  
me. It is not courteous, it is hardly even gentlemanly,  
to persist in this appropriation of a man's writings  
to their mountebanks.

"I have already sent you by last post a short pro-  
test\* to the public (against this proceeding); in case

\* To the letter which inclosed this protest, and which  
has been omitted to avoid repetitions, he had subjoined a  
passage from Spence's Anecdotes (p.197 of Singer's edition),  
where Pope says, speaking of himself, "I had taken such  
strong resolutions against any thing of that kind, from  
seeing how much every body that *did* write for the stage  
was obliged to subject themselves to the players and the  
town."—*Spence's Anecdotes*, p. 22.

In the same paragraph, Pope is made to say, "After I  
had got acquainted with the town, I resolved never to write  
any thing for the stage, though solicited by many of my  
friends to do so, and particularly Betterton."

that *they* permit, which I trust that they will not, you must then publish it in the newspapers. I shall not let them off with that only, if they go on; but make a longer appeal on that subject, and state what I think the injustice of their mode of behaviour. It is hard that I should have all the buffoons in Britain to deal with—*pirates* who *will* publish, and *players* who *will* act—when there are thousands of worthy men who can neither get bookseller nor manager for love nor money.

"You never answered me a word about *Galignani*. If you mean to use the two *documents*, do; if not, *burn* them. I do not choose to leave them in any one's possession: suppose some one found them without the letters, what would they *think*? why, that I had been doing the *opposite* of what I *have done*, to wit, referred the whole thing to you—an act of civility at least, which required saying, 'I have received your letter.' I thought that you might have some hold upon those publications by this means; to me it can be no interest one way or the other.\*

"The *third* canto of Don Juan is 'dull,' but you must really put up with it: if the two first and the two following are tolerable, what do you expect? particularly as I neither dispute with you on it as a matter of criticism, or as a matter of business.

"Besides, what am I to understand? you, and Douglas Kinnaird, and others, write to me, that the two first published cantos are among the best that I ever wrote, and are *reckoned* so; Augusta writes that they are thought '*esserable*' (bitter word *that* for an author—eh, Murray?) as a *composition* even, and that she had heard so much against them that she would *never read them*, and never has. Be that as it may, I can't alter; that is not my forte. If you publish three new ones without ostentation, they may perhaps succeed.

"Pray publish the Dante and the *Pulci* (the *Prophesy of Dante*, I mean). I look upon the *Pulci* as my grand performance.† The remainder of the 'Hints,' where be they? Now, bring them all out about the same time, otherwise 'the *variety*' you wot of will be less obvious.

"I am in bad humour:—some obstructions in business with those plaguy trustees, who object to an advantageous loan which I was to furnish to a nobleman on mortgage, because his property is in *Ireland*, have shown me how a man is treated in his absence. Oh, if I *do* come back, I will make some of those who little dream of it *spin*,—or they or I shall go down." \* \* \* \*

\* No further step was ever taken in this affair; and the documents, which were of no use whatever, are, I believe, still in Mr Murray's possession.

† The self-will of Lord Byron was in no point more conspicuous than in the determination with which he thus persisted in giving the preference to one or two works of his own which, in the eyes of all other persons, were most decided failures. Of this class was the translation from *Pulci*, so frequently mentioned by him, which appeared afterwards in the *Liberator*, and which, though thus rescued from the fate of remaining unpublished, must for ever, I fear, submit to the doom of being unread.

## LETTER CCCCVI

TO MR MURRAY.

"January

"I did not think to have troubled plague and postage of a *double letter* I have just read in an *Italian paper* Byron has a tragedy coming out,\* &c that the Courier and Morning Chronicle pulling one another to pieces about it as

"Now I do reiterate and desire, the may be done to prevent it from coming *theatre*, for which it was never designed which (in the present state of the stage could never succeed. I have sent you last post, which you *must publish* in *c* and I require you even in *your own* honour is dear to you) to declare this sensation would be contrary to my *own judgment*. If you do not wish to drive together, you will hit upon some way to

"You

"P.S. I cannot conceive how Harris should be so insane as to think of acting *liero*; they might as well act the Prometheus. I speak of course humbly, a greatest sense of the distance of time between the two performances; but not the absurdity of the attempt.

"The Italian paper speaks of a 'party to be sure there would be a party. Can that after having never flattered man, in opinion, nor politics, there would not against a man, who is also a *popular* writer a successful? Why, all parties would against."

## LETTER CCCCVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, January

"If Harris or Elliston persist, after the which I desired you and Mr Kinnaird to behalf, and which I hope will be sufficient say, they *do persist*, then I pray you *person* the enclosed letter to the Lord I have said *in person*, because otherwise neither answer nor knowledge that it is address, owing to 'the insolence of office

"I wish you would speak to Lord to all my friends and yours, to interest preventing this cursed attempt at representation

"God help me! at this distance. I am a corpse or a fool by the few people that could rely upon; and I *was* a fool to them of them than of the rest of mankind.

"Pray write.

"Y

"P.S. I have nothing more at heart (literature) than to prevent this drama from the stage: in short, rather than permit *suppressed altogether*, and only *forty*



for presents to my friends. What curst  
speculating buffoons must be *not* to see  
it for their fair—or their booth!"

## LETTER CCCIX.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Ravenna, January 22d, 1821.

et well. I do not like your complaint. So,  
a line to say you are up and doing again.  
in 33 years of age.

'Through life's road, &c. &c.' \*

you heard that the 'Braziers' Company'  
can to present an address at Brandenburg-  
armour,' and with all possible variety and  
of brazen apparel?

slers, it seems, are preparing to pass  
now, and present it themselves all in brass—  
famous pageant—for, by the Lord Harry,  
and where they're going much more than they  
carry.

Ode for you, is it not?—worthy

'\* \* \*, the grand metaquizzical poet,  
of vast merit, though few people know it;  
crusade of whom (as I told you at Mestri)  
in great part, to my passion for pastry.

and Fusina are the 'trajects, or common  
Venice; but it was from Fusina that you  
barked, though 'the wicked necessity of  
has made me press Mestri into the voyage.  
you have had a book dedicated to you? I  
of it, and shall be very happy to see the

in a peck of troubles about a tragedy of  
which is fit only for the (\* \* \* \*) closet, and  
seems that the managers, assuming a *right*  
ished poetry, are determined to enact,  
will or no, with their own alterations by  
, I presume. I have written to Murray, to  
Chamberlain, and to others, to interfere and  
se from such an exhibition. I want neither  
innocence of their hisses, nor the insolence of  
ause. I write only for the *reader*, and  
othing but the *silent* approbation of those  
one's book with good humour and quiet  
nt.

if you would also write to our friend Perry,  
him to mediate with Harris and Elliston to  
his intent, you will greatly oblige me. The  
ite unfit for the stage, as a single glance  
them, and, I hope, *has* shown them; and,  
ever so fit, I will never have any thing to do  
with the theatres.

"Yours ever, in haste, &c."

## LETTER CCCX.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, January 27th, 1821.

from you about the *Dante*, which I think  
published with the tragedy. But do as you

\* Already given in his Journal.

please: you must be the best judge of your own craft.  
I agree with you about the *title*. The play may be  
good or bad, but I flatter myself that it is original as  
a picture of *that* kind of passion, which to my mind  
is so natural, that I am convinced that I should have  
done precisely what the Doge did on those provo-  
cations.

"I am glad of Foscolo's approbation.

"Excuse haste. I believe I mentioned to you that  
—I forget what it was; but no matter.

"Thanks for your compliments of the year. I hope  
that it will be pleasanter than the last. I speak with  
reference to *England* only, as far as regards myself,  
*where* I had every kind of disappointment—lost an  
important lawsuit—and the trustees of Lady Byron  
refusing to allow of an advantageous loan to be made  
from my property to Lord Blessington, &c. &c., by  
way of closing the four seasons. These, and a hundred  
other such things, made a year of bitter business for  
me in England. Luckily, things were a little plea-  
sant for me *here*, else I should have taken the liberty  
of Hannibal's ring.

"Pray, thank Gifford for all his goodnesses. The  
winter is as cold here as Parry's polarities. I must  
now take a canter in the forest; my horses are  
waiting.

"Yours ever and truly."

## LETTER CCCXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, February 2d, 1821.

"Your letter of excuses has arrived. I receive  
the letter, but do not admit the excuses, except in  
courtesy; as when a man treads on your toes and begs  
your pardon, the pardon is granted, but the joint  
aches, especially if there be a corn upon it. However,  
I shall scold you presently.

"In the last speech of the Doge, there occurs (I  
think, from memory) the phrase

'And Thou who makest and unmakest suns:'

change this to

'And thou who kindest and who quenchest suns!'

that is to say, if the verse runs equally well, and Mr  
Gifford thinks the expression improved. Pray have  
the bounty to attend to this. You are grown quite a  
minister of state. Mind if some of these days you are  
not thrown out. \* \* will not be always a tory, though  
Johnson says the first whig was the devil.

"You have learnt one secret from Mr Galignani's  
(somewhat tardily acknowledged) correspondence;  
this is, that an *English* author may dispose of his  
exclusive copyright in *France*,—a fact of some con-  
sequence (in *time of peace*) in the case of a popular  
writer. Now I will tell you what *you* shall do, and  
take no advantage of you, though you were scurvy  
enough never to acknowledge my letter for three  
months. Offer Galignani the refusal of the copyright  
in France; if he refuses, appoint any bookseller in  
France you please, and I will sign any assignment you  
please, and it shall never cost you a *sou* on *my* ac-  
count.

"Recollect that I will have nothing to do with it, except as far as it may secure the copyright to yourself. I will have no bargain but with the English booksellers, and I desire no interest out of that country.

"Now, that's fair and open, and a little handsomer than your *dodging* silence, to see what would come of it. You are an excellent fellow, mio caro Moray, but there is still a little leaven of Fleet-street about you now and then—a crum of the old loaf. You have no right to act suspiciously with me, for I have given you no reason. I shall always be frank with you; as, for instance, whenever you talk with the votaries of Apollo arithmetically, it should be in guineas, not pounds—to poets, as well as physicians, and bidders at auctions.

"I shall say no more at this present, save that I am

"Yours, &c.

"P. S. If you venture, as you say, to Ravenna this year, I will exercise the rites of hospitality while you live, and bury you handsomely (though not in holy ground), if you get 'shot or slashed in a creagh or splore,' which are rather frequent here of late among the native parties. But perhaps your visit may be anticipated; I may probably come to your country; in which case write to her ladyship the duplicate of the epistle the king of France wrote to Prince John."

#### LETTER CCCXII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, February 16th, 1831.

"In the month of March will arrive from Barcelona *Signor Curioni*, engaged for the Opera. He is an acquaintance of mine, and a gentlemanly young man, high in his profession. I must request your personal kindness and patronage in his favour. Pray introduce him to such of the theatrical people, editors of papers, and others, as may be useful to him in his profession, publicly and privately.

"The fifth is so far from being the last of Don Juan, that it is hardly the beginning. I meant to take him the tour of Europe, with a proper mixture of siege, battle, and adventure, and to make him finish as *Anacharsis Cloots*, in the French Revolution. To how many cantos this may extend, I know not, nor whether (even if I live) I shall complete it; but this was my notion. I meant to have made him a cavalier servente in Italy, and a cause for a divorce in England, and a sentimental 'Werther-faced man' in Germany, so as to show the different ridicules of the society in each of those countries, and to have displayed him gradually *gâté* and *blasé* as he grew older, as is natural. But I had not quite fixed whether to make him end in hell, or in an unhappy marriage, not knowing which would be the severest: the Spanish tradition says hell; but it is probably only an allegory of the other state. You are now in possession of my notions on the subject.

"You say the *Doge* will not be popular: did I ever write for *popularity*? I defy you to show a work of mine (except a tale or two) of a popular style or complexion. It appears to me that there is room for

a different style of the drama; not following of the old drama, which is a genuine one, nor yet *too French*, like those of the older writers. It appears to me English, and a severer approach to it combine something not dishonourable to me. I have also attempted to make a play, and there are neither rings, nor mistal nor outrageous ranting villains, nor me. All this will prevent its popularity, persuade me that it is *therefore* faulty faults it has will arise from deficiency rather than in the conception, which severe.

"So you *epigrammatize* upon my will pay you for *that*, mind if I don't, never let any one off in the long run (*wh* Remember \* \* \*, and see if I don't do turn. You unnatural publisher! who own authors? you are a paper cannibal

"In the Letter on Bowles (which I sent post), after the words '*attempts had*' (alluding to the republication of '*Eng*' add the words, '*in Ireland*;' for I English pirates did not begin their attack I had left England the second time. P this. Let me know what you and you on Bowles.

"I did not think the second seal so is far better than the Saracen's head which have sealed your *last letter*; the large was surely much better than that.

"So Foscolo says he will get you a seal in Italy? he means a *throat*—that is if they do dexterously. The Arts—all be and Morghen's, and *Ovid's* (I don't mean are as low as need be: look at the seal to William Bankes, and own it. How Bankes to quote '*English Bards*' in Commons? All the world keep flinging my face.

"Belzoni is a grand traveller, and very prettily broken.

"As for news, the Barbarians are Naples, and if they lose a single battle be up. It will be like the Spanish row any bottom.

"Letters opened?—to be sure that's the reason why I always put in the German Austrian scoundrels. The Italian who loathes them more than I do ever I could do to scour Italy and the infamous oppression would be done *con* "You

#### LETTER CCCXIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, Febru

"In the forty-fourth page, volume first Travels (which you lately sent me), it 'Lord Byron, when he expressed such its practicability, seems to have forgotten swam both ways, with and against the t he (Lord Byron) only performed the es



the task, by swimming with it from Europe to Asia.' I certainly could not have forgotten, what is known to every schoolboy, that Leander crossed in the night, and returned towards the morning. My object was, to ascertain that the Hellespont could be crossed *at all* by swimming, and in this Mr Ekenhead and myself both succeeded, the one in an hour and ten minutes, and the other in one hour and five minutes. The *tide* was *not* in our favour; on the contrary, the great difficulty was to bear up against the current, which, so far from helping us into the Asiatic side, set us down right towards the Archipelago. Neither Mr Ekenhead, myself, nor, I will venture to add, any person on board the frigate, from Captain Bathurst downwards, had any notion of a difference of the current on the Asiatic side, of which Mr Turner speaks. I never heard of it till this moment, or I would have taken the other course. Lieutenant Ekenhead's sole motive, and mine also, for setting out from the European side was, that the little cape above Sestos was a more prominent starting place, and the frigate, which lay below, close under the Asiatic castle, formed a better point of view for us to swim towards; and, in fact, we landed immediately below it.

"Mr Turner says, 'Whatever is thrown into the stream on this part of the European bank *must* arrive at the Asiatic shore.' This is so far from being the case, that it *must* arrive in the Archipelago, if left to the current, although a strong wind in the Asiatic direction might have such an effect occasionally.

"Mr Turner attempted the passage from the Asiatic side, and failed: 'After five-and-twenty minutes, in which he did not advance a hundred yards, he gave it up from complete exhaustion.' This is very possible, and might have occurred to him just as readily on the European side. He should have set out a couple of miles higher, and could then have come out below the European castle. I particularly stated, and Mr Hobhouse has done so also, that we were obliged to make the real passage of one mile extend to between *three and four*, owing to the force of the stream. I can assure Mr Turner, that his success would have given me great pleasure, as it would have added one more instance to the proofs of the probability. It is not quite fair in him to infer, that because *he* failed, Leander could not succeed. There are still four instances on record: a Neapolitan, a young Jew, Mr Ekenhead, and myself; the two last done in the presence of hundreds of *English* witnesses.

"With regard to the difference of the *current*, I perceived none; it is favourable to the swimmer on neither side, but may be stemmed by plunging into the sea, a considerable way above the opposite point of the coast which the swimmer wishes to make, but still bearing up against it; it is strong, but if you calculate well, you may reach land. My own experience and that of others bids me pronounce the passage of Leander perfectly practicable. Any young man, in good and tolerable skill in swimming, might succeed in it from *either* side. I was three hours in swimming across the Tagus, which is much more hazardous, being two hours longer than the Hellespont. Of what may be done in swimming, I will mention one more instance. In 1818, the Chevalier Mengaldo (a gentleman of Bassano), a good swimmer, wished to swim

with my friend Mr Alexander Scott and myself. As he seemed particularly anxious on the subject, we indulged him. We all three started from the island of the Lido and swam to Venice. At the entrance of the Grand Canal, Scott and I were a good way ahead, and we saw no more of our foreign friend, which, however, was of no consequence, as there was a gondola to hold his clothes and pick him up. Scott swam on till past the Rialto, where he got out, less from fatigue than from *chill*, having been four hours in the water, without rest or stay, except what is to be obtained by floating on one's back—this being the *condition* of our performance. I continued my course on to Santa Chiara, comprising the whole of the Grand Canal (besides the distance from the Lido), and got out where the Laguna once more opens to Fusina. I had been in the water, by my watch, without help or rest, and never touching ground or boat, *four hours and twenty minutes*. To this match, and during the greater part of its performance, Mr Hoppner, the Consul-general, was witness, and it is well known to many others. Mr Turner can easily verify the fact, if he thinks it worth while, by referring to Mr Hoppner. The distance we could not *accurately* ascertain; it was of course considerable.

"I crossed the Hellespont in one hour and ten minutes only. I am now ten years older in time, and twenty in constitution, than I was when I passed the Dardanelles, and yet two years ago I was capable of swimming four hours and twenty minutes; and I am sure that I could have continued two hours longer, though I had on a pair of trowsers, an accoutrement which by no means assists the performance. My two companions were also *four* hours in the water. Mengaldo might be about thirty years of age; Scott about six-and-twenty.

"With this experience in swimming at different periods of life, not only upon the *spot*, but elsewhere, of various persons, what is there to make me doubt that Leander's exploit was perfectly practicable? If three individuals did more than the passage of the Hellespont, why should he have done less? But Mr Turner failed, and, naturally seeking a plausible reason for his failure, lays the blame on the *Asiatic* side of the strait. He tried to swim directly across, instead of going higher up to take the vantage: he might as well have tried to *fly* over Mount Athos.

"That a young Greek of the heroic times, in love, and with his limbs in full vigour, might have succeeded in such an attempt is neither wonderful nor doubtful. Whether he *attempted* it or *not* is another question, because he might have had a small *boat* to save him the trouble.

"I am yours very truly,

BYRON.

"P.S. Mr Turner says that the swimming from Europe to Asia was 'the *easiest* part of the task.' I doubt whether Leander found it so, as it was the return; however, he had several hours between the intervals. The argument of Mr Turner 'that higher up, or lower down, the strait widens so considerably that he would save little labour by his starting,' is only good for indifferent swimmers; a man of any practice or skill will always consider the distance less than the strength of the stream. If Ekenhead and myself had thought of crossing at the narrowest point,

instead of going up to the Cape above it, we should have been swept down to Tenedos. The strait, however, is not so extremely wide, even where it broadens above and below the forts. As the frigate was stationed some time in the Dardanelles waiting for the firman, I bathed often in the strait subsequently to our trajet, and generally on the Asiatic side, without perceiving the greater strength of the opposite stream by which the diplomatic traveller palliates his own failure. Our amusement in the small bay which opens immediately below the Asiatic fort was to *dive* for the LAND tortoises, which we flung in on purpose, as they amphibiously crawled along the bottom. This does not argue any greater violence of current than on the European shore. With regard to the *modest* insinuation that we chose the European side as 'easier,' I appeal to Mr Hobhouse and Captain Bathurst if it be true or no (poor Ekenhead being since dead). Had we been aware of any such difference of current as is asserted, we would at least have proved it, and were not likely to have given it up in the twenty-five minutes of Mr Turner's own experiment. The secret of all this is, that Mr Turner failed, and that we succeeded; and he is consequently disappointed, and seems not unwilling to overshadow whatever little merit there might be in our success. Why did he not try the European side? If he had succeeded there, after failing on the Asiatic, his plea would have been more graceful and gracious. Mr Turner may find what fault he pleases with my poetry, or my politics; but I recommend him to leave aquatic reflections till he is able to swim 'five and twenty minutes' without being '*exhausted*,' though I believe he is the first modern Tory who ever swam '*against the stream*' for half the time." \*

## LETTER CCCXIV.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Ravenna, February 23d, 1821.

"As I wish the soul of the late Antoine Galignani to rest in peace (you will have read his death, published by himself, in his own newspaper), you are requested particularly to inform his children and heirs, 'of their *Literary Gazette*,' to which I subscribed more than *two* months ago, I have only received one *number*, notwithstanding I have written to them repeatedly. If they have no regard for me, a subscriber, they ought to have some for their deceased parent, who is undoubtedly no better off in his present residence for this total want of attention. If not, let me have my francs. They were paid by Missaglia, the Venetian bookseller. You may also hint to them, that when a gentleman writes a letter, it is usual to send an answer. If not, I shall make them 'a speech,' which will comprise an eulogy on the deceased.

"We are here full of war, and within two days of the seat of it, expecting intelligence momentarily. We

\* To the above letter, which was published at the time, Mr Turner wrote a reply, but, for reasons stated by himself, did not print it. At his request, I give insertion to his paper in the Appendix.

shall now see if our Italian friends are g thing but 'shooting round a corner,' like man's gun. Excuse haste,—I write with putting on. My horses are at the door, lian Count waiting to accompany me in r

" Yours,

"P. S. Pray, amongst my letters, detail the death of the commandant killed near my door, and died in my ho

## " BOWLES AND CAMPBELL

"To the air of '*How now, Madame Firt*,' Opera.

" Bowles.

"Why, how now, mazy Tom,  
If you thus must ramble,  
I will publish some  
Remarks on Mr Campbell

" Campbell.

"Why, how now, Billy Bow  
&c., &c., &c."

## LETTER CCCXV.

TO MR MURRAY.

" B

"This was the beginning of a letter w for Perry, but stopped short, hoping to be able to prevent the theatres. Of course not send it; but it explains to you my subject. You say that 'there is nothing they do what they please;' that is to me would see me damned with great tranqu are a fine fellow."

TO MR PERRY.

" Ravenna, Janu

" DEAR SIR,

"I have received a strange piece of cannot be more disagreeable to your pu to me. Letters and the gazettes do me to say that it is the intention of some managers to bring forward on their sta of '*Marino Faliero*,' &c. which was me for such an exhibition, and I trust will it. It is certainly unfit for it. I have but for the solitary reader, and experiments for applause beyond his silent Since such an attempt to drag me forth in the theatrical arena is a violation of sies of literature, I trust that the imp the press will step between me and this say pollution, because every violation such, and I claim my right as an auth what I have written from being turned play. I have too much respect for permit this of my own free will. Had I favour, it would have been by a pantom

"I have said that I write only to Beyond this I cannot consent to any p to the abuse of any publication of min poses of histrionism. The applauses of would give me no pleasure; their d might, however, give me pain. The w



at equal. You may, perhaps, say, 'How can we? if their disapprobation gives pain, their might afford pleasure?' By no means: the fan and the sting of a wasp may be painful to who would find nothing agreeable in the sting of the one or the buzzing of the other. It may not seem a courteous comparison, but no other ready; and it occurs naturally."

## LETTER CCCCXVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, Marzo, 1831.

"DEAR MURRAY,

my packet of the 12th instant, in the last sheet (the *half sheet*), last page, omit the sentence (defining, or attempting to define, what and to gentlemen) begins 'I should say at least in at most military men have it, and few naval; several men of rank have it, and few lawyers, &c. I say, omit the whole of that sentence, as, like the 'cosmogony, or creation of the world' in the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' it is not much to suppose.

In the sentence above, too, almost at the top of the page, after the words 'that there ever was, to be, an aristocracy of poets,' add and insert these—'I do not mean that they should write the style of the song by a person of quality, or opinion; but there is a nobility of thought common to be found no less in Shakspeare, and Burns, than in Dante, Alfieri,' &c. &c. Or, if you please, perhaps you had better strike the whole of the latter digression on the vulgar and insert only as far as the end of the sentence 'to be Homer, where I prefer it to Cowper's,' and Dr Clarke is in favour of its accuracy.

On all these points, take an opinion; take the (or sentence) of your learned visitants, and act by. I am very tractable—in rhyme.

Whether I have made out the case for Pope, I don't; but I am very sure that I have been in the attempt. If it comes to the proof, we cut the blackguards. I will show more images in twenty lines of Pope than in any equal length poem in English poetry, and that in places where not expect it. For instance, in his lines on *the bee*,—now, do just read them over—the subject consequence (whether it be satire or epic)—talking of poetry and imagery from nature &c. Now, mark the images separately and specially:—

1. The thing of silk.
2. Court of bee's milk.
3. The butterfly.
4. The wheel.
5. Bug with gilded wings.
6. Painted child of dirt.
7. Whom buzz.
8. Well bred spaniels.
9. Shadow streams run dimpling.
10. Florid impotence.
11. Prompter. Puppet squeaks.
12. The ear of Eve.
13. Familiar toad.
14. Half froth, half venom spits himself abroad.
15. Fly at the toilet.

16. Flatterer at the board.
17. Amphibious thing.
18. Now trips a lady.
19. Now struts a lord.
20. A cherub's face.
21. A reptile all the rest.
22. The Rabbits.
23. Pride that licks the dust—

'Beauty that abhors you, parts that none will trust,  
Whit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.'

"Now, is there a line of all the passage without the most forcible imagery (for his purpose)? Look at the variety—at the poetry of the passage—at the imagination: there is hardly a line from which a painting might not be made, and is. But this is nothing in comparison with his higher passages in the Essay on Man, and many of his other poems, serious and comic. There never was such an unjust outcry in this world as that which these fellows are trying against Pope.

"Ask Mr Gifford if, in the fifth act of 'the Doge,' you could not contrive (where the sentence of the Veil is passed) to insert the following lines in Marino Faliero's answer?

'But let it be so. It will be in vain:  
The veil which blackens o'er this blighted name,  
And hides, or seems to hide, these lineaments,  
Shall draw more gazers than the thousand portraits  
Which glitter round it in their painted trappings,  
Your delegated slaves—the people's tyrants.'

"Yours truly, &amp;c.

"P. S. Upon public matters here I say little: you will all hear soon enough of a general row throughout Italy. There never was a more foolish step than the expedition to Naples by these fellows.

"I wish to propose to Holmes, the miniature painter, to come out to me this spring. I will pay his expenses, and any sum in reason. I wish him to take my daughter's picture (who is in a convent), and the Countess G.'s, and the head of a peasant girl, which latter would make a study for Raphael. It is a complete peasant face, but an Italian peasant's, and quite in the Raphael Fornarina style. Her figure is tall, but rather large, and not at all comparable to her face, which is really superb. She is not seventeen, and I am anxious to have her face while it lasts. Madame G. is also very handsome, but it is quite in a different style—completely blonde and fair—very uncommon in Italy; yet not an English fairness, but more like a Swede or a Norwegian. Her figure, too, particularly the bust, is uncommonly good. It must be Holmes: I like him, because he takes such inveterate likenesses. There is a war here; but a solitary traveller, with little baggage, and nothing to do with politics, has nothing to fear. Pack him up in the Diligence. Don't forget."

## LETTER CCCCXVII.

TO MR HOPKINS.

\* Ravenna, April 34, 1831.

"Thanks for the translation. I have sent you some books, which I do not know whether you have read

\* These lines,—perhaps from some difficulty in introducing them,—were never inserted in the Tragedy.

or no—you need not return them, in any case. I enclose you also a letter from Pisa. I have neither spared trouble nor expense in the care of the child; and as she was now four years old complete, and quite above the control of the servants—and as a *man* living without any woman at the head of his house cannot much attend to a nursery—I had no resource but to place her for a time (at a high pension too) in the convent of Bagna-Cavalli (twelve miles off), where the air is good, and where she will, at least, have her earning advanced, and her morals and religion inculcated.\* I had also another reason;—things were and are in such a state here, that I had no reason to look upon my own personal safety as particularly insurable; and I thought the infant best out of harm's way, for the present.

"It is also fit that I should add that I by no means intended, nor intend, to give a *natural* child an *English* education, because with the disadvantages of her birth, her after settlement would be doubly difficult. Abroad, with a fair foreign education and a portion of five or six thousand pounds, she might and may marry very respectably. In England such a dowry would be a pittance, while elsewhere it is a fortune. It is, besides, my wish that she should be a Roman Catholic, which I look upon as the best religion, as it is assuredly the oldest of the various branches of Christianity. I have now explained my notions as to the *place* where she now is—it is the best I could find for the present; but I have no prejudices in its favour.

"I do not speak of politics, because it seems a hopeless subject, as long as those scoundrels are to be permitted to bully states out of their independence. Believe me

"Yours ever and truly.

"P. S. There is a report here of a change in France; but with what truth is not yet known.

"P. S. My respects to Mrs H. I have the 'best opinion' of her countrywomen; and at my time of life (three and thirty, 22d January, 1821), that is to say, after the life I have led, a *good* opinion is the only rational one which a man should entertain of the whole sex:—up to *thirty*, the worst possible opinion a man can have of them in *general*, the better for himself. Afterwards, it is a matter of no importance to *them*, nor to him either, *what opinion* he entertains—his day is over, or, at least, should be.

"You see how sober I am become."

#### LETTER CCCCXVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, April 21st, 1821.

"I enclose you another letter on Bowles. But I premise that it is not like the former, and that I am not all sure how *much*, if *any*, of it should be pub-

\* With such anxiety did he look to this essential part of his daughter's education, that notwithstanding the many advantages she was sure to derive from the kind and feminine superintendence of Mrs Shelley, his apprehensions lest her feeling upon religious subjects might be disturbed by the conversation of Shelley himself, prevented him from allowing her to remain under his friend's roof.

lished. Upon this point you can consult Gifford, and think *twice* before you put it to the press. "Your

"P. S. You may make my subscription Scott's widow, &c. *thirty* instead of the pounds: but do not put down my name N. N. only. The reason is, that, as mentioned him in the enclosed pamphlet, indelicate. I would give more, but my means last year about Rochdale and the funds render me more economical.

#### LETTER CCCCXIX.

TO MR SHELLEY.

\* Ravenna, April 21st, 1821.

"The child continues doing well, and are regular and favourable. It is gratifying that you and Mrs Shelley do not disagree in the step which I have taken, which is much to be desired.

"I am very sorry to hear what you say is it *actually* true? I did not think it had been so killing. Though I differ from you in your estimate of his performances, I feel all unnecessary pain, that I would rather be seated on the highest peak of Parnassus, than to see him perished in such a manner. Poor fellow! with such inordinate self-love he would not have been very happy. I read the review in the Quarterly. It was severe, not so severe as many reviews in that journal upon others.

"I recollect the effect on me of the reading of my first poem; it was rage, and resistance—but not despondency nor despair—that those are not amiable feelings; but of bustle and broil, and especially in writing, a man should calculate upon *resistance* before he goes into the arena.

\* Expect not life from pain nor death,  
Nor deem the doom of man reversible.

"You know my opinion of *that second* of poetry. You also know my high opinion of your own poetry,—because it is of *no school*—but, besides that I think the *original* undramatic, I am not an admirer of dramatists, *as models*. I deny that there has hitherto had a drama at all. Your *Cenci* was a work of power, and poetry. As you pray revenge yourself upon it, by being more than ever with yours.

"I have not yet got your Prometheus to see. I have heard nothing of it, but I know that it is yet published. I have seen a pamphlet on the Pope controversy, which I do not like. Had I known that Keats had been so alive and so sensitive—I omitted some remarks upon his poetry, provoked by his *attack* upon Pope, and his *probation* of his own style of writing.

"You want me to undertake a great work, but I have not the inclination nor the power. As



THESE ARE THE RESULTS OF THE INVESTIGATION  
CONDUCTED BY THE BUREAU OF THE INSURANCE  
AND THE BUREAU OF THE ALIEN COMMISSIONERS  
AND THE BUREAU OF THE ALIEN COMMISSIONERS  
AND THE BUREAU OF THE ALIEN COMMISSIONERS  
AND THE BUREAU OF THE ALIEN COMMISSIONERS

• இந்தக் கதை

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# LIFE SIZE

NY 100-86061

- ~~LETTER~~ AT: 3:1 PM

THE BY THE BUREAU & AFTER THAT, WHEN  
THE BUREAU IS COMPLETED, THERE IS THE  
A NEW "COMMITTEE" AND I PUT OF HIM BY A  
NOT EXISTING THE BUREAU AGAIN, WHICH WILL  
BE A NEW. THE BUREAU IS THAT AFTER BEING  
WHAT IS THAT A NEW.

Have you purchased the "Tropics" and now  
"Tropics"?

AND WHEN SUCH A WRITER MEETS THE TWO JETS  
IN THE HOUSE OF THE GUINNESS, HE SAYS I AM

for it, though I think to know the wrong part, and was sorry to be deceiving, and to not verifying. There a Pandemonium and to Dismantle. I have to experience age never a memory in a sunny afternoon. One of the worst produced the Empire in America he knew—but I got it again. Remember a dark evening... I found three boys, and began to know finding that there is the story for what I could actually say to the heart, in an humble way. I would not be the person who would the justice for all the honour and give it the right. I try to become attentive of that which is what I think now.

at the Indians have made a real business of  
way to Broadway, and commerce around them  
has given me great pleasure. The place  
occupied upon the Noyahomine in the time  
it would be similar with those of the rest of

500000

Your latest packet of books is as in way  
arrived. Knowledge is excellent. Thanks  
that books of which I have made presents  
also who like you, are sometimes out of  
love get an limited book or two; when I  
to send you I find at opportunity  
not at present at the very highest health—  
sincerely; as I have answered my last and  
more fully.

1. My my prize is good why not you  
money for the recovery of the Marine  
ally recruits and is in your best in-  
terest He has the permanent is imposed on  
advised him to do it ?

**LETTER CODE**

**TO THE MEMBERS**

<sup>4</sup> ~~Estimated April 20th 1962~~

"The greatest gift I ever gave is the greatest I ever received. I have been in it some persons, but not which I have in it any more with. However, in the end, I am convinced that after my time my feelings of indifference against it will be removed. The present business has been as much a work of necessity as of conviction — I have not any more time to give. I have not any more again. I will have a talk with you upon the subject. A present, for several reasons, I can work out little, as all others are open. It shows the same always, for my conviction, but nothing that can be done in the presence of others."

\* It is well known & realized that the Scandinavians are somewhat more exacting than is Italy, and are hence a whole people to the west of a divorce. That would be the consequence of that. Hence, because they cannot work a divorce.

"And now, as to the money — a car riding off, but it is always a consolation. I, I think, acceptance is given, it is that in the next best. And, if we cannot contribute to make ourselves more free and whole, we are better alone, perhaps, and those who are. I wish you joy writing. I have been thinking of you very much and Murray will be publishing about now.

\* Lady Macbeth is not very much concerned with the fact that she has killed a man. She is more concerned with the fact that she has killed a man who was a friend of hers.

I have written a sketch of my movie of Mississippi for two or three little journals, for about a month, or two. All I can think of the paper-work. I think it off as things grow busy that afterwards are never to be done without a certain feeling. The I should be glad to send you if I had an opportunity of the volume. However small, and if well, it would be glad to give it the illumination of a country.

I have in mind for a very pretty woman and  
is the few things and with the things in her eyes  
as she sits at the typewriter. And the ladies  
have now retired to another room. I think that the  
impression on their face and "looking" that they  
want. However, there are some that could change  
their soil. Please write.

• கனம் அமைச்சர் அவர்கள் :

SECRET

7. 17 2004

1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1

1. 凡在本行開辦之各項業務，均應遵守本行所定之規章制度，並應隨時注意本行所定之業務範圍，不得逾越。

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"Nothing, however, can be better than your poem, or more deserved by the Lazzaroni. They are now abhorred and disclaimed nowhere more than here. We will talk over these things (if we meet) some day, and I will recount my own adventures, some of which have been a little hazardous, perhaps.

"So, you have got the Letter on Bowles? \* I do not recollect to have said any thing of *you* that could offend,—certainly, nothing intentionally. As for \*\*, I meant him a compliment. I wrote the whole off-hand, without copy or correction, and expecting then every day to be called into the field. What have I said of you? I am sure I forget. It must be something of regret for your approbation of Bowles. And did you *not* approve, as he says? Would I had known that before! I would have given him some more gruel.† My intention was to make fun of all these fellows; but how I succeed, I don't know.

"As to Pope, I have always regarded him as the greatest name in our poetry. Depend upon it, the rest are barbarians. He is a Greek Temple, with a Gothic Cathedral on one hand, and a Turkish Mosque and all sorts of fantastic pagodas and conventicles about him. You may call Shakspeare and Milton pyramids, if you please, but I prefer the Temple of Theseus or the Parthenon to a mountain of burnt brickwork.

"The Murray has written to me but once, the day of its publication, when it seemed prosperous. But I have heard of late from England but rarely. Of Murray's other publications (of mine), I know nothing,—nor whether he *has* published. He was to have done so a month ago. I wish you would do something,—or that we were together.

"Ever yours and affectionately,

"B."

It was at this time that he began, under the title of "Detached Thoughts," that Book of Notices or Memorandums, from which, in the course of these pages, I have extracted so many curious illustrations of his life and opinions, and of which the opening article is as follows:—

"Amongst various Journals, Memoranda, Diaries, &c. which I have kept in the course of my living, I began one about three months ago, and carried it on till I had filled one paper-book (thinnish), and two sheets or so of another. I then left off, partly because I thought we should have some business here, and I

\* I had not, when I wrote, *seen* this pamphlet, as he supposes, but had merely heard from some friends, that his pen had "run a-muck" in it, and that I myself had not escaped a slight graze in its career.

† It may be sufficient to say of the use to which both Lord Byron and Mr Bowles thought it worth their while to apply my name in this controversy, that, as far as my own knowledge of the subject extended, I was disposed to agree with *neither* of the extreme opinions into which, as it appeared to me, my distinguished friends had diverged:—neither with Lord Byron in that spirit of partisanship which led him to place Pope *above* Shakspeare and Milton, nor with Mr Bowles in such an application of the "principles" of poetry as could tend to sink Pope, on the scale of his art, to any rank below the very first. Such being the middle state of my opinion on the question, it will not be difficult to understand how one of my controversial friends should be as mistaken in supposing me to differ altogether from his views, as the other was in taking for granted that I had ranged myself wholly on his side.

had furbished up my arms and got me ready for taking a turn with the patriots drawers full of their proclamations, oaths, and my lower rooms of their hide of most calibres,—and partly because I had a paper-book.

"But the Neapolitans have betrayed and all the world; and those who would their blood for Italy can now only give lie

"Some day or other, if dust holds together, will have been enough in the secret (at least in the country) to cast perhaps some little light on the atrocious treachery which has replunged Italy into barbarism: at present, I have neither the temper. However, the *real* Italy is to blame; merely the scoundrels at the *boot*, which the *Hun* now wears, and which they cast them to ashes with for their servility. I am myself with the others *here*, and how may not be compromised is a problem at present. Some of them, like Craigengelt, would more than all, to save themselves. But may, the cause was a glorious one, though present as if the Greeks had run away. Happy the few who have only to reproach with believing that these rascals were less than they proved!—*Here* in Romagna, where we were necessarily limited to preparations for defence, until the Germans were fairly equal warfare—as we are upon their terms without a single fort or hill nearer than the sea. Whether 'hell be paved with 'those 'tations,' I know not; but there will probably be a store of Neapolitans to walk upon the whatever may be its composition. So from their mountain, with the bodies of the damned souls for cement, would be the way for Satan's 'Corso.'"

## LETTER CCCCXXII

TO MR MURRAY.

\* HAVENDE, M

"I have just got your packet. I am Mr Bowles, and Mr Bowles is obliged to me for restoring him to good-humour. He and you to publish, what you please subject. I desire nothing but fair play! Of course, after the new tone of Mr Bowles, I *not* publish my *defence* of Gilchrist, but I am brutal to do so after his urbanity, for I am rough, like his own attack upon Gilchrist. I tell him what I say there of *his* *Mis* (praised, as it deserves). However, and any passages *not* *personal* to Bowles. I am upon the question, you may add the print (if it is reprinted) of my first Letter. Upon this consult Gifford; and above any thing be added which can *per* Mr Bowles.

"In the enclosed notes, of course *the* *democracy* of poetry cannot apply to Mr Bowles to the Cockney and water washing-tub.

"I hope and trust that Elliston *won't*



drama? Surely *he* might have the grace  
Kens's return before he attempted it;  
in *then*, I should be as much against the  
ver.

not a small packet of books, but neither  
; Oxford, nor Scott's novels among them.  
you republish Hodgson's *Childe Harold's*  
d *Latino-mastix*? they are excellent  
a,—they are all for *Pope*.

"Yours, &c."

roversy, in which Lord Byron, with so  
and good-humour, thus allowed himself  
sed by the courtesy of his antagonist, it is  
ntion to run the risk of reviving by any  
its origin or merits. In all such discus-  
sers of mere taste and opinion, where, on  
is the aim of the disputants to elevate the  
e contest, and, on the other, to depreciate  
ill usually be found, like Shakspeare's  
sapphire on the cliff, "half-way down."  
s judgment, however, may be formed re-  
; controversy itself, of the urbanity and  
g, on both sides, which (notwithstanding  
trials of this good understanding after-  
ultimately to the result anticipated in the  
tier, there can be but one opinion; and it  
wished that such honourable forbearance  
: of imitators as it is, deservedly, of eu-  
the lively pages thus suppressed, when  
d for flight, with a power of self-com-  
exercised by wit, there are some pas-  
general nature, too curious to be lost,  
il accordingly proceed to extract for the

himself 'sleeps well—nothing can touch  
' but those who love the honour of their  
: perfection of her literature, the glory  
age, are not to be expected to permit an  
last to be stirred in his tomb, or a leaf to  
from the laurel which grows over it.

t appears of no very great consequence  
rtha Blount was or was not Pope's mis-  
I could have wished him a better. She  
have been a cold-hearted, interested,  
agreeable woman, upon whom the ten-  
pe's heart in the desolation of his latter  
at away, not knowing whither to turn,  
owards his premature old age, childless  
—like the needle which, approaching  
aim distance of the pole, becomes helpless  
and ceasing to tremble, rusts. She seems  
a so totally unworthy of tenderness, that  
ditional proof of the kindness of Pope's  
e been able to love such a being. But  
e something. I agree with Mr B. that  
it no time have regarded *Pope person-*  
*attachment*, because she was incapable  
t; but I deny that Pope could not be re-  
personal attachment by a worthier wo-  
or probable, indeed, that a woman would  
a love with him as he walked along the  
box at the opera, nor from a balcony.  
room; but in society he seems to have

been as amiable as unassuming, and, with the great-  
est disadvantages of figure, his head and face were  
remarkably handsome, especially his eyes. He was  
adored by his friends—friends of the most opposite  
dispositions, ages, and talents—by the old and way-  
ward Wycherley, by the cynical Swift, the rough  
Atterbury, the gentle Spence, the stern attorney-  
bishop Warburton, the virtuous Berkeley, and the  
'cankered Bolingbroke.' Bolingbroke wept over him  
like a child; and Spence's description of his last mo-  
ments is at least as edifying as the more ostentatious  
account of the deathbed of Addison. The soldier  
Peterborough and the poet Gay, the witty Congreve  
and the laughing Rowe, the eccentric Cromwell and  
the steady Bathurst, were all his intimates. The man  
who could conciliate so many men of the most oppo-  
site description, not one of whom but was a remark-  
able or a celebrated character, might well have pre-  
tended to all the attachment which a reasonable man  
would desire of an amiable woman.

"Pope, in fact, wherever he got it, appears to  
have understood the sex well. Bolingbroke, 'a judge  
of the subject,' says Warton, thought his 'Epistle  
on the Characters of Women' his 'masterpiece.' And  
even with respect to the grosser passion, which takes  
occasionally the name of '*romantic*,' accordingly as  
the degree of sentiment elevates it above the definition  
of love by Buffon, it may be remarked, that it does  
not always depend upon personal appearance, even  
in a woman. Madame Cottin was a plain woman,  
and might have been virtuous, it may be presumed,  
without much interruption. Virtuous she was, and  
the consequences of this inveterate virtue were, that  
two different admirers (one an elderly gentleman)  
killed themselves in despair (see Lady Morgan's  
'France'). I would not, however, recommend this  
rigour to plain women in general, in the hope of se-  
curing the glory of two suicides apiece. I believe that  
there are few men who, in the course of their observa-  
tions on life, may not have perceived that it is not the  
greatest female beauty who forms the longest and the  
strongest passions.

"But, à-propos of Pope.—Voltaire tells us that the  
Marechal Luxembourg (who had precisely Pope's  
figure) was not only somewhat too amatory for a great  
man, but fortunate in his attachments. La Valière,  
the passion of Louis XIV., had an unsightly defect.  
The Princess of Eboli, the mistress of Philip the  
Second of Spain, and Mangiron, the minion of Henry  
the Third of France, had each of them lost an eye;  
and the famous Latin epigram was written upon  
them, which has, I believe, been either translated or  
imitated by Goldsmith:—

'Lamine Acon dextre, capta est Leonilla sinistro,  
Et potis est forma vincere uterque Deos;  
Blandi poer, lumen quod habes concessit sorori.  
Sic tu cecus Amor, sic erit illa Venus.'

"Wilkes, with his ugliness, used to say that 'he  
was but a quarter of an hour behind the handsomest  
man in England;' and this vaunt of his is said not to  
have been disproved by circumstances. Swift, when  
neither young, nor handsome, nor rich, nor even  
amiable, inspired the two most extraordinary passions  
upon record. Vanessa's and Stella's.

'Venusam, aged scarce a score.  
Sighs for a gown of forty four.'

"He requited them bitterly; for he seems to have broken the heart of the one, and worn out that of the other; and he had his reward, for he died a solitary idiot in the hands of servants.

"For my own part, I am of the opinion of Pausanias, that success in love depends upon Fortune. 'They particularly renounce Celestial Venus, into whose temple,' &c. &c. &c. I remember, too, to have seen a building in Ægina in which there is a statue of Fortune, holding a horn of Amalthea; and near her there is a winged Love. The meaning of this is, that the success of men in love-affairs depends more on the assistance of Fortune than the charms of beauty. I am persuaded, too, with Pindar (to whose opinion I submit in other particulars), that Fortune is one of the Fates, and that in a certain respect she is more powerful than her sisters.'—See Pausanias, *Achaïcs*, book vii. chap. 26, page 246, 'Taylor's Translation.'

"Grimm has a remark of the same kind on the different destinies of the younger Crebillon and Rousseau. The former writes a licentious novel, and a young English girl of some fortune and family (a Miss Straford) runs away, and crosses the sea to marry him; while Rousseau, the most tender and passionate of lovers, is obliged to espouse his chambermaid. If I recollect rightly, this remark was also repeated in the *Edinburgh Review* of Grimm's Correspondence, seven or eight years ago.

"In regard 'to the strange mixture of indecent, and sometimes *profane* levity, which his conduct and language often exhibited,' and which so much shocks Mr Bowles, I object to the indefinite word '*often*;' and in extenuation of the occasional occurrence of such language it is to be recollected, that it was less the tone of *Pope*, than the tone of the *time*. With the exception of the correspondence of Pope and his friends, not many private letters of the period have come down to us; but those, such as they are—a few scattered scraps from Farquhar and others—are more indecent and coarse than any thing in Pope's letters. The comedies of Congreve, Vanbrugh, Farquhar, Cibber, &c., which naturally attempted to represent the manners and conversation of private life, are decisive upon this point; as are also some of Steele's papers, and even Addison's. We all know what the conversation of Sir R. Walpole, for seventeen years the prime-minister of the country, was at his own table, and his excuse for his licentious language, viz., 'that every body understood *that*, but few could talk rationally upon less common topics.' The refinement of latter days,—which is perhaps the consequence of vice, which wishes to mask and soften itself, as much as of virtuous civilization,—had not yet made sufficient progress. Even Johnson, in his '*London*,' has two or three passages which cannot be read aloud, and Addison's '*Drummer*' some indelicate allusions."

To the extract that follows I beg to call the particular attention of the reader. Those who at all remember the peculiar bitterness and violence with which the gentleman here commemorated assailed Lord Byron, at a crisis when both his heart and fame were most vulnerable, will, if I am not mistaken, feel a thrill of pleasurable admiration in reading these sentences, such as alone can convey any adequate

notion of the proud, generous pleasure that been felt in writing them.

"Poor Scott is now no more. In the of his vocation, he contrived at last to make himself subject of a coroner's inquest. But he was a brave man, and he lived an able one. I knew him personally, though slightly. Although several years my senior, we had been schoolfellows together at 'grammar-schule' (or, as the Aberdonians call it, '*squeel*') of New Aberdeen. He did not seem to me quite handsomely in his capacity of a young man, years ago, but he was under no obligation to me otherwise. The moment was too tempting to my friends and for all enemies. At a time when my relations (save one) fell from me like leaves from a tree in autumn winds, and my few friends were fewer,—when the whole periodical press (both daily and weekly, *not* the *literary* press) was arrayed against me in every shape of reproach, with a few strange exceptions (from their usual opposition to the '*Courier*' and the '*Examiner*,'—the only papers which Scott had the direction was neither the least vituperative. Two years ago, at Venice, when he was bowed in grief by the death of his son, and had known, by experience, the value of domestic privation. He was then come to return to England; and on my telling him of my smile, that he was once of a different opinion, he replied to me, 'that he and others had been misled; and that some pains, and rather extensive means, had been taken to excite them.' I was more, but there are more than one living witness present at this dialogue. He was a man of considerable talents, and of great acquirements, which made his way, as a literary character, to success, and in a few years. Poor fellow! I remember his joy at some appointment which he had obtained, or was to obtain, through Sir James Mackintosh, which prevented the further extension (in a rapid run to Rome) of his travels in Italy. He thought to what it would conduct him, and with him!—and may all such other far be inevitable to humanity he as readily forgive the little injury which he had done to one who respected his talents and regrets his loss."

In reference to some complaints made by Mr Bowles, in his Pamphlet, of a charge of '*dracism*' which he supposed to have been made against him by his assailant, Mr. Gilchrist, the writer thus proceeds:—

"I cannot conceive a man in perfect health much affected by such a charge, because the complexion and conduct must amply refute it. It is true, to what does it amount?—to an imputation of a liver complaint. 'I will tell it to your physician,' exclaimed the learned Smellungus: 'you (said I) tell it to your physician.' There is no dishonourable in such a disorder, which is peculiarly the malady of students. It is the complaint of the good and the wise and the even of the gay. Regnard, the author of the French comedy after Moliere, was a terrible Moliere himself saturnine. Dr. Johnson, Burns, were all more or less affected by it. It was the prelude to the more awful malady



uper, Swift, and Smart; but it by no means  
 that a partial affliction of this disorder is to  
 make like theirs. But even were it so,

'Nor best, nor wisest, are exempt from thee;  
 Folly—Folly's only free,'

PENROSE.

\* \* \* \* \* Mendelshon and  
 were at times so overcome with this depression  
 be obliged to recur to seeing 'puppet-shows,'  
 'counting tiles upon the opposite houses,' to  
 rt themselves. Dr. Johnson, at times, 'would  
 give a limb to recover his spirits.'

In page 14 we have a large assertion that 'the  
 above is sufficient to convict him (Pope) of  
 licentiousness.' Thus, out it comes at last—  
 B. does accuse Pope of 'gross licentiousness,'  
 grounds the charge upon a Poem. The *licen-*  
*ness* is a 'grand peut-être,' according to the  
 of the times being;—the *grossness* I deny. On  
 contrary, I do believe that such a subject never  
 ever could be, treated by any poet with so  
 delicacy mingled with, at the same time, such  
 and intense passion. Is the 'Atys' of Catullus  
 estius? No, nor even gross; and yet Catullus  
 when a coarse writer. The subject is nearly the  
 same, except that Atys was the suicide of his manhood,  
 of the victim.

The 'licentiousness' of the story was *not* Pope's,  
 it was a fact. All that it had of gross he has  
 refined; all that it had of indelicate he has purified;  
 that it had of passionate he has beautified; all that  
 of holy he has hallowed. Mr. Campbell has  
 nicely marked this in a few words (I quote from  
 him), in drawing the distinction between Pope  
 and Dryden, and pointing out where Dryden was  
 coarse. 'I fear,' says he, 'that had the subject of  
 been taken into his (Dryden's) hands) he would  
 have given us but a coarse draft of her passion.'  
 was the delicacy of Pope so much shown as in  
 poem. With the facts and the letters of 'Eloisa'  
 as done what no other mind but that of the best  
 parent of poets could have accomplished with  
 materials. Ovid, Sappho (in the Ode called  
 —all that we have of ancient, all that we have  
 of modern poetry, sinks into nothing compared with  
 this production.

Let us hear no more of this trash about 'licentious-  
 ness.' Is not 'Anacreon' taught in our schools?—  
 praised, and edited? \* \* \* \* \*  
 are the English schools or the English women  
 more corrupt for all this? When you have  
 seen the ancients into the fire, it will be time to  
 see the moderns. 'Licentiousness!'—there is  
 real mischief and sapping licentiousness in a  
 French prose novel, in a Moravian hymn, or a  
 comic opera, than in all the actual poetry that  
 was penned or poured forth since the rhapsodies  
 of Pindar. The sentimental anatomy of Rousseau  
 Mad. de S. are far more formidable than any  
 poetry of verse. They are so, because they sap  
 principles by reasoning upon the passions;  
 as poetry is in itself passion, and does not  
 satiate. It assails, but does not argue; it may  
 wrong, but it does not assume pretensions to  
 wisdom."

Mr Bowles having, in his pamphlet, complained of  
 some anonymous communication which he had re-  
 ceived, Lord Byron thus comments on the circum-  
 stance:—

"I agree with Mr B. that the intention was to  
 annoy him; but I fear that this was answered by his  
 notice of the reception of the criticism. An anonym-  
 ous writer has but one means of knowing the effect  
 of his attack. In this he has the superiority over  
 the viper; he knows that his poison has taken effect  
 when he hears the victim cry;—the adder is *deaf*.  
 The best reply to an anonymous intimation is to  
 take no notice directly nor indirectly. I wish Mr B.  
 could see only one or two of the thousand which I  
 have received in the course of a literary life, which,  
 though begun early, has not yet extended to a third  
 part of his existence as an author. I speak of *literary*  
 life only;—were I to add *personal*, I might double  
 the amount of *anonymous* letters. If he could but  
 see the violence, the threats, the absurdity of the  
 whole thing, he would laugh, and so should I, and  
 thus be both gainers.

"To keep up the farce, within the last month of  
 this present writing (1821), I have had my life threat-  
 ened in the same way which menaced Mr B.'s fame,  
 excepting that the anonymous denunciation was  
 addressed to the Cardinal Legate of Romagna, instead  
 of to \*\*\*\*. I append the menace in all its barbaric  
 but literal Italian, that Mr B. may be convinced, and  
 as this is the only 'promise to pay' which the Italians  
 ever keep, so my person has been at least as much  
 exposed to 'a shot in the gloaming' from 'John  
 Heatherblutter' (see Waverley), as ever Mr B.'s glory  
 was from an editor. I am, nevertheless, on horseback  
 and lonely for some hours (*one* of them twilight) in  
 the forest daily; and this, because it was my 'custom  
 in the afternoon,' and that I believe if the tyrant  
 cannot escape amidst his guards (should it be so  
 written), so the humbler individual would find pre-  
 cautions useless."

The following just tribute to my Reverend friend's  
 merits as a poet I have peculiar pleasure in extract-  
 ing:—

"Mr Bowles has no reason to 'succumb' but to  
 Mr Bowles. As a poet, the author of 'the Mission-  
 ary' may compete with the foremost of his cotem-  
 poraries. Let it be recollected, that all my previous  
 opinions of Mr Bowles's poetry were *written* long  
 before the publication of his last and best poem; and  
 that a poet's *last* poem should be his best, is his  
 highest praise. But, however, he may duly and  
 honourably rank with his living rivals, &c. &c.  
 &c."

Among various Addenda for this pamphlet, sent at  
 different times to Mr Murray, I find the following  
 curious passages:—

"It is worthy of remark that, after all this outcry  
 about 'in-door nature' and 'artificial images,' Pope  
 was the principal inventor of that boast of the English,  
*Modern Gardening*. He divides this honour with  
 Milton. Hear Warton:—"It hence appears that  
 this *enchanted* art of modern gardening, in which  
 this kingdom claims a preference over every nation  
 in Europe, chiefly owes its *origin* and its improve-  
 ments to two great poets, Milton and Pope."

"Walpole (so friend to Pope) asserts that Pope

formed *Kent's* taste, and that Kent was the artist to whom the English are chiefly indebted for diffusing 'a taste in laying out grounds.' The design of the Prince of Wales's garden was copied from *Pope's* at Twickenham. Warton applauds 'his singular effort of art and taste, in impressing so much variety and scenery on a spot of five acres.' Pope was the *first* who ridiculed the 'formal, French, Dutch, false and unnatural taste in gardening,' both in *prose* and *verse*. (See, for the former, 'the Guardian.')

"Pope has given not only some of our *first* but *best* rules and observations on *Architecture* and *Gardening*.' (See Warton's Essay, vol. ii. p. 237, &c. &c.)

"Now, is it not a shame, after this, to hear our Lakers in 'Kendal green,' and our Bucolical Cockneys, crying out (the latter in a wilderness of bricks and mortar) about 'Nature,' and Pope's 'artificial in-door habits?' Pope had seen all of nature that *England* alone can supply. He was bred in Windsor Forest, and amidst the beautiful scenery of Eton; he lived familiarly and frequently at the country seats of Bathurst, Cobham, Burlington, Peterborough, Digby, and Bolingbroke; amongst whose seats was to be numbered *Stowe*. He made his own little 'five acres' a model to Princes, and to the first of our artists who imitated nature. Warton thinks 'that the most engaging of *Kent's* works was also planned on the model of Pope's,—at least in the opening and retiring shades of *Venus's Vale*.'

"It is true that Pope was infirm and deformed; but he could walk, and he could ride (he rode to Oxford from London at a stretch), and he was famous for an exquisite eye. On a tree at Lord Bathurst's is carved, 'Here Pope sang,'—he composed beneath it. Bolingbroke, in one of his letters, represents them both writing in the hayfield. No poet ever admired Nature more, or used her better, than Pope has done, as I will undertake to prove from his works, *prose* and *verse*, if not anticipated in so easy and agreeable a labour. I remember a passage in Walpole, somewhere, of a gentleman who wished to give directions about some willows to a man who had long served Pope in his grounds: 'I understand, sir,' he replied: 'you would have them hang down, sir, somewhat poetical.' Now if nothing existed but this little anecdote, it would suffice to prove Pope's taste for *Nature*, and the impression which he had made on a common-minded man. But I have already quoted Warton and Walpole (*both* his enemies), and, were it necessary, I could amply quote Pope himself for such tributes to *Nature* as no poet of the present day has even approached.

"His various excellence is really wonderful: architecture, painting, *gardening*, all are alike subject to his genius. Be it remembered, that English *gardening* is the purposed perfectioning of niggard *Nature*, and that without it England is but a hedge-and-ditch, double-post-and-rail, Hounslow-heath and Clapham-common sort of country, since the principal forests have been felled. It is, in general, far from a picturesque country. The case is different with Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; and I except also the lake counties and Derbyshire, together with Eton, Windsor, and my own dear Harrow on the Hill, and some spots near the coast. In the present

rank fertility of 'great poets of the age,' and of poetry'—a word which, like 'schools of divinity' and of 'philosophy,' is never introduced till the art has increased with the number of professors—in the present day, then, there have up two sorts of Naturals;—the Lakers, who are about Nature because they live in Cumberland, their *under-sect* (which some one has called the 'Cockney School'), who are earth for the country because they live in London. To be observed, that the rustical founders are anxious to disclaim any connexion with the politan followers, whom they ungraciously and call cockneys, atheists, foolish fellows, and other hard names not less ungraciously unjust. I can understand the pretensions aquatic gentlemen of Windermere to what I terms 'entusunusay,' for lakes, and mountains, daffodils, and buttercups; but I should be apprized of the foundation of the Lapsensities of their imitative brethren to the argument. Southey, Wordsworth, and I have rambled over half Europe, and seen most of her varieties (although I think that occasionally not used her very well); but earth—of earth, and sea, and Nature—others seen? Not a half, nor a tenth part as Pope. While they sneer at his Windsor, have they ever seen any thing of Windsor brick?

"When they have really seen life—when they have travelled beyond the distant boundaries of the wilds of Middlesex—they have overpassed the Alps of Helvetia, traced to its sources the Nile of the Nile, then, and not till then, can it properly be to them to despise Pope; who had, if not seen, been near it, when he described so beautifully 'artificial' works of the Benefactor of Mankind, the 'Man of Ross,' whose poem suspended in the parlour of the inn, I have contemplated with reverence for his own admiration of the poet, without whom even still existing good works could hardly have his honest renown.

"If they had said nothing of *Pope*, they remained 'alone with their glory' for aught have said or thought about them or their. But if they interfere with the little 'Night' Twickenham, they may find others who will. I won't. Neither time, nor distance, nor age, can ever diminish my veneration for him the great moral poet of all times, of all climes, feelings, and of all stages of existence. To of my boyhood, the study of my manhood, (if allowed to me to attain it) he may be a relation of my age. His poetry is the Book Without canting, and yet without neglecting, he has assembled all that a good and great gather together of moral wisdom clothed in true beauty. Sir William Temple observes, 'The members of mankind that live within the of a thousand years, for one man that is born of making a *great poet*, there may be a *thousand* capable of making as great generals and statesmen as any in story.' Here is a statesman!



honourable to him and to the art. of a thousand years' was *Pope*. As it will roll away before such another can in our literature. But it can *want* self is a literature.

upon his so brutally abused translation Dr Clarke, whose critical exactness is as *not been* able to point out above mistakes in the *sense* through the whole of the translation are of a different kind. So says Warton, himself a scholar. This, then, that he avoided the chief error. As to its other faults, they coming made a beautiful English poem of a one. It will always hold. Cowper of the blank pretenders may do their worst: they will never wrench *Pope* of a single reader of sense and feeling. distinction of the under forms of the poets is their *vulgarity*. By this I do they are *coarse*, but 'shabby-genteel.'

A man may be *coarse* and yet not be reverse. Burns is often coarse, but Chatterton is never vulgar, nor Wordsworth of the Lake school, though they live in all its branches. It is in their new under school are *most* vulgar, be known by this at once; as what we now 'a Sunday blood' might be easily from a gentleman, although his clothes better cut, and his boots the best black-wo;—probably because he made the the other with his own hands.

sent case, I speak of writing, not of the latter, I know nothing; of the former it is found. \* \* \* They may be gentlemenly men, for what I know, quality is studiously excluded from their. They remind me of Mr Smith and the sons at the Hampstead Assembly, in these things (in private life, at least), me small experience; because, in the south, I have seen a little of all sorts of the Christian prince and the Mussulman ha, and the higher ranks of their country the London boxer, the 'flash and the Spanish muleteer, the wandering the, the Scotch highlander, and the Al—to say nothing of the curious varieties of life. Far be it from me to presume now, or can be, such a thing as an of poets; but there is a nobility of style, open to all stations, and derived from, and partly from education,—which in Shakespeare, and Pope, and Burns, in Dante and Alfieri, but which is not received in the mock birds and bards of the chorus. If I were asked to define demanliness is, I should say that it is fixed by examples—of those who have who have it not. In life, I should say tary men have it, and few naval; that rank have it, and few lawyers; that it not among authors than divines (when pedants); that fencing-masters have in dancing-masters, and singers than

players; and that (if it be not an *Irishism* to say so) it is far more generally diffused among women than among men. In poetry, as well as writing in general, it will never *make* entirely a poet or a poem; but neither poet nor poem will ever be good for any thing without it. It is the *salt* of society, and the seasoning of composition. *Vulgarity* is far worse than downright *blackguardism*; for the latter comprehends wit, humour, and strong sense at times; while the former is a sad abortive attempt at all things, 'signifying nothing.' It does not depend upon low themes, or even low language, for Fielding revels in both;—but is he ever *vulgar*? No. You see the man of education, the gentleman, and the scholar, sporting with his subject,—its master, not its slave. Your vulgar writer is always most vulgar, the higher his subject; as the man who showed the menagerie at Pidcock's was wont to say, 'This, gentlemen, is the *Eagle* of the *Sun*, from Archangel in Russia: the *otterer* it is, the *igherer* he flies.'"

In a note on a passage relative to Pope's lines upon Lady Mary W. Montague, he says—

"I think that I could show, if necessary, that Lady Mary W. Montague was also greatly to blame in that quarrel, *not* for having rejected, but for having encouraged him; but I would rather decline the task—though she should have remembered her own line, '*He comes too near, that comes to be denied.*' I admire her so much—her beauty, her talents—that I should do this reluctantly. I, besides, am so attached to the very name of *Mary*, that as Johnson once said, 'If you called a dog *Harvey*, I should love him;' so, if you were to call a female of the same species '*Mary*,' I should love it better than others (biped or quadruped) of the same sex with a different appellation. She was an extraordinary woman: she could translate *Epictetus*, and yet write a song worthy of Aristippus. The lines,

'And when the long hours of the public are past,  
And we meet, with champagne and a chicken, at last,  
May every fond pleasure that moment endear!  
Be banish'd afar both discretion and fear!  
Forgetting or scorning the airs of the crowd,  
He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud,  
Till, &c., &c.

There, Mr Bowles?—what say you to such a supper with such a woman? and her own description too? Is not her '*champagne and chicken*' worth a forest or two? Is it not poetry? It appears to me that this stanza contains the '*purée*' of the whole philosophy of Epicurus:—I mean the *practical* philosophy of his school, not the precepts of the master; for I have been too long at the university not to know that the philosopher was himself a moderate man. But after all, would not some of us have been as great fools as Pope? For my part, I wonder that, with his quick feelings, her coquetry, and his disappointment, he did no more,—instead of writing some lines, which are to be condemned if false, and regretted if true."

## LETTER CCCCXXIV.

TO MR HOPFNER.

\*Ravenna, May 11th, 1821.

"If I had but known your notion about Switzerland before, I should have adopted it at once. As it is, I shall let the child remain in her convent, where she seems healthy and happy, for the present; but I shall feel much obliged if you will *inquire*, when you are in the cantons, about the usual and better modes of education there for females, and let me know the result of your opinions. It is some consolation that both Mr and Mrs Shelley have written to approve entirely my placing the child with the nuns for the present. I can refer to my whole conduct, as having neither spared care, kindness, nor expense, since the child was sent to me. The people may say what they please, I must content myself with not deserving (in this instance) that they should speak ill.

"The place is a *country* town, in a good air, where there is a large establishment for education, and many children, some of considerable rank, placed in it. As a *country* town, it is less liable to objections of every kind. It has always appeared to me, that the moral defect in Italy does *not* proceed from a *conventual* education,—because, to my certain knowledge, they come out of their convents innocent even to *ignorance* of moral evil,—but to the state of society into which they are directly plunged on coming out of it. It is like educating an infant on a mountain-top, and then taking him to the sea and throwing him into it and desiring him to swim. The evil, however, though still too general, is partly wearing away, as the women are more permitted to marry from attachment: this is, I believe, the case also in France. And, after all, what is the higher society of England? According to my own experience, and to all that I have seen and heard (and I have lived there in the very highest and what is called the *best*), no way of life can be more corrupt. In Italy, however, it is, or rather *was*, more *systematized*; but *now*, they themselves are ashamed of *regular* Serventism. In England, the only homage which they pay to virtue is hypocrisy. I speak of course of the *tone* of high life,—the middle ranks may be very virtuous.

"I have not got any copy (nor have yet had) of the letter on Bowles; of course I should be delighted to send it to you. How is Mrs H.? well again, I hope. Let me know when you set out. I regret that I cannot meet you in the Bernese Alps this summer, as I once hoped and intended. With my best respects to madam,

"I am ever, &c.

"P.S. I gave to a musician a letter for you some time ago—has he presented himself? Perhaps you could introduce him to the Ingrams and other dilettanti. He is simple and unassuming—two strange things in his profession—and he fiddles like Orpheus himself or Amphion: 'tis a pity that he can't make Venice dance away from the brutal tyrant who tramples upon it."

## LETTER CCCCXXV

TO MR MURRAY.

\*Y

"A Milan paper states that the represented and universally condemned strance has been vain, complaint would I presume, however, for your own (mine), that you and my other friends least published my different protests brought upon the stage at all; and had Elliston (in spite of the writer) *forced* theatre. It would be nonsense to say it vexed me a good deal, but I am not I shall not take the usual resource of blas (which was in the right), or my friend venting—what they could not help, no *forced* representation by a speculating is a pity that you did not show them it the stage before the play was *published* a promise from the managers not to act of their refusal, we would not have p But this is too late.

"Y.

"P.S. I enclose Mr Bowles's letters my name for their candour and kind letter for Hodgson, which pray forward paper states that I '*brought forward*' This is pleasanter still. But don't be worried about it; and if (as is like Elliston checks the sale, I am ready deduction, or the entire cancel of your "You will of course *not* publish i Gilchrist, as, after Bowles's good has subject, it would be too savage.

"Let me hear from you the particulars I have only the simple fact.

"If you knew what I have had to go on account of the failure of these rascal you would be amused: but it is now a They seemed disposed to throw the weight plans of these parts upon me chiefly."

## LETTER CCCCXXVI

TO MR MOORE.

"If any part of the letter to Bowles tionally, as far as I remember the you, you are fully avenged; for I see paper that, notwithstanding all my through all my friends (and yourself a the managers persisted in attempting and that it has been 'unanimously' it is the consolatory phrase of the Milan detests me cordially and abuses me, c as a liberal), with the addition, that play out' of my own good will.

"All this is vexatious enough, and dramatic Calvinism—predestined damn a sinner's own fault. I took all the tal could to prevent this inevitable partly by appeals of all kinds up to it



partly to the fellows themselves. But, once was vain, complaint is useless. I stand it—for Murray's letter of the 24th, preceding ones, gave me the strongest there would be no representation. As nothing but the fact, which I presume is the date is Paris, and the 30th. They seen in a *hell* of a hurry for this damned did not even know that it was published; its being first published, the histrions we got hold of it. Any one might have dance, that it was utterly impracticable; and this little accident will by no means merit in the closet.

Patience is a virtue, and, I suppose, practice it perfect. Since last year (spring, we lost a lawsuit, of great importance, on libel—have occasioned a divorce—have y disparaged by Murray and the critics—refused to be placed on an advantageous Ireland) by the trustees—my life threatened (they put about a paper here to exempt at my assassination, on account of a notion which the priests disseminated in a league against the Germans)—and, mother-in-law recovered last fortnight, was damned last week! These are like and-twenty misfortunes of Harlequin.\* must be borne. If I give in, it shall be g up a spirit at least. I should not have ach about it, if our southern neighbours agled us all out of freedom for these five ars to come.

know John Keats? They say that he y a review of him in the Quarterly—if he ich I really don't know. I don't under- yelding sensitiveness. What I feel (as nt) is an immense rage for eight-and-forty then, as usual—unless this time it should I must get on horseback to quiet me.

"Yours, &c.

I wrote, after the battle of Pavia, 'All at our honour.' A hissed author may re- Nothing is lost, except our honour.' But are waiting, and the paper full. I wrote to you."

## LETTER CCCXXVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, May 19th, 1821.

papers of Thursday, and two letters of d, I perceive that the Italian gazette had *taically*, and that the drama had *not* d, and that my friends *had* interfered to representation. So it seems they continue spite of us all: for this we must 'trouble te.' Let it by all means be brought to a determined to try the right, and will meet es. The reason of the Lombard lie was Austrians—who keep up an Inquisition Italy, and a list of names of all who ask of any thing but in favour of their des- ve for five years past abused me in every

form in the Gazette of Milan, &c. I wrote to you a week ago on the subject.

"Now I should be glad to know what compensation Mr Elliston would make me, not only for dragging my writings on the stage in *five* days, but for being the cause that I was kept for *four* days (from Sunday to Thursday morning, the only post-days) in the *belief* that the *tragedy* had been acted and 'unanimously hissed;' and this with the addition that I 'had brought it upon the stage,' and consequently that none of my friends had attended to my request to the contrary. Suppose that I had burst a blood-vessel like John Keats, or blown my brains out in a fit of rage,—neither of which would have been unlikely a few years ago. At present I am, luckily, calmer than I used to be, and yet I would not pass those four days over again for—I know not what."

"I wrote to you to keep up your spirits, for reproach is useless always, and irritating—but my feelings were very much hurt, to be dragged like a gla-

\* The account, given by Madame Guiccioli of his anxiety on this occasion fully corroborates his own:—"His quiet was, in spite of himself, often disturbed by public events, and by the attacks which, principally in his character of author, the journals levelled at him. In vain did he protest that he was indifferent to these attacks. The impression was, it is true, but momentary, and he, from a feeling of noble pride, but too much disdained to reply to his detractors. But, however brief his annoyance was, it was sufficiently acute to occasion him much pain, and to afflict those who loved him. Every occurrence relative to the bringing Marino Faliero on the stage caused him excessive inquietude. On the occasion of an article in the Milan Gazette, in which mention was made of this affair, he wrote to me in the following manner:—"You will see here confirmation of what I told you the other day: I am sacrificed in every way, without knowing the *why* or the *wherefore*. The tragedy in question is not (nor ever was) written for, or adapted to, the stage; nevertheless, the plan is not romantic; it is rather regular than otherwise;—in point of unity of time, indeed, perfectly regular, and failing but slightly in unity of place. You well know whether it was ever my intention to have it acted, since it was written at your side, and at a period assuredly rather more *tragical* to me as a *man* than as an *author*: for you were in affliction and peril. In the mean time, I learn from your Gazette that a cabal and party has been formed, while I myself have never taken the slightest step in the business. It is said that the author read it aloud!!!—here, probably, at Ravenna?—and to whom? perhaps to Fletcher!!!—that illustrious literary character, &c., &c."—"Ma però la sua tranquillità era suo malgrado sovente alterata dalle pubbliche vicende, e dagli attacchi che spesso si dirigevano a lui nei giornali come ad autore principalmente. Era invano che egli protestava indifferenza per codesti attacchi. L'impressione non era è vero che momentanea, e purtroppo per una nobile sferatezza sdegnava sempre di rispondere ai suoi detrattori. Ma per quanto fosse breve quella impressione era però assai forte per farlo molto soffrire e per affiggere quelli che lo amavano. Tuttociò che ebbe luogo per la rappresentazione del suo Marino Faliero lo inquietò pure moltissimo e dietro ad un articolo di una Gazzetta di Milano in cui si parlava di quell'affare egli mi scrisse così:—'Ecco la verità di ciò che io vi dissi pochi giorni fa, come vengo sacrificato in tutte le maniere senza sapere il *perchè* è il *come*. La tragedia di cui si parla non è (e non era mai) nè scritta nè adattata al teatro; ma non è però romantico il disegno, è piuttosto regolare—regolarissimo per l'unità del tempo, e mancando poco a quella del sito. Voi sapete bene se io aveva intenzione di farla rappresentare, poichè era scritta al vostro fianco e nei momenti per certo più *tragici* per me come *uomo* che come *autore*,—perchè voi eravate in affanno ed in pericolo. Intanto sento dalla vostra Gazzetta che sia nata una cabala, un partito, e senza ch'io vi abbia presa la minima parte. Si dice che l'autore ne fece la lettura!!!—qui forse? a Ravenna?—ed a chi? forse a Fletcher!!!—quel illustre letterato, &c., &c.'"

dinator to the fate of a gladiator by that '*retiarus*,' Mr Elliston. As to his defence and offers of compensation, what is all this to the purpose? It is like Louis the XIVth, who insisted upon buying at any price Algernon Sydney's horse, and, on his refusal, on taking it by force, Sydney shot his horse. I could not shoot my tragedy, but I would have flung it into the fire rather than have had it represented.

"I have now written nearly three *acts* of another (intending to complete it in five), and am more anxious than ever to be preserved from such a breach of all literary courtesy and gentlemanly consideration.

"If we succeed, well; if not, previous to any future publication we will request a *promise* not to be acted, which I would even pay for (as money is their object), or I will not publish—which, however, you will probably not much regret.

"The Chancellor has behaved nobly. You have also conducted yourself in the most satisfactory manner; and I have no fault to find with any body but the stage-players, and their proprietor. I was always so civil to Elliston personally that he ought to have been the last to attempt to injure me.

"There is a most rattling thunder-storm pelting away at this present writing; so that I write neither by day, nor by candle, nor torchlight, but by *lightning* light: the flashes are as brilliant as the most gaseous glow of the gas-light company. My chimney-board has just been thrown down by a gust of wind: I thought that it was the '*Bold Thunder*' and '*Brisk Lightning* in person.—*Three* of us would be too many. There it goes—*flash* again! but

'I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness;  
I never gave ye *franks*, nor call'd upon you:'

as I have done by and upon Mr Elliston.

"Why do you not write? You should at least send me a line of particulars: I know nothing yet but by Galignani and the Honourable Douglas.

"Well, and how does our Pope controversy go on? and the pamphlet? It is impossible to write any news: the Austrian scoundrels rummage all letters.

"P. S. I could have sent you a good deal of gossip and some *real* information, were it not that all letters pass through the Barbarians' inspection, and I have no wish to inform *them* of any thing but my utter abhorrence of them and theirs. They have only conquered by treachery, however."

#### LETTER CCCXXVIII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Ravenna, May 20th, 1821.

"Since I wrote to you last week, I have received English letters and papers, by which I perceive that what I took for an Italian *truth* is, after all, a French lie of the *Gazette de France*. In contains two ultra-falsehoods in as many lines. In the first place, Lord B. did *not* bring forward his play, but opposed the same; and, secondly, it was *not* condemned, but is continued to be acted, in despite of publisher, author, Lord Chancellor, and (for aught I know to the contrary) of audience, up to the first of May, at least—the latest date of my letters. You will oblige me, then,

by causing Mr *Gazette* of France to contravert self, which, I suppose, he is used to. I need not say a foreign *criticism*; but this is a mere *fact*, and not of *opinions*. I presume the English and French interest enough to me—though, to be sure, as it is nothing but *truth* which we wish to state, the insert is more difficult.

"As I have written to you often lately, I won't bore you further now, though I am anxious to comply with my request; I presume the '*esprit du corps*' (is it '*du*' or '*de*'?) of this is more than I know) will sufficiently answer as one of '*ours*,' to set this affair in its true light. Believe me always yours ever and most affec-

#### LETTER CCCXXIX.

TO MR HOPPER.

\* Ravenna, May 21st.

"I am very much pleased with what you have written about Switzerland, and will ponder upon it. I am sure she married there than here for the first time. For fortune, I shall make all that I can live and she is correct in her conduct), and before she is settled, I have left her by will a good sum of pounds, which is a fair provision for a natural child. I shall increase it if circumstances permit me; but, of course, I cannot do so in other human things, this is very uncertain.

"You will oblige me very much by inserting the *FACTS* of the play-acting staff of scoundrels appear to be organizing a system against me, because I am in their '*list*.' I am sure they will do nothing for *their criticism*, but the matter is so serious that I have written *four* acts of another tragedy, which they *can't* bully me.

"You know, I suppose, that they act a *list* of all individuals in Italy who dislike them must be numerous. Their suspicious alarms about my conduct and presumed intentions, the late row were truly ludicrous—though you, I touched upon them lightly. They do not and still believe here, or affect to believe in the whole plan and project of rising was seen and the *means* furnished, &c. &c. It was more fomented by the barbarian agents, numerous here (one of them was stabbed by the way, but not dangerously);—and when the Commandant was shot here before in December, I took him into my house and had every assistance, till he died on Friday, and although not one of them dared to enter into their houses but myself, they *can* perish in the night in the streets, the paper about three months ago, denouncing the Chief of the Liberals, and stirring up to assassinate me. But this shall never alter my opinions. All this came from the Barbarians."



## LETTER CCCCXXX.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, May 25th, 1821.

IAY,

I wrote the enclosed a week ago, and for  
fore, I have not had a line from you :  
be glad to know upon what principle  
uncommon feeling, you leave me with-  
out information but what I derive from garbled  
English, and abusive ones in Italian (the  
ing me, as a *coal-heaver*), while all  
has been going on about the play? You  
r!!! Were it not for two letters from  
Murray, I should have been as ignorant as  
you.

Mr Bowles has been abusing Hobhouse?  
I suppose, he has broken the truce, like Mo-  
se, and I will cut him out, as Cochrane  
would.

I wrote the enclosed packet, I have com-  
pleted (and copied out) four acts of a new tragedy.  
I finished the fifth, I will copy it out. It  
is a recit of 'Sardanapalus,' the last king of  
Assyria. The words *Queen* and *Pavilion* oc-  
cure an allusion to his Britannic Majesty,  
and I must not imagine. This you will one  
day finish it), as I have made Sardanapalus  
a voluptuous, as history represents him),  
and as my poor powers could render  
it could neither be truth nor satire on  
the monarch. I have strictly preserved all the  
facts, and mean to continue them in the  
second; but *not for the stage*. Yours, in  
truth, your shabby correspondent!

"N."

## LETTER CCCCXXXI.

TO MR MURRAY

"Ravenna, May 29th, 1821.

I wrote the enclosed the 26th or 25th, I have dashed  
it off the tragedy called 'Sardanapalus.'  
It is the copying over, which may prove  
heavy to the writer as to the reader.  
I wrote to you at least six times sans answer,  
you to be a—bookseller. I pray you  
copy of Mr Wrangham's reformation  
of Plutarch. I have the Greek, which  
is small of print, and the Italian, which is  
style, and as false as a Neapolitan pa-  
stiche. I pray you also to send me a  
card some years ago, of the *Magician*  
of Tyana. It is in English, and I think  
written by what Martin Marprelate calls 'a  
jest.' I shall trouble you no farther  
than with the postage.

"Yours, &amp;c.

"N."

When I wrote this, I determined to enclose  
(next) to Mr Kinnaird, who will have the  
forward it. Besides, it saves sealing-

## LETTER CCCCXXXII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, May 30th, 1821.

"DEAR MURRAY,

"You say you have written often: I have only  
received yours of the eleventh, which is very short.  
By this post, in *five* packets, I send you the tragedy  
of Sardanapalus, which is written in a rough hand:  
perhaps Mrs Leigh can help you to decipher it.  
You will please to acknowledge it by *return* of post.  
You will remark that the *unities* are all *strictly* ob-  
served. The scene passes in the same *hall* always:  
the time, a *summer's night*, about nine hours, or  
less, though it begins before sunset and ends after  
sunrise. In the third act, when Sardanapalus calls  
for a *mirror* to look at himself in his armour, recol-  
lect to quote the Latin passage from *Juvenal* upon  
*Otho* (a similar character, who did the same thing):  
Gifford will help you to it. The trait is perhaps too  
familiar, but it is historical (of *Otho*, at least), and  
natural in an effeminate character."

## LETTER CCCCXXXIII.

TO MR HOPKINS.

"Ravenna, May 31st, 1821.

"I enclose you another letter, which will only con-  
firm what I have said to you.

"About Allegra. I will take some decisive step in  
the course of the year; at present, she is so happy  
where she is, that perhaps she had better have her  
*alphabet* imparted in her convent.

"What you say of the *Dante* is the first I have  
heard of it—all seemed to be merged in the *row* about  
the tragedy. Continue it!—Alas! what could Dante  
himself *now* prophecy about Italy? I am glad you  
like it, however, but doubt that you will be singular  
in your opinion. My new tragedy is completed.

"The B... is *right*,—I ought to have mentioned  
her *humour* and *amiability*, but I thought at her  
*sixty*, beauty would be most agreeable or least  
likely. However, it shall be rectified in a new edi-  
tion; and if any of the parties have either looks or  
qualities which they wish to be noticed, let me have  
a minute of them. I have no private nor personal  
dislike to *Venice*, rather the contrary, but I merely  
speak of what is the subject of all remarks and all  
writers upon her present state. Let me hear from  
you before you start. Believe me,

"Ever, &amp;c.

"P. S. Did you receive two letters of Douglas  
Kinnaird's in an envelope from me? Remember me  
to Mengaldo, Soranzo, and all who care that I should  
remember them. The letter alluded to in the en-  
closed 'to the Cardinal,' was in answer to some  
*queries* of the government, about a poor devil of a  
Neapolitan, arrested at Sinigaglia on suspicion, who  
came to beg of me here; being without breeches,  
and consequently without pockets for halfpence, I  
relieved and forwarded him to his country, and they  
arrested him at Pesaro on suspicion, and have since

interrogated me (civilly and politely, however) about him. I sent them the poor man's petition, and such information as I had about him, which, I trust, will get him out again, that is to say, if they give him a fair hearing.

"I am content with the article. Pray, did you receive, some posts ago, Moore's lines, which I enclosed to you, written at Paris?"

#### LETTER CCCCXXXIV.

TO MR MOORE.

"Ravenna, June 4th, 1821.

"You have not written lately, as is the usual custom with literary gentleman, to console their friends with their observations in cases of magnitude. I do not know whether I sent you my 'Elegy on the recovery of Lady \* \* \*':—

"Behold the blessings of a lucky lot—  
My play is damn'd, and Lady \* \* not.

"The papers (and perhaps your letters) will have put you in possession of Muster Elliston's dramatic behaviour. It is to be presumed that the play was *fitted* for the stage by Mr Dibdin, who is the tailor upon such occasions, and will have taken measure with his usual accuracy. I hear that it is still continued to be performed—a piece of obstinacy for which it is some consolation to think that the discursive histrio will be out of pocket.

"You will be surprised to hear that I have finished another tragedy in *five* acts, observing all the unities strictly. It is called 'Sardanapalus,' and was sent by last post to England. It is *not* for the stage, any more than the other was intended for it,—and I shall take better care *this* time that they don't get hold on't.

"I have also sent, two months ago, a further letter on Bowles, &c.; but he seems to be so taken up with my 'respect' (as he calls it) towards him in the former case, that I am not sure that it will be published, being somewhat too full of 'pastime and prodigality.' I learn from some private letters of Bowles's, that you were 'the gentleman in asterisks.' Who would have dreamed it? you see what mischief that clergyman has done by printing notes without names. How the deuce was I to suppose that the first four asterisks meant 'Campbell' and *not* 'Pope,' and that the blank signature meant Thomas Moore.\* You see

\* In their eagerness, like true controversialists, to avail themselves of every passing advantage, and convert even straws into weapons on an emergency, my two friends, during their short warfare, contrived to place me in that sort of embarrassing position, the most provoking feature of which is, that it excites more amusement than sympathy. On the one side, Mr Bowles chose to cite, as a support to his argument, a short fragment of a note, addressed to him, as he stated, by "a gentleman of the highest literary, &c. &c." and saying, in reference to Mr Bowles's former pamphlet, "You have hit the right nail on the head, and \* \* \* too." This short scrap was signed with four asterisks; and when, on the appearance of Mr Bowles's Letter, I met with it in his pages, not the slightest suspicion ever crossed my mind that I had been myself the writer of it;—my communications with my reverend friend and neighbour having been (for years, I am proud to say) sufficiently frequent to allow

what comes of being familiar with parsons. answers have not yet reached me, but I am from Hobhouse, that *he* (H.) is attacked in that be the case, Bowles has broken the truth he himself proclaimed, by the way) and I am at him again.

"Did you receive my letters with the two concluding sheets of Memoranda?"

"There are no news here to interest a German spy (*boasting himself* such) was at week, but *not* mortally. The moment I went about bullying and boasting, it was me, or any one else, to foretell what would happen, which I did, and it came to pass in after. He has got off, however, for a slight

"A row the other night, about a lady of between her various lovers, occasioned a discharge of pistols, but nobody wounded scandal, however—planted by her lover thrashed by her husband, for inconstancy gular Servente, who is coming home post about she herself retired in confusion into the although it is the acme of the opera season women furious against her (she herself being censorious) for being *found out*. She is a woman—a Countess \* \* \*—a fine old Viennese or Ostrogoth.

"The Greeks! what think you? The old acquaintances—but what to think I! Let us hope, howsoever.

"Yours,

"B

#### LETTER CCCCXXXV.

TO MR MOORE.

"Ravenna, June 1

"Your dwarf of a letter came yesterday is right;—keep to your 'magnum opus'—

of such a hasty compliment to his disputative pen from my memory. When Lord Byron took against Mr Bowles's Letter, this unlucky asteriskatively brought forward, was, of course, too mark for his facetiousness to be resisted; more as the person mentioned in it, as having suffered reverend critic's vigour, appeared, from the asterisks employed in designating him, to have been self, though, in a reality, the name was that of former antagonist, Mr Campbell. The noble it is needless to say, made the most of this vulgarity and few readers could have been more diverted with his happy ridicule of "the gentleman in little thinking that I was myself, all the while, victim,—nor was it till about the time of the above letter, that, by some communication from a friend in England, I was startled into attention of my own share in the transaction.

While by one friend I was thus unconsciously cently, drawn into the scrape, the other was rendering me the same friendly service;—for, on account of Lord Byron's answer to Mr Bowles, I had the satisfaction of finding that, with a far less pardonable reserve, he had all but named me as his faithful anecdote of his reverend opponent's early day had, in the course of an after-dinner conversation at Venice, and which,—pleasant in itself, and, or false, harmless,—derived its sole sting from in which the noble disputant triumphantly applied are the consequences of one's near and dear friends to controversy.



Now, if we were but together a little to 'Journal of Trevoux!' But it is useless yet very natural,—for I think you and I together, in the social line, than any two authors.

to ask you if you had seen your own the correspondence of Mrs Waterhouse Berkeley? To be sure, *their* moral is act; but *your* passion is fully effective; y of the *Asiatic* kind—I mean Asiatic, ans called 'Asiatic oratory,' and not be- nery is Oriental—must be tried by that am not quite sure that I shall allow the (legitimate or illegitimate) to read Lalla he first place, on account of this said d, in the second, that they mayn't disco- e was a better poet than papa. nothing of politics—but, alas! what can

\* The world is a bundle of hay,  
Mankind are the asses who pull,  
Each tugs it a different way,—  
And the greatest of all is John Bull!

you call your new project? I have sent a new tragedy, cycled 'Sardanapalus,' ing to Aristotle—all, save the chorus—I on- cile me to that. I have begun another, he second act;—so you see I saunter on

answers have reached me; but I can't ating for ever,—particularly in a polite suppose he will take being *silent* for si- e has been so civil that I can't find it in e facetious with him,—else I had a savage at his service.

\* \* \* \* \*  
send you the little journal, because it is in I can't trust it per post. Don't suppose ag particular; but it will show the *inten-* natives at that time—and one or two , chiefly personal, like the former one. gman don't bite.—It was my wish to have work of use. Could you not raise a sum wever small), reserving the power of re- on repayment?

in Paris, or a villaging? If you are in the ill never resist the Anglo-invasion you I do not see an Englishman in half a year; I do, I turn my horse's head the other fact, which you will find in the last note e, has given me a good excuse for quite e least connexion with travellers.

at recollect the speech you speak of, but is not the Doge's, but one of Israel to Calendaro. I hope you think that aved shamefully—it is my only consolation. e Milanese fellows contradict their lie, did with the grace of people used to it.

"Yours, &c.

"B."

## LETTER CCCCXXXVI.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Ravenna, July 5th, 1821.

"How could you suppose that I ever would allow any thing that *could* be said on your account to weigh with *me*? I only regret that Bowles had not *said* that you were the writer of that note until afterwards, when out he comes with it, in a private letter to Murray, which Murray sends to me. D—n the controversy!

\* D—n Twizzle,  
D—n the bell,  
And d—n the fool who rung it—Well!  
From all such plagues I'll quickly be deliver'd.

"I have had a friend of your Mr. Irving's—a very pretty lad—a Mr. Coolidge, of Boston—only somewhat too full of poesy and 'entusymusy.' I was very civil to him during his few hours' stay, and talked with him much of Irving, whose writings are my delight. But I suspect that he did not take quite so much to me, from his having expected to meet a misanthropical gentleman, in wolf-skin breeches, and answering in fierce monosyllables, instead of a man of this world. I can never get people to understand that poetry is the expression of *excited passion*, and that there is no such thing as a life of passion any more than a continuous earthquake, or an eternal fever. Besides, who would ever *shave* themselves in such a state?

"I have had a curious letter to-day from a girl in England (I never saw her), who says she is given over of a decline, but could not go out of the world without thanking me for the delight which my poesy for several years, &c. &c. &c. It is signed simply N. N. A. and has not a word of 'cant' or preachment in it upon *any* opinions. She merely says that she is dying, and that as I had contributed so highly to her existing pleasure, she thought that she might say so, begging me to *burn* her letter—which, by the way, I can *not* do, as I look upon such a letter, in such circumstances, as better than a diploma from Gottingen. I once had a letter from Drontheim, in Norway (but not from a dying woman), in verse, on the same score of gratulation. These are the things which make one at times believe oneself a poet. But if I must believe that \* \* \* \* \*, and such fellows, are poets also, it is better to be out of the corps.

"I am now in the fifth act of 'Foscari,' being the third tragedy in twelve months, besides *proses*; so you perceive that I am not at all idle. And are you, too, busy? I doubt that your life at Paris draws too much upon your time, which is a pity. Can't you divide your day, so as to combine both? I have had plenty of all sorts of worldly business on my hands last year,—and yet it is not so difficult to give a few hours to the *Muses*. This sentence is so like \* \* \* \* \* that—

"Ever, &c.

"If we were together, I should publish both my plays (periodically) in our *joint* journal. It should be our plan to publish all our best things in that way."

In the Journal entitled "Detached Thoughts," I

find the tribute to his genius which he here mentions, as well as some others, thus interestingly dwelt upon.

"As far as fame goes (that is to say, *living fame*) I have had my share, perhaps—indeed, *certainly*—more than my deserts.

"Some odd instances have occurred, to my own experience, of the wild and strange places to which a name may penetrate, and where it may impress. Two years ago (almost three, being in August or July, 1819,) I received at Ravenna a letter, in *English* verse, from *Drontheim* in Norway, written by a Norwegian, and full of the usual compliments, &c. &c. It is still somewhere amongst my papers. In the same month I received an invitation into *Holstein* from a Mr. Jacobsen (I think) of Hamburg: also, by the same medium, a translation of Medora's song in the *Corsair* by a Westphalian baroness (not 'Thunderton-Tronck'), with some original verses of hers (very pretty and Klopstock-ish), and a prose translation annexed to them, on the subject of my wife:—as they concerned her more than me, I sent them to her, together with Mr. Jacobsen's letter. It was odd enough to receive an invitation to pass the *summer in Holstein* while in *Italy*, from people I never knew. The letter was addressed to Venice. Mr. Jacobsen talked to me of the 'wild roses growing in the Holstein summer.' Why then did the Cimbri and Teutones emigrate?

"What a strange thing is life and man! Were I to present myself at the door of the house where my daughter now is, the door would be shut in my face—unless (as is not impossible) I knocked down the porter; and if I had gone in that year (and perhaps now) to Drontheim (the furthest town in Norway), or into Holstein, I should have been received with open arms into the mansion of strangers and foreigners, attached to me by no tie but by that of mind and rumour.

"As far as *fame* goes, I have had my share: it has indeed been leavened by other human contingencies, and this in a greater degree than has occurred to most literary men of a *decent* rank in life; but, on the whole, I take it that such equipoise is the condition of humanity."

Of the visit, too, of the American gentleman, he thus speaks in the same Journal:—

"A young American, named Coolidge, called on me not many months ago. He was intelligent, very handsome, and not more than twenty years old, according to appearances; a little romantic, but that sits well upon youth, and mighty fond of poesy, as may be suspected from his approaching me in my cavern. He brought me a message from an old servant of my family (Joe Murray), and told me that *he* (Mr Coolidge) had obtained a copy of my bust from Thorwaldsen at Rome, to send to America. I confess I was more flattered by this young enthusiasm of a solitary Trans-Atlantic traveller, than if they had decreed me a statue in the Paris Pantheon (I have seen emperors and demagogues cast down from their pedestals even in my own time, and Grattan's name razed from the street, called after him in Dublin); I say that I was more flattered by it, because it was *single, unpolitical*, and was without motive or ostentation,—the pure and warm feeling of a boy for the poet he admired. It must have been expensive, though;—I

would not pay the price of a Thorwaldsen's any human head and shoulders, except my children's, or some '*absurd* son Monkbarns calls them,—or my sister's. Then, I sate for my own?—Answer, the particular request of J. C. Hobhouse, I do not know of one else. A *picture* is a different matter;—body sits for their picture;—but a *statue* is putting up pretensions to permanence;—something of a hankering for *public* life, and private remembrance.

"Whenever an American requests it (which is not unfrequently) I comply, firstly, to please a people who acquired their firmness without excess; and, secondly, to encourage Trans-Atlantic visits, 'few and far between,' as I feel as if talking with posterity from the Styx. In a century or two, the English and Spanish Atlantides will be many countries, in all probability, as Greece overcame their mother Asia in the ages, as they are called."

#### LETTER CCCCXXX

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna

"In agreement with a wish expressed in my house, it is my determination to omit the *horse of Semiramis* in the Fifth Juan. I mention this, in case you are the publisher of the remaining Cantos."

"At the particular request of the Americans, I have promised *not* to continue Don Juan; therefore look upon these three Cantos as the poem. She had read the two first translations, and never ceased beseech me no more of it. The reason of this is not to a superficial observer of FOREIGN LITERATURE, but arises from the wish of all women to be in the moment of the passions, and to keep up it in their empire. Now Don Juan strips and laughs at that and most other things; he knew a woman who did *not* protect herself, one who did not dislike De Grammont, and all the comedy of the passions, which is naturally. But 'king's blood must be sold,' Serjeant Bothwell says."

#### LETTER CCCCXXX

TO MR MURRAY.

"I trust that Sardanapalus will not be a *political* play, which was so far from my thought of nothing but Asiatic history. Venetian play, too, is rigidly historic; but has been to dramatise, like the Greek phrase, striking passages of history, and history and mythology. You will find it unlike Shakspeare; and so much the better, for I look upon him to be the worst of all."

\* In venturing this judgment upon Byron but followed in the footsteps of his



extraordinary of writers. It has been as simple and severe as Alfieri, and I wrote the *poetry* as nearly as I could to go. The hardship is, that in these I either speak of kings or queens without politics or personalities. I intended

very well, and I write in the midst of these here: they have, without trial or judgment, banished several of the first inhabitants of and all around the Roman states—many of my personal friends, so that confusion and grief: it is a kind of not to be described without an equal pain.

I scrawl niggardly in your letters.

"Yours truly,

"B."

LETTER CCCCXXXIX.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, July 22d, 1821.

He has done wonders;—he has read what I wrote in handwriting.

He says 'delay till winter:' I am partial to print while the *winter theatres* are in time, in case they try their former success. Any loss shall be considered in the better occasioned by the season or it print away, and publish.

I must own that I have more *styles* of *danapalus* is, however, almost a mistake; but, for that matter, so is Richard the *unities*, which are my great object.

I am glad that Gifford likes it: as you see I have carefully consulted the *taste* of the day for extravagant eulogies. Any probable loss, as I said before, for in our accoutrements. The reviews (two, Blackwood's, for instance) are at never mind those fellows: I shall right about, if I take it into my head, be English *baser* in some things than a. You stare, but it's true as to happen, because they are prouder, and to obligations.

Of the Government here is breaking the exiles about a thousand people of all over the Roman states. As many are amongst them, I think of moving I have had your answers. Continue to me *here*, as usual, and quickly. Not to be sorry to hear is, that the poor thing that I meant to go, got together the Cardinal to request that he would remain. I only heard of it a day or

more in Rowe,\* says this poet, "to write *seddy* in Shakespeare's style, that is, prose of a bad age."—Spence, sect. 4. 1734-36. He seems to have held pretty nearly the same professed by Lord Byron in some of his, in Spence, sect. 5. 1737-39, a passage on remarks.—\* Perhaps Pope did not relish than he seems to have done Milton.\*

two ago, and it is no dishonour to them nor to me; but it will have displeased the higher powers, who look upon me as a Chief of the Coalheavers. They arrested a servant of mine for a street quarrel with an officer (they drew upon one another knives and pistols), but as the officer was out of uniform, and in the *wrong* besides, on my protesting stoutly, he was released. I was not present at the affray, which happened by night near my stables. My man (an Italian), a very stout, and not over-patient personage, would have taken a fatal revenge afterwards, if I had not prevented him. As it was, he drew his stiletto, and, but for passengers, would have carbonadoed the captain, who, I understand, made but a poor figure in the quarrel, except by beginning it. He applied to me, and I offered him any satisfaction, either by turning away the man, or otherwise, because he had drawn a knife. He answered that a reproof would be sufficient. I reproved him; and yet, after this, the shabby dog complained to the Government,—after being quite satisfied, as he said. This roused me, and I gave them a remonstrance which had some effect. The captain has been reprimanded, the servant released, and the business at present rests there."

Among the victims of the "black sentence and proscription" by which the rulers of Italy were now, as appears from the above letters, avenging their late alarm upon all who had even in the remotest degree contributed to it, the two Gambas were, of course, as suspected Chiefs of the Carbonari of Romagna, included. About the middle of July, Madame Guiccioli, in a state of despair, wrote to inform Lord Byron that her father, in whose palazzo she was at that time residing, had just been ordered to quit Ravenna within twenty-four hours, and that it was the intention of her brother to depart the following morning. The young Count, however, was not permitted to remain even so long, being arrested that very night, and conveyed by soldiers to the frontier; and the Contessa herself, in but a few days after, found that she also must join the crowd of exiles. The prospect of being again separated from her noble lover seems to have rendered banishment little less fearful, in her eyes, than death. "This alone," she says in a letter to him, "was wanting to fill up the measure of my despair. Help me, my love, for I am in a situation most terrible, and without you, I can resolve upon nothing. \* \* has just been with me, having been sent by \* \* to tell me that I must depart from Ravenna before next Tuesday, as my husband has had recourse to Rome, for the purpose of either forcing me to return to him, or else putting me in a convent; and the answer from thence is expected in a few days. I must not speak of this to any one,—I must escape by night; for, if my project should be discovered, it will be impeded, and my passport (which the goodness of Heaven has permitted me, I know not how, to obtain) will be taken from me. Byron! I am in despair!—If I must leave you here without knowing when I shall see you again, if it is your will that I should suffer so cruelly, I am resolved to remain. They may put me in a convent; I shall die,—but—but then you cannot aid me, and I cannot

reproach you. I know not what they tell me, for my agitation overwhelms me;—and why? Not because I fear my present danger, but solely, I call Heaven to witness, solely because I must leave you.”

Towards the latter end of July, the writer of this tender and truly feminine letter found herself forced to leave Ravenna,—the home of her youth, as it was, now, of her heart,—uncertain whither to go, or where she should again meet her lover. After lingering for a short time at Bologna, under a faint expectation that the Court of Rome might yet, through some friendly mediation,\* be induced to rescind its order against her relatives, she at length gave up all hope, and joined her father and brother at Florence.

It has been already seen, from Lord Byron's letters, that he had himself become an object of strong suspicion to the Government, and it was, indeed, chiefly in their desire to rid themselves of his presence, that the steps taken against the Gamba family had originated;—the constant benevolence which he exercised towards the poor of Ravenna being likely, it was feared, to render him dangerously popular among a people unused to charity on so enlarged a scale. “One of the principal causes,” says Madame Guiccioli, “of the exile of my relatives, was in reality the idea that Lord Byron would share the banishment of his friends. Already the Government were averse to Lord Byron's residence at Ravenna; knowing his opinions, fearing his influence, and also exaggerating the extent of his means for giving effect to them. They fancied that he provided money for the purchase of arms, &c., and that he contributed pecuniarily to the wants of the Society. The truth is, that, when called upon to exercise his beneficence, he made no inquiries as to the political and religious opinions of those who required his aid. Every unhappy and needy object had an equal share in his benevolence. The Anti-Liberals, however, insisted upon believing that he was the principal support of Liberalism in Romagna, and were desirous of his departure; but, not daring to exact it by any direct measure, they were in hopes of being able indirectly to force him into this step.”†

After stating the particulars of her own hasty departure, the lady proceeds:—“Lord Byron, in the

\* Among the persons applied to by Lord Byron for their interest on this occasion was the late Duchess of Devonshire, whose answer, dated from Spa, I find among his papers. With the utmost readiness her Grace undertakes to write to Rome on the subject, and adds, “Believe me also, my Lord, that there is a character of justice, goodness, and benevolence in the present Government of Rome, which, if they are convinced of the just claims of the Comte de Gamba and his son, will make them grant their request.”

† Una delle principali ragioni per cui si erano esigliati i miei parenti era la speranza che Lord Byron pure lascierebbe la Romagna quando i suoi amici fossero partiti. Già da qualche tempo la permanenza di Lord Byron in Ravenna era mal gradita dal Governo conoscendosi le sue opinioni e temendosi la sua influenza, ed esagerandosi anche i suoi mezzi per esercitarla. Si credeva che egli somministrasse danaro per provvedere armi, e che provvedesse ai bisogni della Società. La verità era che nello spargere le sue beneficenze egli non s'informava delle opinioni politiche e religiose di quello che aveva bisogno del suo soccorso; ogni misero ed ogni infelice aveva un eguale diritto alla sua generosità. Ma in ogni modo gli Anti-Liberali lo credevano il principale sostegno del Liberalismo della Romagna, e desideravano la sua partenza; ma non osando provocarla in nessun modo diretto speravano di ottenerla indirettamente.”

mean time, remained at Ravenna, in a town by party spirit, where he had certainly, of his opinions, many fanatical and perfidious, and my imagination always painted him by a thousand dangers. It may be conceived, what that journey must have been what I suffered at such a distance from his letters would have given me comfort; but the ways elapsed between his writing and theirs; and this idea embittered all the would otherwise have afforded me, so it was torn by the most cruel fears. Yet necessary for his own sake that he should stay a time longer at Ravenna, in order that it might be said that he also was banished. Best conceived a very great affection for the and was desirous, before he left it, of every means and hope of procuring the relations from banishment.”\*

#### LETTER CCCCXL.

TO MR HOPKNER.

\* Ravenna, July

“This country being in a state of proscription all my friends exiled or arrested—the father and son for politics—(and the because menaced with a *convent*, as here), I have determined to remove to Florence and they also. Indeed, my life here is not to be particularly safe—but that has been this twelvemonth past, and is therefore a very serious consideration.

“I have written by this post to Mr H. Hopkner, the banker of Geneva, to provide a house for me, and another for Gamba's father, son, and daughter), on the *Jura* lake of Geneva, furnished, and with stables at least for eight horses. I shall bring me. Could you assist me or H. Hopkner searches? The Gambas are at Florence authorized me to treat for them. You know, that they are great patriots—and the son in particular—very fine fellow know, for I have seen them lately in various situations—not pecuniary, but persons behaved like heroes, neither yielding nor

“You have no idea what a state of oppression country is in—they arrested above a high and low throughout Romagna—ban-

\* Lord Byron restava frattanto a Ravenna sconvolto dai partiti, e dove aveva certamente di opinioni fanatici e perfidi, e la mia immaginazione dipingeva circondato sempre da mille pericoli, che pensare cosa dovesse essere quel viaggio io dovevo soffrire nella sua lontananza. L'avrebbero potuto essermi di conforto; ma quando veva era già trascorso lo spazio di due giorni in cui furono scritte, e questo pensiero disturbava bene che esse potevano farmi, e la mia anima dai più crudeli timori. Frattanto era necessario la convenienza che egli restasse ancora qualche tempo a Ravenna affinché non avesse a dirsi che egli esigliato; ed oltretutto egli si era sommamente quel soggiorno e voleva innanzi di partire tutti i tentativi e tutte le speranze del mio parenti.”





ained others, without *trial*, *process*, or even *trial*!! Every body says they would have the same by me if they dared proceed openly. I, however, for remaining, is because *every* my acquaintance, to the amount of hundreds have been exiled.

you do what you can in looking out for a of houses furnished, and conferring with us? We care nothing about society, only anxious for a temporary and tranquil and individual freedom.

"Believe me, &c.

Can you give me an idea of the comparisons of Switzerland and Italy? which I have I speak merely of those of decent living, &c. and not of luxuries or high living. Do ever, decide any thing positively till I have over, as I can then know how to think upon ics of transmigration, &c. &c. &c."

#### LETTER CCCCXLI.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, July 30th, 1821.

losed is the best account of the Doge Faliero, as only sent to me from an old MS. the y. Get it translated, and append it as a note ext edition. You will perhaps be pleased to my conceptions of his character were correct, I regret not having met with this extract before will perceive that he himself said exactly is made to say about the Bishop of Treviso. I see also that 'he spoke very little, and those eds of rage and disdain,' after his arrest, the case in the play, except when he breaks the close of Act Fifth. But his speech to the sirs is better in the MS. than in the play. that I had met with it in time. Do not forget, with a translation.

a former note to the Juans, speaking of Vol have quoted his famous 'Zaire, tu pleures,' an error; it should be 'Zaire, vous pleurez.' recollect this.

so busy here about those poor proscribed who are scattered about, and with trying to e of them recalled, that I have hardly time or e to write a short preface, which will be pro- the two plays. However, I will make it out wing the next proofs.

"Yours ever, &c.

Please to append the letter about *the ont* as a note to your next opportunity of the n Leander, &c. &c. &c. in Childe Harold. get it amidst your multitudinous avocations, think of celebrating in a Dithyrambic Ode to de-street.

you aware that Shelley has written an Elegy s, and accuses the Quarterly of killing him?

\* Who kill'd John Keats?

\* I, says the Quarterly,  
So savage and Tartarly

\* 'Twas one of my fents.

\* Who shot the arrow?

\* The poet-priest Milman,  
(So ready to kill man),  
Or Southey or Barrow.

"You know very well that I did not approve of Keats's poetry, or principles of poetry; or of his abuse of Pope; but, as he is dead, omit *all* that is said *about* him in any MSS. of mine, or publication. His Hyperion is a fine monument, and will keep his name. I do not envy the man who wrote the article;—you Review-people have no more right to kill than any other footpads. However, he who would die of an article in a Review, would probably have died of something else equally trivial. The same thing nearly happened to Kirke White, who died afterwards of a consumption."

#### LETTER CCCCXLII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Ravenna, August 2d, 1821.

"I had certainly answered your last letter, though but briefly, to the part to which you refer, merely saying, 'damn the controversy;' and quoting some verses of George Colman's, not as allusive to you, but to the disputants. Did you receive this letter? It imports me to know that our letters are not intercepted or mislaid.

"Your Berlin drama \* is an honour, unknown since the days of Elkanah Settle, whose 'Emperor of Morocco' was represented by the Court ladies, which was, as Johnson says, 'the last blast of inflammation' to poor Dryden, who could not bear it, and fell foul of Settle without mercy or moderation, on account of that and a frontispiece, which he dared to put before his play.

"Was not your showing the Memoranda to \*\* somewhat perilous? Is there not a facetious allusion or two which might as well be reserved for posterity?

"I know S \*\* well—that is to say, I have met him occasionally at Copet. Is he not also touched lightly in the Memoranda? In a review of Childe Harold, Canto 4th, three years ago, in Blackwood's Magazine, they quote some stanzas of an elegy of S \*\*'s on Rome, from which they say that I *might* have taken some ideas. I give you my honour that I never saw it except in that criticism, which gives, I think, three or four stanzas, sent *them* (they say) for the nonce by a correspondent—perhaps himself. The fact is easily proved; for I don't understand German, and there was, I believe, no translation—at least, it was the first time that I ever heard of, or saw, either translation or original.

"I remember having some talk with S \*\* about Alfieri, whose merit he denies. He was also wroth about the Edinburgh Review of Goëthe, which was sharp enough, to be sure. He went about saying, too, of the French—'I meditate a terrible vengeance against the French—I will prove that Molière is no poet'.†

"I don't see why you should talk of 'declining.' When I saw you, you looked thinner, and yet younger, than you did when we parted several years be-

\* There had been, a short time before, performed at the Court of Berlin a spectacle founded on the Poem of Lalla Rookh, in which the present Emperor of Russia personated Feramorz, and the Empress, Lalla Rookh.

† This threat has been since acted upon;—the critic in question having, to the great horror of the French literati, pronounced Molière to be a "farceur."

fore. You may rely upon this as fact. If it were not, I should say *nothing*, for I would rather not say unpleasant *personal* things to any one—but, as it was the pleasant *truth*, I tell it you. If you had led my life, indeed, changing climates and connexions—*thinning* yourself with fasting and purgatives—besides the wear and tear of the vulture passions, and a very bad temper besides, you might talk in this way—but *you*! I know no man who looks so well for his years, or who deserves to look better and to be better, in all respects. You are a \* \* \*, and, what is perhaps better for your friends, a good fellow. So, don't talk of decay, but put in for eighty, as you well may.

"I am, at present, occupied principally about these unhappy proscriptions and exiles, which have taken place here on account of politics. It has been a miserable sight to see the general desolation in families. I am doing what I can for them, high and low, by such interest and means as I possess or can bring to bear. There have been thousands of these proscriptions within the last month in the Exarchate, or (to speak moderately) the Legations. Yesterday, too, a man got his back broken, in extricating a dog of mine from under a mill-wheel. The dog was killed, and the man is in the greatest danger. I was not present—it happened before I was up, owing to a stupid boy taking the dog to bathe in a dangerous spot. I must, of course, provide for the poor fellow while he lives, and his family, if he dies. I would gladly have given a much greater sum than that will come to that he had never been hurt. Pray, let me hear from you, and excuse haste and hot weather.

"Yours, &c.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You may have probably seen all sorts of attacks upon me in some gazettes in England some months ago. I only saw them, by Murray's bounty, the other day. They call me 'Plagiary,' and what not. I think I now, in my time, have been accused of *every* thing.

"I have not given you details of little events here; but they have been trying to make me out to be the chief of a conspiracy, and nothing but their want of proofs for an *English* investigation has stopped them. Had it been a poor native, the suspicion was enough, as it has been for hundreds.

"Why don't you write on Napoleon? I have no spirits, nor 'estro' to do so. His overthrow, from the beginning, was a blow on the head to me. Since that period, we have been the slaves of fools. Excuse this long letter. *Ecco* a translation literal of a French Epigram.

"Egle, beauty and poet, has two little crimes,  
She makes her own face, and does not make her rhymes.

"I am going to ride, having been warned *not* to ride in a particular part of the forest, on account of the ultra-politicians.

"Is there no chance of your return to England, and of *our* Journal? I would have published the two plays in it—two or three scenes per number—and, indeed, *all* of mine in it. If you went to England, I would do so still."

About this time Mr Shelley, who had now fixed his

residence at Pisa, received a letter from Lord Byron earnestly requesting to see him, in consequence which he immediately set out for Ravenna; and following extracts from letters, written during his stay with his noble friend, will be read with double feeling of interest which is always ours in excited in hearing one man of genius express his notions of another.

"Ravenna, August 20. 1819

"I arrived last night at ten o'clock, and sat talking with Lord Byron until five this morning; then went to sleep, and now awake at dawn; having despatched my breakfast as quick as possible, I mean to devote the interval until twelve, when the post departs, to you.

"Lord Byron is very well, and was delighted to see me. He has in fact completely recovered his health, and lives a life totally the reverse of that which he led at Venice. He has a permanent liaison with the Contessa Guiccioli, who is now in Florence, and seems from her letters to be a very amiable woman. She is waiting there until something shall be decided as to their emigration to Switzerland or stay in Italy, which is yet undecided on either side. She was compelled to escape from the Papal territory in great haste, as measures had already been taken to place her in a convent, where she had been unrelentingly confined for 18 months. The opinion of the marriage contract as existing between them is far severer than that of England.

"Lord Byron had almost destroyed himself at Venice. His state of debility was such that he was unable to digest any food; he was consumed by heat fever, and would speedily have perished but for the attachment, which reclaimed him from the course into which he threw himself, from carelessness and pride, rather than taste. Poor fellow! he is quite well, and immersed in politics and business. He has given me a number of the most interesting details on the former subject; but we will not put them in a letter. Fletcher is here, and—as if by shadow, he waxed and waned with the substance of his master—has also revived his good looks, and in the midst of the unseasonable gray hairs a fresh harvest of flaxen locks has put forth.

"We talked a great deal of poetry and such matters last night; and, as usual, differed—and, I think, more than ever. He affects to patronise a system of criticism fit only for the production of mediocrity; and though all his finer poems and passages have been produced in defiance of this system, yet I recognise the pernicious effects of it in the *Doge of Venice*; and it will cramp and limit his future efforts, however great they may be, unless he gets rid of it. I to read only parts of it, or rather he himself read it to me, and gave me the plan of the whole.

"Ravenna, August 23d. 1819

"We ride out in the evening through the picturesque which divide the city from the sea. Our way of life is this, and I have accommodated myself without much difficulty:—Lord Byron goes at two—breakfasts—we talk, read, &c. until six—then we ride at eight, and after dinner sit talking until



morning. I get up at twelve, and am the interval between my rising and his

ron is greatly improved in every respect in temper, in moral views, in health and His connexion with La Guiccioli has stimable benefit to him. He lives in splendour, but within his income, which four thousand a-year, one thousand of notes to purposes of charity. He has had passions, but these he seems to have I he is becoming, what he should be, a a. The interest which he took in the ly, and the actions he performed in con- s, are subjects not fit to be written, but will delight and surprise you.

at yet decided to go to Switzerland, a little fitted for him: the gossip and the se Anglicised coteries would torment him before, and might exasperate him into a certinism, which, he says, he plunged into e, but from despair. La Guiccioli and who is Lord Byron's friend and confidant, es perfectly in her connexion with him) witzerland, as Lord Byron says, merely elty and pleasure of travelling. Lord s Tuscany or Lucca, and is trying to n to adopt his views. He has made ng letter to her to engage her to remain. enough for an utter stranger to write f the utmost delicacy to his friend's mis- seems destined that I am always to have part in every body's affairs whom I have set down, in tame Italian, the ions I can think of against the Swiss To tell you the truth, I should be very pt as my fee his establishment in Tus- ma is a miserable place: the people is and wild, and their language the most vis that you can imagine. He would respect better among the Tuscans.

end to me one of the unpublished cantos, which is astonishingly fine. It sets him e but far above all the poets of the day. has the stamp of immortality. This canto but totally free from indelicacy, and sus- credible ease and power) like the end of into: there is not a word which the most of the dignity of human nature could cancelled; it fulfils, in a certain degree, long preached,—of producing something and relative to the age, and yet surpass- al. It may be vanity, but I think I see ny earnest exhortations to him, to create holly new.

re, if I asked, it would not be refused; something in me that makes it impossi- Byron and I are excellent friends; and ced to poverty, or were I a writer who to a higher station than I possess, or did igher than I deserve, we should appear as such, and I would freely ask him any ch is not now the case: the demon of of pride lurks between two persons in, poisoning the freedom of our inter-

course. This is a tax, and a heavy one, which we must pay for being human. I think the fault is not on my side; nor is it likely,—I being the weaker. I hope that in the next world these things will be better managed. What is passing in the heart of another, rarely escapes the observation of one who is a strict anatomist of his own.

\* \* \* \* \*

" Lord Byron here has splendid apartments in the palace of his mistress's husband, who is one of the richest men in Italy. She is divorced, with an allowance of twelve thousand crowns a year;—a miserable pittance from a man who has a hundred and twenty thousand a year. There are two monkeys, five cats, eight dogs, and ten horses, all of whom (except the horses) walk about the house like the masters of it. Tita, the Venetian, is here, and operates as my valet—a fine fellow, with a prodigious black beard, who has stabbed two or three people, and is the most good-natured-looking fellow I ever saw.

\* Wednesday. Ravenna.

" I told you I had written, by Lord Byron's desire, to La Guiccioli, to dissuade her and her family from Switzerland. Her answer is this moment arrived, and my representation seems to have reconciled them to the unfitness of the step. At the conclusion of a letter, full of all the fine things she says she has heard of me, is this request, which I transcribe:—*'Signore, la vostra bontà mi fa ardita di chiedervi un favore, me lo accorderete voi? Non partite da Ravenna senza Milord'*. Of course, being now, by all the laws of knighthood, captive to a lady's request, I shall only be at liberty on *my parole* until Lord Byron is settled at Pisa. I shall reply, of course, that the boon is granted, and that if her lover is reluctant to quit Ravenna after I have made arrangements for receiving him at Pisa, I am bound to place myself in the same situation as now, to assail him with importunities to rejoin her. Of this there is fortunately no need: and I need not tell you that there is no fear that this chivalric submission of mine to the great general laws of antique courtesy, against which I never rebel, and which is my religion, should interfere with my soon returning, and long remaining with you, dear girl.

\* \* \* \* \*

" We ride out every evening as usual, and practise pistol-shooting at a pumpkin, and I am not sorry to observe that I approach towards my noble friend's exactness of aim. I have the greatest trouble to get away, and Lord Byron, as a reason for my stay, has urged, that without either me or the Guiccioli, he will certainly fall into his old habits. I then talk, and he listens to reason: and I earnestly hope that he is too well aware of the terrible and degrading consequences of his former mode of life, to be in danger from the short interval of temptation that will be left him."

#### LETTER CCCCXLIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, August 10th, 1821.

" Your conduct to Mr Moore is certainly very

handsome; and I would not say so if I could help it, for you are not at present by any means in my good graces.

"With regard to additions, &c. there is a Journal which I kept in 1814 which you may ask him for; also a Journal, which you must get from Mrs Leigh, of my journey in the Alps, which contains all the germs of Manfred. I have also kept a small Diary here for a few months last winter, which I would send you, and any continuation. You would find easy access to all my papers and letters, and do *not neglect this* (in case of accidents), on account of the mass of confusion in which they are; for out of that chaos of papers you will find some curious ones of mine and others, if not lost or destroyed. If circumstances, however (which is almost impossible), made me ever consent to a publication in my lifetime, you would in that case, I suppose, make Moore some advance, in proportion to the likelihood or non-likelihood of success. You are both sure to survive me, however.

"You must also have from Mr Moore the correspondence between me and Lady B., to whom I offered the sight of all which regards herself in these papers. This is important. He has *her* letter, and a copy of my answer. I would rather Moore edited me than another.

"I send you Valpy's letter to decide for yourself, and Stockdale's to amuse you. I am always loyal with you, as I was in Galignani's affair, and *you* with me—now and then.

"I return you Moore's letter, which is very creditable to him, and you, and me.

"Yours ever."

#### LETTER CCCXLIV.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, August 16th, 1821.

"I regret that Holmes can't or won't come: it is rather shabby, as I was always very civil and punctual with him. But he is but one \* \* more. One meets with none else among the English.

"I wait the proofs of the MSS. with proper impatience.

"So you have published, or mean to publish, the new Juans? Ar'n't you afraid of the Constitutional Assassination of Bridge-street? When first I saw the name of *Murray*, I thought it had been yours; but was solaced by seeing that your synonyme is an attorney, and that you are not one of that atrocious crew.

"I am in a great discomfort about the probable war, and with my trustees not getting me out of the funds. If the funds break, it is my intention to go upon the highway. All the other English professions are at present so ungentlemanly by the conduct of those who follow them, that open robbing is the only fair resource left to a man of any principles; it is even honest, in comparison, by being undisguised.

"I wrote to you by last post, to say that you had done the handsome thing by Moore and the Memoranda. You are very good as times go, and would probably be still better but for the 'march of events' (as Napoleon called it), which won't permit any body to be better than they should be.

"Love to Gifford. Believe me, &c.

"P.S. I restore Smith's letter, his good opinion. Is the bust by T. rived?"

#### LETTER CCCCLI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, A.

"Enclosed are the two acts corrected to the charges about the shipwreck. I told both you and Mr. Hobhouse, there was not a *single circumstance* from *fact*; not, indeed, from any *fact*, but all from actual facts of different most all Don Juan is *real* life, either people I knew. By the way, much of the *furniture*, in Canto Third, is *ly's Tripoli* (pray *note this*), and my own observation. Remember, I never deal this at all, and have only not said Don Juan had no preface nor name to it worth while to make this statement my own way. I laugh at such charges no writer ever borrowed less, or made more his own. Much is coincident. Lady Morgan (in a really *excellent* you, on Italy), calls Venice an *ocean* the very same expression in Fosca know that the play was written months

\* One of the charges of plagiarism bro by some scribblers of the day was founded observed in the first part of this work sought in the authentic records of real materials out of which he has worked his description in the Second Canto of Don Juan justice might the Italian author (Giles right), who wrote a Discourse on the Mill played by Tasso in his battles, have rep with the sources from which he drew his as much justice might Poyseguar and pointed out the same merit in Homer withheld their praise, because the acie merit was founded must have been deriv industry of these poets from others

So little was Tasso ashamed of those or other poets which are so often branded as in his Commentary on his Rime, he tak out and avow whatever coincidences of his own verses.

While on this subject, I may be allow signal instance, where a thought that had distinctly in Byron's memory since his ye improved and brightened as to be, by eve his own. In the Two Noble Kinsmen Fletcher (a play to which the picture of ship, delineated in the character of Fal would be sure to draw the attention of hood) we find the following passage:—

"Shall we two exercise, like twins of  
Our arms again, and feel our fiery h  
Like proud seas under us."

Out of this somewhat forced simile, by position of the comparison, and by the more definite word "waves" for "seas" thought in one of the Cantos of Childs produced:—

"Once more upon the waters! yet so  
And the waves bound beneath me, so  
That knows his rider."



land : the 'Italy' I received only on the 16th  
 our friend, like the public, is not aware, that  
 amatic simplicity is *studiously* Greek, and must  
 e so : no reform ever succeeded at first.\* I  
 the old English dramatist ; but this is quite  
 field, and has nothing to do with theirs. I  
 o make a *regular* English drama, no matter  
 er for the stage or not, which is not my object,  
 a *mental theatre*.

"Yours.

S. Can't accept your courteous offer.

\* For Orford and for Waldegrave  
 You give much more than me you gave ;  
 Which is not fairly to behave,  
 My Murray.

\* Because if a live dog, 'tis said,  
 Be worth a lion fairly sped,  
 A *live lord* must be worth *two* dead,  
 My Murray.

\* And if, as the opinion goes,  
 Verse hath a better sale than prose—  
 Certes, I should have more than those,  
 My Murray.

\* But now this sheet is nearly cramm'd,  
 So, if you will, I shan't be sham'm'd,  
 And if you won't, you may be damm'd,  
 My Murray.

ess matters must be arranged with Mr. Douglas  
 ed. He is my trustee, and a man of honour.  
 as you can state all your mercantile reasons,  
 you might not like to state to me personally,  
 a 'heavy season'—'flat public'—'don't go off'  
 ship writes too much'—'won't take advice'—  
 ing popularity'—'deduction for the trade'—  
 'very little'—'generally lose by him'—'pirated  
 '—'foreign edition'—'severe criticisms,' &c.  
 other hints and howls for an oration, which I  
 Douglas, who is an orator, to answer.  
 as can also state them more freely to a third  
 as between you and me they could only  
 as some smart postscripts, which would not  
 our mutual archives.  
 as sorry for the Queen, and that's more than  
 as."

#### LETTER CCCXLVI.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Ravenna, August 24th, 1821.

ars of the 5th only yesterday, while I had let-  
 the 8th from London. Doth the post dabble  
 letters? Whatever agreement you make  
 array, if satisfactory to you, must be so to me.  
 need be no scruple, because, though I used  
 as to buffoon to myself, loving a quibble  
 as the barbarian himself (Shakspeare, to  
 that, like a Spartan, I would sell my *life* as  
 as possible'—it never was my intention to turn  
 monal, pecuniary account, but to bequeath it  
 end—yourself—in the event of survivorship.  
 dated that period, because we happened to

a man ever rose (says Pope) to any degree of per-  
 as writing but through obstinacy and an inveterate  
 as against the stream of mankind.\*

meet, and I urged you to make what was possible *now*  
 by it, for reasons which are obvious. It has been  
 no possible *privation* to me, and therefore does not  
 require the acknowledgments you mention. So, for  
 God's sake, don't consider it like \* \* \* \* \*

"By the way, when you write to Lady Morgan,  
 will you thank her for her handsome speeches in her  
 book about *my* books? I do not know her address.  
 Her work is fearless and excellent on the subject of  
 Italy—pray tell her so—and I know the country. I  
 wish she had fallen in with *me* ; I could have told  
 her a thing or two that would have confirmed her  
 positions.

"I am glad that you are satisfied with Murray,  
 who seems to value dead lords more than live ones.  
 I have just sent him the following answer to a propo-  
 sition of his :—

\* For Orford and for Waldegrave, &c.

"The argument of the above is, that he wanted  
 to 'stint me of my sizings,' as Lear says—that is to  
 say, *not* to propose an extravagant price for an  
 extravagant poem, as is becoming. Pray take his  
 guineas, by all means—I taught him that. He made  
 me a filthy offer of *pounds* once, but I told him that,  
 like physicians, poets must be dealt with in guineas,  
 as being the only advantage poets could have in the  
 association with *them*, as votaries of Apollo. I write  
 to you in hurry and bustle, which I will expound in  
 my next.

"Yours ever, &c.

"P. S. You mention something of an attorney on  
 his way to me on legal business. I have had no  
 warning of such an apparition. What can the  
 fellow want? I have some lawsuits and business,  
 but have not heard of any thing to put me to the  
 expense of a *travelling* lawyer. They do enough, in  
 that way, at home.

"Ah, poor Queen! but perhaps it is for the best,  
 if Herodotus's anecdote is to be believed  
 \* \* \* \* \*

"Remember me to any friendly Angles of our mu-  
 tual acquaintance. What are you doing? Here I  
 have had my hands full with tyrants and their vic-  
 tims. There never *was* such oppression, even in  
 Ireland, scarcely!"

#### LETTER CCCXLVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, August 31st, 1821.

"I have received the Juans, which are printed so  
*carelessly*, especially the fifth canto, as to be dis-  
 graceful to me, and not creditable to you. It really  
 must be *gone over again* with the *manuscript*, the  
 errors are so gross ;—words added—changed—so as  
 to make cacophony and nonsense. You have been  
 careless of this poem because some of your squad  
 don't approve of it ; but I tell you that it will be long  
 before you see any thing half so good as poetry or  
 writing. Upon what principle have you omitted the  
 note on Bacon and Voltaire? and one of the conclud-  
 ing stanzas sent as an addition?—because it ended, I  
 suppose, with—

"And do not mix two virtuous souls for life  
Into that *moral centaur*, man and wife?

"Now, I must say, once for all, that I will not permit any human being to take such liberties with my writings because I am absent. I desire the omissions to be replaced (except the stanza on Semiramis)—particularly the stanza upon the Turkish marriages; and I request that the whole be carefully *gone over* with the MS.

"I never saw such stuff as is printed:—Gulleyaz instead of Gulbeyaz, &c. Are you aware that Gulbeyaz is a real name, and the other nonsense? I copied the *cantos* out carefully, so that there is no excuse, as the printer read, or at least *prints*, the MS. of the plays without error.

"If you have no feeling for your own reputation, pray have some little for mine. I have read over the poem carefully, and I tell you, it is *poetry*. Your little envious knot of parson-poets may say what they please: time will show that I am not in this instance mistaken.

"Desire my friend Hobhouse to correct the press, especially of the last canto, from the manuscript as it is. It is enough to drive one out of one's reason to see the infernal torture of words from the original. For instance the line—

"And *pair* their rhymes as Venus yokes her doves—  
is printed—

"And *praise* their rhymes, &c.

Also '*precarious*,' for '*precocious*;' and this line, stanza 133,

"And this strong extreme effect to tire no longer.

Now do turn to the manuscript and see if I ever wrote such a line: it is *not verse*.

"No wonder the poem should fail (which, however it won't, you will see) with such things allowed to creep about it. Replace what is omitted, and correct what is so shamefully misprinted, and let the poem have fair play; and I fear nothing.

"I see in the last two numbers of the Quarterly a strong itching to assail me (see the review of 'The Etonian'): let it, and see if they sha'n't have enough of it. I do not allude to Gifford, who has always been my friend, and whom I do not consider as responsible for the articles written by others.

"You will publish the plays when ready. I am in such a humour about this printing of Don Juan so inaccurately that I must close this.

"Yours.

"P.S. I presume that you have *not* lost the *stanza* to which I allude? It was sent afterwards: look over my letters and find it."

#### LETTER CCCXLVIII.\*

TO MR MURRAY.

"The enclosed letter is written in bad humour, but not without provocation. However, let it (that is, the bad humour) go for little; but I must request your serious attention to the abuses of the printer,

\* Written in the envelope of the preceding letter.

which ought never to have been permitted to forget that all the fools in London (the chasers of your publications) will condemn stupidity of your printer. For instance, in to Canto Fifth, 'the *Adriatic* shore of *Urus*' instead of the *Asiatic*!! All this little to you, so fine a gentleman with your connexions; but it is serious to me, who am of miles off, and have no opportunity of myself the fool your printer makes me, to pleasure and leisure, forsooth.

"The gods prosper you, and forgive can't."

#### LETTER CCCXLIX.

TO MR MOORE.

"Bavenna, Septem

"By Mr Mawman (a paymaster in which you and I are privates) I yesterday to your address, under cover one, two p containing the *Giaour*-nal, and a thing won't *all* do—even for the posthumous; extracts from it may. It is a brief and fine of a month or so—parts of it not w but sufficiently sincere. Mr Mawman will, in person or per friend, have it delivered in your Elysian fields.

"If you have got the new Juans, there are some very gross printer's blunders in Fifth Canto,—such as 'praise'—'precarious' for 'precocious'—'Adriatic'—'case' for 'chase'—besides gifts of words and syllables, which make but a rhythmus. Put the pen through the mine through \*\*'s ears, if I were along it is, I have sent him a rattling letter, possible. Though he is publisher to the *Longitude*, he is in no danger of discovery.

"I am packing for Pisa—but direct here, till further notice.

"Yours eve

One of the "paper-books" mentioned as intrusted to Mr Mawman for me, contains, to the amount of nearly a hundred prose story, relating the adventures of a dalsusian nobleman, which had been at Venice, in 1817. The following passage shall extract from this amusing Fragment

"A few hours afterwards we were friends, and a few days after she set out with my son, on a visit to her father and did not accompany her immediately, but Arragon before, but was to join the Moorish chateau within a few weeks.

"During her journey I received a letter from Donna Josepha, apprising me of her self and my son. On her chateau, I received another still more pressing me, in very fond, and rather to join her immediately. As I was put out from Seville, I received a third—her father, Don Jose di Cardozo, who



in the politest manner, to dissolve my marriage. I answered with equal politeness, that I would do no such thing. A fourth letter arrived—it was from Donna Josepha, in which she informed me that her father's letter was written by her particular desire. I requested the reason by return of post—she replied, by express, that as reason had nothing to do with the matter, it was unnecessary to give any—but that she was an injured and excellent woman. I then inquired why she had written to me the two preceding affectionate letters, requesting me to come to Arragon. She answered, that was because she believed me out of my senses—that, being unfit to take care of myself, I had only to set out on this journey alone, and making my way without difficulty to Don Jose di Cardoso's, I should there have found the tenderest of wives and—a strait waistcoat.

"I had nothing to reply to this piece of affection but a reiteration of my request for some lights upon the subject. I was answered that they would only be related to the Inquisition. In the mean time, our domestic discrepancy had become a public topic of discussion; and the world, which always decides justly, not only in Arragon but in Andalusia, determined that I was not only to blame, but that all Spain could produce nobody so blameable. My case was supposed to comprise all the crimes which could, and several which could not, be committed, and little less than an auto-da-fé was anticipated as the result. But let no man say that we are abandoned by our friends in adversity—it was just the reverse. Mine thronged around me to condemn, advise, and console me with their disapprobation.—They told me all that was, would, or could be said on the subject. They shook their heads—they exhorted me—deplored me, with tears in their eyes, and—went to dinner."

## LETTER CCCCL.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, September 4th, 1821.

"By Saturday's post, I sent you a fierce and furbund letter upon the subject of the printer's blunders in Don Juan. I must solicit your attention to the topic, though my wrath hath subsided into sullenness.

"Yesterday I received Mr —, a friend of yours, and because he is a friend of *yours*; and that's more than I would do in an *English* case, except for those whom I honour. I was as civil as I could be among packages even to the very chairs and tables, for I am going to *Pisa* in a few weeks, and have sent and am sending off my chattels. It regretted me \* that, my books and every thing being packed, I could not send you a few things I meant for you; but they were all sealed and bagged, so as to have made it a month's work to get at them again. I gave him

\* It will be observed, from this and a few other instances, that notwithstanding the wonderful purity of English he was able to preserve in his writings, while living constantly with persons speaking a different language, he had already begun so far to feel the influence of this habit as to fall occasionally into Italianisms in his familiar letters.—"I am in the case to know"—"I have caused write"—"It regrets me," &c.

an envelope, with the Italian scrap in it,\* alluded to in my Gilchrist defence. Hobhouse will make it out for you, and it will make you laugh, and him too, the *spelling* particularly. The '*Moricani*,' of whom they call me the 'Capo' (or Chief), mean 'Americans,' which is the name given in *Romagna* to a part of the Carbonari; that is to say, to the *popular* part, the *troops* of the Carbonari. They are originally a society of hunters in the forest, who took the name of Americans, but at present comprise some thousands, &c.; but I sha'n't let you further into the secret, which may be participated with the postmasters. Why they thought me their Chief, I know not: their Chiefs are like 'Legion, being many.' However, it is a post of more honour than profit, for, now that they are persecuted, it is fit that I should aid them; and so I have done, as far as my means would permit. They will rise again some day, for these fools of the government are blundering: they actually seem to know *nothing*, for they have arrested and banished many of their *own* party, and let others escape who are not their friends.

"What think'st thou of Greece?"

"Address to me here as usual, till you hear further from me.

"By Mawman I have sent a Journal to Moore; but it won't do for the public,—at least a great deal of it won't;—*parts* may.

"I read over the Juans, which are excellent. Your squad are quite wrong; and so you will find by and by. I regret that I do not go on with it, for I had all the plan for several cantos, and different countries and climes. You say nothing of the *note* I enclosed to you,† which will explain why I agreed to discontinue it (at Madame G——'s request); but you are so grand, and sublime, and occupied, that one would think, instead of publishing for 'the Board of *Longitude*,' that you were trying to discover it.

"Let me hear that Gifford is *better*. He can't be spared either by you or me."

## LETTER CCCCLI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, September 12, 1821.

"By Tuesday's post, I forwarded, in three packets, the drama of Cain in three acts, of which I request the acknowledgment when arrived. To the last speech of *Eve*, in the last act (i. e. where she curses Cain), add these three lines to the concluding ones—

\* An anonymous letter which he had received, threatening him with assassination.

† In this note, so highly honourable to the fair writer, she says, "Remember, my Byron, the promise you have made me. Never shall I be able to tell you the satisfaction I feel from it, so great are the sentiments of pleasure and confidence with which the sacrifice you have made has inspired me." In a postscript to the note she adds, "I am only sorry that Don Juan was not left in the infernal regions."—"Ricordati, mio Byron, della promessa che mi hai fatta. Non potrei mai dirti la soddisfazione ch'io ne provo! —sono tanti i sentimenti di piacere e di confidenza che il tuo sacrificio m'ispira."—"Mi rincresco solo che Don Giovanni non resti all' Inferno."

In enclosing the lady's note to Mr Murray, July 4th, Lord B. says, "This is the note of acknowledgment for the promise *not* to continue Don Juan. She says, in the postscript, that she is only sorry that D. J. does not remain in Hell (or go there)."

\* May the grass wither from thy foot! the woods  
Deny thee shelter! earth a home! the dust  
A grave! the sun his light! and Heaven her God!

"There's as pretty a piece of imprecation for you, when joined to the lines already sent, as you may wish to meet with in the course of your business. But don't forget the addition of the above three lines, which are clinchers to Eve's speech.

"Let me know what Gifford thinks (if the play arrives in safety); for I have a good opinion of the piece, as poetry; it is in my gay metaphysical style, and in the Manfred line.

"You must at least commend my facility and variety, when you consider what I have done within the last fifteen months, with my head, too, full of other and of mundane matters. But no doubt you will avoid saying any good of it, for fear I should raise the price upon you: that's right: stick to business. Let me know what your other ragamuffins are writing, for I suppose you don't like starting too many of your vagabonds at once. You may give them the start, for any thing I care.

"Why don't you publish my *Pulci*—the very best thing I ever wrote,—with the Italian to it? I wish I was alongside of you; nothing is ever done in a man's absence; every body runs counter, because they *can*. If ever I *do* return to England (which I sha'n't, though), I will write a poem to which 'English Bards,' &c. shall be new milk, in comparison. Your present literary world of mountebanks stands in need of such an Avator. But I am not yet quite bilious enough: a season or two more, and a provocation or two, will wind me up to the point, and then have at the whole set!

"I have no patience with the sort of trash you send me out by way of books; except Scott's novels, and three or four other things, I never saw such work, or works. Campbell is lecturing—Moore idling—S \* \* twaddling—W \* \* driveling—C \* \* muddling— \* \* piddling—B \* \* quibbling, squabbling, and sniveling. \* \* will *do*, if he don't cant too much, nor imitate Southey: the fellow has poesy in him; but he is envious, and unhappy, as all the envious are. Still he is among the best of the day. B \* \* C \* \* will do better by-and-by, I dare say, if he don't get spoiled by green tea, and the praises of Pentonville and Paradise-row. The pity of these men is, that they never lived in *high life*, nor in *solitude*: there is no medium for the knowledge of the *busy* or the *still* world. If admitted into high life for a season, it is merely as spectators—they form no part of the mechanism thereof. Now Moore and I, the one by circumstances, and the other by birth, happened to be free of the corporation, and to have entered into its pulses and passions, *quarum partes fuimus*. Both of us have learnt by this much which nothing else could have taught us.

"Yours.

"P. S. I saw one of your brethren, another of the allied sovereigns of Grub-street, the other day, Mawman the Great, by whom I sent due homage to your imperial self. To-morrow's post may perhaps bring a letter from you, but you are the most ungrateful and ungracious of correspondents. But there is some excuse for you, with your perpetual

levee of politicians, parsons, scribblers  
Some day I will give you a poetic  
them."

## LETTER CCCCLII

TO MR MOORE.

\* Ravenna, Septem

"The enclosed lines, \* as you will discover, are written by the Rev W. L. B \* \*. is for *him* to deny them if they are not.

"Believe me yours ever and most ad

"P. S. Can you forgive this? It is to your lines against my Italians. Of *stand* by my lines against all men; breaking to see such things in a population of that unredeemed \* \* \* \* \* ed country. Your apotheosis is now level with his welcome, and their gratitude is cancelled by their atrocious ad &c. &c. &c."

## LETTER CCCCLIII

TO MR MOORE.

\* Ravenna, Septem

"I am in all the sweat, dust, and universal packing of all my things, for Pisa, whither I go for the winter. I have been the exile of all my fellow C amongst them, of the whole family of who, you know, was divorced from her week, 'on account of P. P., clerk of the who is obliged to join her father and re exile there, to avoid being shut up is because the Pope's decree of separation to reside in *casa paterna*, or else, sake, in a convent. As I could not so let, 'Get thee to a nunnery,' I am prepre them.

"It is awful work, this love, and man's projects of good or glory. I was in Greece lately (as every thing seems her brother, who is a very fine, brave seen him put to the proof), and wild. But the tears of a woman who has left for a man, and the weakness of one's paramount to these projects, and I can them.

"We were divided in choice between and Tuscany, and I gave my vote for the Mediterranean, which I love for shores which it washes, and for my youth of 1809. Switzerland is a cursed selfish, try of brutes, placed in the most ruin

\* \* The Irish Avator.\* In this copy the tence (taken from a Letter of Curran, in that true Irishman, by his son) is prefixed the Poem:—"And Ireland, like a basins kneeling to receive the paltry rider."—*Let Life*, vol. ii. page 336. At the end of the words:—" (Signed) W. L. B. \* \*, M. A., as a view to a Bishoprick."



never could bear the inhabitants, and English visitors; for which reason, after the information about houses, upon hearing I was a colony of English all over the world, &c., I immediately gave up the persuasion the Gambas to do the same. At I sent you 'the Irish Avatar,'—what the last line—'a name never spoke but jeers'—must run either 'a name only curses or jeers,' or, 'a wretch never with curses or jeers.' Because as *how*, grammar, except in the House of Commons, doubt whether we can say 'a name mentioned. I have some doubts, too, '—and for murder repay with a shout Should it not be, 'and for murder repay with a smile,' or 'reward him with a smile?'

put your poetical pen through the MS., at least bad of the emendations. Also, if further breaking of Priscian's head, will laister? I wrote in the greatest hurry sent it you the day after; so, doubtless, some awful constructions, and a rather option of rhythmus.

ject to what Anna Seward calls 'the script,'—when complaining of Miss Leton, the accomplished daughter of a Worcester Cathedral, who had abused rty of transcript,' by inserting in the rry, Miss Seward's 'Elegy on the South own production, with her *own* signatures after having taken a copy, by per authors—with regard, I say, to the script.' I by no means oppose an occasion the benevolent few, provided it does into such licentiousness of Verb and tend to 'disparage my parts of speech' sness of the transcribblers.

think that there is much danger of the being abused' upon the occasion, if of journals have any regard for their erty of person. It is as pretty a piece ever put publisher in the way to 'Before, if *they* meddle with it, it is at As for myself, I will answer any jontle- I by no means recognise a 'right of an unpublished production and una-

The same applies to things published I hope you like, at least, the conclusion *Pome?*

you doing, and where are you? in Eng-furray—nail him to his own counter, at the thirteens. Since I wrote to you, him another tragedy—'Cain' by name ee in MS. now in his hands, or in the is in the Manfred, metaphysical style, ne Titanic declamation;—Lucifer being ram. pers., who takes Cain a voyage ars, and, afterwards, to 'Hades,' where the phantoms of a former world, and its I have gone upon the notion of Cuvier, has been destroyed three or four times, abited by mammoths, behemoths, and not by man till the Mosaic period, as wed by the strata of bones found;—

those of all unknown animals, and known, being dug out, but none of mankind. I have, therefore, supposed Cain to be shown, in the *rational* Pre-adamites, beings endowed with a higher intelligence than man, but totally unlike him in form, and with much greater strength of mind and person. You may suppose the small talk which takes place between him and Lucifer upon these matters is not quite canonical.

"The consequence is, that Cain comes back and kills Abel in a fit of dissatisfaction, partly with the politics of Paradise, which had driven them all out of it, and partly because (as it is written in Genesis) Abel's sacrifice was the more acceptable to the Deity. I trust that the Rhapsody has arrived—it is in three acts, and entitled 'A Mystery,' according to the former Christian custom, and in honour of what it probably will remain to the reader.

"Yours, &c."

#### LETTER CCCCLIV.

TO MR MOORE.

\* September 20th, 1821.

"After the stanza on Gratian, concluding with 'His soul o'er the freedom implored and denied,' will it please you to cause insert the following 'Addenda,' which I dreamed of during to-day's Siesta:

\* Ever glorious Gratian! &c., &c., &c.

I will tell you what to do. Get me twenty copies of the whole carefully and privately printed off, as *your* lines were on the Naples affair. Send me *six*, and distribute the rest according to your own pleasure.

"I am in a fine vein, 'so full of pastime and prodigality!'—So, here's to your health in a glass of grog. Pray write, that I may know by return of post—address to me at Pisa. The gods give you joy!

"Where are you? in Paris? Let us hear. You will take care that there be no printer's name, nor author's, as in the Naples stanzas, at least for the present."

#### LETTER CCCCLV.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, September 20th, 1821.

"You need not send 'the Blues,' which is a mere buffoonery, never meant for publication."

"The papers to which I allude, in case of survivorship, are collections of letters, &c. since I was sixteen years old, contained in the trunks in the care of Mr Hobhouse. This collection is at least doubled by those I have now here, all received since my last ostracism. To these I should wish the editor to have access, *not* for the purpose of *abusing confidences*, nor of *hurting* the feelings of correspondents living, nor the memories of the dead; but there are things which would do neither, that I have left unnoticed or unexplained, and which like all such things time only can permit to be noticed or explained, though some are to my credit. The task will of course require delicacy; but that will not be wanting, if Moore and Hobhouse survive me, and, I may add,

\* This short satire, which is wholly unworthy of his pen, appeared afterwards in the *Liberal*.

yourself; and that you may all three do so is, I assure you, my very sincere wish. I am not sure that long life is desirable for one of my temper, and constitutional depression of spirits, which of course I suppress in society; but which breaks out when alone, and in my writings, in spite of myself. It has been deepened, perhaps, by some long-past events (I do not allude to my marriage, &c.—on the contrary, *that* raised them by the persecution giving a fillip to my spirits); but I call it constitutional, as I have reason to think it. You know, or you do *not* know, that my maternal grandfather (a very clever man, and amiable, I am told) was strongly suspected of suicide (he was found drowned in the Avon at Bath) and that another very near relative of the same branch took poison, and was merely saved by antidotes. For the first of these events there was no apparent cause, as he was rich, respected, and of considerable intellectual resources, hardly forty years of age, and not at all addicted to any unhinging vice. It was, however, but a strong suspicion, owing to the manner of his death and his melancholy temper. The *second* had a cause, but it does not become me to touch upon it: it happened when I was far too young to be aware of it, and I never heard of it till after the death of that relative, many years afterwards. I think, then, that I may call this dejection *constitutional*. I had a ways been told that I resembled more my maternal grandfather than any of my *father's* family—that is, in the gloomier part of his temper, for he was what you call a good-natured man, and I am not.

"The Journal here I sent to Moore the other day; but as it is a mere diary, only *parts* of it would ever do for publication. The other Journal of the Tour in 1816, I should think Augusta might let you have a copy of.

"I am much mortified that Gifford don't take to my new dramas. To be sure, they are as opposite to the English drama as one thing can be to another; but I have a notion that, if understood, they will in time find favour (though *not* on the stage) with the reader. The simplicity of plot is intentional, and the avoidance of *rant* also, as also the compression of the speeches in the more severe situations. What I seek to show in 'the Foscari' is the *suppressed* passions, rather than the rant of the present day. For that matter—

'Nay, if thou 'lt mouth,  
I 'll rant as well as thou—'

would not be difficult, as I think I have shown in my younger productions,—*not dramatic* ones, to be sure. But, as I said before, I am mortified that Gifford don't like them; but I see no remedy, our notions on that subject being so different. How is he?—well, I hope? let me know. I regret his demur the more that he has been always my grand patron, and I know no praise which would compensate me in my own mind for his censure. I do not mind *Reviews*, as I can work them at their own weapons.

"Yours, &c.

"Address to me at *Pisa*, whither I am going. The reason is, that all my Italian friends here have been exiled, and are met there for the present, and I go to join them, as agreed upon, for the winter."

## LETTER CCCCLVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Ravenna, Septemb

"I have been thinking over our late correspondence and wish to propose to you the following for our future:

"1stly. That you shall write to me of the health, wealth, and welfare of all *fratres* (*quoad me*) little or nothing.

"2dly. That you shall send me no tooth-powder, tooth-brushes, or any such talcic or chemical articles, as heretofore, upon being reimbursed for the same.

"3dly. That you shall not send me any (as they are called) *new* publications, *whatsoever*, save and excepting any or verse, of (or reasonably presumed to be) Scott, Crabbe, Moore, Campbell, Joanna Baillie, *Irving* (the American), (Isle of Palms man), or any especial fancy which is thought to be of considerable *Voyages and Travels*, provided that they be in *Greece, Spain, Asia Minor, Alban* will be welcome. Having travelled, as mentioned, I know that what is said convey nothing farther which I desire to them.—No other English works *whatsoever*.

"4thly. That you send me no periodical *whatsoever*—no *Edinburgh, Quarterly*, any review, magazine, or newspaper foreign, of any description.

"5thly. That you send me no opinions either *good, bad, or indifferent*, of your friends, or others, concerning any work mine, past, present, or to come.

"6thly. That all negotiations in matters between you and me pass through the hands of Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, my friend and Mr Hobhouse, as 'Alter ego,' and to myself during my absence—or presence.

"Some of these propositions may seem strange, but they are founded. The quantity I have received as books is incalculable, amused nor instructed. Reviews and notices at the best but ephemeral and superficial *who thinks of the grand article of last given Review?* In the next place, if myself, they tend to increase *egotism*.

I do not deny that the praise *elates*, and is able, that the abuse *irritates*. The latter duct me to inflict a species of satire, neither do good to you nor to your friends smile *now*, and so may *you*; but if I take hand, it would not be difficult to cut gourd. I did as much by as powerful nineteen years old, and I know little as and-thirty, which should prevent me from your ribs gridirons for your hearts, if a propensity: but it is *not*; therefore let of your provocations. If any thing occurs as to require my notice, I shall be my legal friends. For the rest, I mean be left in ignorance.



applies to opinions, good, bad, or impious in conversation or correspondence: do not interrupt, but they soil, the mind. I am sensitive enough, but not blud; and here I am beyond the touch-runs of literary England, except the few polypus that crawl over the channels in direct.

precautions in England would be useless or the flatterer would there reach me; but in Italy we know little of literary I think less, except what reaches us garbled and brief extract in some mile. For two years (excepting two or cut out and sent to you by the post) I newspaper which was not forced upon accident, and know, upon the whole, as well as you do of Italy, and God knows enough, with all your travels, &c. &c. &c. travellers know Italy as you know *we* much is that?

ing occurs so violently gross or personal tice, Mr Douglas Kinnaird will let me praise, I desire to hear nothing. say, 'to what tends all this?' I will—to keep my mind free and unbiassed and personal irritabilities of praise or my genius take its natural direction, as are like the dead, who know nothing of all or ought that is said or done in

in observe these conditions, you will and others some pain: let me not be to rise up, for if I do, it will not be for can not observe these conditions, we be correspondents,—but not friends, tys be yours ever and truly,

"BYRON.  
ve taken these resolutions not from any set you or yours, but simply upon reading, either praise or censure, of me harm. When I was in Switzerland, I was out of the way of hearing or I wrote there!—In Italy I am out too; but latterly, partly through my by through your kindness in wishing to west and most periodical publications, rowd of Reviews, &c. thrust upon me, ed me with their jargon, of one kind or less off my attention from greater observe also sent me a parcel of trash of reason that I can conceive, unless to write a new 'English Bard.' Now avoid; for if ever I do, it will be a on; and I desire peace as long as the bear nonsense out of my way."

difficult to describe more strongly or more Lord Byron has done in this letter the thwarting, obstructive and distractions not thrown across the path of men of real arm of minor critics and pretenders with a vent in other professions has crowded literature. Nor is it only the writers of or from the multitudinous rush into the s also, from having in Lord Byron ever letter, "the superfluities of too many o them at once," came to less by degrees

## LETTER CCCCLVII.

TO MR. MOORE.

September 27th, 1821.

"It was not Murray's fault. I did not send the MS. overture, but I send it now,\* and it may be restored;—or, at any rate, you may keep the original, and give any copies you please. I send it, as written, and as I read it to you—I have no other copy.

"By last week's two posts, in two packets, I sent to your address, at Paris, a longish poem upon the late Irishism of your countrymen in their reception of \* \* \*. Pray, have you received it? It is in 'the high Roman fashion,' and full of ferocious phantasy. As you could not well take up the matter with Paddy (being of the same nest), I have;—but I hope still that I have done justice to his great men and his good heart. As for \* \* \*, you will find it laid on with a trowel. I delight in your 'fact historical'—is it a fact?

Yours, &amp;c.

"P. S. You have not answered me about Schlegel—why not? Address to me at Pisa, whither I am going, to join the exiles—a pretty numerous body, at present. Let me hear how you are, and what you mean to do. Is there no chance of your recrossing the Alps? If the G. Rex marries again, let him not want an Epithalamium—suppose a joint concern of you and me, like Sternhold and Hopkins!"

## LETTER CCCCLVIII.

TO MR. MURRAY.

September 28th, 1821.

"I add another cover to request you to ask Moore to obtain (if possible) my letters to the late Lady Melbourne from Lady Cowper. They are very numerous, and ought to have been restored long ago, as I was ready to give back Lady Melbourne's in exchange. These latter are in Mr Hobhouse's custody with my other papers, and shall be punctually restored if required. I did not choose before to apply to Lady Cowper, as her mother's death naturally kept me from intruding upon her feelings at the time of its occurrence. Some years have now elapsed, and it is essential that I should have my own epistles. They are essential as confirming that part of the 'Memoranda' which refers to the two periods 1812 and 1814, when my marriage with her niece was in contemplation, and will tend to show what my real views and feelings were upon that subject.

"You need not be alarmed; the fourteen years,

their powers of discrimination: and, in the same manner as the palate becomes confused in trying various wines, so the public taste declines in proportion as the improvements to which it is exposed multiply.

\* The lines "Oh Wellington," which I had misread in their original place at the opening of the Third Canto, and took for granted that they had been suppressed by the publisher.

\* His here advertises a passing remark, in one of Mr Murray's letters, that, as his working "Memoranda" were not to be published in his lifetime, the sum now paid for the work £220 would most probably, upon a reasonable calculation of sur-vivings, amount ultimately to no less than £2000.

will hardly elapse without some mortality amongst us: it is a long lease of life to speculate upon. So your calculation will not be in so much peril, as the 'argosie' will sink before that time, and 'the pound of flesh' be withered previously to your being so long out of a return.

"I also wish to give you a hint or two (as you have really behaved very handsomely to Moore in the business, and are a fine fellow in your line) for your advantage. If by your own management you can extract any of my epistles from Lady —, (\* \* \* \* \*), they might be of use in your collection (sinking of course the *names* and *all such circumstances* as might hurt *living* feelings, or *those of survivors*); they treat of more topics than love, occasionally.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I will tell you who may *happen* to have some letters of mine in their possession: Lord Powerscourt, some to his late brother; Mr. Long of—(I forget his place)—but the father of Edward Long of the Guards, who was drowned in going to Lisbon early in 1809; Miss Elizabeth Pigot, of Southwell, Notts (she may be *Mistress* by this time, for she had a year or two more than I): *they were not* love-letters, so that you might have them without scruple. There are, or might be, some to the late Rev. J. C. Tattersall, in the hands of his brother (half-brother) Mr. Wheatley, who resides near Canterbury, I think. There are some of Charles Gordon, now of Dulwich; and some few to Mrs. Chaworth; but these latter are probably destroyed or inaccessible.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I mention these people and particulars merely as *chances*. Most of them have probably destroyed the letters, which in fact are of little import, many of them written when very young, and several at school and college.

"Peel (the *second* brother of the Secretary) was a correspondent of mine, and also Porter, the son of the Bishop of Clogher; Lord Clare a very voluminous one; William Harness (a friend of Milman's) another; Charles Drummond (son of the banker); William Banks (the voyager), your friend; R. C. Dallas, Esq.; Hodgson; Henry Drury; Hobhouse you were already aware of.

"I have gone through this long list\* of

\* To all the persons upon this list who were accessible, application has, of course, been made,—with what success it is in the reader's power to judge from the communications that have been laid before him. Among the companions of the poet's boyhood there are (as I have already had occasion to mention and regret) but few traces of his youthful correspondence to be found; and of all those who knew him at that period, his fair Southwell correspondent alone seems to have been sufficiently endowed with the gift of second sight to anticipate the Byron of a future day, and foresee the compound interest that Time and Fame would accumulate on every precious scrap of the young bard which she hoarded. On the whole, however, it is not unsatisfactory to be able to state that, with the exception of a very small minority (only one of whom is possessed of any papers of much importance), every distinguished associate and intimate of the noble poet, from the very outset to the close of his extraordinary career, have come forward cordially to communicate whatever memorials they possessed of him,—trusting, as I am willing to flatter myself, that they confided these treasures to one, who, if not able to do full justice to the memory of their common friend, would, at least, not willingly suffer it to be dishonoured in his hands.

'The cold, the faithless, and the dead

because I know that, like 'the curious in you are a researcher of such things.

"Besides these, there are other occasions literary men and so forth, complimentary, &c. not worth much more than the rest. some hundreds, too, of Italian notes of mine with a noble contempt of the grammar and in very English Etruscan; for I *speak* I fluently, but write it carelessly and incoherent degree."

## LETTER CCCLIX.

TO MR. MOORE.

"September

"I send you two rough things, prose not much in themselves, but which will tell them, the state of the country, and the of friend's mind, when they were written. them were sent to the person concerned, I see, by the style of them, that they were in am in signing myself

"Yours ever and t

Of the two enclosures, mentioned in the note, one was a letter intended to be sent on, relative to his money invested in the which the following are extracts.

"Ravenna, March

"I have received your message, through letter, about English security, &c. &c. It rate (and true, even), that *such* is to be I not that I shall find it. Mr. \* \* \*, for his and purposes, will thwart all such attempts accomplished his own, viz. to make me lend to some client of his choosing.

"At this distance—after this absence, a utter ignorance of affairs and business—wiper and impatience, I have neither the me mind to resist \* \* \* \* \* This funds as I do, and wishing to secure a rever sister and her children, I should jump at ditions.

"What I told you is come to pass—the war is declared. Your funds will fall, and in consequence ruined. That's nothing blood relations will be so. You and you provided for. Live and prosper—I wish both. Live and prosper—you have the think but of my real kin and kindred, w the victims of this accursed bubble.

"You neither know nor dream of the of this war. It is a war of *men* with mo will s; read like a spark on the dry, rank; vegetable desert. What it is with you English, you do not know, for ye sleep. with us here, I know, for it is before, a and within us.

"Judge of my detestation of England that it inherits, when I avoid returning to try at a time when not only my pecuniary



be, even my personal security, require it. no more, for all letters are opened. A will decide upon what is to be done here, you will learn it without being more troubled by correspondence. Whatever happens, it is little, so the cause is forwarded. no more to say to you on the score of affairs, her subject."

an enclosure in the note consisted of some ten by him, December 10th, 1820, on seeing paragraph in a newspaper. "Lady year the lady patroness at the annual given at the Town Hall at Hinckly, Leicestershire and Sir G. Crewe, Bart. the principal. These verses are full of strong and interesting,—every stanza concluding pointedly words "Charity Ball,"—and the thought inates through the whole may be collected from the opening lines :—

er the pangs of a husband and father,  
rows in exile be great or be small,  
these glories around her she gather,  
Saint patronizes her 'Charity Ball.'

ers—a heart, which though faulty was feeling,  
a to excesses which once could appal—  
inner should suffer is only fair dealing,  
ant keeps her charity back for 'the Ball.' &c.

## LETTER CCCCLX.

TO MR MOORE.

\* September—no—October 1, 1821.

written to you lately, both in prose and great length, to Paris and London. I pre-  
fers Moore, or whoever is your Paris de-  
ward my packets to you in London.

etting off for Pisa, if a slight incipient  
fever do not prevent me. I fear it is  
enough to give Murray much chance of  
a thirteens again. I hardly should regret  
provided you raised your price upon him  
Lady Holderness (my sister's grandmother,  
man) used to call Augusta, her *Residee*  
so as to provide for us all; my bones with  
and larmoyante edition, and you with dou-  
extractable during my lifetime.

a strong presentiment that (bating some  
way accident) you will survive me. The  
f eight years, or whatever it is, between  
nothing. I do not feel (nor am, indeed,  
feel) the principle of life in me tend to  
My father and mother died, the one at  
or six, and the other at forty-five; and  
ah, or somebody else, says that nobody  
without having *one parent*, at least, an old

lady, to be sure, like to see out my eternal  
aw, not so much for her heritage, but from  
antipathy. But the indulgence of this  
ire is too much to expect from the Provi-  
presides over old women. I bore you with  
at lives, because it has been put in my way  
ation of insurances which Murray has sent

me. I *really think* you should have more, if I eva-  
porate within a reasonable time.

"I wonder if my 'Cain' has got safe to England.  
I have written since about sixty stanzas of a poem,  
in octave stanzas (in the Pulci style, which the fools  
in England think was invented by Whistlecraft—it  
is as old as the hills in Italy) called 'The Vision of  
Judgment, by Quevedo Redivivus,' with this motto—

A Daniel come to judgment, yea, a Daniel :  
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.'

"In this it is my intent to put the said George's  
Apotheosis in a Whig point of view, not forgetting  
the Poet Laureate for his preface and his other de-  
merits.

"I am just got to the pass where Saint Peter,  
hearing that the royal defunct had opposed Catholic  
Emancipation, rises up and, interrupting Satan's  
oration, declares *he* will change places with Cerberus  
sooner than let him into heaven, while *he* has the  
keys thereof.

"I must go and ride, though rather feverish and  
chilly. It is the ague season; but the agues do  
me rather good than harm. The feel after the *fit*  
is as if one had got rid of one's body for good and  
all.

"The gods go with you!—Address to Pisa.

"Ever yours.

"P. S. Since I came back I feel better, though  
I staid out too late for this malaria season, under the  
thin crescent of a very young moon, and got off my  
horse to walk in an avenue with a Signora for an  
hour. I thought of you and

'When at eve thou rovest  
By the star thou lovest.'

But it was not in a romantic mood, as I should have  
been once; and yet it was a *new* woman (that is,  
new to me), and, of course, expected to be made  
love to. But I merely made a few common-place  
speeches. I feel as your poor friend Curran said,  
before his death, 'a mountain of lead upon my heart,'  
which I believe to be constitutional, and that nothing  
will remove it but the same remedy."

## LETTER CCCCLXI.

TO MR MOORE.

\* October 6th, 1821.

"By this post I have sent my nightmare to balance  
the incubus of \* \* \* 's impudent anticipation of the  
Apotheosis of George the Third. I should like you  
to take a look over it, as I think there are two or  
three things in it which might please 'our puir hill  
folk.'

"By the last two or three posts I have written to  
you at length. My *ague* bows to me every two or  
three days, but we are not as yet upon intimate speak-  
ing terms. I have an intermittent generally every  
two years, when the climate is favourable (as it is  
here), but it does me no harm. What I find worse,  
and cannot get rid of, is the growing depression of my  
spirits, without sufficient cause. I ride—I am not  
intemperate in eating or drinking—and my general  
health is as usual, except a slight ague, which rather

does good than not. It must be constitutional; for I know nothing more than usual to depress me to that degree.

"How do you manage? I think you told me, at Venice, that your spirits did not keep up without a little claret. I *can* drink, and bear a good deal of wine (as you may recollect in England); but it don't exhilarate—it makes me savage and suspicious, and even quarrelsome. Laudanum has a similar effect; but I can take much of *it* without any effect at all. The thing that gives me the highest spirits (it seems absurd, but true) is a dose of *salts*—I mean in the afternoon, after their effect." But one can't take *them* like champagne.

"Excuse this old woman's letter; but my *leman-aholy* don't depend upon health, for is it just the same, well or ill, or here or there.

"Yours, &c."

#### LETTER CCCCLXII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Ravenna, October 9th, 1831.

"You will please to present or convey the enclosed poem to Mr Moore. I sent him another copy to Paris; but he has probably left that city.

"Don't forget to send me my first act of 'Werner' (if Hobbouse can find it amongst my papers—send it by the post (to Pisa); and also cut out Sophia Lee's 'German's Tale' from the 'Canterbury Tales,' and send it in a letter also. I began that tragedy in 1815.

"By the way, you have a good deal of my prose tracts in MS. Let me have proofs of them *all* again—I mean the controversial ones, including the last two or three years of time. Another question!—The Epistle of St Paul, which I translated from the Armeniau, for what reason have you kept it back, though you published that stuff which gave rise to the 'Vampire'? Is it because you are afraid to print any thing in opposition to the cant of the Quarterly about Manicheism? Let me have a proof of that Epistle directly. I am a better Christian than those parsons of yours, though not paid for being so.

"Send—Faber's Treatise on the Cabiri.

"Sainte Croix's *Mystères du Paganisme* (scarce, perhaps, but to be found, as Mitford refers to his work frequently).

"A common Bible, of a good legible print (bound in russia). I *have* one; but as it was the last gift of my sister (whom I shall probably never see again), I can only use it carefully, and less frequently, because I like to keep it in good order. Don't forget this, for I am a great reader and admirer of those

\* It was, no doubt, from a similar experience of its effects that Dryden always took physic, when about to write any thing of importance. His caricature, Bayes, is accordingly made to say, "When I have a grand design, I ever take physic and let blood: for, when you would have pure swiftness of thought and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part;—in short," &c., &c.

On this subject of the effects of medicine upon the mind and spirits, some curious facts and illustrations have been, with his usual research, collected by Mr d'Israeli, in his amusing 'Curiosities of Literature.'

books, and had read them through and fore I was eight years old,—that is to Testament, for the New struck me as a other as a pleasure. I speak as a b recollected impression of that period at 1796.

"Any novels of Scott, or poetry ( Ditto of Crabbe, Moore, and the Elect: your curst common-place trash,—unk starts up of actual merit, which may ve 'tis time it should."

#### LETTER CCCCLXIII

TO MR MURRAY.

"Octo

"If the errors *are* in the MS. writ ass: they are *not*, and I am content to penalty if they be. Besides, the *omitt* but one or two), sent *afterwards*, wa MS. too?

"As to 'honour,' I will trust no m affairs of barter. I will tell you why: gain is Hobbes's 'state of nature—a It is so with all men. If I come to a fri 'Friend, lend me five hundred pounds does it, or says that he can't or won't; to ditto, and say, 'Ditto, I have an en orhorse, or carriage, or MSS., or books, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c., honestly worth a the you shall have them for five hundred,' w say? why he looks at them, he *has*, *humbugs*, if he can, to get a bargain as can, because *it is* a bargain.—This is and bone of mankind; and the same m lend another a thousand pounds wld would not buy a horse of him for half i could help it. It is so: there's no de therefore I will have as much as I can, give as little; and there's an end. All t sical rascals, and I am only sorry that dog, I can't bite them.

"I am filling another book for you w dotes, to my own knowledge, or well as Sheridan, Curran, &c. and such other I recollect to have been acquainted wi most of them more or less. I will do prevent your losing by my obsequies.

"Yours.

#### LETTER CCCCLXIV

TO MR ROGERS.

"Ravenna, Octo

"I shall be (the gods willing) in Bok day next. This is a curious answer t but I have taken a house in Pisa for which all my chattels, furniture, hor and live stock are already removed, and ing to follow.

"The cause of this removal is, short proscription of all my friends' relations here into Tuscany, on account of our la:



o, I accompany them. I merely re-  
w to settle some arrangements about  
and to give time for my furniture, &c.  
I have not here a seat or a bed hard-  
me jury chairs, and tables, and a mat-  
teek to come.

I go on with me to Pisa, I can lodge you  
you like (they write that the house, the  
ranchi, is spacious: it is on the Arno);  
or carriages, and as many saddle horses  
are in these parts), with all other con-  
our command, as also their owner. If  
this, we may, at least, cross the Apen-  
; or if you are going by another road, we  
Bologna, I hope. I address this to the  
you desire), and you will probably find  
lbergo di San Marco. If you arrive  
I come up, which will be (barring acci-  
rday or Sunday at farthest.

you are alone in your voyages. Moore  
ineog. according to my latest advices  
nates.

than a lustre (five years and six months  
s, more or less) since we met; and, like  
Tadcaster in the farce ('Love laughs at  
whose acquaintances, including the cat,  
'who caught a halfpenny in his mouth,'  
s dead,' but too many of our acquaint-  
aken the same path. Lady Melbourne,  
ridan, Curran, &c. &c. almost every  
name of the old school. But 'so am  
e foolish fat scullion,' therefore let us  
t of our remainder.

ad two lines from you at 'the hostel or

"Yours ever, &c.

"B."

#### LETTER CCCCLXV.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Ravenna, Oct. 28th, 1821.

middle of night by the castle clock,' and  
more I have to set out on my way to  
up all night to be sure of rising. I have  
ems take off my bed-clothes—blankets  
case of temptation from the apparel of  
yelids.

Rogers is—or is to be—at Bologna, as  
n Venice.

our Magnifico would 'pound you,' if  
is trying to 'pound' me, too; but I'll  
ne—or, at least, I'll have the odd shil-  
in keen iambics.

robation of 'Sardanapalus' is agreeable,  
ons than one. Hobhouse is pleased to  
to of it, and so do some others—but the  
whom, like 'a Gryphon in the wilder-  
follow for his gold,' (as I exhorted you  
did or doth disparage it—'stinting me

' His notable opinions on the 'Foscari'  
hath not as yet forwarded; or, at least,  
received them, nor the proofs thereof,  
wed by last post.

way that he and his Quarterly people

are tending—they want a *row* with me, and they  
shall have it. I only regret that I am not in England  
for the *nonce*; as, here, it is hardly fair ground for  
me, isolated and out of the way of prompt rejoinder  
and information as I am. But, though backed by all  
the corruption, and infamy, and patronage of their  
master rogues and slave renegadoes, if they do once  
rouse me up,

' They had better gall the devil, Salisbury.'

"I have that for two or three of them, which they  
had better not move me to put in motion;—and yet,  
after all, what a fool I am to disquiet myself about such  
fellows! It was all very well ten or twelve years ago,  
when I was a 'curled darling,' and *mind*ed such  
things. At present, I *rate* them at their true value;  
but, from natural temper and bile, am not able to  
keep quiet.

"Let me hear from you on your return from Ire-  
land, which ought to be ashamed to see you, after her  
Brunswick blarney. I am of Longman's opinion,  
that you should allow your friends to liquidate the  
Bernuda claim. Why should you throw away the  
two thousand *pounds* (of the *non-guinea* Murray)  
upon that cursed piece of treacherous inveiglement?  
I think you carry the matter a little too far and scru-  
pulously. When we see patriots begging publicly,  
and know that Grattan received a fortune from his  
country, I really do not see why a man, in no whit in-  
ferior to any or all of them, should shrink from accept-  
ing that assistance from his private friends, which  
every tradesman receives from his connexions upon  
much less occasions. For, after all, it was not *your*  
*debt*—it was a piece of swindling *against* you. As  
to \* \* \* \*, and the 'what noble creatures! \* &c.  
&c.,' it is all very fine and very well, but, till you can  
persuade me that there is *no credit*, and *no self-ap-  
plause* to be obtained by being of use to a celebrated  
man, I must retain the same opinion of the human  
*species*, which I do of our friend M<sup>s</sup> *Specie*."

In the month of August, Madame Guiccioli had  
joined her father at Pisa, and was now superintending  
the preparations at the Casa Lanfranchi,—one of the  
most ancient and spacious palaces of that city,—for  
the reception of her noble lover. "He left Ravenna,"  
says this lady, "with great regret, and with a  
presentiment that his departure would be the  
forerunner of a thousand evils to us. In every letter  
he then wrote to me, he expressed his displeasure at  
this step. 'If your father should be recalled,' he  
said, '*I immediately return* to Ravenna; and if he  
is recalled *previous* to my departure, *I remain*.'  
In this hope he delayed his journey for several months;  
but at last, no longer having any expectation of our  
immediate return, he wrote to me, saying—'I set out  
most unwillingly, foreseeing the most evil results for  
all of you, and principally for yourself. I say no  
more, but you will see.' And in another letter he  
says: 'I leave Ravenna so unwillingly, and with such  
a persuasion on my mind that my departure will lead

\* I had mentioned to him, with all the praise and gra-  
titude such friendship deserved, some generous offers of aid  
which, from more than one quarter, I had received at this  
period, and which, though declined, have been not the less  
warmly treasured in my recollection.

from one misery to another, each greater than the former, that I have not the heart to utter another word on the subject.' He always wrote to me at that time in Italian, and I transcribe his exact words. How entirely were these presentiments verified by the event! \* \*

After describing his mode of life while at Ravenna, the lady thus proceeds:—

"This sort of simple life he led until the fatal day of his departure for Greece, and the few variations he made from it may be said to have arisen solely from the greater or smaller number of occasions which were offered him of doing good, and from the generous actions he was continually performing. Many families (in Ravenna principally) owed to him the few prosperous days they ever enjoyed. His arrival in that town was spoken of as a piece of public good fortune, and his departure as a public calamity; and this is the life which many attempted to asperse as that of a libertine. But the world must at last learn how, with so good and generous a heart, Lord Byron, susceptible, it is true, of the most energetic passions, yet, at the same time, of the sublimest and most pure, and rendering homage in his *acts* to every virtue—how he, I say, could afford such scope to malice and to calumny. Circumstances, and also, probably, an eccentricity of disposition (which, nevertheless, had its origin in a virtuous feeling, an excessive abhorrence for hypocrisy and affectation), contributed perhaps to cloud the splendour of his exalted nature in the opinion of many. But you will well know how to analyse these contradictions in a manner worthy of your noble friend and of yourself; and you will prove that the goodness of his heart was not inferior to the grandeur of his genius." †

At Bologna, according to the appointment made between them, Lord Byron and Mr. Rogers met; and the record which this latter gentleman has, in his Poem on Italy, preserved of their meeting conveys so vivid a picture of the poet at this period, with, at the same time, so just and feeling a tribute to his memory, that, narrowed as my limits are now becoming, I cannot refrain from giving the sketch entire.

#### \* BOLOGNA.

\* 'Twas night; the noise and bustle of the day  
Were o'er. The mountebank no longer wrought  
Miraculous cures—he and his stage were gone;  
And he who, when the crisis of his tale

\* \* Egli era partito con molto rincrescimento da Ravenna, e col presentimento che la sua partenza da Ravenna ci sarebbe cagione di molti mali. In ogni lettera che egli mi scriveva allora egli mi esprimeva il suo dispiacere di lasciare Ravenna. 'Se papà è richiamato (mi scriveva egli) io torno in quel istante a Ravenna, e se è richiamato prima della mia partenza io non parto.' In questa speranza egli differì vari mesi a partire. Ma, finalmente, non potendo più sperare il nostro ritorno prossimo, egli mi scriveva:—'Io parto molto mal volentieri prevedendo dei mali assai grandi per voi altri e massime per voi; altro non dico,—lo vedrete.' E in un'altra lettera, 'Io lascio Ravenna così mal volentieri, e così persuaso che la mia partenza non può che condurre da un male ad un altro più grande che non ho cuore di scrivere altro in questo punto.' Egli mi scriveva allora sempre in Italiano e trascrive le sue precise parole—ma come quei suoi presentimenti si verificarono poi in appresso! \*

† The leaf that contains the original of this extract I have unluckily mislaid.

Came, and all stood breathless with hope  
Sent round his cap; and he who thrummed  
And sang, with pleading look and plaintive  
Melting the passenger. Thy thousand of  
So well pourtray'd, and by a son of thine,  
Whose voice had swell'd the hubbub in  
Were hush'd, Bologna's, allance in the air  
The squares, when hark, the clattering of  
And soon a courier, posting as from far,  
Housing and holster, boot and belted on  
And doublet, stain'd with many a variegated  
Stopt and alighted. 'Twas where hang  
That ancient sign, the Pilgrim, welcome  
All who arrive there, all perhaps save the  
Clad like himself, with staff and scabbard  
Those on a pilgrimage: and now appear  
Wheels, through the lofty porticoes rose  
Arch beyond arch, a shelter or a shade  
As the sky changes. To the gate they came  
And, ere the man had half his story told,  
Mine host received the Master—one long  
To sojourn among strangers, every man  
(Go where he would, along the wilder  
Flinging a charm that shall not soon be)  
And leaving footsteps to be traced by the  
Who love the haunts of Genius; one who  
Observed, nor shunn'd the busy scenes,  
But mingled not; and mid the din, the  
Lived as a separate Spirit.

Much had they told; and those five days  
Much had they told! His clustering looks  
Gray: nor did aught recall the Youth from  
From Sestos to Abydos. Yet his voice,  
Still it was sweet: still from his eye  
Flashed lightning-like, nor linger'd out  
Waiting for words. Far, far into the  
We sat, conversing—no unwelcome lot  
The hour we met; and, when Aurora  
Rising, we climb'd the rugged Apennine  
Well I remember how the golden sun  
Fill'd with its beams the unfathomable  
As on we travell'd, and along the ridge  
'Mid groves of cork and cistus, and wild  
His motley household came.—Not last  
Battista, who upon the moonlight sea  
Of Venice had so ably, zealously  
Served, and at parting thrown his coat  
To follow through the world; who with  
Had worn so long that honourable be  
The gondolier's, in a Patrician House  
Arguing unlimited trust.—Not last  
Thou, though declining in thy beauty  
Faithful Moretto, to the latest hour  
Guarding his chamber-door, and now  
The silent, sullen strand of Misosola  
Howling in grief.

He had just left the  
Of old renown, once in the Adrian sea  
RAVENNA; where from DANTE'S *quest*  
He had so oft, as many a verse declare  
Drawn inspiration: where, at twilight  
Through the pine-forest wandering  
Wandering and lost, he had so oft beheld  
(What is not visible to a poet's eye)  
The spectre-knight, the hell-hounds,  
The chase, the slaughter, and the foe  
Suddenly blasted. 'Twas a theme he  
But others claim'd their turn: and so  
Shatter'd, uprooted from its native  
Its strength the pride of some heroic

\* \* See the Cries of Bologna, as drawn from the  
racci. He was of very humble origin: as  
brother's vanity, once sent him a portrait  
the tailor, threading his needle.

† \* The principal gondolier, the fante di  
most always in the confidence of his em  
ployed on occasions that required judgment

‡ \* Adrianum mare.—GIBBON.

§ \* See the Prophecy of Dante.

\*\* \* See the tale as told by Bocaccio.



vanish'd (many a sturdy steer\*  
yoked), while, as in happier days,  
spirit forth. The past forgot,  
ment. Not a cloud obscured  
ture.

He is now at rest ;  
ad blame fall on his ear alike,  
eath. Yes, BYRON, thou art gone,  
ar that through the firmament  
lost, in its eccentric course  
plexing. Yet thy heart, methinks,  
s, noble—noble in its scorn  
low or little ; nothing there  
rile. If imagined wrongs  
urging thee sometimes to do  
egretted, oft, as many know,  
an I, thy gratitude would build  
edations : and, if in thy life  
a thy death thou surely wert,  
omplish'd ; dying in the land  
ung mind had caught ethereal fire,  
ece, and in a cause so glorious !  
train—ah, little did they think,  
went, that they so soon should sit  
side thee, while a Nation mourn'd,  
festal for her funeral song ;  
soon should hear the minute-gun,  
pleam'd on what remain'd of thee,  
sea, the mountains, numbering  
joy and sorrow.

Thou art gone ;  
would assail thee in thy grave,  
ause ! For who among us all,  
a wert—even from thine earliest years,  
ring, yet unspoilt, a highland-boy—  
a wert, and with thy soul of flame ;  
ile yet the down was on thy cheek,  
essing, and to lips like thine,  
I cup—ah, who among us all  
had not err'd as much, and more ?

o Bologna he had met with his early  
d, Lord Clare, and the following de-  
short interview is given in his "De-  
s."

Pisa, November 5th, 1821.

strange coincidence sometimes in the  
his world, Sancho,' says Sterne in a  
ce not), and so I have often found it.  
rticle 91, of this collection, I had al-  
d Lord Clare in terms such as my  
d. About a week or two afterwards,  
e road between Imola and Bologna,  
met for seven or eight years. He  
1814, and came home just as I set

eg annihilated for a moment all the  
ie present time and the days of *Har-*  
s new and inexplicable feeling, like  
grave, to me. Clare too was much  
in *appearance* than was myself ; for  
heart beat to his fingers' ends, unless,  
the pulse of my own which made me  
old me that I should find a note from  
logna. I did. We were obliged to  
ferent journeys, he for Rome, I for  
the promise to meet again in spring.  
e minutes together, and on the public  
dly recollect an hour of my existence  
e weighed against them. He had  
as coming on, and had left his letter  
for the traveller's carriage at the foot

for me at Bologna, because the people with whom  
he was travelling could not wait longer.

"Of all I have ever known, he has always been  
the least altered in every thing from the excellent  
qualities and kind affections which attached me to  
him so strongly at school. I should hardly have  
thought it possible for society (or the world, as it is  
called) to leave a being with so little of the leaven of  
bad passions.

"I do not speak from personal experience only,  
but from all I have ever heard of him from others,  
during absence and distance."

After remaining a day at Bologna, Lord Byron  
crossed the Appenines with Mr Rogers ; and I find  
the following note of their visit together to the Gallery  
at Florence.

"I revisited the Florence Gallery, &c. My former  
impressions were confirmed ; but there were too many  
visitors there to allow one to *feel* any thing properly.  
When we were (about thirty or forty) all stuffed into  
the cabinet of gems and knick-knackeries, in a corner  
of one of the galleries, I told Rogers that it 'felt like  
being in the watchhouse.' I left him to make his  
obeisances to some of his acquaintances, and strolled  
on alone—the only four minutes I could snatch of  
any feeling for the works around me. I do not mean  
to apply this to a tête-à-tête scrutiny with Rogers,  
who has an excellent taste, and deep feeling for the  
arts (indeed much more of both than I can possess,  
for of the FORMER I have not much), but to the  
crowd of jostling starers and travelling talkers around  
me.

"I heard one bold Briton declare to the woman on  
his arm, looking at the Venus of Titian, 'Well, now,  
this is really very fine indeed,'—an observation which,  
like that of the landlord in Joseph Andrews on 'the  
certainty of death,' was (as the landlord's wife ob-  
served) 'extremely true.'

"In the Pitti Palace, I did not omit Goldsmith's  
prescription for a connoisseur, viz. 'that the pictures  
would have been better if the painter had taken  
more pains, and to praise the works of Pietro Pe-  
rugino.'"

#### LETTER CCCCLXVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Pisa, November 3d, 1821.

"The two passages cannot be altered without  
making Lucifer talk like the Bishop of Lincoln,  
which would not be in the character of the former.  
The notion is from Cuvier (that of the *old worlds*),  
as I have explained in an additional note to the pre-  
face. The other passage is also in character ; if  
*nonsense*, so much the better, because then it can do  
no harm, and the sillier Satan is made, the safer for  
every body. As to 'alarms,' &c. do you really think  
such things ever led any body astray ? Are these  
people more impious than Milton's Satan ? or the  
Prometheus of Æschylus ? or even than the Saddo-  
ucees of \*\*, the 'Fall of Jerusalem' \*\*\* ? Are not

Adam, Eve, Adah, and Abel, as pious as the catechism?

"Gifford is too wise a man to think that such things can have any *serious* effect: *who* was ever altered by a poem? I beg leave to observe, that there is no creed nor personal hypothesis of mine in all this; but I was obliged to make Cain and Lucifer talk consistently, and surely this has always been permitted to poesy. Cain is a proud man: if Lucifer promised him kingdom, &c. it would *elate* him: the object of the Demon is to *depress* him still further in his own estimation than he was before, by showing him infinite things and his own abasement, till he falls into the frame of mind that leads to the catastrophe, from mere *internal* irritation, *not* premeditation, or envy of *Abel* (which would have made him contemptible), but from rage and fury against the inadequacy of his state to his conceptions, and which discharges itself rather against life, and the author of life, than the mere living.

"His subsequent remorse is the natural effect of looking on his sudden deed. Had the *deed* been *premeditated*, his repentance would have been tardier.

"Either dedicate it to Walter Scott, or if you think he would like the dedication of 'the Foscari' better, put the dedication to 'the Foscari.' Ask him which.

"Your first note was queer enough; but your two other letters, with Moore's and Gifford's opinions, set all right again. I told you before that I can never *recast* any thing. I am like the tiger: if I miss the first spring, I go grumbling back to my jungle again; but if I *do hit*, it is crushing.

You disparaged the last three cantos to me, and kept them back above a year; but I have heard from England that (notwithstanding the errors of the press) they are well thought of; for instance, by American Irving, which last is a feather in my (fool's) cap.

"You have received my letter (open) through Mr Kinuaird, and so, pray, send me no more reviews of any kind. I will read no more of evil or good in that line. Walter Scott has not read a review of *himself* for *thirteen* years.

"The bust is not *my* property, but *Hobhouse's*. I addressed it to you as an Admiralty man, great at the custom-house. Pray deduct the expenses of the same, and all others.

"Yours, &c."

#### LETTER CCCCLXVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Pisa, Nov. 9th, 1821.

"I never read the Memoirs at all, not even since they were written; and I never will: the pain of writing them was enough; you may spare me that of a perusal. Mr Moore has (or may have) a discretionary power to omit any repetition, or expressions which do not seem *good to him*, who is a better judge than you or I.

"Enclosed is a lyrical drama (entitled 'a Mystery,' from its subject), which, perhaps, may arrive in time for the volume. You will find it *pious* enough, I

trust,—at least some of the Chorus might written by Sternhold and Hopkins themselves and perhaps for melody. As it is longer lyrical and Greek, than I intended at first divided it into *acts*, but called what I have *First*, as there is a suspension of the action may either close there without impropriety continued in a way that I have in view. The first part to be published before the second if it don't succeed, it is better to stop there on in a fruitless experiment.

"I desire you to acknowledge the an packet by return of post, if you can convey a proof.

Your obed

"P. S. My wish is to have it published time, and, if possible, in the same volume others, because, whatever the merits of these pieces may be, it will perhaps be each is of a different kind, and in a different so that, including the prose and the Drama I have at least sent you *variety* during or two."

#### LETTER CCCCLXVII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Pisa, November

"There is here Mr \* \*, an Irish genius we are acquainted. He hath written a *lent* Commentary on Dante, full of new formation, and much ingenuity. But his, as it hath pleased God to endue him with theless, he is so firmly persuaded of its excellence, that he won't divorce the Commentary translation, as I ventured delicately having the fear of Ireland before my eye the presumption of having shotten very presence (with common pistols too, not w ton's) the day before.

"But he is eager to publish all, and justified, though the Reviewers will make more tortures than there are in his original the *Notes* are well worth publication; but upon the translation for company, so they come out together, like Lady C\* \* t Miss \* \*. I read a letter of yours to him yesterday he begs me to write to you about his Poem really a good fellow, apparently, and in his verse is very good Irish.

"Now what shall we do for him? He will risk part of the expense with them. He will never rest till he is published and he has a high opinion of himself—and I left but to gratify him so as to have him little as possible; for I think it would kill must write, then, to Jeffrey to beg him to do him, and I will do the same to Gifford, to say. Perhaps they might notice the Commentary touching the text. But I doubt the text is too tempting.

"I have to thank you again, as I believe, for your opinion of 'Cain,' &c.

"You are right to allow ——— to settle but I do not see why you should repay



at least, not yet.\* If you *feel* about it (kiss on such points) pay him the interest the principal when you are strong pay him by instalments; or pay him as you like—that is, *not* till they make me.

Write this to you at Paris, as you desire. And believe me ever, &c.

What I wrote to you about low spirits is, I think, true. At present, owing to the climate, I can walk down into my garden, and pick oranges; and, by the way, have got the consequence of indulging in this meretricious proprietorship, my spirits are much improved. I seem to think that I could not have been so happy, &c. under the influence of low spirits. I think there you err.† A man's poetry is not his own, or Soul, and has no more to do with the individual than the Inspiration of the poet when removed from her tripod.‡

Dependence which I am now about to publish long since published by the gentleman who originated, ‡ will, I have no doubt, be already acquainted with all the circumstances of the pleasure; as, among the incidents with which these letters are not one, perhaps, so touching as that to which the following letters

## TO LORD BYRON.

From, Somerset, November 21st, 1821.

MY LORD,

Two years since, a lovely and beloved friend from me, by lingering disease, after a long illness. She possessed unvarying gentleness, and a piety so retiring as rarely to be seen in words, but so influential as to produce a benevolence of conduct. In the last days of her life, she gave me a farewell look on a lately born and for whom she had evinced inexpressible affection: her last whispers were, 'God's happiness!—his!' Since the second anniversary of her death, I have read some papers which no one else has read, and which contain her most interesting letters. I am induced to communicate to you a passage from these papers, which, I doubt not, refers to yourself; as I have more

discovered that, while I was abroad, a kind friend, without any communication with myself, had disposed of the person who acted for me in the discharge of this claim. I thought it right to do so, thus generously destined, to be employed, and then immediately repaid my friend the sum given by Mr Murray for the manu-

scriptive, I fear, to enter into this sort of business; but, without some few words of explanation as the above would be unintelligible.

I have been hasty and inconsiderate, and Lord Byron borne out by all experience. Almost all the gloomy writers have been, in social life, so. The author of the Night Thoughts was a finite jest,\* and of the pathetic Rowe, Pope, &c., he would laugh all day long—he would not laugh.†

Agitation on Private Devotion,\* by Mr Sheppard.

than once heard the writer mention your agility on the rocks at Hastings.

"Oh, my God, I take encouragement from the assurance of thy word, to pray to Thee in behalf of one for whom I have lately been much interested. May the person to whom I allude (and who is now, we fear, as much distinguished for his neglect of Thee as for the transcendent talents thou hast bestowed on him), be awakened to a sense of his own danger, and led to seek that peace of mind in a proper sense of religion, which he has found this world's enjoyments unable to procure! Do Thou grant that his future example may be productive of far more extensive benefit than his past conduct and writings have been of evil; and may the sun of righteousness, which, we trust, will, at some future period, arise on him, be bright in proportion to the darkness of those clouds which guilt has raised around him, and the balm which it bestows, healing and soothing in proportion to the keenness of that agony which the punishment of his vices has inflicted on him! May the hope that the sincerity of my own efforts for the attainment of holiness, and the approval of my own love to the great Author of religion, will render this prayer, and every other for the welfare of mankind, more efficacious.—Cheer me in the path of duty;—but, let me not forget, that, while we are permitted to animate ourselves to exertion by every innocent motive, these are but the lesser streams which may serve to increase the current, but which, deprived of the grand fountain of good (a deep conviction of inborn sin, and firm belief in the efficacy of Christ's death for the salvation of those who trust in him, and really wish to serve him,) would soon dry up, and leave us barren of every virtue as before."

\* July 31st, 1814.

† Hastings.

"There is nothing, my lord, in this extract which, in a literary sense, can at all interest you; but it may, perhaps, appear to you worthy of reflection how deep and expansive a concern for the happiness of others the Christian faith can awaken in the midst of youth and prosperity. Here is, nothing poetical and splendid, as in the expostulatory homages of M. Delamartine; but here is the sublime, my lord; for this intercession was offered, on your account, to the supreme source of happiness. It sprang from a faith more confirmed than that of the French poet; and from a charity which, in combination with faith, showed its power unimpaired amidst the languors and pains of approaching dissolution. I will hope that a prayer, which, I am sure, was deeply sincere, may not be always unavailing."

"It would add nothing, my lord, to the fame with which your genius has surrounded you, for an unknown and obscure individual to express his admiration of it. I had rather be numbered with those who wish and pray, that 'wisdom from above,' and 'peace,' and 'joy,' may enter such a mind."

"JOHN SHEPPARD."

However romantic, in the eyes of the cold and worldly, the piety of this young person may appear, it were to be wished that the truly Christian feeling which dictated her prayer were more common among

all who profess the same creed; and that those indications of a better nature, so visible even through the clouds of his character, which induced this innocent young woman to pray for Byron, while living, could have the effect of inspiring others with more charity towards his memory, now that he is dead.

The following is Lord Byron's answer to this affecting communication.

### LETTER CCCCLXIX.

TO MR SHEPPARD.

\* Pisa, December 8th, 1821.

"SIR,

"I have received your letter. I need not say, that the extract which it contains has affected me, because it would imply a want of all feeling to have read it with indifference. Though I am not quite sure that it was intended by the writer for me, yet the date, the place where it was written, with some other circumstances that you mention, render the allusion probable. But for whomever it was meant, I have read it with all the pleasure which can arise from so melancholy a topic. I say *pleasure*—because your brief and simple picture of the life and demeanour of the excellent person whom I trust you will again meet, cannot be contemplated without the admiration due to her virtues, and her pure and unpretending piety. Her last moments were particularly striking; and I do not know that, in the course of reading the story of mankind, and still less in my observations upon the existing portion, I ever met with any thing so unostentatiously beautiful. Indisputably, the firm believers in the gospel have a great advantage over all others,—for this simple reason, that, if true, they will have their reward hereafter; and if there be no hereafter, they can be but with the infidel in his eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an exalted hope, through life, without subsequent disappointment, since (at the worst for them) 'out of nothing, nothing can arise,' not even sorrow. But a man's creed does not depend upon *himself*: who can say, I *will* believe this, that, or the other? and least of all, that which he least can comprehend. I have, however, observed, that those who have begun life with extreme faith, have in the end greatly narrowed it, as Chillingworth, Clarke (who ended as Arian), Bayle, and Gibbon (once a Catholic), and some others; while, on the other hand, nothing is more common than for the early sceptic to end in a firm belief, like Maupertuis, and Henry Kirke White.

"But my business is to acknowledge your letter, and not to make a dissertation. I am obliged to you for your good wishes, and more than obliged by the extract from the papers of the beloved object whose qualities you have so well described in a few words. I can assure you that all the fame which ever cheated humanity into higher notions of its own importance would never weigh in my mind against the pure and pious interest which a virtuous being may be pleased to take in my welfare. In this point of view, I would not exchange the prayer of the deceased in my behalf for the united glory of Homer, Cæsar, and Napoleon, could such be accumulated upon a living head. Do me at least the justice to suppose, that

'Video meliora proboque,'

however the '*deteriora sequor*' may have led to my conduct.

"I have the honour to be

"your obliged and obedt

"B

"P. S. I do not know that I am a clergyman; but I presume that you will be fronted by the mistake (if it is one) on this letter. One who has so well expressed deeply felt the doctrines of religion, will error which led me to believe him its mi

### LETTER CCCCLXX.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Pisa, December

"By extracts in the English papers,—ally, Galignani's '*Messenger*,'—I perceive two greatest examples of human vanity in age' are, firstly, 'the ex-Emperor Napoleon,' secondly, 'his lordship, &c., the noble person your humble servant, 'poor guiltless I.'

"Poor Napoleon! he little dreamed of comparisons the turn of the wheel will bring him!

"I have got here into a famous old *feud* on the Arno, large enough for a garri-geons below and cells in the walls, as *ghosts*, that the learned Fletcher (my begged leave to change his room, and to occupy his *new* room, because there ghosts there than in the other. It is quite there are most extraordinary noises (as buildings), which have terrified the servants incommode me extremely. There is one people were evidently *walled up*, for one possible passage, broken through it then meant to be closed again upon the house belonged to the Lanfranchi family mentioned by Ugolino in his dream, as his with Sismondi), and has had a fierce one in its time. The staircase, &c., is said to be built by Michael Angelo. It is not yet out a fire. What a climate!

"I am, however, bothered about these they say the last occupants were, too), have as yet seen nothing, nor, indeed, heard but all the other ears have been regaled of supernatural sounds. The first night heard an odd noise, but it has not been heard have now been here more than a month.

"You

### LETTER CCCCLXXI.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Pisa, December

"This day and this hour (one, on the daughter is six years old. I wonder when her again, or if ever I shall see her at all.

"I have remarked a curious coincidence almost looks like a fatality.



ther, my wife, my daughter, my half-sister's mother, my natural daughter (as I am concerned), and myself, are children.

Her, by his first marriage with Lady Conyngham (only child), had only my sister; and by his second marriage with an only child, an only child again. As you know, was one also, and so is my sister.

This is rather odd—such a complication of family? By the way, send me my daughter's portrait. I have only the print, which gives some idea of her complexion.

"Yours, &c.

"B."

#### LETTER CCCCLXXII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Pisa, December 12th, 1821.

You say about Galignani's two biographies using; and, if I were not lazy, I would certainly do what you desire. But I doubt my present conscientiousness—that is, of good serious husband—is not to let the cat out of the bag.\* I would undertake it. I will forgive and impute (like a Pope) beforehand, for any thing that might keep those fools in their own way, that a man is a *loup garou*.

As I told you that the Ginour story had some foundation on facts; or, if I did not, you may find it in a letter of Lord Sligo's, written after the publication of the poem. I like marvels to rest upon any account of accident shall say nothing about it. However, the incident is still remote enough from the poet, being just such as, happening to a man of imagination, might suggest such a composition. Of any real adventures is that they involve the same—else Mrs.——'s, ——'s, &c. are as 'German matter' as Mr Maturin could desire for his

consummation you mentioned for poor \* \* \* taking place yesterday. Riding pretty far Mr Medwin and myself, in turning the corner of a lane between Pisa and the hills, he was, besides losing some claret on the spot, himself a good deal, but is in no danger. He has kept his room. As I was a-head of him a hundred yards, I did not see the accident; my servant, who was behind, did, and says the horse did not fall—the usual excuse of floored equestrians \* \* \* piques himself upon his horse, and his horse is really a pretty horse enough, his personal narrative,—as I never yet met

Galignani having expressed a wish to be furnished with a Memoir of Lord Byron, for the purpose of adding to the French edition of his works, I had said in a preceding letter to his lordship, that it would be a satire on the disposition of the world to "behave as features," if he would write for the public, as well as French, a sort of mock-heroic account of the doing, in horrors and wonders, all that had related or believed of him, and leaving even out of the double murder at Florence far be-

the man who would fairly claim a tumble as his own property.

"Could not you send me a printed copy of the 'Irish Avatar?'—I do not know what has become of Rogers since we parted at Florence.

"Don't let the Angles keep you from writing. Sam told me that you were somewhat dissipated in Paris, which I can easily believe. Let me hear from you at your best leisure.

"Ever and truly, &c.

\* P. S. December 13th.

"I enclose you some lines written not long ago, which you may do what you like with, as they are very harmless. \* Only, if copied, or printed, or set, I could wish it more correctly than in the usual way, in which one's 'nothings are monstered,' as Coriolanus says.

"You must really get \* \* \* published—he never will rest till he is so. He is just gone with his broken head to Lucca, at my desire, to try to save a man from being burnt. The Spanish \* \* \*, that has her petticoats over Lucca, had actually condemned a poor devil to the stake, for stealing the wafer-box out of a church. Shelley and I, of course, were up in arms against this piece of piety, and have been disturbing every body to get the sentence changed. \* \* \* is gone to see what can be done.

"B."

#### LETTER CCCCLXXIII.

TO MR SHELLEY.

\* December 12th, 1821.

"MY DEAR SHELLEY,

"Enclosed is a note for you from —. His reasons are all very true, I dare say, and it might and may be of personal inconvenience to us. But that does not appear to me to be a reason to allow a being to be burnt without trying to save him. To save him by any means but *remonstrance*, is of course out of the question; but I do not see why a *temperate remonstrance* should hurt any one. Lord Guilford is the man, if he would undertake it. He knows the Grand Duke personally, and might, perhaps, prevail

\* The following are the lines enclosed in this letter. In one of his Journals, where they are also given, he has subjoined to them the following note:—"I composed these stanzas (except the fourth, added now) a few days ago, on the road from Florence to Pisa.

"Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story;  
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;  
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty  
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

"What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?  
'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled.  
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary!  
What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory!

"Oh Fame! if I e'er took delight in thy praises,  
'T was less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,  
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear One discover  
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

"There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee;  
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;  
When it sparkled o'er night that was bright in my story,  
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory."

upon him to interfere. But, as he goes to-morrow, you must be quick, or it will be useless. Make any use of my name that you please.

"Yours ever, &c."

#### LETTER CCCCLXXIV.

TO MR MOORE.

"I send you the two notes, which will tell you the story I allude to of the Auto da Fè. Shelley's allusion to his 'fellow-serpent' is a buffoonery of mine. Goethe's Mephistofilius calls the serpent who tempted Eve 'my aunt, the renowned snake;' and I always insist that Shelley is nothing but one of her nephews, walking about on the tip of his tail."

TO LORD BYRON,

"2 o'clock, Tuesday Morning.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"Although strongly persuaded that the story must be either an entire fabrication, or so gross an exaggeration as to be nearly so; yet, in order to be able to discover the truth beyond all doubt, and to set your mind quite at rest, I have taken the determination to go myself to Lucca this morning. Should it prove less false than I am convinced it is, I shall not fail to exert myself in every way that I can imagine may have any success. Be assured of this.

"Your lordship's most truly,

"\* \* \*

"P. S. To prevent *bavardage*, I prefer going in person to sending my servant with a letter. It is better for you to mention nothing (except, of course, to Shelley) of my excursion. The person I visit there is one on whom I can have every dependence in every way, both as to authority and truth."

TO LORD BYRON.

"Thursday Morning.

"MY DEAR LORD BYRON,

"I hear this morning that the design, which certainly had been in contemplation, of burning my fellow-serpent, has been abandoned, and that he has been condemned to the galleys. Lord Guilford is at Leghorn; and as your courier applied to me to know whether he ought to leave your letter for him or not, I have thought it best since this information to tell him to take it back.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"P. B. SHELLEY."

#### LETTER CCCCLXXV.

TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

"Pisa, January 12th, 1832.

"MY DEAR SIR WALTER,

"I need not say how grateful I am for your letter, but I must own my ingratitude in not having written to you again long ago. Since I left England (and it is not for all the usual term of transportation) I have scribbled to five hundred blockheads on business, &c. without difficulty, though with no great pleasure; and

yet, with the notion of addressing you a hundred times in my head, and always in my heart, I have not done what I ought to have done. I can only account for it on the same principle of tremulous anxiety with which one sometimes makes love to a beautiful woman of our own degree, with whom one is enamoured in good earnest; whereas, we attack a fresh-coloured housemaid without (I speak, of course, of earlier times) any sentimental remorse or mitigation of our virtuous purpose.

"I owe to you far more than the usual obligation for the courtesies of literature and common friendship, for you went out of your way in 1817 to do me a service, when it required not merely kindness, but courage to do so; to have been recorded by you in such a manner would have been a proud memorial at any time, but at such a time, when 'All the world and his wife,' as the proverb goes, were trying to trample upon me was something still higher to my self-esteem. —I allude to the Quarterly Review of the Third Canto of Childe Harold, which Murray told me was written by you,—and, indeed, I should have known it without his information, as there could not be two who *could* and *would* have done this at the time. Had it been a common criticism, however eloquent or panegyric, I should have felt pleased, undoubtedly, and grateful, but not to the extent which the extraordinary good-heartedness of the whole proceeding must induce in any mind capable of such sensations. The very tardiness of this acknowledgment will, at least, show that I have not forgotten the obligation; and I can assure you that my sense of it has been out at compound interest during the delay. I shall only add one word upon the subject, which is, that I think that you, and Jeffrey, and Leigh Hunt were the only literary men, of numbers whom I know (and some of whom I had served), who dared venture even an anonymous word in my favour just then; and that, of those three, I had never seen *one* at all—of the second much less than I desired—and that the third was under no kind of obligation to me whatever; while the other *two* had been actually attacked by me on a former occasion; *one*, indeed, with some provocation, but the other wantonly enough. So you see you have been heaping 'coals of fire, &c' in the true gospel manner, and I can assure you that they have burnt down to my very heart.

"I am glad that you accepted the Inscription. I meant to have inscribed 'the Foscarini' to you instead; but first, I heard that 'Cain' was thought the least bad of the two as a composition; and 2dly, I have abused S \* \* like a pickpocket, in a note to the Foscarini, and I recollected that he is a friend of yours (though not of mine), and that it would not be the handsome thing to dedicate to one friend any thing containing such matters about another. However, I'll work the Laureate before I have done with him, as soon as I can muster Billingsgate therefor. I like a row, and always did from a boy, in the course of which propensity, I must need say, that I have found it the most easy of all to be gratified, personally and poetically. You disclaim 'jealousies;' but I would ask, as Boswell did of Johnson, of *whom could* you be *jealous*;—of none of the living, certainly, and (taking all and all into consideration) of which of the dead! I don't like to bore you about the Scotch novels (as they call them, though two



of them are wholly English, and the rest half so), but nothing can or could ever persuade me, since I was the first ten minutes in your company, that you are *not* the man. To me those novels have so much of 'Auld lang syne' (I was bred a canny Soot till ten year old) that I never move without them; and when I removed from Ravenna to Pisa the other day, and sent on my library before, they were the only books that I kept by me, although I already have them by heart.

"January 27th, 1832.

"I delayed till now concluding, in the hope that I should have got 'the Pirate,' who is under way for me, but has not yet hove in sight. I hear that your daughter is married, and I suppose by this time you are half a grandfather—a young one, by the way. I have heard great things of Mrs Lockhart's personal and mental charms, and much good of her lord: that you may live to see as many novel Scotts as there are Scotts' novels, is the very bad pun, but sincere wish of

"Yours ever most affectionately, &c.  
"P. S. Why don't you take a turn in Italy? You would find yourself as well known and as welcome as in the Highlands among the natives. As for the English, you would be with them as in London; and I need not add, that I should be delighted to see you again, which is far more than I shall ever feel or say for England, or (with a few exceptions 'of kith, kin, and allies') any thing that it contains. But my 'heart warms to the tartan,' or to any thing of Scotland, which reminds me of Aberdeen and other parts, not so far from the Highlands as that town, about Invercauld and Braemar, where I was sent to drink goat's *sey* in 1795-6, in consequence of a threatened decline after the scarlet fever. But I am gossiping, so, good night—and the gods be with your dreams!

"Pray, present my respects to Lady Scott, who may perhaps recollect having seen me in town in 1815.

"I see that one of your supporters (for, like Sir Hildebrand, I am fond of Guillin) is a *mermaid*; it is my *crest* too, and with precisely the same curl of tail. There's concatenation for you!—I am building a little cutter at Genoa, to go a cruising in the summer. I know you like the sea too."

#### LETTER CCCCLXXVI.

TO ———

"Pisa, February 6th, 1832.

"'Try back the deep lane,' till we find a publisher for 'the Vision;' and if none such is to be found, print fifty copies at my expense, distribute them amongst my acquaintance, and you will soon see that the booksellers *will* publish them, even if we opposed them. That they are now afraid is natural; but I do not see that I ought to give way on that account. I know nothing of Rivington's 'Remonstrance' by the 'eminent Churchman;' but I suppose he wants a

\* This letter has been already published, with a few others, in a periodical work, and is known to have been addressed to the late Mr Douglas Kinnaird.

living. I once heard of a preacher at Kentish Town against 'Cain.' The same outcry was raised against Priestley, Hume, Gibbon, Voltaire, and all the men who dared to put tithes to the question.

"I have got S—'s pretended reply, to which I am surprised that you do not allude. What remains to be done is, to call him out. The question is, would he come? for, if he would not, the whole thing would appear ridiculous, if I were to take a long and expensive journey to no purpose.

"You must be my second, and, as such, I wish to consult you.

"I apply to you, as one well versed in the duello, or monomachie. Of course I shall come to England as privately as possible, and leave it (supposing that I was the survivor) in the same manner; having no other object which could bring me to that country except to settle quarrels accumulated during my absence.

"By the last post I transmitted to you a letter upon some Rochdale toll business, from which there are moneys in prospect. My agent says *two* thousand pounds, but supposing it to be only *one*, or even *one hundred*, still they be moneys; and I have lived long enough to have an exceeding respect for the smallest current coin of any realm, or the least sum, which, although I may not want it myself, may do something for others who may need it more than I.

"They say that 'Knowledge is power;'—I used to think so; but I now know that they meant '*money*;' and when Socrates declared, 'that all he knew was, that he knew nothing,' he merely intended to declare, that he had not a drachm in the Athenian world.

"The *circulars* are arrived, and circulating like the vortices (or vortex's) of Descartes. Still I have a due care of the needful, and keep a look out ahead, as my notions upon the score of moneys coincide with yours, and with all men's who have lived to see that every guinea is a philosopher's-stone, or at least his *touch-stone*. You will doubt me the less, when I pronounce my firm belief, that *Cash* is *Virtue*.

"I cannot reproach myself with much expenditure: my only extra expense (and it is more than I have spent upon myself) being a loan of two hundred and fifty pounds to ———; and fifty pounds' worth of furniture, which I have bought for him; and a boat which I am building for myself at Genoa, which will cost about a hundred pounds more.

"But to return. I am determined to have all the moneys I can, whether by my own funds, or succession, or lawsuit, or MSS. or any lawful means whatever.

"I will pay (though with the sincerest reluctance) my remaining creditors, and every man of law, by instalments from the award of the arbitrators.

"I recommend to you the notice in Mr Hanson's letter, on the demand of moneys for the Rochdale tolls.

"Above all, I recommend my interests to your honourable worship.

"Recollect, too, that I expect some moneys for the various MSS., (no matter what); and, in short, '*Rem, quocunque modo, Rem!*'—the noble feeling of cupidity grows upon us with our years.

"Yours ever, &c."

## LETTER CCCCLXXVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Pisa, February 8th, 1822.

"Attacks upon me were to be expected, but I perceive one upon *you* in the papers which I confess that I did not expect. How, or in what manner, *you* can be considered responsible for what *I* publish I am at a loss to conceive.

"If 'Cain' be 'blasphemous,' *Paradise Lost* is blasphemous; and the very words of the Oxford gentleman, 'Evil, be thou my good,' are from that very poem, from the mouth of Satan; and is there any thing more in that of Lucifer in the *Mystery*? Cain is nothing more than a drama, not a piece of argument. If Lucifer and Cain speak as the first murderer and the first rebel may be supposed to speak, surely all the rest of the personages talk also according to their characters—and the stronger passions have ever been permitted to the drama.

"I have even avoided introducing the Deity as in Scripture (though Milton does, and not very wisely either), but have adopted his angel as sent to Cain instead, on purpose to avoid shocking any feelings on the subject by falling short of what all uninspired men must fall short in, viz., giving an adequate notion of the effect of the presence of Jehovah. The old *Mysteries* introduced him liberally enough, and all this is avoided in the new one.

"The attempt to *bully you*, because they think it won't succeed with me, seems to me as atrocious an attempt as ever disgraced the times. What! when Gibbon's, Hume's, Priestley's, and Drummond's publishers have been allowed to rest in peace for seventy years, are you to be singled out for a work of *fiction*, not of history or argument? There must be something at the bottom of this—some private enemy of your own: it is otherwise incredible.

"I can only say, 'Me, me; en adsum qui feci;—that any proceedings directed against you, I beg, may be transferred to me, who am willing, and *ought*, to endure them all;—that if you have lost money by the publication, I will refund any or all of the copy-right;—that I desire you will say that both *you* and Mr Gifford remonstrated against the publication, as also Mr Hobhouse;—that *I* alone occasioned it, and I alone am the person who, either legally or otherwise, should bear the burden. If they prosecute, I will come to England—that is, if, by meeting it in my own person, I can save yours. Let me know. You sha'n't suffer for me, if I can help it. Make any use of this letter you please.

"Yours ever, &c.

"P.S. I write to you about all this row of bad passions and absurdities with the *summer* moon (for here our winter is clearer than your dog-days) lighting the winding Arno, with all her buildings and bridges, —so quiet and still!—What nothings are we before the least of these stars!"

## LETTER CCCCLXXVIII.

TO MR MOORE.

"Pisa, February

"I am rather surprised not to have had to my letter and packets. Lady Noel is not impossible that I may have to go settle the division of the Wentworth what portion Lady B. is to have out of was left undecided by the articles of sep I hope not, if it can be done without written to Sir Francis Burdett to be my knows the property.

"Continue to address here, as I shall avoid it—at least, not on that account on another; for I wrote to Douglas Kinn a message of invitation to Mr. Southey either in England, or (as less liable to in the coast of France. This was about a and I have not yet had time to have the a ever, you shall have due notice; there to address to Pisa.

"My agents and trustees have written sire that I would take the name directly yours very truly and affectionately,

"Now

"P. S. I have had no news from Es on business; and merely know, from that faithful *ex* and *de-tractor* Galign clergy are up against 'Cain.' There is mistaken) some good church preferment worth estates; and I will show them Christian I am, by patronising and pious of their order, should opportunity.

"M. and I are but little in correspondence know nothing of literary matters at pre been writing on business only lately. V about? Be assured that there is no st you apprehend."

## LETTER CCCCLXXIX.

TO MR MOORE.

"Pisa, February

"Your letter arrived since I wrote It is not likely, as I have appointed agents for the Noel estates, that I should England on that account,—though I other, within stated. At any rate, address here till you hear further from wish *you* still to arrange for me, either or Paris publisher, for the things, &c quarrel with any arrangement you make.

"I have appointed Sir Francis Burdett to decide on Lady Byron's allowance Noel estates, which are estimated at a year, and *rents* very well paid,—a this time. It is, however, owing to the

\* The preceding letter came enclosed



chiefly in pasture lands, and therefore less affected by corn bills, &c. than properties in tillage.

"Believe me yours ever most affectionately,  
"NOEL BYRON.

"Between my own property in the funds, and my wife's in land, I do not know which *side* to cry out on in politics.

"There is nothing against the immortality of the soul in 'Cain' that I recollect. I hold no such opinions;—but, in a drama, the first rebel and the first murderer must be made to talk according to their characters. However, the parsons are all preaching at it, from Kentish Town and Oxford to Pisa;—the scoundrels of priests, who do more harm to religion than all the infidels that ever forgot their catechisms!

"I have not seen Lady Noel's death announced in *Galigiani*.—How is that?"

#### LETTER CCCLXXX.

TO MR MOORE.

"Pisa, February 28th, 1822.

"I begin to think that the packet (a heavy one) of five acts of 'Werner,' &c. can hardly have reached you, for your letter of last week (which I answered) did not allude to it, and yet I insured it at the post-office here.

"I have no direct news from England, except on the Noel business, which is proceeding quietly, as I have appointed a gentleman (Sir F. Burdett) for my arbitrator. They, too, have said that they will recall the *lawyer* whom *they* had chosen, and will name a gentleman too. This is better, as the arrangement of the estates and of Lady B.'s allowance will thus be settled without quibbling. My lawyers are taking out a licence for the name and arms, which it seems I am to endue.

"By another, and indirect, quarter, I hear that 'Cain' has been pirated, and that the Chancellor has refused to give Murray any redress. Also, that G. R. (your friend 'Ben') has expressed great personal indignation at the said poem. All this is curious enough, I think,—after allowing Priestly, Hume, and Gibbon, and Bolingbroke, and Voltaire to be published, without depriving the booksellers of their rights. I heard from Rome a day or two ago, and, with what truth I know not, that \* \* \*

"Yours, &c."

#### LETTER CCCLXXXI.

TO MR MOORE.

"Pisa, March 1st, 1822.

"As I still have no news of my 'Werner,' &c. packet, sent to you on the 29th of January, I continue to bore you (for the fifth time, I believe) to know whether it has *not* miscarried. As it was fairly copied out, it will be vexatious if it be lost. Indeed, I insured it at the post-office to make them take more care, and directed it regularly to you at Paris.

"In the impartial *Galigiani* I perceive an extract from Blackwood's Magazine, in which it is said that there are people who have discovered that you and

I are no poets. With regard to one of us, I know that this north-west passage to *my* magnetic pole had been long discovered by some sages, and I leave them the full benefit of their penetration. I think, as Gibbon says of his History, 'that, perhaps, a hundred years hence it may still continue to be abused.' However, I am far from pretending to compete or compare with that illustrious literary character.

"But, with regard to *you*, I thought that you had always been allowed to be a *poet*, even by the stupid as well as the envious—a bad one, to be sure—immoral, florid, Asiatic, and diabolically popular,—but still always a poet, *nem. con.* This discovery, therefore, has to me all the grace of novelty, as well as of consolation (according to Rochefoucault) to find myself *no-poetized* in such good company. I am content to 'err with Plato;' and can assure you very sincerely, that I would rather be received a *non-poet* with you, than be crowned with all the bays of (the *yet-uncrowned*) Lakers in their society. I believe you think better of those worthies than I do. I know them \* \* \* \* \*

"As for Southey, the answer to my proposition of a meeting is not yet come. I sent the message, with a short note to him through Douglas Kinnaird, and Douglas's response is not arrived. If he accepts, I shall have to go to England; but if not, I do not think the Noel affairs will take me there, as the arbitrators can settle them without my presence, and there do not seem to be any difficulties. The licence for the new name and armorial bearings will be taken out by the regular application, in such cases, to the Crown, and sent to me.

"Is there a hope of seeing you in Italy again ever? What are you doing?—*bored* by me, I know; but I have explained *why* before. I have no correspondence now with London, except through relations and lawyers and one or two friends. My greatest friend, Lord Clare, is at Rome: we met on the road, and our meeting was quite sentimental—*really* pathetic on both sides. I have always loved him better than any *male* thing in the world."

The preceding was enclosed in that which follows.

#### LETTER CCCLXXXII.

TO MR MOORE.

"Pisa, March 4th, 1822.

"Since I wrote the enclosed, I have waited another post, and now have your answer acknowledging the arrival of the packet—a troublesome one, I fear, to you in more ways than one, both from weight external and internal.

"The unpublished things in your hands, in Douglas K.'s, and Mr John Murray's, are, 'Heaven and Earth, a lyrical kind of Drama upon the Deluge, &c.;'—'Werner,' *now with you*;—a translation of the First Canto of the *Morgante Maggiore*;—*ditto* of an Episode in Dante;—some stanzas to the Po, June 1st, 1819;—Hints from Horace, written in 1811, but a good deal, *since*, to be omitted;—several prose things, which may, perhaps, as well remain unpub-

lished;—<sup>1</sup> The Vision, &c. of Quevedo Redivivus<sup>2</sup> in verse.

"Here you see is 'more matter for a May morning;' but how much of this can be published is for consideration. The Quevedo (one of my best in that line) has appalled the Row already, and must take its chance at Paris, if at all. The new Mystery is less speculative than 'Cain,' and very pious; besides, it is chiefly lyrical. The Morgante is the *best* translation that ever was or will be made; and the rest are—whatever you please to think them.

"I am sorry you think Werner even *approaching* to any fitness for the stage, which, with my notions upon it, is very far from my present object. With regard to the publication, I have already explained that I have no exorbitant expectations of either fame or profit in the present instances; but wish them published because they are written, which is the common feeling of all scribblers.

"With respect to 'Religion,' can I never convince you that *I* have no such opinions as the characters in that drama, which seems to have frightened every body? Yet *they* are nothing to the expressions in Goethe's Faust (which are ten times harder), and not a whit more bold than those of Milton's Satan. My ideas of a character may run away with me: like all imaginative men, I, of course, embody myself with the character while I *draw* it, but not a moment after the pen is from off the paper.

"I am no enemy to religion, but the contrary. As a proof, I am educating my natural daughter a strict Catholic in a convent of Romagna, for I think people can never have *enough* of religion, if they are to have any. I incline, myself, very much to the Catholic doctrines; but if I am to write a drama, I must make my characters speak as I conceive them likely to argue.

"As to poor Shelley, who is another bugbear to you and the world, he is, to my knowledge, the *least* selfish and the mildest of men—a man who has made more sacrifices of his fortune and feelings for others than any I ever heard of. With his speculative opinions I have nothing in common, nor desire to have.

"The truth is, my dear Moore, you live near the *stove* of society, where you are unavoidably influenced by its heat and its vapours. I did so once—and too much—and enough to give a colour to my whole future existence. As my success in society was *not* inconsiderable, I am surely not a prejudiced judge upon the subject, unless in its favour; but I think it, as now constituted, *fatal* to all great original undertakings of every kind. I never courted it *then*, when I was young and high in blood, and one of its 'curled darlings;' and do you think I would do so *now*, when I am living in a clearer atmosphere? One thing *only* might lead me back to it, and that is, to try once more if I could do any good in *politics*; but *not* in the petty politics I see now preying upon our miserable country.

"Do not let me be misunderstood, however. If you speak your *own* opinions, they ever had, and will have, the greatest weight with *me*. But if you merely *echo* the 'monde' (and it is difficult not to do so, being in its favour and its ferment), I can only regret that you should ever repeat any thing to which I cannot pay attention.

"But I am prosing. The gods go with you, and as much immortality of all kinds as may suit your present and all other existence.

"Yours, &c."

## LETTER CCCCLXXXIII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Pisa, March 6th, 1822.

"The enclosed letter from Murray hath melted me; though I think it is against his own interest to wish that I should continue his connexion. You say, therefore, send him the packet of 'Werner,' which will save you all further trouble. And pray, *can you* forgive me for the bore and expense I have *ready* put upon you? At least, *say so*—for I feel ashamed of having given you so much for such nonsense.

"The fact is, I cannot *keep* my *resentment*, though violent enough in their onset. Besides, we that all the world are *at* Murray on my account, neither can nor ought to leave him; unless, as I *only* thought, it were better for *him* that I should.

"I have had no others news from England, except a letter from Barry Cornwall, the bard, and my old schoolfellow. Though I have sickened you with letters lately, believe me

"Yours, &c."

"P. S. In your last letter you say, speaking of Shelley, that you would almost prefer the 'damning bigot' to the 'annihilating infidel.'\* Shelley believes in immortality, however—but this by the way. Do you remember Frederick the Great's answer to the remonstrance of the villagers whose curate preached against the eternity of hell's torments? It was this:—'If my faithful subjects of Schrausenhausen prefer being eternally damned, let them!'

"Of the two, I should think the long sleep *less* than the agonized vigil. But men, miserable as they are, cling so to any thing *like* life, that they *probably* would prefer damnation to quiet. Besides, they think themselves so *important* in the creation, that nothing less can satisfy their pride—the insects!"

It is Dr Clarke, I think, who gives, in his *Turk*, rather a striking account of a Tartar whom he once saw exercising a young, fiery horse, upon a spot of ground almost surrounded by a steep precipice, and describes the wantonness of courage with which the rider, as if delighting in his own peril, would, at times, dash, with loose rein, towards the giddy verge. Something of the same breathless apprehension with which the traveller viewed that scene did the unchecked daring of Byron's genius inspire in all who watched its course,—causing them, at the same moment, to admire and tremble, and, in those who especially who loved him, awakening a sort of instinctive impulse to rush forward and save him from his own headlong strength. But, however natural it was in friends to give way to this feeling, a little reflection upon his now altered character might have forewarned them that such interference would prove as little use

\* It will be seen, from the extract I shall give presently of the passage to which he refers, that he wholly mistook my meaning.



safe for themselves; and it is not without a I look back upon my own temerity and in supposing that, let loose as he was full pride and consciousness of strength, a regions of thought outstretching before presentations that even friendship could have the power—or ought to have—of a. As the motives, however, by which and in my remonstrances to him may be for themselves, I shall, without dwelling upon the subject, content myself with the reader a few such extracts from my at this period\* as may serve to explain as in those just given.

to me, under the date January 24th, it acted that he says—"be assured that there is no such thing as you apprehend." The following from my previous communication to him what this means:—"I heard some days ago Hunt was on his way to you with all the idea seems to be, that you and he are to conspire together in the Examination to believe this,—and deprecate such all my might. Alone you may do any partnerships in fame, like those in trade, strongest party answerable for the deficiencies of the rest, and I tremble with such a bankrupt Co.—" \* \* \* the clever fellows, and Shelley I look upon real genius; but, I must again say, that to give your enemies (the \* \* \*s, 'et hoc &c') a greater triumph than by forming equal and unholy alliance. You are, in a match for the world—which is saying, the world being, like Briareus, a very d gentleman,—but, to be so, you must be. Recollect that the scurvy buildings of the world's almost seem to overtop itself." See of Cain, in my letters to him, were, their respective dates, as follow:—

\* September 30th, 1821.

Writing the above, I have read Foscarini and former does not please me so highly as a. It has the fault of all those violent ideas,—being unnatural and improbable, e, in spite of all your fine management of thing but remotely to one's sympathies. wonderful—terrible—never to be forgotten not mistaken, it will sink deep into the rt; and while many will shudder at its all must fall prostrate before its grandeur of Echylus and his Prometheus!—true spirit both of the Poet—and the

" February 9th, 1822. —

take it into your head, my dear B., that all turning against you in England. Till symptoms of people forgetting you a little, believe that you lose ground. As it is, 'te

I have been mentioned before, that to the Lord Byron's executor, Mr Hobhouse, who had to restore to me such letters of mine as came a, I am indebted for the power of producing or extracts.

veniente die, te, decedente,"—nothing is hardly talked of but you; and though good people sometimes bless themselves when they mention you, it is plain that even they think much more about you than, for the good of their souls, they ought. Cain, to be sure, has made a sensation; and, grand as it is, I regret, for many reasons, you ever wrote it.

For myself, I would not give up the poetry of religion for all the wisest results that philosophy will ever arrive at. Particular sects and creeds are fair game enough for those who are anxious enough about their neighbours to meddle with them; but our faith in the Future is a treasure not so lightly to be parted with; and the dream of immortality (if philosophers will have it a dream) is one that, let us hope, we shall carry into our last sleep with us." \*

" February 19th, 1822.

"I have written to the Longmans to try the ground, for I do not think Galigiani the man for you. The only thing he can do is what we can do, ourselves, without him,—and that is, employ an English bookseller. Paris, indeed, might be convenient for such refugee works as are set down in the *Index Expurgatorius* of London; and if you have any political catamarans to explode, this is your place. But, pray, let them be only political ones. Boldness, and even licence, in politics, does good,—actual, present good; but, in religion, it profits neither here nor hereafter; and, for myself, such a horror have I of both extremes on this subject, that I know not which I hate most, the bold, damning bigot, or the bold, annihilating infidel. 'Furiosa res est in tenebris impetus';—and much as we are in the dark, even the wisest of us, upon these matters, a little modesty, in unbelief as well as belief, best becomes us. You will easily guess that, in all this, I am thinking not so much of you, as of a friend and, at present, companion of yours, whose influence over your mind (knowing you as I do, and knowing what Lady H. ought to have found out, that you are a person the most tractable to those who live with you that, perhaps, ever existed) I own I dread and deprecate most earnestly. †

\* It is to this sentence Lord Byron refers at the conclusion of his letter, March 4.

† This passage having been shown by Lord Byron to Mr Shelley, the latter wrote, in consequence, a letter to a gentleman with whom I was then in habits of intimacy, of which the following is an extract. The seal and openness with which Shelley always professed his unbelief render any scruple that might otherwise be felt in giving publicity to such avowals unnecessary; besides which, the testimony of so near and clear an observer to the state of Lord Byron's mind upon religious subjects is of far too much importance to my object to be, from any over-fastidiousness, suppressed. We have here, too, strikingly exemplified,—and in strong contrast, I must say, to the line taken by Mr Hunt in similar circumstances,—the good breeding, gentle temper and modesty for which Shelley was so remarkable, and of the latter of which qualities in particular the undeserved compliment to myself affords a strong illustration, as showing how little this true poet had yet learned to know his own place.

" Lord Byron has read me one or two letters of Moore to him, in which Moore speaks with great kindness of me; and of course I cannot but feel flattered by the approbation of a man, my inferiority to whom I am proud to acknowledge. Amongst other things, however, Moore, after giving Lord B. much good advice about public opinion, &c. seems to deprecate my influence on his mind on the subject of religion, and to attribute the tone assumed in Cain

" March 16th, 1822.

"With respect to our Religious Polemics, I must try to set you right upon one or two points. In the first place, I do *not* identify you with the blasphemies of Cain no more than I do myself with the impieties of my Mokanna,—all I wish and implore is that you, who are such a powerful manufacturer of these thunderbolts, would not *choose* subjects that make it necessary to launch them. In the next place, were you even a decided atheist, I could not (except, perhaps, for the *decision* which is always unwise) blame you. I could only pity,—knowing from experience how dreary are the doubts with which even the bright, poetic, view I am myself inclined to take of mankind and their destiny, is now and then clouded. I look upon Cuvier's book to be a most desolating one in the conclusions to which it may lead some minds. But the young, the simple,—all those whose hearts one would like to keep unwithered, trouble their heads but little about Cuvier. *You*, however, have embodied him in poetry which every one reads; and, like the wind, blowing 'where you list,' carry this deadly chill, mixed up with your own fragrance, into hearts that should be visited only by the latter. This is what I regret, and what with all my influence I would deprecate a repetition of. *Now*, do you understand me?

"As to your solemn peroration, 'the truth is, my dear Moore, &c. &c.' meaning neither more nor less than that I give into the cant of the world, it only proves, alas, the melancholy fact, that you and I are hundreds of miles asunder. Could you hear me speak my opinions instead of coldly reading them, I flatter myself there is still enough of honesty and fun in this face to remind you that your friend Tom Moore,—whatever else he may be,—is no Canter."

#### LETTER CCCCLXXXIV.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Pisa, March 6th, 1822.

"You will long ago have received a letter from me (or should), declaring my opinion of the treatment *you* have met with about the recent publication. I think it disgraceful to those who have persecuted you. I make peace with you, though our war was for other reasons than this same controversy. I have written to Moore by this post to forward to you the tragedy of 'Werner.' I shall not make or propose any present bargain about it or the new *Mystery* till we see if they succeed. If they don't sell (which is not unlikely), you sha'n't pay; and I suppose this is fair play, if you choose to risk it.

to my suggestions. Moore cautions him against any influence on this particular with the most friendly zeal, and it is plain that his motive springs from a desire of benefiting Lord B. without degrading me. I think you know Moore. Pray assure him that I have not the smallest influence over Lord Byron in this particular:—if I had, I certainly should employ it to eradicate from his great mind the delusions of Christianity, which, in spite of his reason, seem perpetually to recur, and to lay in ambush for the hours of sickness and distress. Cain was *conceived* many years ago, and begun before I saw him last year at Ravenna. How happy should I not be to attribute to myself, however indirectly, any participation in that immortal work!"

"Bartolini, the celebrated sculptor, wrote to me his desire to take my bust; I consented, on condition that he also took that of the Countess Guiccioli. He has taken both, and I think it will be allowed that *hers* is beautiful. I shall make you a present of them both, to show that I don't bear malice, and as a compensation for the trouble and squabble you had about Thorwaldsen's. Of my own I can hardly speak, except that it is thought very like what I *now* am, which is different from what I was, of course, *since* you saw me. The sculptor is a famous one; and as it was done by *his own* particular request, will be done well, probably.

"What is to be done about \* \* and his Commentary? He will die, if he is *not* published; he will be damned, if he *is*; but that *he* don't mind. We must publish him.

"All the *row* about *me* has no otherwise affected me than by the attack upon yourself, which is so generous in Church and State: but as all *ridiculi* must in time have its proportionate reaction, you will do better by and by.

"Yours very truly,  
"NOEL BYRON."

#### LETTER CCCCLXXXV.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Pisa, March 8th, 1822.

"You will have had enough of my letters by this time—yet one word in answer to your present *missive*. You are quite wrong in thinking that your '*advice*' had offended me; but I have already replied (if not answered) on that point.

"With regard to Murray, as I really am the meekest and mildest of men since Moses (though the public and mine 'excellent wife' cannot find it out), I had already pacified myself and subjugated back to Albemarle-street, as my yesterday's *pepistle* will have informed you. But I thought that I had explained my causes of bile—at least to you. Some instances of vacillation, occasional neglect, and troublesome sincerity, real or imagined, are sufficient to put your truly great author and man into a passion. But reflection, with some aid from hellebore, hath already cured me 'pro tempore'; and, if it had not, a request from you and Hobhouse would have come upon me like two out of the 'tribus Anticyris,'—with which, however, Horace despairs of purging a poet. I truly feel ashamed of having bored you so frequently and fully of late. But what could I do? You are a friend—an absent one, alas!—and as I trust no more, I trouble you in proportion.

"This war of 'Church and State' has astonished me more than it disturbs; for I really thought 'Cain' a speculative and hardy, but still a harmless, production. As I said before, I am really a great admirer of tangible religion; and am breeding one of my daughters a Catholic, that she may have her hands full. It is by far the most elegant worship, hardly excepting the Greek mythology. What with incense, pictures, statues, altars, shrines, relics, and the *rit* presence, confession, absolution,—there is something sensible to grasp at. Besides, it leaves no possibility of doubt; for those who swallow their *Deity*, *real*



transubstantiation, can hardly find any service than easy of digestion. I did that this sounds flippant, but I don't so; only my turn of mind is so given to in the absurd point of view, that it spite of me every now and then. Still, you that I am a very good Christian. I will believe me in this, I do not know; I will take my word for being my truly and affectionately yours, &c. I tell Murray that one of the conditions of he publisheth (or obtaineth a publisher Commentary on Dante, against which in the trade an unaccountable repugnance make the man so exuberantly happy. I am and half a dozen English to-day; at the heart to tell him how the bibliomaniac shrink from his Commentary;—and yet it most orthodox religion and morality. It is a point that he shall be in print. He is old-matured, heavy-<sup>+</sup> Christina, that him a shove through the press. He is not to be an author, and has been the hapless these two months, printing, correcting, and anticipating, and adding to his treading. Besides, he has had another fall into a ditch the other day, while riding into the country."

## LETTER CCCLXXXVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Pisa, March 25th, 1822.

I find that you and your friends approve of the book. You may give it what think proper in the circumstances. I listen to you twice or thrice.

Pardon in the old way, I shall attempt nothing further. I follow the hint of my friend, without considering whether women are not to be pleased: but this is no publisher, who must judge and act accordingly.

Let the things take their chance: if I will pay me in proportion; and if they

I believe, I hope, will not take me to have no desire to revisit that country. I keep you out of a prison (if this can be) taking your place, or perhaps to get it, by extracting satisfaction from one or who take advantage of my absence to further their ends. I have no business now in England, nor desire to have, and of my friends, to whom I was at present, I have lived upon the whole a little about five years since I was one-and-my business are two or three times, and your pleasure me as little as the society

Chancellor's Report is a French paper. I have perused the translation of Lord's argument with me.

Yours as ever, Lord Byron.

Biography of Lord Byron.

"You must really get something done for Mr. Commentary: what can I say to him?"

"Yours, &c."

## LETTER CCCLXXXVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Pisa, April 12th, 1822.

"Mr. Kinnaird writes that there has been an 'excellent Defence' of 'Cain,' against 'Oxonianism': you have sent me nothing but a not very excellent defence of the same poem. If there be such a 'Defender of the Faith,' you may send me his thirty-nine articles, as a counterbalance to some of your late communications.

"Are you to publish, or not, what Moore and Mr. Kinnaird have in hand, and the 'Vision of Judgment?' If you publish the latter in a very cheap edition, so as to baffle the pirates by a low price, you will find that it will do. The 'Mystery' I look upon as good, and 'Werner' too, and I expect that you will publish them speedily. You need not put your name to *Quercus*, but publish it as a foreign edition, and let it make its way. Douglas Kinnaird has it still, with the preface, I believe.

"I refer you to him for documents on the late row here. I sent them a week ago.

"Yours, &c."

## LETTER CCCLXXXVIII.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Pisa, April 16th, 1822.

"I have received the Defence of 'Cain.' Who is my Warburton?—for he has done for me what the bishop did for the poet against *Cervantes*. His reply seems to me conclusive: and if you understood your own interest, you would print it together with the poem.

"It is very odd that I do not hear from you. I have forwarded to Mr. Douglas Kinnaird the documents on a squabble here, which occurred about a month ago. The affair is still going on: but they make nothing of it hitherto. I think, what with home and abroad, there has been but water enough for one while. Mr. Davidson, the English minister, has behaved in the most unbecoming and most gentlemanly manner throughout the whole business.

"Yours ever, &c."

"P.S. I have got Lord Gwent's note, which is very amusing and says upon the subject which he touches upon, and part of the preface published. Write soon."

## LETTER CCCLXXXIX.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Pisa, April 18th, 1822.

"You will regret it now that I have received a reply to the words of my countryman *Alfred* of a letter, in the translation of *Alfred*, which was sent to me for the last year. A constant and constant

Harold. I am not sure that this was at *Leipsic*, but Mr. Rowcroft was my authority—a good German scholar (a young American), and an acquaintance of Goethe's.

"Goethe and the Germans are particularly fond of Don Juan, which they judge of as a work of art. I had heard something of this before through Baron Lutzerode. The translations have been very frequent of several of the works, and Goethe made a comparison between Faust and Manfred.

"All this is some compensation for your English native brutality, so fully displayed this year to its highest extent.

"I forgot to mention a little anecdote of a different kind. I went over the Constitution (the Commodore's flag-ship), and saw, among other things worthy of remark, a little boy *born* on board of her by a sailor's wife. They had christened him 'Constitution Jones.' I, of course, approved the name; and the woman added, 'Ah, sir, if he turns out but half as good as his name!'

"Yours ever, &c."

#### LETTER CCCCXCV.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Montenero, near Leghorn, May 29th, 1822.

"I return you the proofs revised. Your printer has made one odd mistake:—'poor as a *mouse*,' instead of 'poor as a *miser*.' The expression may seem strange, but it is only a translation of 'semper avarus eget.' You will add the *Mystery*, and publish as soon as you can. I care nothing for your 'season,' nor the *blue* approbations or disapprobations. All that is to be considered by you on the subject is as a matter of *business*; and if I square that to your notions (even to the running the risk entirely myself), you may permit me to choose my own time and mode of publication. With regard to the late volume, the present run against it or me may impede it for a time, but it has the vital principle of permanency within it, as you may perhaps one day discover. I wrote to you on another subject a few days ago.

"Yours,

"N. B.

"P. S. Please to send me the Dedication of *Sardanapalus* to Goethe. I shall prefix it to *Werner*, unless you prefer my putting another, stating that the former had been omitted by the publisher.

"On the title-page of the present volume, put 'Published for the Author by J. M.'"

#### LETTER CCCCXCVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Montenero, Leghorn, June 6th, 1822.

"I return you the revise of *Werner*, and expect the rest. With regard to the *Lines* to the Po, perhaps you had better put them quietly in a second edition (if you reach one, that is to say) than in the first; because, though they have been reckoned fine, and I wish them to be preserved, I do not wish them to attract IMMEDIATE observation, on account of the

relationship of the lady to whom they are with the first families in Romagna and th

"The defender of 'Cain' may or may not term him, 'a tyro in literature'; howe both you and I are under great obligation have read the *Edinburgh Review* in Magazine, and have not yet decided answer them or not; for, if I do, it will be me not 'to make sport for the Philistines' down a house or two; since, when I once hand, I *must* say what comes uppermost away. I have not the hypocrisy to prettiality, nor the temper (as it is called) to from saying what may not be pleasing to or reader. What do they mean by 'Why, you know that they were written could put pen to paper, and printed from MSS., and never revised but in the proof the *dates* and the MSS. themselves. faults they have must spring from care not from labour. They said the same which I wrote while undressing after from balls and masquerades in the ye 1814.

"Jun

"You give me no explanation of you to the 'Vision of Quevedo Redivivus' best things; indeed, you are altogether and undecided lately, that I suppose y to write 'John Murray, Esq., a *Myst* position which would not displease th the trade. I by no means wish you to don't like, but merely to say what you Vision *must* be published by some 'clamours,' the die is cast; and, 'come o we will fight it out—at least one of us."

#### LETTER CCCCXCVII.

TO MR MOORE.

"Montenero, Villa Dopoy, near Leghorn.

"I have written to you twice through of Murray, and on one subject, *trite* loss of poor little *Allegra* by a fever; on I shall say no more—there is nothing be

"A few days ago, my earliest and de Lord Clare, came over from Geneva to see me before he returned to England. always loved him (since I was thirteen, better than any (*male*) thing in the w hardly say what a melancholy pleasure him for a *day* only; for he was obliged t journey immediately. \* \* \* \* \*

I have heard, also, many other th acquaintances which I did not know: am that \* \* \* \* \* you recollect, in the year of revelry 18 sanest parties and balls all over Lon the least so at \* \* \*. Do you recollect duets with Lady \* \*, and my flirtation w and all the other fooleries of the time? "



; and Lady \* \* ogling him with her clear hazel eyes. But eight years have passed, and, since that \* has \* \* \* \* \*;—has run away with \*; and myself (as my Nottinghamshire friends themselves) might as well have thrown myself out the window while you were singing, as missed where I did. You and \* \* \* \* \* have off the best of us. I speak merely of my hope, and its consequences, distresses, and pain; for I have been much more happy, on whole, since, than I ever could have been with \* \* \* \* \*.

I read the recent article of Jeffrey in a faithful spirit of the impartial Galignani. I suppose very short of it is, that he wishes to provoke reply. But I won't, for I owe him a good turn for his kindness by-gone. Indeed, I presume the present opportunity of attacking me again is inevitable; and I can't blame him, knowing human nature is. I shall make but one remark: what does he mean by elaborate? The whole was written with the greatest rapidity, in midst of evolutions, and revolutions, and persecutions, and proscriptions of all who interested me. They said the same of 'Lara,' which, now, was written amidst balls and fooleries, and coming home from masquerades and routs, in number of the sovereigns. Of all I have ever seen, they are perhaps the most carelessly composed and their faults, whatever they may be, are of negligence, and not of labour. I do not think a merit, but it is a fact.

"Yours ever and truly,

"N. B.

[B. You see the great advantage of my new name;—it may either stand for 'Nota Bene' or 'Bene,' and, as such, will save much repetition, in either books or letters. Since I came I have been invited on board of the American ship, and treated with all possible honour and care. They have asked me to sit for my picture; and I was going away, an American lady took a man (which had been given to me by a very Italian lady that very morning), because, she was determined to send or take something I had about me to America. There is a little Rookh incident for you! However, all American honours arise, perhaps, not so much from enthusiasm for my 'Porshe,' as their dislike to the English,—in which I have inclination to coincide with them. I would however, have a nod from an American, than box from an emperor."

## LETTER CCCCXVIII.

TO MR ELLICE.

"Montenap, Leghorn, June 12th, 1832.

MY DEAR ELLICE,

a long time since I have written to you, but not forgotten your kindness, and am now tax it—I hope not too highly—but don't be it is not a loan, but information which I do solicit. By your extensive connexions, you have better opportunities of hearing the

real state of South America—I mean Bolivar's country. I have many years had transatlantic projects of settlement, and what I could wish from you would be some information of the best course to pursue, and some letters of recommendation in case I should sail for Angostura. I am told that land is very cheap there; but though I have no great disposable funds to vest in such purchases, yet my income, such as it is, would be sufficient in any country (except England) for all the comforts of life, and for most of its luxuries. The war there is now over, and as I do not go there to speculate, but to settle without any views but those of independence and the enjoyment of the common civil rights, I should presume such an arrival would not be unwelcome.

"All I request of you is, not to discourage nor encourage, but to give me such a statement as you think prudent and proper. I do not address my other friends upon this subject, who would only throw obstacles in my way, and bore me to return to England; which I never will do, unless compelled by some insuperable cause. I have a quantity of furniture, books, &c. &c. &c. which I could easily ship from Leghorn; but I wish to 'look before I leap' over the Atlantic. Is it true that for a few thousand dollars a large tract of land may be obtained? I speak of South America, recollect. I have read some publications on the subject, but they seem violent and vulgar party productions. Please to address your answer \* to me at this place, and believe me ever and truly yours, &c."

About this time he sat for his picture to an American artist, who has himself given, in our periodical publications, the following account of his noble sitter:—

"On the day appointed, I arrived at two o'clock, and began the picture. I found him a bad sitter. He talked all the time, and asked a multitude of questions about America—how I liked Italy, what I thought of the Italians, &c. When he was silent, he was a better sitter than before; for he assumed a countenance that did not belong to him, as though he were thinking of a frontispiece for Childe Harold. In about an hour our first sitting terminated, and I returned to Leghorn, scarcely able to persuade myself that this was the haughty misanthrope whose character had always appeared so enveloped in gloom and mystery, for I do not remember ever to have met with manners more gentle and attractive.

"The next day I returned and had another sitting of an hour, during which he seemed anxious to know what I should make of my undertaking. Whilst I was painting, the window from which I received my light became suddenly darkened, and I heard a voice

\* The answer which Mr Ellice returned was, as might be expected, strongly dispositive of this design. The wholly disorganized state of the country and its institutions, which it would take ages, perhaps, to restore even to the degree of industry and prosperity which it had enjoyed under the Spaniards, rendered Columbus, in his opinion, one of the last places in the world to which a man desirous of peace and quiet, or of security for his person and property, should resort as an asylum. As long as Bolivar lived and maintained his authority, every chance, Mr Ellice added, might be placed on his integrity and firmness, but with his death a new era of struggle and confusion would be sure to arise.

exclaim 'è troppo bello!' I turned and discovered a beautiful female stooping down to look in, the ground on the outside being on a level with the bottom of the window. Her long golden hair hung down about her face and shoulders, her complexion was exquisite, and her smile completed one of the most romantic-looking heads, set off as it was by the bright sun behind it, which I had ever beheld. Lord Byron invited her to come in, and introduced her to me as the Countess Guiccioli. He seemed very fond of her, and I was glad of her presence, for the playful manner which he assumed towards her made him a much better sitter.

"The next day, I was pleased to find that the progress which I had made in his likeness had given satisfaction, for, when we were alone, he said that he had a particular favour to request of me—would I grant it? I said I should be happy to oblige him, and he enjoined me to the flattering task of painting the Countess Guiccioli's portrait for him. On the following morning I began it, and, after, they sat alternately. He gave me the whole history of his connexion with her, and said that he hoped it would last for ever; at any rate, it should not be his fault if it did not. His other attachments had been broken off by no fault of his.

"I was by this time sufficiently intimate with him to answer his question as to what I thought of him before I had seen him. He laughed much at the idea which I had formed of him, and said, 'Well, you find me like other people, do you not?' He often afterwards repeated, 'And so you thought me a finer fellow, did you?' I remember once telling him, that notwithstanding his vivacity, I thought myself correct in at least one estimate which I had made of him, for I still conceived that he was not a happy man. He inquired earnestly what reason I had for thinking so, and I asked him if he had never observed in little children, after a paroxysm of grief, that they had at intervals a convulsive or tremulous manner of drawing in a long breath. Wherever I had observed this, in persons of whatever age, I had always found that it came from sorrow. He said the thought was new to him, and that he would make use of it.

"Lord Byron, and all the party, left Villa Rossa (the name of their house) in a few days, to pack up their things in their house at Pisa. He told me that he should remain a few days there, and desired me, if I could do any thing more to the pictures, to come and stay with him. He seemed at a loss where to go, and was, I thought, on the point of embarking for America. I was with him at Pisa for a few days, but he was so annoyed by the police, and the weather was so hot, that I thought it doubtful whether I could improve the pictures, and taking my departure one morning before he was up, I wrote him an excuse from Leghorn. Upon the whole, I left him with an impression that he possessed an excellent heart, which had been misconstrued on all hands from little else than a reckless levity of manners, which he took a whimsical pride in opposing to those of other people."

## LETTER CCCCXCIX.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Pisa, July 27th, 1822.

"I return you the revise. I have softened the part to which Gifford objected, and changed the name of Michael to Raphael, who was an angel of gentler sympathies. By the way, recollect to alter Michael to *Raphael* in the scene itself throughout, for I have only had time to do so in the list of the dramatis personæ, and *scratch out all the pencil-marks*, to avoid puzzling the printers. I have given the '*Vision of Quevedo Redivivus*' to John Hunt, which will relieve you from a dilemma. He *may* publish it at his *own* risk, as it is at his *own* *dear*. Give him the *corrected* copy which Mr Kinnaird had, as it is mitigated partly, and also the *proof*.

"Yours, &c."

## LETTER D.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Pisa, July 28th, 1822.

"Last week I returned you the packet of *proofs*. You had, perhaps, better not publish in the same volume the *Po* and *Rimini* translation.

"I have consigned a letter to Mr John Hunt for the '*Vision of Judgment*,' which you will hand over to him. Also the '*Pulci*,' original and Italian, and my great tracts of mine; for Mr Leigh Hunt is *anxious* here, and thinks of commencing a periodical work, to which I shall contribute. I do not propose to you to be the publisher, because I know that you are *unfitted*, but all things in your care, except the volume now in the press, and the manuscript purchased of Mr Moore, can be given for this purpose, according as they are wanted.

"With regard to what you say about your '*want of memory*,' I can only remark, that you inserted the note to Marino Faliero against my positive remonstration, and that you omitted the Dedication of *Sardinian* to Goëthe (place it before the volume now in the press), both of which were things not very agreeable to me, and which I could wish to be avoided in future, as they might be with a very little care, as a single memorandum in your pocket-book.

"It is not impossible that I may have *three or four* cantos of *Don Juan* ready by autumn, or a little later, as I obtained a permission from my dictatress to continue it,—*provided always* it was to be more guarded and decorous and sentimental in the continuation than in the commencement. How far these conditions have been fulfilled may be seen, perhaps, by-and-by; but the embargo was only taken off upon these stipulations. You can answer at your leisure.

"Yours, &c."

## LETTER DI.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Pisa, July 28th, 1822.

"I have written to you lately, but not in answer to your last letter of about a fortnight ago. I wish to know



request an answer to *that* point) what became stanzas to Wellington (intended to open a canto a Juan with), which I sent you several months ago. If they have fallen into Murray's hands, he and his friends will suppress them, as those lines rate that as his real value. Pray be explicit on this, as I have another copy, having sent you the original; and if you have them, let me have *that* again or a copy of it.

I subscribed at Leghorn two hundred Tuscan crowns to your Irishism committee: it is about a hundred francs, more or less. As Sir C. S. who receives thirteen thousand a year of the public money, cannot afford more than a thousand livres out of enormous salary, it would have appeared ostentatious in a private individual to pretend to surpass and therefore I have sent but the above sum, which will see by the enclosed receipt.\*

High Hunt is here, after a voyage of eight months, during which he has, I presume, made the most of Hanno the Carthaginian, and with much speed. He is setting up a Journal, to which I promised to contribute; and in the first number of *Judgment*, by Quevedo Redivivus, probably appear, with other articles. Do you give us any thing? He seems sanguine about the matter, but (*entre nous*) I am not. I do however, like to put him out of spirits by saying he is bilious and unwell. Do, pray, answer me immediately.

Send Hunt any thing, in prose or verse, of which you start him handsomely—any lyrical, *irical*, or you please.

Has not your Potatoe Committee been blundering? An advertisement says, that Mr. L. Callaghan (a name for a banker) hath been disposing of moreland 'sans authority of the Committee.' I think it will end in Callaghan's calling out the Committee chairman of which carries pistols in his belt of course.

When you can spare time from *duetting*, *coquetting*, and *elaretting* with your Hibernians of both sexes, save a line from you. I doubt whether Paris is a good place for the composition of your new poesy."

## LETTER DII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Pisa, August 8th, 1822.

You will have heard by this time that Shelley, another gentleman (Capitan Williams) were I died about a month ago (a month yesterday), in the Gulf of Spezia. There is thus another man gone, about whom the world was ill-naturedly and ignorantly, and brutally mistaken. It will, I think, do him justice now, when he can be no better

received from Mr Henry Dunn the sum of two hundred Tuscan crowns (for account of the Right Honourable Lord Noel Byron), for the purpose of assisting the poor.

\* Thomas Hall.

Leghorn, 8th July, 1822. Tuscan crowns, 200.\*

In a letter to Mr Murray, of an earlier date, which has been edited to avoid repetitions, he says on the same

"I have not seen the thing you mention \*, and only heard of it casually, nor have I any desire. The price is, as I saw in some advertisements, fourteen shillings, which is too much to pay for a libel on oneself. Some one said in a letter, that it was a Doctor Watkins who deals in the life and libel line. It must have diminished your natural pleasure, as a friend (vide Rochefoucault), to see yourself in it.

"With regard to the Blackwood fellows, I never published any thing against them; nor, indeed, have seen their magazine (except in Galignani's extracts) for these three years past. I once wrote, a good while ago, some remarks † on their review of Don Juan, but saying very little about themselves,—and these were not published. If you think that I ought to follow your example ‡ (and I like to be in your company when I can) in contradicting their impudence, you may shape this declaration of mine into a similar paragraph for me. It is possible that you may have seen the little I *did* write (and never published) at Murray's;—it contained much more about Southey than about the Blacks.

"If you think that I ought to do any thing about Watkins's book, I should not care much about publishing *my Memoir now*, should it be necessary to counteract the fellow. But, in *that* case, I should like to look over the *press* myself. Let me know what you think, or whether I had better *not*;—at least, not the second part, which touches on the actual confines of still existing matters.

"I have written three more Cantos of Don Juan, and am hovering on the brink of another (the ninth). The reason I want the stanzas again which I sent you is that as these cantos contain a full detail (like the storm in Canto Second) of the siege and assault of Ismael, with much of sarcasm on those butchers in large business, your mercenary soldiery, it is a good opportunity of gracing the poem with \* \* \* \* \*. With these things and these fellows, it is necessary, in the present clash of philosophy and tyranny, to throw away the scabbard. I know it is against fearful odds; but the battle must be fought; and it will be eventually for the good of mankind, whatever it may be for the individual who risks himself.

"What do you think of your Irish bishop? Do you remember Swift's line, 'Let me have a *barrack*—a fig for the *clergy*.' This seems to have been his reverence's motto. \* \* \* \* \*

"Yours, &c."

subject:—"You were all mistaken about Shelley, who was, without exception, the *best* and least selfish man I ever knew." There is also another passage in the same letter which, for its perfect truth, I must quote:—"I have received your scrap, with Henry Drury's letter enclosed. It is just like him—always kind and ready to oblige his old friends."

\* A book which had just appeared, entitled "Memoirs of the Right Hon. Lord Byron."

† The remarkable pamphlet from which extracts have been already given in this volume.

‡ It had been asserted, in a late Number of Blackwood, that both Lord Byron and myself were employed in writing satires against that Magazine.

## LETTER DIII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Pisa, August 27th, 1822.

"It is boring to trouble you with such small gear; but it must be owned that I should be glad if you would inquire whether my Irish subscription ever reached the Committee in Paris from Leghorn. My reasons, like Vellum's, 'are threefold': First, I doubt the accuracy of all almoners, or remitters of benevolent cash; second, I do suspect that the said Committee, having in part served its time to time-serving, may have kept back the acknowledgment of an obnoxious politician's name in their lists; and, third, I feel pretty sure that I shall one day be twitted by the government scribes for having been a professor of love for Ireland, and not coming forward with the others in her distresses.

"It is not, as you may opine, that I am ambitious of having my name in the papers, as I can have that any day in the week gratis. All I want is to know if the Reverend Thomas Hall did or did not remit my subscription (200 scudi of Tuscany, or about a thousand francs, more or less) to the Committee at Paris.

"The other day at Viareggio, I thought proper to swim off to my schooner (the Bolivar) in the offing, and thence to shore again—about three miles, or better, in all. As it was at mid-day, under a broiling sun, the consequence has been a feverish attack, and my whole skin's coming off, after going through the process of one large continuous blister, raised by the sun and sea together. I have suffered much pain; not being able to lie on my back, or even side; for my shoulders and arms were equally St Bartholomewed. But it is over,—and I have got a new skin, and am as glossy as a snake in its new suit.

"We have been burning the bodies of Shelley and Williams on the sea-shore, to render them fit for removal and regular interment. You can have no idea what an extraordinary effect such a funeral pile has, on a desolate shore, with mountains in the background and the sea before, and the singular appearance the salt and frankincense gave to the flame. All of Shelley was consumed, except his *heart*, which would not take the flame, and is now preserved in spirits of wine.

"Your old acquaintance Londonderry has quietly died at North Cray! and the virtuous De Witt was torn in pieces by the populace! What a lucky \* \* \* \* \* the Irishman has been in his life and end. † In him your Irish Franklin est mort!

"Leigh Hunt is sweating articles for his new Journal; and both he and I think it somewhat shabby in you not to contribute. Will you become one of the *proprieters*? 'Do, and we go snacks.' I recommend you to think twice before you respond in the negative.

"I have nearly (*quite three*) four new cantos of Don Juan ready. I obtained permission from the female Censor Morum of my morals to continue it,

† The particulars of this event had, it is evident, not yet reached him.

provided it were immaculate; so I bent as need be. There is a deal of and all that, in the style, graphical and the shipwreck in Canto Second, which say, in the Row.

"P.S. That \* \* \* Galignani lies in one paragraph. It was not a found in Shelley's pocket, but John However, it would not have been strange a great admirer of Scripture as a con not send my bust to the academy of I sat for my picture to young West, a tist, at the request of some members to him that he would take my portrait, I believe.

"I had, and still have, thoughts of but am fluctuating between it and Gr have gone, long ago, to one of the liaison with the Countess G; for love is little compatible with glory. She lighted to go too; but I do not choose to a long voyage, and a residence in country, where I shall probably take sort."

Soon after the above letters were Byron removed to Genoa, having called the Villa Saluzzo, at Albaro, one of that city. From the time of the union with the serjeant-major at Pisa, his had been considerably broken in upon, as judicial inquiries consequent upon that many sinister rumours and suspicions rise. Though the wounded man had friends all vowed vengeance with the sensation which the affair and its quences had produced was,—to Mad more particularly, from the situation family stood, in regard to politics,—alarming. While the impression, too, was still recent, another circumstance, though comparatively unimportant, had effect of again drawing the attention to their new visitors. During Lord's visit to Leghorn, a Swiss servant, having quarrelled, on some occasion, with of Madame Guiccioli, drew his knife on Count, and wounded him slightly on the affray, happening so soon after the inductive also of so much notice and to the Tuscan government, in its horror like disturbance, thought itself called fere; and orders were accordingly within four days, the two Counts Gas son, should depart from Tuscany. This decision was, in the highest degree and disconcerting; it being one of the the Guiccioli's separation from her husband should thenceforward reside under the her father. After balancing in his various projects,—sometimes thinking of sometimes, as we have seen, of South at length decided, for the present, to residence to Genoa.

His habits of life, while at Pisa, had



ered,—except in the new line of society into which introduction to Shelley's friends led him,—from usual monotonous routine in which, so singularly one of his desultory disposition, the daily course of existence had now, for some years, flowed. At he usually breakfasted, and at three, or, as the advanced, four o'clock, those persons who were his habit of accompanying him in his rides, called on him. After, occasionally, a game of billiards, proceeded,—purposely to avoid starers, in his stage,—as far as the gates of the town, where his friends met him. At first the route he chose for these rides was in the direction of the Cascine and of the forest that reaches towards the sea; but having found a spot more convenient for his pistol exercise the road leading from the Porta alla Spiaggia to the east of the city, he took daily this course during the remainder of his stay. When arrived at the house or farm, in the garden of which they were allowed to erect their target, his friends and he mounted, and, after devoting about half an hour to trial of skill at the pistol, returned, a little before sunset, into the city.

"Lord Byron," says a friend who was sometimes present at their practising, "was the best marksman. Shelley, and Williams, and Trelawney, often made as good shots as he—but they were not so certain; and although his hand trembled violently, never missed, he calculated on this vibration, and depended entirely on his eye. Once after demolishing his mark, he took up a slender cane, whose colour, nearly the same as the gravel in which it was fixed, might well have deceived him, and at twenty paces he divided it with his bullet. His joy at a good shot, and his vexation at a failure, was great—and when we met him on his return, his cold salutation, or joyous laugh, told tale of the day's success."

For the first time since his arrival in Italy, he now allowed himself tempted to give dinner parties, his guests being, besides Count Gamba and Shelley, Mr. Williams, Captain Medwin, Mr. Taaffe, and Mr. Trelawney—and "never," as his friend Shelley used to say, "did he display himself to more advantage than on these occasions; being at once polite and cordial, full of social hilarity and the most perfect good humour; never diverging into ungraceful merriment, and yet keeping up the spirit of liveliness throughout the evening." About midnight his guests generally left with the exception of Captain Medwin, who used to remain, as I understand, talking and drinking with the noble host till far into the morning; and to the same, half mystifying confidences of these nocturnal hours, implicitly listened to and confusedly recollected, we owe the volume with which Captain Medwin, soon after the death of the noble poet, favoured the world.

The subject of this and other such intimacies revealed by Lord Byron, not only at the period of which we are speaking, but throughout his whole life, it is difficult to advance any thing more judicious, or more demonstrative of a true knowledge of the character, than is to be found in the following remarks of one who had studied him with her whole heart—who had learned to regard him with the eyes of sense, as well as of affection, and whose strong attachment, in short, was founded upon a basis the most

creditable both to him and herself,—the being able to understand him. \*

"We continued in Pisa even more rigorously to absent ourselves from society. However, as there were a good many English in Pisa, he could not avoid becoming acquainted with various friends of Shelley, among which number was Mr Medwin. They followed him in his rides, dined with him, and felt themselves happy, of course, in the apparent intimacy in which they lived with so renowned a man; but not one of them was admitted to any part of his friendship, which, indeed, he did not easily accord. He had a great affection for Shelley, and a great esteem for his character and talents; but he was not his friend in the most extensive sense of that word. Sometimes, when speaking of his friends and of friendship, as also of love, and of every other noble emotion of the soul, his expressions might inspire doubts concerning his sentiments and the goodness of his heart. The feeling of the moment regulated his speech, and, besides, he liked to play the part of singularity,—and sometimes worse,—more especially with those whom he suspected of endeavouring to make discoveries as to his real character; but it was only mean minds and superficial observers that could be deceived in him. It was necessary to consider his actions to perceive the contradiction they bore to his words: it was necessary to be witness of certain moments, during which unforeseen and involuntary emotion forced him to give himself entirely up to his feelings; and whoever beheld him then, became aware of the stores of sensibility and goodness of which his noble heart was full.

"Among the many occasions I had of seeing him thus overpowered, I shall mention one relative to his feelings of friendship. A few days before leaving Pisa, we were one evening seated in the garden of the Palazzo Lanfranchi. A soft melancholy was spread over his countenance;—he recalled to mind the events of his life; compared them with his present situation and with that which it might have been if his affection for me had not caused him to remain in Italy, saying things which would have made earth a paradise for me, but that even then a presentiment that I should lose all this happiness tormented me. At this moment a servant announced Mr Hobhouse. The slight shade of melancholy diffused over Lord Byron's face gave instant place to the liveliest joy; but it was so great, that it almost deprived him of strength. A fearful paleness came over his cheeks, and his eyes were filled with tears as he embraced his friend. His emotion was so great that he was forced to sit down.

"Lord Clare's visit also occasioned him extreme delight. He had a great affection for Lord Clare, and was very happy during the short visit that he paid him at Leghorn. The day on which they separated was a melancholy one for Lord Byron. 'I have a presentiment that I shall never see him more,' he said, and his eyes filled with tears. The same melancholy

\* \* My poor Zimmerman, who now will understand thee?—such was the touching speech addressed to Zimmerman by his wife, on her deathbed, and there is implied in these few words all that a man of morbid sensibility must be dependant for upon the tender and self-forgetting tolerance of the woman with whom he is united.

came over him during the first weeks that succeeded to Lord Clare's departure, whenever his conversation happened to fall upon this friend." \*

Of his feelings on the death of his daughter Allegra, this lady gives the following account:—"On the occasion also of the death of his natural daughter, I saw in his grief the excess of paternal tenderness. His conduct towards this child was always that of a fond father; but no one would have guessed from his expressions that he felt this affection for her. He was dreadfully agitated by the first intelligence of her illness; and when afterwards that of her death arrived, I was obliged to fulfil the melancholy task of communicating it to him. The memory of that frightful moment is stamped indelibly on my mind. For several evenings he had not left his house, I therefore went to him. His first question was relative to the courier he had despatched for tidings of his daughter, and whose delay disquieted him. After a short interval of suspense, with every caution whir-

\* "In Pisa abbiamo continuato anche più rigorosa a vivero lontano dalla società. Essendovi però molti Inglesi egli non potè scusarsi dal fare la corte di vari amici di Shelley, fra i quali uno fa Mr. East lo seguitavano al passeggio, pranzavano regolarmente si tenevano felici della apparente intimità accordava un uomo così superiore. Ma non ammeso mai a parte della sua amicizia, e facile a accordare. Per Shelley egli aveva molta stima pel suo carattere e pel suo era suo amico nell'estensione del senso alla parola amicizia. Talvolta parlando e dell'amicizia come pure dell'amicizia di Franklin's) of nobile sentimento dell'anima, potè nascere del dubbio sui veri suoi del suo cuore. Una impressione suoi discorsi; e di più egli amava personaggio bizzarro, e qua) specialmente con quelli che e fare delle scoperte sul se non poteva cadere che una superficiale. Bisognava tutta la contraddizione in bisognava vederlo in zione improvvisa e pazione abbandonava interio derlo allora per se che erano in quel"

"Fra le tante tanze ne ricordo amicizia. P verso sera franchi. gli rianda faceva l'avesbero il pto tor Me d

"I have ordered, as a regale, a bottle of ale. She is seven years old. Del I ever tell you that the day I came I placed on eggs and bacon and a bottle of ale? For me it is way they are my favourite dish and I have never seen them but on great jubilees—once in four or five years."

"I am somebody represents the Hunts and Mr Shelley as living in my house: it is a falsehood. They reside at some distance, and I do not see them twice in a month. I have not met Mr Hunt a dozen years since I came to Genoa, or near it."

"Yours ever, &c."

#### LETTER DVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

Genoa, 10bre 25<sup>a</sup>, 1822.

"I had sent you back the Quarterly without per-

my own sorrow suggest  
of the child's recovery

"it is enough, say

spread itself over him

and he sunk into a

expression such

he did not shed

so hopeless, as

at the moment

terior to his

same attitude

endeavour

far less

on w

ma

av

1

the current

and by, for what

abuses of the present

eulogy of vice. It may be

amous:—I can't help that. I have

mett (see Lord Stowell in vol. 11

Random) ten times worse; and I have

No girl will ever be seduced by reading

an:—no, no; she will go to Little's poems

Rousseau's *Romans* for that, or even to the

culcate De Staël. They will encourage her, and

the Don, who laughs at that, and—and—and

things. But never mind—*ca ira!*

\* \* \* \* \*

"Now, do you see what you and your

by your injudicious rudeness?—actually

of connexion which you strove to prevent, and

had the Hunts prospered, would not in all proba-

have continued. As it is, I will not quit them

their adversity, though it should cost me

fame, money, and the usual *et cetera*.

"My original motives I already explained in

letter which you thought proper to show; they

the true ones, and I abide by them, as I tell you,

I told Leigh Hunt when he questioned me on

subject of that letter. He was violently hurt,

never will forgive me at bottom; but I can't help

I never meant to make a parade of it; but if he

to question me, I could only answer the plain

and I confess I did not see any thing in the

hurt him, unless I said he was 'a bore,' which

don't remember. Had their Journal gone on

and I could have aided to make it better for

should then have left them, after my safe

a lee shore, to make a prosperous voyage by

selves. As it is, I can't, and would not, if I

leave them among the breakers.

"As to any community of feeling, thought,

nion, between Leigh Hunt and me, there is

none. We meet rarely, hardly ever; but I think

a good-principled and able man, and must do

would be done by. I do not know what world

lived in, but I have lived in three or four; but

them like his Kents and kangaroo terra

Alas! poor Shelley! how we would have

he lived, and how we used to laugh now

various things which are grave in the suburbs!

"You are all mistaken about Shelley. You

know how mild, how tolerant, how good he



I have fully and freely acknowledged that the drama is entirely taken from the story.

"I return you the Quarterly Review, uncut and unopened, not from disrespect, or disregard, or pique, but it is a kind of reading which I have some time disused, as I think the periodical style of writing hurtful to the habits of the mind by presenting the superficialities of too many things at once. I do not know that it contains any thing disagreeable to me—it may or it may not; nor do I return it on account that there *may* be an article which you hinted at in one of your late letters, but because I have left off reading these kind of works, and should equally have returned you any other number.

"I am obliged to take in one or two abroad because solicited to do so. The Edinburgh came before me by mere chance in Galignani's picnic sort of gazette, where he had inserted a part of it.

"You will have received various letters from me lately, in a style which I used with reluctance; but you left me no other choice by your absolute refusal to communicate with a man you did not like upon the mere simple matter of transfer of a few papers of little consequence (except to their author), and which could be of no moment to yourself.

"I hope that Mr Kinnaird is better. It is strange that you never alluded to his accident, if it be true, as stated in the papers.

"I am yours, &c. &c.

"I hope that you have a milder winter than we have had here. We have had inundations worthy of the Trent or Po, and the conductor (Franklin's) of my house was struck (or supposed to be stricken) by a thunderbolt. I was so near the window that I was dazzled and my eyes hurt for several minutes, and every body in the house felt an electric shock at the moment. Madame Guiccioli was frightened, as you may suppose.

"I have thought since that your bigots would have 'saddled me with a judgment,' (as Thwackum did Square when he bit his tongue in talking metaphysics), if any thing had happened of consequence. These fellows always forget Christ in their Christianity, and what he said when 'the tower of Siloam fell.'

"To-day is the 9th, and the 10th is my surviving daughter's birthday. I have ordered, as a regale, a mutton chop and a bottle of ale. She is seven years old, I believe. Did I ever tell you that the day I came of age I dined on eggs and bacon and a bottle of ale? For once in a way they are my favourite dish and drinkable, but as neither of them agree with me, I never use them but on great jubilees—once in four or five years or so.

"I see somebody represents the Hunts and Mrs Shelley as living in my house: it is a falsehood. They reside at some distance, and I do not see them twice in a month. I have not met Mr Hunt a dozen times since I came to Genoa, or near it.

"Yours ever, &c."

#### LETTER DVI.

TO MR MURRAY.

"Genoa, 10bre 25<sup>o</sup>, 1822.

"I had sent you back the Quarterly without peru-

sal, having resolved to read no more rev bad, or indifferent: but 'who can contr Galignani, to whom my English studies a has forwarded a copy of at least one half indefatigable catch-penny weekly compi as, 'like honour, it came unlooked for,' I through it. I must say that, upon the is, the whole of the *half* which I have re other half is to be the segment of Galig week's circular), it is extremely handson thing but unkind or unfair. As I take good part, I must not, nor will not, quar bad. What the writer says of Don Juan but it is inevitable. He must follow, or directly oppose, the opinion of a prevail not very firmly seated party. A Revie will direct and 'turn awry' the curri nion, but it must not directly oppose Juan will be known, by and by, for w tended, a *Satire on abuses* of the press society, and not an eulogy of vice. It and then voluptuous:—I can't help that worse; Smollett (see Lord Strutwell in Roderick Random) ten times worse; and better. No girl will ever be seduced by a Juan:—no, no; she will go to Little's Rousseau's *Romans* for that, or even to culate De Stael. They will encourage the Don, who laughs at that, and—and—things. But never mind—*ça ira!*

\* \* \* \* \*

"Now, do you see what you and you by your injudicious rudeness?—actually of connexion which you strove to prevent. had the Hunts prospered, would not in have continued. As it is, I will not of their adversity, though it should cost me fame, money, and the usual *et cetera*.

"My original motives I already explained in the letter which you thought proper to show the *true* ones, and I abide by them, as I told Leigh Hunt when he questioned subject of that letter. He was violent never will forgive me at bottom; but I can never meant to make a parade of it; he to question me, I could only answer the and I confess I did not see any thing in hurt him, unless I said he was 'a be don't remember. Had their Journal and I could have aided to make it better should then have left them, after my sail a lee shore, to make a prosperous voyage selves. As it is, I can't, and would not leave them among the breakers.

"As to any community of feeling, the nion, between Leigh Hunt and me, the none. We meet rarely, hardly ever; but a good-principled and able man, and would be done by. I do not know what lived in, but I have lived in three or four them like his Keats and kangaroo ten Alas! poor Shelley! how we would have he lived, and how we used to laugh now various things which are grave in the sa

"You are all mistaken about Shelley. know how mild, how tolerant, how go

perfect a gentleman as ever crossed a when he liked, and where liked. e thoughts of taking a run down to t, at most, *cum sola* this spring, and have studied the country, a Fifth and Child Harold: but this is merely an essent, and I have other excursions my mind. The busts\* are finished: of them?

"Yours, &c.

"N. B.

Shelley is residing with the Hunts at om me. I see them very seldom, and out of their business. Mrs Shelley, o to England in the spring.

sha's family, the father and mother are residing with me by Mr Hill (the ammedation, as a safer asylum from rsecutions than they could have in ee; but they occupy one part of a d I the other, and our establishments ate.

read the Quarterly, I shall erase two es in the latter six or seven cantos, in htly stroked over two or three of your will not return evil for good. I liked the article much.

is most likely the publisher of the new hat prospects of success I know not, y much matter, as far as I am con- sople that it may be of use to him, for dy, conscientious man, and I like him: s as Prynne or Pym might be. I bear or declining the Don Juans.

aided Madame de Vossy, as I re- at her three hundred francs. Recom- you, to the Literary Fund, or to some thin your circles."

#### LETTER DVII.

TO LADY —

"Albaro, November 10th, 1823.

dier persisted in declaring himself an aan, and describing you as a kind of who lead astray people of an amatory out giving them any sort of compensa- g yourself, it seems, with only making f of two, which is the more approved eeding on such occasions. For my you are quite right; and be assured a woman (as society is constituted in gives any advantage to a man may ex- but will sooner or later find a tyrant; the man's fault either, perhaps, but is nd natural result of the circumstances ich, in fact, tyrannize over the man

of himself by Bartollini he says, in one of rs to Mr Murray—"The bust does not turn -though it may be like for aught I know, embles a superannuated Jesuit.\* Again, Bartollini's is dreadful, though my mind at it is hideously like. If it is, I cannot be ld, for it overlooks seventy."

equally with the woman, that is to say, if either of them have any feeling or honour.

"You can write to me at your leisure and inclination. I have always laid it down as a maxim, and found it justified by experience, that a man and a woman make far better friendships than can exist between two of the same sex; but *these* with this condition, that they never have made, or are to make, love with each other. Lovers may, and, indeed, generally *are* enemies, but they never can be friends; because there must always be a spice of jealousy and a something of self in all their speculations.

"Indeed, I rather look upon love altogether as a sort of hostile transaction, very necessary to make or to break matches, and keep the world going, but by no means a sinecure to the parties concerned.

"Now, as my love perils are, I believe, pretty well over, and yours, by all accounts, are never to begin, we shall be the best friends imaginable, as far as both are concerned, and with this advantage, that we may both fall to loving right and left through all our acquaintance, without either sullenness or sorrow from that amiable passion which are its inseparable attendants.

"Believe me, &c."

#### LETTER DVIII.

TO MR MOORE.

"Genoa, February 20th, 1823.

"MY DEAR TOM,

"I must again refer you to those two letters addressed to you at Passy before I read your speech in Galignani, &c., and which you do not seem to have received.\*

"Of Hunt I see little—once a month or so, and then on his own business, generally. You may easily suppose that I know too little of Hampstead and his satellites to have much communion or community with him. My whole present relation to him arose from Shelley's unexpected wreck. You would not have had me leave him in the street with his family, would you? and as to the other plan you mention, you forget how it would *humiliate* him—that his writings should be supposed to be dead weight!† Think a moment—he is perhaps the vainest man on earth, at least his own friends say so pretty loudly; and if he were in other circumstances, I might be tempted to take him down a peg; but not now,—it would be cruel. It is a cursed business; but neither the motive nor the means rest upon my conscience, and it happens that he and his brother *have* been so far benefited by the publication in a pecuniary point of view. His brother is a steady, bold fellow, such as *Prynne*, for example, and full of moral, and, I hear, physical courage.

"And *you* are *really* recanting, or softening to the clergy! It will do little good for you—it is *you*, not the poem, they are at. They will say they frightened you—forbid it, Ireland!

"Yours ever,

"N. B."

\* I was never lucky enough to recover these two letters, though frequent inquiries were made about them at the French post office.

† The passage in one of my letters to which he here refers shall be given presently.



Lord Byron had now, for some time, as may be collected from his letters, begun to fancy that his reputation in England was on the wane. The same thirst after fame, with the same sensitiveness to every passing chance of popular favour, which led Tasso at last to look upon himself as the most despised of writers,\* had more than once disposed Lord Byron, in the midst of all his triumphs, if not to doubt their reality, at least to distrust their continuance; and sometimes even, with that painful skill which sensibility supplies, to extract out of the brightest tributes of success some omen of future failure, or symptom of decline. New successes, however, still came to dissipate these bodings of diffidence, nor was it till after his unlucky coalition with Mr Hunt in the Liberal, that any grounds for such a suspicion of his having declined in public favour showed themselves.

The chief inducements, on the part of Lord Byron, to this unworthy alliance were, in the first place, a wish to second the kind views of his friend Shelley in inviting Mr Hunt to join him in Italy; and, in the next, a desire to avail himself of the aid of one so experienced, as an editor, in the favourite project he had now so long contemplated, of a periodical work, in which all the various offspring of his genius might be received fast as they sprung to light. With such opinions, however, as he had long entertained of Mr Hunt's character and talents,† it must be owned that the facility with which he now admitted him—not certainly to any degree of confidence or intimacy, but to a declared fellowship of fame and interest in the eyes of the world, is an inconsistency not easily to be accounted for, and argued, at all events, a strong confidence in the antidotal power of his own name to resist the ridicule of such an association.

As long as Shelley lived, the regard which Lord Byron entertained for him extended its influence also over his relations with his friend; the suavity and good-breeding of Shelley interposing a sort of softening medium in the way of those unpleasant collisions which afterwards took place, and which, from what is known of both parties, may be easily conceived to have been alike trying to the patience of the patron and the vanity of the dependent. That even, however, during the lifetime of their common friend, there had occurred some of those humiliating misunderstandings which money engenders,—humiliating on both sides, as if from the very nature of the dross that gives rise to them,—will appear from the following letter of Shelley's, which I find among the papers in my hands.

TO LORD BYRON.

"February 15th, 1823.

"MY DEAR LORD BYRON,

"I enclose you a letter from Hunt, which annoys me on more than one account. You will observe the

\* In one of his Letters this poet says:—"Non posso negare che io mi doglio oltramisura di esser stato tanto disprezzato dal mondo quanto non è altro scrittore di questo secolo." In another letter, however, after complaining of being "perseguitato da molti più che non era convenevole," he adds, with a proud prescience of his future fame, "Laonde stimo di potermene ragionevolmente richiamare alla posterità."

† See Letter CCCXVII, page 267.

postscript, and you know me well enough to know how painful a task is set me in commenting upon a letter which had urged me more than once to ask for this money. My answer consisted in:—I could spare, which I have now literary kindness in fitting up a part of your own accommodation I sensibly felt, and would have been glad to have received from you on his part, but, believing the slightest intention of imposing, or, it, allowing to be imposed, any heavy burden upon me. As it has come to this in spite of me, I will not conceal from you the low estimate I make of money affairs in the present moment of my absolute incapacity of assisting Hunt.

"I do not think poor Hunt's promise of a given time is worth very much; but mind me, I am so much annoyed by this subject, that I know not what to write, and much less what to say. I have need of all your indulgence in my feelings and expressions.

I shall see you by and by. Believe me,

"Yours most faithfully and

"P. B.

Of the book in which Mr. Hunt has attempted to take decent revenge upon the dead for the obligations he had, in his hour of need, contracted from the living, I am luckily saved from speaking at any length, by the fact that he has deserved oblivion into which his volition has thrown him. Never, indeed, was the right feeling upon such subjects more creditably displayed than in the reception given universally to this book;—even those the least disposed to suspect the ingenuously of Lord Byron having shrunk from a corroboration of their own opinion afforded by one who did not blush to assume authority, as an accuser, to the observation he had enjoyed, by having been deceived and fed under the very roof of the maligning.

With respect to the hostile feeling which Mr. Hunt's work towards myself, the only thing I shall take is, to lay before my readers one of my letters which provoked it; and to claim, at least, the merit of not being as throughout the whole of my recollection Lord Byron on the subject of his new work not a line did I ever write respecting Shelley or Mr. Hunt which I was not from long knowledge of my correspondence that he had instantly, and as a matter of course, communicated to them. That this was a fault in my noble friend, I am ready to deny; but, being undisguised, it was against, and, when guarded against, was a fault. Besides, such is the penalty generally of frankness of character; and they who flattered themselves that one so open in his affairs as Lord Byron would be much less likely to be deceived where the confidences of others were concerned, would have had their own imprudence and blame for any injury that their dependence on secrecy had brought on them.

ing in the passage, which Lord Byron, granted, showed to Mr. Hunt, and to his letters to myself (February 20) refers: not anxious to know that you mean to of the Liberal. It grieves me to urge any ch against Hunt's interest; but I should to use the same language to himself, him. I would, if I were you, serve him nible way but this—I would give him (if cept of it) the profits of the same works, parately—but I would, *not* mix myself ny with others. I would *not* become a this sort of miscellaneous '*pot au feu*,' ad flavour of one ingredient is sure to taint I would be, if I were *you*, alone, single, as such, invincible."

the subject of Mr. Hunt, I shall avail e opportunity it affords me of introducing s of a letter addressed to a friend of that y Lord Byron, in consequence of an s to the feelings of the latter on the score sed "friendship" for Mr. Hunt. The here makes are, I own, startling, and en with more than the usual allowance, the particular mood of temper or spirits e letter was written, but for the influence alight, casual piques and resentments as een, just then, in their darkening transit mind,—indisposing him, for the moment, ng his friends whom, in a sunnier mood, ng are proclaimed as his most chosen and

## LETTER DIX.

TO MRS —.

\* \* \* \* \*  
ne that you, at least, know enough of me that I could have no intention to insult erty. On the contrary, I honour him for ow what it is, having been as much ems ever he was, without perceiving aught ish an honourable man's self-respect. If o say that, had he been a wealthy man, I oined in this Journal, I answer in the \* \* I engaged in the Journal from good- him, added to respect for his character, personal; and no less for his political well as regret for his present circum- did this in the hope that he might, with id from literary friends of literary contri- hich is requisite for all Journals of a re), render himself independent.

\* \* \* \* \*  
always treated him, in our personal inter- h such scrupulous delicacy, that I have ruding advice, which I thought might be s, lest he should impute it to what is ng advantage of a man's situation.' endship, it is a propensity in which my ry limited. I do not know the *male* hu- except Lord Clare, the friend of my in- whom I feel any thing that deserves the ny others are men of the world friend-

ships. I did not even feel it for Shelley, however much I admired and esteemed him; so that you see not even vanity could bribe me into it, for, of all men, Shelley thought highest of my talents,—and, perhaps, of my disposition.

"I will do my duty by my intimates, upon the principle of doing as you would be done by. I have done so, I trust, in most instances. I may be pleased with their conversation—rejoice in their success—be glad to do them service, or to receive their counsel and assistance in return. But, as for friends and friendship, I have (as I already said) named the only remaining male for whom I feel any thing of the kind, excepting, perhaps, Thomas Moore. I have had, and may have still, a thousand friends, as they are called, in *life*, who are like one's partners in the waltz of this world, not much remembered when the ball is over, though very pleasant for the time. Habit, business, and companionship in pleasure or in pain, are links of a similar kind, and the same faith in politics is another."

## LETTER DX.

TO LADY \* \* \*.

Genoa, March 28th, 1822.

\* \* \* \* \*  
"Mr Hill is here: I dined with him on Saturday before last; and on leaving his house at S. P. d'Arena, my carriage broke down. I walked home, about three miles, no very great feat of pedestrianism; but either the coming out of hot rooms into a bleak wind chilled me, or the walking up-hill to Albaro heated me, or something or other set me wrong, and next day I had an inflammatory attack in the face, to which I have been subject this winter for the first time, and I suffered a good deal of pain, but no peril. My health is now much as usual. Mr Hill is, I believe, occupied with his diplomacy. I shall give him your message when I see him again.

"My name, I see in the papers, has been dragged into the unhappy Portsmouth business, of which all that I know is very succinct. Mr H—— is my solicitor. I found him so when I was ten years old—at my uncle's death—and he was continued in the management of my legal business. He asked me, by a civil epistle, as an old acquaintance of his family, to be present at the marriage of Miss H——. I went very reluctantly, one misty morning (for I had been up at two balls all night), to witness the ceremony, which I could not very well refuse without affronting a man who had never offended me. I saw nothing particular in the marriage. Of course I could not know the preliminaries, except from what he said, not having been present at the wooing, nor after it, for I walked home, and they went into the country as soon as they had promised and vowed. Out of this simple fact I hear the *Débats de Paris* has quoted Miss H. as '*autrefois très liée avec le célèbre*,' &c. &c. I am obliged to him for the celebrity, but beg leave to decline the *liaison*, which is quite untrue; my *liaison* was with her father, in the unsentimental shape of long lawyers' bills, through the medium of which I have had to pay him ten or twelve thousand



pounds within these few years. She was not pretty, and I suspect that the indefatigable Mr A—— was (like all her people) more attracted by her title than her charms. I regret very much that I was present at the prologue to the happy state of horsewhipping and black jobs, &c. &c. but I could not foresee that a man was to turn out mad, who had gone about the world for fifty years, as competent to vote, and walk at large; nor did he seem to me more insane than any other person going to be married.

"I have no objection to be acquainted with the Marquis Palavicini, if he wishes it. Lately I have gone little into society, English or foreign, for I had seen all that was worth seeing in the former before I left England, and at the time of life when I was more disposed to like it; and of the latter I had a sufficiency in the few first years of my residence in Switzerland, chiefly at Madame de Staël's, where I went sometimes, till I grew tired of conversazioni and carnivals, with their appendages; and the bore is, that if you go once, you are expected to be there daily, or rather nightly. I went the round of the most noted soirées at Venice or elsewhere (where I remained not any time) to the Benzons, and the Albrizzi, and the Michelli, &c. &c., and to the Cardinals and the various potentates of the Legation in Romagna (that is, Ravenna), and only receded for the sake of quiet when I came into Tuscany. Besides, if I go into society, I generally get, in the long run, into some scrape of some kind or other, which don't occur in my solitude. However, I am pretty well settled now, by time and temper, which is so far lucky, as it prevents restlessness; but, as I said before, as an acquaintance of yours, I will be ready and willing to know your friends. He may be a sort of connexion for aught I know; for a Palavicini, of *Bologna*, I believe, married a distant relative of mine half a century ago. I happen to know the fact, as he and his spouse had an annuity of five hundred pounds on my uncle's property, which ceased at his demise, though I recollect hearing they attempted, naturally enough, to make it survive him. If I can do any thing for you here, or elsewhere, pray order, and be obeyed."

#### LETTER DXI.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Genoa, April 24, 1823.

"I have just seen some friends of yours, who paid me a visit yesterday, which, in honour of them and of you, I returned to-day;—as I reserve my bearskin and teeth, and paws and claws, for our enemies.

"I have also seen Henry F \* \*, Lord H \* \*'s son, whom I had not looked upon since I left him a pretty mild boy, without a neckcloth, in a jacket, and in delicate health, seven long years ago, at the period of mine eclipse—the third, I believe, as I have generally one every two or three years. I think that he has the softest and most amiable expression of countenance I ever saw, and manners correspondent. If to those he can add hereditary talents, he will keep the name of F \* \* in all its freshness for half a century more, I hope. I speak from a transient glimpse—but I love still to yield to such impressions; for I have ever found that those I liked longest and best,

I took to at first sight; and I always—perhaps, in part, from some less fortunate part of our destinies—mistakes, his lameness. But there that *he* appears a halting angel, against a star; whilst I am *Le Dis* soubriquet, which I marvel that, serious *nominis umbra*, the Orthodox upon.

"Your other allies, whom I have able personages, are Milor B \* \* \* \* \* ling with a very handsome compass of a 'French Count,' (to use Farquhar the *Beaux Stratagem*) who has all *pidon déchainé*, and is one of the have seen of our ideal of a French Revolution—an old friend with a whose like I never thought that we: Miladi seems highly literary,—to honour's acquaintance with the fit the pleasure of having seen them. pretty, even in a morning,—a sp which the sun of Italy does not set as the chandelier. Certainly, En better than their continental neighbour. M \* \* seems very good-natured, since I recollect him in all and snuff-boxes, and uniforms, and speeches in our house—"I mean, I refer you to Pope—whom you don't appreciate—for that quotation, which to be poetical) and sitting to Stre (do you remember our visit, with German?) to be depicted as one Agincourt, 'with his long sword Whack fal de, &c. &c.'

"I have been unwell—caught in a cold, which menaced a conflagration with our ambassador, Monsieur H the dinner, but my carriage broke home, and I had to walk some miles after hot rooms, in a very bleak, very over-hotted, or over-colded myself. so robustious as formerly, ever since when I fell ill after a long swim in the sea and have never been quite right in my writing. I am thin,—perhaps this is the reason, when I was nearly transparent, am obliged to be moderate of my meals, theless, won't prevent me (the) in dining with your friends the day after."

"They give me a very good account of your nearly 'Emprisoned Angela.' change your title?—you will regret it. The bigots are not to be conciliated—are they worth it? I am more orthodox Christian than you are. I see a real Christian, either in private (for I never yet found the man in public, either, when put to the proof.) But, till then, I cannot truckle to them, can I imagine what has made you Seraphs."

"I have been far more persecuted than you may judge by my present decade that I am as low in popularity as

writer can be. At least so my friends assure me—blessings on their benevolence! This they attribute to Hunt; but they are wrong—it must be, partly at least, owing to myself;—be it so. As to Hunt, I prefer not having turned him to starve in the streets to any personal honour which might have accrued from such genuine philanthropy. I really act upon principle in this matter, for we have nothing much in common; and I cannot describe to you the despairing sensation of trying to do something for a man who seems incapable or unwilling to do any thing further for himself,—at least, to the purpose. It is like pulling a man out of a river who directly throws himself in again. For the last three or four years Shelley assisted, and had once actually extricated him. I have, since his demise,—and even before,—done what I could: but it is not in my power to make this permanent. I want Hunt to return to England, for which I would furnish him with the means in comfort; and his situation *there*, on the whole, is bettered, by the payment of a portion of his debts, &c.; and he would be on the spot to continue his *Journal*, or *Journals*, with his brother, who seems a sensible, plain, sturdy, and enduring person.” \* \* \*

The new intimacy of which he here announces the commencement, and which it was gratifying to me, as the common friend of all, to find that he had formed, was a source of much pleasure to him during the stay of his noble acquaintances at Genoa. So long, indeed, had he persuaded himself that his countrymen abroad all regarded him in no other light than as an outlaw or a show, that every new instance he met of friendly reception from them was as much a surprise as pleasure to him; and it was evident that to his mind the revival of English associations and habitudes always brought with it a sense of refreshment, like that of inhaling his native air.

With the view of inducing these friends to prolong their stay at Genoa, he suggested their taking a pretty villa called “Il Paradiso,” in the neighbourhood of his own, and accompanied them to look at it. Upon that occasion it was that, on the lady expressing some intentions of residing there, he produced the following impromptu, which—but for the purpose of showing that he was not so “chary of his fame” as to fear failing in such trifles—I should have thought hardly worth transcribing.

“Beneath \* \* \*’s eyes  
The reclaim’d Paradise  
Should be free as the former from evil;  
But, if the new Eve  
For an apple should grieve,  
What mortal would not play the devil?” \* \*

Another copy of verses addressed by him to the same lady, whose beauty and talent might well have claimed a warmer tribute from such a pen, is yet too interesting as descriptive of the feeling of age now stealing so prematurely over him, to be omitted in these pages.

\* The Genoese wits had already applied this threadbare jest to himself. Taking it into their heads that this villa (which was also, I believe, a Cam Saluzzo) had been the one fixed on for his own residence, they said “Il Diavolo è ancora entrato in Paradiso.”

#### “TO THE COUNTESS OF B \* \* \* \*

1.

“You have ask’d for a verse:—the request  
In a rhymèr ’twere strange to deny,  
But my Hippocrene was but my breast,  
And my feelings (its fountain) are dry.

2.

“Were I now as I was, I had sung  
What Lawrence has painted so well;  
But the strain would expire on my tongue,  
And the theme is too soft for my shell.

3.

“I am ashes where once I was fire,  
And the bard in my bosom is dead;  
What I loved I now merely admire,  
And my heart is as gray as my head.

4.

“My life is not dated by years—  
There are moments which act as a plough,  
And there is not a furrow appears  
But is deep in my soul as my brow.

5.

“Let the young and the brilliant aspire  
To sing what I gaze on in vain;  
For sorrow has torn from my lyre  
The string which was worthy the strain.”

“B.”

The following letters written during the stay of this party at Genoa will be found,—some of them at least,—not a little curious,

#### LETTER DXII

TO THE EARL OF B \* \* \*

“April 5th, 1822.

“MY DEAR LORD,

“How is your gout? or rather, how are you? I return the Count \* \* \*’s *Journal*, which is a very extraordinary production,† and of a most melancholy truth in all that regards high life in England. I know, or knew, personally, most of the personages and societies which he describes; and after reading his remarks have the sensation fresh upon me as if I had seen them yesterday. I would however plead in behalf of some few exceptions, which I will mention by and by. The most singular thing is, *how* he should have penetrated *not the fact*, but the *mystery* of the English ennui, at two-and-twenty. I was about the same age when I made the same discovery, in almost precisely the same circles—(for there is scarcely a person mentioned whom I did not see nightly or daily, and was acquainted more or less intimately with most of them)—but I never could have described it so well. *Il faut être Français* to effect this.

“But he ought also to have been in the country during the hunting season, with ‘a select party of distinguished guests,’ as the papers term it. He ought to have seen the gentlemen after dinner (on the hunting days), and the soirée ensuing thereupon—and

† In another letter to Lord B \* \* he says of this gentleman, “he seems to have all the qualities requisite to have figured in his brother-in-law’s ancestor’s *Mémoires*.”



the women looking as if they had hunted, or rather been hunted; and I could have wished that he had been at a dinner in town, which I recollect at Lord C\* \*s—small, but select, and composed of the most amusing people. The dessert was hardly on the table, when, out of twelve, I counted *five asleep*; of that five, there were *Tierney*, Lord \* \*, and Lord \* \*—I forget the other two, but they were either wits or orators—perhaps poets.

"My residence in the East and in Italy has made me somewhat indulgent of the siesta—but then they set regularly about it in warm countries, and perform it in solitude (or at most in a tête-à-tête with a proper companion), and retire quietly to their rooms to get out of the sun's way for an hour or two.

"Altogether, your friend's Journal is a very formidable production. Alas! our dearly beloved countrymen have only discovered that they are tired, and not that they are tiresome; and I suspect that the communication of the latter unpleasant verity will not be better received than truths usually are. I have read the whole with great attention and instruction. I am too good a patriot to say *pleasure*—at least I won't say so, whatever I may think. I showed it (I hope no breach of confidence), to a young Italian lady of rank, *très instruite* also; and who passes, or passed, for being one of the three most celebrated belles in the district of Italy, where her family and connexions resided in less troublesome times as to politics (which is not Genoa, by the way), and she was delighted with it, and says that she has derived a better notion of English society from it than from all Madame de Staël's metaphysical disputations on the same subject, in her work on the Revolution. I beg that you will thank the young philosopher, and make my compliments to Lady B. and her sister.

"Believe me your very obliged and faithful

"N. B.

"P. S. There is a rumour in letters of some disturbance or complot in the French Pyrenean army—generals suspected or dismissed, and ministers of war travelling to see what 's the matter. 'Marry (as David says), this hath an angry favour.'

"Tell Count \* \* that some of the names are not quite intelligible, especially of the clubs; he speaks of *Watts*—perhaps he is right, but in my time *Watiers* was the Dandy Club, of which (though no dandy) I was a member, at the time too of its greatest glory, when Brummell and Mildmay, Alvanley and Pierrepont, gave the Dandy balls; and we (the club, that is,) got up the famous masquerade at Burlington House and Garden, for Wellington. He does not speak of the *Alfred*, which was the most *recherché* and most tiresome of any, as I know by being a member of that too."

### LETTER DXIII.

TO THE EARL OF B\* \*.

"April 6th, 1823.

"It *would* be worse than idle, knowing, as I do, the utter worthlessness of words on such occasions, in me to attempt to express what I ought to feel and

do feel for the loss you have sustained;\* and I must thus dismiss the subject, for I dare not trust myself further with it for your sake, or for my own. I do endeavour to see you as soon as it may not appear intrusive. Pray excuse the levity of my yamish scrawl—I little thought under what circumstances I would find you.

"I have received a very handsome and interesting note from Count \* \*. He must excuse my rudeness and real ignorance in replying to it in English, through the medium of your kind interpretation. I would not on any account deprive him of a publication, of which I really think more than I have said, though you are good enough not to be satisfied even with that; but whenever it is complete it would give me the greatest pleasure to have it—but how to keep it secret? literary secrets are not others. By changing the names, or at least several, and altering the circumstances imitating the writer's real station or situation, the work would render it a most amusing publication. My countrymen have not been treated either in a literary or personal point of view with such deference in English recent works, as to lay him under any national obligation of forbearance; and really his marks are so true and so piquante that I cannot myself to wish their suppression: though, as he says, 'He is my friend,' many of these persons were my friends,\* but much such friends are and his allies.

"I return you Dr. Parr's letter—I have read it at Payne Knight's and elsewhere, and he did me the honour once to be a patron of mine, although a friend of the other branch of the House of Lords and the Greek teacher (I believe), of my music-temple—I say *moral*, because it is true, and useful to the virtuous, that it enables them to do nothing without the aid of an Ægisthus.

"I beg my compliments to Lady B., Miss P., and to your *Alfred*. I think, since his Majesty of the same name, there has not been such a learned veyor of our Saxon society.

"Ever yours most truly,

"N. B.

"April 6th, 1823.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"P. S. I salute Miledi, Mademoiselle Mama, and illustrious Chevalier Count \* \*; who, I hope, will continue his history of 'his own times.' There are some strange coincidences between a part of his marks and a certain work of mine, now in MS. in England (I do not mean the hermetically sealed memoirs, but a continuation of certain Cantos of a poem), especially in *what a man may do in London with impunity while he is 'à la mode,'* which I think it well to state, that he may not suspect me of the advantage of his confidence. The observation is very general."

\* The death of Lord B\* \*s son, which had been expected, but of which the account had just then arrived.

LETTER DXIV.

TO THE EARL OF B \* \*.

\* April 14th, 1823.

"I am truly sorry that I cannot accompany you in your ride this morning, owing to a violent pain in my face, arising from a wart to which I by medical advice applied a caustic. Whether I put too much, or not, I do not know, but the consequence is, that not only have I been put to some pain, but the peccant part of my immediate environ are as black as if the printer's devil had marked me for an author. As I do not wish to frighten your horses, or their riders, I shall remain waiting upon you until six o'clock, when I hope to have subsided into a more christianlike resemblance to my fellow-creatures. My affliction has only extended even to my fingers, for on trying to wipe the black from off my upper lip at least, I have transfused a portion thereof to my right hand, either lemon juice nor eau de Cologne, nor any other, have been able as yet to redeem it also from its more inky appearance than is either proper or prudent. But 'out, damn'd spot!'—you may have perceived something of the kind yesterday, for on my seeing you, I saw that during my visit it had increased, was more red, and ought to be diminished; and I could not laugh at the figure I must have cut before you. At any rate, I shall be with you at six, with a tinge of twilight.

"Ever most truly, &c.

\* 11 o'clock.

"I wrote the above at three this morning. I can say that the whole of the skin of about an inch square above my upper lip has come off, so that I cannot even shave or masticate, and I am unfit to appear at your table, and to partake of hospitality. Will you therefore pardon me, and make this rueful excuse for a 'make-believe,' which will soon recognise whenever I have the pleasure of meeting you again, and I will call the moment the nursery phrase, 'fit to be seen.' Tell me with my compliments, that I am rummaging for a MS. worthy of her acceptance. I have seen the younger Count Gamba, and as I prevail on his infinite modesty to take the field for me, I must take this piece of diffidence on myself also, and beg your indulgence for both."

LETTER DXV.

TO THE COUNT \* \*.

\* April 22d, 1823.

"Dear Count \*\* (if you will permit me to address you familiarly), you should be content with writing in your own language, like Grammont, and succeeding as no body has succeeded since the days of the Second and the records of Antonio Hamilton without deviating into our barbarous language, if you understand and write, however, much as it deserves. 'approbation,' as you are pleased to term it, is sincere, but perhaps not very impartial; for, I love my country, I do not love my countrymen, at least, such as they now are. And besides the want of talent and wit in your work, I fear

that to me there was the attraction of vengeance. I have seen and felt much of what you have described so well. I have known the persons, and the reunions so described,—(many of them, that is to say,)—and the portraits are so like that I cannot but admire the painter no less than his performance.

"But I am sorry for you; for if you are so well acquainted with life at your age, what will become of you when the illusion is still more dissipated? But never mind—*en avant!*—live while you can; and that you may have the full enjoyment of the many advantages of youth, talent, and figure, which you possess, is the wish of an—Englishman,—I suppose, but it is no treason; for my mother was Scotch, and my name and my family are both Norman; and as for myself, I am of no country. As for my 'Works,' which you are pleased to mention, let them go to the Devil, from whence (if you believe many persons) they came.

"I have the honour to be your obliged, &c. &c."

During this period a circumstance occurred which shows, most favourably for the better tendencies of his nature, how much allayed and softened down his once angry feeling, upon the subject of his matrimonial differences, had now grown. It has been seen that his daughter Ada,—more especially since his late loss of the only tie of blood which he could have a hope of attaching to himself,—had become the fond and constant object of his thoughts; and it was but natural, in a heart kindly as his was, that dwelling thus with tenderness upon the child, he should find himself insensibly subdued into a gentler tone of feeling towards the mother. A gentleman, whose sister was known to be the confidential friend of Lady Byron, happening at this time to be at Genoa, and in the habit of visiting at the house of the poet's new intimates, Lord Byron took one day an opportunity, in conversing with Lady \*\*, to say, that she would render him an essential kindness, if, through the mediation of this gentleman and his sister, she could procure for him from Lady Byron, what he had long been most anxious to possess, a copy of her picture. It having been represented to him, in the course of the same, or a similar conversation, that Lady Byron was said by her friends to be in a state of constant alarm lest he should come to England to claim his daughter, or, in some other way, interfere with her, he professed his readiness to give every assurance that might have the effect of calming such apprehensions; and the following letter, in reference to both these subjects, was soon after sent by him.

LETTER DXVI.

TO THE COUNTESS OF B \* \*.

\* May 3d, 1823.

"DEAR LADY \* \*.

"My request would be for a copy of the miniature of Lady B. which I have seen in possession of the late Lady Noel, as I have no picture, or indeed memorial of any kind of Lady B., as all her letters were in her own possession before I left England, and we have had no correspondence since—at least on her part.

"My message, with regard to the infant, is simply to this effect—that in the event of any accident occurring to the mother and my remaining the sur-



vivor, it would be my wish to have her plans carried into effect, both with regard to the education of the child, and the person or persons under whose care Lady B. might be desirous that she should be placed. It is not my intention to interfere with her in any way on the subject during her life; and I presume that it would be some consolation to her to know (if she is in ill health, as I am given to understand), that in *no* case would any thing be done, as far as I am concerned, but in strict conformity with Lady B.'s own wishes and intentions—left in what manner she thought proper.

"Believe me, dear Lady B., your obliged, &c."

This negotiation, of which I know not the result, nor whether, indeed, it ever ended in any, led naturally and frequently to conversations on the subject of his marriage,—a topic he was himself always the first to turn to,—and the account which he then gave, as well of the circumstances of the separation, as of his own entire unconsciousness of the immediate causes that provoked it, was, I find, exactly such as, upon every occasion when the subject presented itself, he, with an air of sincerity in which it was impossible not to confide, promulgated. "Of what really led to the separation (said he, in the course of one of these conversations) I declare to you that, even at this moment, I am wholly ignorant, as Lady Byron would never assign her motives, and has refused to answer my letters. I have written to her repeatedly, and am still in the habit of doing so. Some of these letters I have sent, and others I did not, simply because I despaired of their doing any good. You may, however, see some of them if you like;—they may serve to throw some light upon my feelings."

In a day or two after, accordingly, one of these withheld letters was sent by him, enclosed in the following, to Lady \* \* \*.

#### LETTER DXVII.

TO THE COUNTESS OF \* \* \*.

\* Albaro, May 6th, 1823.

"MY DEAR LADY \* \* \*.

"I send you the letter which I had forgotten, and the book,\* which I ought to have remembered. It contains (the book, I mean) some melancholy truths: though I believe that it is too triste a work ever to have been popular. The first time I ever read it (not the edition I send you,—for I got it since) was at the desire of Madame de Staël, who was supposed by the good-natured world to be the heroine;—which she was not, however, and was furious at the supposition. This occurred in Switzerland, in the summer of 1816, and the last season in which I ever saw that celebrated person.

"I have a request to make to my friend Alfred (since he has not disdained the title), viz. that he would condescend to add a *cap* to the gentleman in the jacket,—it would complete his costume,—and smooth his brow, which is somewhat too inveterate a likeness of the original, God help me!

\* Adolphe, by M. Benjamin Constant.

"I did well to avoid the water-pot mystery, which is not less to be wond my other mysteries. Tell Milor that I MS., and will do him justice by a diffi

"The letter which I enclose I was sending by my despair of its doing an perfectly sincere when I wrote it and it is difficult for me to withstand the cations on that subject, which both have for seven years been throwing man, whose feelings were once quick, per was never patient. But 'return dious as go o'er.' I feel this as mu beth did; and it is a dreary sensation avenges the real or imaginary wron two unfortunate persons whom it con

"But I am going to be gloomy;—sc Good night,—or rather morning. O why I wish to avoid society is, that after it, and the pleasanter it has be

"Ever most tru

I shall now produce the enclosure above, and there are few, I should t ers who will not agree with me in i if the author of the following letter. his side, he had at least most of th which are found in general to accou

#### LETTER DXVI.

TO LADY BYRON.

(TO THE CARE OF THE HON. MRS. L

\* Pisa, Nov

"I have to acknowledge the recei which is very soft and pretty, and already as mine was at twelve yes judge from what I recollect of some session, taken at that age. But it haps from its being let grow.

"I also thank you for the inscrip and name, and I will tell you why they are the only two or three wort writing in my possession. For your and except the two words, or rath 'Household,' written twice in an o I have no other. I burnt your la reasons:—1stly, it was written in agreeable; and, 2dly, I wished to without documents, which are the of suspicious people.

"I suppose that this note will reac about Ada's birthday—the 10th, believe. She will then be six, s twelve more I shall have some chanc —perhaps sooner, if I am obliged by business or otherwise. Recolle thing, either in distance or near which keeps us asunder should, period, rather soften our mutual fee always have one rallying-point as I exists, which I presume we both after either of her parents.

"The time which has elapsed sin has been considerably more than

union, and the not much longer one of acquaintance. We both made a bitter vow it is over and irrevocably so. For, on my part, and a few years less on it is no very extended period of life, when the habits and thought are general as to admit of no modification; and as agree when younger, we should with now.

this, because I own to you, that, notwithstanding, I considered our reunion as for more than a year after the separation I gave up the hope entirely and for is very impossibility of reunion seems to a reason why, on all the few points of which can arise between us, we should courtesies of life, and as much of its people who are never to meet may pre more easily than nearer connexions. art, I am violent, but not malignant; provocations can awaken my resentment, who are colder and more concurred just hint, that you may sometimes speak of a cold anger for dignity, and a for duty. I assure you that I bear you (er I may have done) no resentment. remember, that *if you have injured* this forgiveness is something; and that, *red you*, it is something more still, if it moralists say, that the most offending origing.

the offence has been solely on my side, or on yours chiefly, I have ceased to my but two things,—viz. that you are my child, and that we shall never meet if you also consider the two correspond with reference to myself, it will be three.

"Yours ever,  
"NOEL BYRON."

my plan, as must have been observed, materials have furnished me with the subject of my Memoir to relate; and this object, during the two or his life just elapsed, I have been enriched resources in my hands, with but one, to attain. Having now, however, point of his career from which a new ut to be taken by his excurive spirit, glorious as it was brief and fatal, a moment of pause may be permitted back through the last few years, and veil upon the spectacle, at once grand which his life during that most unbridled owns exhibited.

of unceasing excitement, both of heart or ever warring with the world's will, in the world's breath,—with a genius itself all shapes, from Jove down to disposition veering with equal facility the moral compass,—not even the existence of two souls within one seem at all adequately to account for both of power and character, which the conduct and writings during these few

feverish years displayed. Without going back so far as the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold, which one of his bitterest and ablest assailants has pronounced to be, "in point of execution, the sublimest poetical achievement of mortal pen," we have, in a similar strain of strength and splendour, the Prophecy of Dante, Cain, the Mystery of Heaven and Earth, Sardanapalus,—all produced during this wonderful period of his genius. To these also are to be added four other dramatic pieces, which, though the least successful of his compositions, have yet, as Poems, few equals in our literature; while, in a more especial degree, they illustrate the versatility of taste and power so remarkable in him, as being founded, and to this very circumstance, perhaps, owing their failure, on a severe classic model, the most uncongenial to his own habits and temperament, and the most remote from that bold, unshackled licence which it had been the great mission of his genius, throughout the whole realms of Mind, to assert.

In contrast to all these high-toned strains, and struck off during the same fertile period, we find his Don Juan—in itself an epitome of all the marvellous contrarieties of his character—the Vision of Judgment, the Translation from Pulci, the Pamphlets on Pope, on the British Review, on Blackwood,—together with a swarm of other light, humorous trilles, all flashing forth carelessly from the same mind that was, almost at the same moment, personating, with a port worthy of such a presence, the mighty spirit of Dante, or following the dark footsteps of Scepticism over the ruins of past worlds, with Cain.

All this time, too, while occupied with these ideal creations, the demands upon his active sympathies, in real life, were such as almost any mind but his own would have found sufficient to engross its every thought and feeling. An amour, not of that light, transient kind which "goes without a burden," but, on the contrary, deep-rooted enough to endure to the close of his days, employed as restlessly with its first hopes and fears a portion of this period as with the entanglements to which it led, political and domestic, it embarrassed the remainder. Scarcely, indeed, had this disturbing passion begun to calm, when a new source of excitement presented itself in that conspiracy into which he flung himself so fearlessly, and which ended, as we have seen, but in multiplying the objects of his sympathy and protection, and driving him to a new change of home and scene.

When we consider all these distractions that beset him, taking into account also the frequent derangement of his health, and the time and temper he must have thrown away on the minute drudgery of watching over every item of his household expenditure, the mind is lost in almost incredulous astonishment at the wonders he was able to achieve under such circumstances—at the variety and prodigality of power with which, in the midst of such interruptions and hindrances, his "bright soul broke out on every side," and not only held on its course, undogged, through all these difficulties, but even extracted out of the very struggles and annoyances it encountered new nerve for its strength, and new fuel for its fire.

While thus at this period, more remarkably than at any other during his life, the unparalleled versatility



Swift boasted of, as the end of all his own labours, "to vex the world rather than divert it."

How totally all this differed from the Byron of the social hour, they who lived in familiar intercourse with him may be safely left to tell. The sort of ferine reputation which he had acquired for himself abroad prevented numbers, of course, of his countrymen, whom he would have most cordially welcomed, from seeking his acquaintance. But, as it was, no English gentleman ever approached him, with the common forms of introduction, that did not come away at once surprised and charmed by the kind courtesy and facility of his manners, the unpretending play of his conversation, and, on a nearer intercourse, the frank, youthful spirits, to the flow of which he gave way with such a zest, as even to deceive some of those who best knew him into the impression, that gaiety was after all the true bent of his disposition.

To these contrasts which he presented, as viewed publicly and privately, is to be added also the fact, that, while braving the world's ban so boldly, and asserting man's right to think for himself with a freedom and even daringness unequalled, the original shyness of his nature never ceased to hang about him; and while at a distance he was regarded as a sort of autocrat in intellect, revelling in all the confidence of his own great powers, a somewhat nearer observation enabled a common acquaintance at Venice \* to detect, under all this, traces of that self-distrust and bashfulness which had marked him as a boy, and which never entirely forsook him through the whole of his career.

Still more singular, however, than this contradiction between the public and private man—a contradiction not unfrequent, and, in some cases, more apparent than real, as depending upon the relative position of the observer—were those contraries and changes not less startling, which his character so often exhibited, as compared with itself. He who, at one moment, was seen intrenched in the most absolute self-will, would, at the very next, be found all that was

connected more intimately with life now before us. Notwithstanding marked prejudices in favour we have seen with what art and theory, but practically, a lian Carbonari,—he embarked servedly on the current of e towards freedom. Though of for liberty the seal set upon it leaves us no room to doubt arise whether that general flow from whatever source it or less, every pursuit of his was not predominant among; vernal him in this; and, agreeable that, like Alfieri and of freedom, he would not ultimately the result of his own equalizing zealous enough in lowering the rather recoil from the task were below it.

With regard to the first part without deducting much from cause, that the gratification above all, perhaps, that necessary to him, to whet, as self-wearing spirit, were not and incitements which a strain of Freedom presented to him certain that, destined as he was, from that singular a existed in his nature of the calls up illusions, and that, at once, detects their long have gone on, even in a without finding the hopes strewn it withering away be

In politics, as in every other was to be among the first; from the want of a due and noblest and most disinterested

r, his impatience of injustice, would constantly into such collisions as must evulsion and disgust; while the com- one beneath him, a tax all demagogues ld, as soon as it had ceased to amuse new and the ridiculous, have shocked orted his pride. The distate with ars from more than one of his letters, l to view the personal, if not the poli- of what is commonly called the Ra- England, shows how unsuited he was x in that kind of popular fellowship those far less aristocratic in their no- p, must be sufficiently trying.

raiting that all these consequences predicted as almost certain to result g in such a career, it by no means the r follows that, once engaged, he would rered in it consistently and devotedly r that, even if reduced to say, with ni præter causam," he could not have ed the principle of the cause from its orters as, at the same time, to uphold spise the other. Looking back, in- : advanced point where we are now : the whole of his past career, we can- ve, pervading all its apparent changes ies, an adherence to the original bias : general consistency in the main, how- d contradictory the details, which had serving. from first to last, all his views upon the great subjects that interested e, essentially unchanged."

it, therefore, though allowing that, ment or disgust, he might have been e all personal participation in such a e would he have shown himself a re- niciples; and though too proud to have l, like Egalité, into the ranks of the ld have been far too consistent to pass : those of their enemies.

are of those hopes with which he had ooked forward to the issue of the late n. Italy and her rulers, it may be well a relief it was to him to turn his eyes re a spirit was now rising such as he aged forth in dreams of song. but ive ever dreamed that he should live ed. His early travels in that country g impressions on his mind: and when- re before remarked, his fancy for a rret, it was to the regions about the n." he always fondly joined, once- re of Italy as a home, this propensity eever outworn. In addition to the of the new continent he there met, at e upon him a degree of admiration, or change of sentiment, which, in the e departure from Ravenna, was well surmounted.

c state of life he was from thence- : and, by the precarious fortunes of

large who are content the ending the mind, and thus justly described as "a love- rantier and still a struggler, until it was e returned to certain fixed principles."

those with whom he had connected himself, con- spired with one or two other causes to revive within him all his former love of change and adventure; nor is it wonderful that to Greece, as offering both in their most exciting form, he should turn eagerly his eyes, and at once kindle with a desire not only to witness, but perhaps share in, the present triumphs of Liberty on those very fields where he had already gathered for immortality such memorials of her day long past.

Among the causes that concurred with this senti- ment to determine him to the enterprise he now me- ditated, not the least powerful, undoubtedly, was the supposition in his own mind that the high tide of his poetical popularity had been for some time on the ebb. The utter failure of the Liberal,—in which, splendid as were some of his own contributions to it, there were yet others from his pen hardly to be dis- tinguished from the surrounding dross,—confirmed him fully in the notion that he had at last wearied out his welcome with the world; and, as the voice of fame had become almost as necessary to him as the air he breathed, it was with a proud consciousness of the yet untouched reserves of power within him he now saw that, if arrived at the end of one path of fame, there were yet others for him to strike into, still more glorious.

That some such vent for the resources of his mind had long been contemplated by him appears from a letter of his to myself, in which it will be recollected he says:—"If I live ten years longer, you will see that it is not over with me. I don't mean in literature, for that is nothing; and—it may seem odd enough to say—I do not think it was my vocation. But you will see that I shall do something,—the times and Fortune permitting,—that 'like the cosmogony of the world will puzzle the philosophers of all ages.'" He then adds this but too true and sad prognostic:—"But I doubt whether my constitution will hold out."

His zeal in the cause of Italy, whose past history and literature seemed to call aloud for redress of her present wrongs and wrongs, would have, no doubt led him to the same chivalrous self-devotion in her service, as he displayed afterwards in that of Greece. The disappointing issue, however, of that brief struggle is but too well known; and this sudden wreck of a cause so promising joined him the more deeply from his knowledge of some of the true and true hearts embarked in it. The disgust, indeed, which that abortive effort left behind, coupled with the opinion he had early formed of the "hereditary bondsmen" of Greece, had kept him for some time in a state of considerable doubt and misgiving as to their chances of ever working out their own enfran- chisement. But was it all the spring of the year, when, rather by the termination of the struggle than by its actual success, some confidence that began to be awakened in the truth-justness of the cause, that he had nearly made up his mind to devote himself to it as such. The only difficulty that still remained to retard or embarrass this resolution was the necessity of re- sponse of a temporary separation from Miss Anne (now Countess of Byron) as much to protect against its participation his portion, but which was compromised, of course, in every sense of the word, by the character of a life, even his own, as such.



At the beginning of the month of April he received a visit from Mr Blaquiere, who was then proceeding on a special mission to Greece, for the purpose of procuring for the Committee lately formed in London correct information as to the state and prospects of that country. It was among the instructions of this gentleman that he should touch at Genoa and communicate with Lord Byron; and the following note will show how cordially the noble poet was disposed to enter into all the objects of the Committee.

## LETTER DXIX.

TO MR. BLAQUIERE.

\* Albaro, April 5th, 1823.

"DEAR SIR,

"I shall be delighted to see you and your Greek friend, and the sooner the better. I have been expecting you for some time,—you will find me at home. I cannot express to you how much I feel interested in the cause, and nothing but the hopes I entertained of witnessing the liberation of Italy itself prevented me long ago from returning to do what little I could, as an individual, in that land which it is an honour even to have visited.

"Ever yours, truly,  
"NOEL BYRON."

Soon after this interview with their agent, a more direct communication on the subject was opened between his lordship and the Committee itself.

## LETTER DXX.

TO MR BOWRING.

Genoa, 12th May, 1823.

"SIR,

"I have great pleasure in acknowledging your letter, and the honour which the Committee have done me;—I shall endeavour to deserve their confidence by every means in my power. My first wish is to go up into the Levant in person, where I might be enabled to advance, if not the cause, at least the means of obtaining information which the Committee might be desirous of acting upon; and my former residence in the country, my familiarity with the Italian language (which is there universally spoken, or at least to the same extent as French in the more polished parts of the continent), and my *not* total ignorance of the Romaic, would afford me some advantages of experience. To this project the only objection is of a domestic nature, and I shall try to get over it;—if I fail in this, I must do what I can where I am; but it will be always a source of regret to me, to think that I might perhaps have done more for the cause on the spot.

"Our last information of Captain Blaquiere is from Ancona, where he embarked with a fair wind for Corfu, on the 15th ult.; he is now probably at his destination. My last letter from him personally was dated Rome; he had been refused a passport through the Neapolitan territory, and returned to

strike up through Romagna for Ancon however, appears to have been lost by

"The principal material wanted appears to be, first, a park of field and fit for mountain-service; secondly, hospital or medical stores. mode of transmission is, I hear, by I to Mr Negri, the minister. I meant certain quantity of the two latter—but enough for an individual to show I for the Greek success,—but am put in case I should go myself, I can t me. I do not want to limit my ow to this merely, but more especially, Greece myself, I should devote wha I can muster of my own, to advan object. I am in correspondence with Karrellas (well known to Mr Hobhouse at Pisa; but his latest advice men the Greeks are at present employ their *internal* government, and the d ministration; this would seem to inc but the war is however far from be

"The Turks are an obstinate race wars have proved them, and will retu for years to come, even if beaten, hoped they will be. But in no case of the Committee be said to be in event even of the Greeks being sub persed, the funds which could be e couring and gathering together the to alleviate in part their distresses, as to find or make a country (as so ma other nations have been compelled 'bless both those who gave and th as the bounty both of justice and of

"With regard to the formation of a Mr Hobhouse hints at in his short let receipt, enclosing the one to which I t to reply), I would presume to suggest—as an opinion, resulting rather from experience of the brigades embarked in service than from any experiment ye GREECE—that the attention of the better perhaps be directed to the emp ficers of experience than the enrolme tish soldiers, which latter are apt to not very serviceable, in irregular warf of foreigners. A small body of good cially artillery; an engineer, with qua the Committee might deem requisite) nature which Captain Blaquiere ind wanted, would, I should conceive, be accession. Officers, also, who had pr in the Mediterranean would be pref knowledge of Italian is nearly indispen

"It would also be as well that they sh that they are not going 'to rough it o and bottle of port,'—but that Greece-years, very plentifully stocked for a s sent the country of all kinds of pri remark may seem superfluous; but I to it, by observing that many *foreign* lian, French, and even Germans (bu latter), have returned in disgust, in that they were going up to make a pa

full pay, speedy promotion, and a very agreeable duty. They complain, too, of all received by the Government or inhabitants of these complainants were mere, attracted by a hope of command and I disappointed of both. Those Greeks I unanimously deny the charge of inhospitality, that they shared their pittance to the last of their foreign volunteers.

I suggest to the Committee the very great which must accrue to Great Britain from of the Greeks, and their probable collisions with England in consequence; be I persuaded that the first object of the is their EMANCIPATION, without any in- m. But the consideration might weigh glish people in general, in their present very kind of speculation,—they need not American seas, for one much better worth and nearer home. The resources even not population, in the Greek islands alone, be paralleled; and the cheapness of every only necessary but luxury, (that is to of nature), fruits, wine, oil, &c. in a e, are far beyond those of the Cape, and it's land, and the other places of refuge, glish population are searching for over

at the Committee will command me in any way. If I am favoured with any I shall endeavour to obey them to the er conformable to my own private opi-

I beg leave to add, personally, my re- gentleman whom I have the honour of

"And am, sir, your obliged, &c.

The best refutation of Gell will be the one of the Committee;—I am too warm alist; and I suspect that if Mr Hobhouse is in hand, there will be little occasion cumber him with help.' If I go up into I will endeavour to transmit as accurate I an account as circumstances will per-

rites to M. Karrellas. I expect intelli- aptain Blaquiere, who has promised me timation from the seat of the Provisional

I gave him a letter of introduction to Osborne, at Corfu; but as Lord S. is in at service, of course his reception could idious one."

## LETTER DXXI.

TO MR BOWRING.

Genoa, May 21st, 1822.

I yesterday the letter of the Committee, of March. What has occasioned the not. It was forwarded by Mr Galiz- uria, who stated that he had only had e four days, and that it was delivered fr Grafton. I need hardly say that I

gladly accede to the proposition of the Committee, and hold myself highly honoured by being deemed worthy to be a member. I have also to return my thanks, particularly to yourself, for the accompanying letter, which is extremely flattering.

"Since I last wrote to you, through the medium of Mr Hobhouse, I have received and forwarded a letter from Captain Blaquiere to me, from Corfu, which will show how he gets on. Yesterday I fell in with two young Germans, survivors of General Normann's band. They arrived at Genoa in the most deplorable state—without food—without a sou—without shoes. The Austrians had sent them out of their territory on their landing at Trieste; and they had been forced to come down to Florence, and had travelled from Leghorn here, with four Tuscan livres (about three francs) in their pockets. I have given them twenty Genoese scudi (about a hundred and thirty-three livres, French money), and new shoes, which will enable them to get to Switzerland, where they say that they have friends. All that they could raise in Genoa, besides, was thirty sous. They do not complain of the Greeks, but say that they have suffered more since their landing in Italy.

"I tried their veracity, 1stly, by their passports and papers; 2dly, by topography, cross-questioning them about Arta, Argos, Athens, Missolonghi, Corinth, &c.; and 3dly, in *Romaic*, of which I found (one of them at least) knew more than I do. One of them (they are both of good families) is a fine handsome young fellow of three and twenty—a Wirtemberger, and has a look of Sandt about him—the other a Bavarian, older and flat-faced, and less ideal, but a great, sturdy, soldier-like personage. The Wirtemberger was in the action at Arta, where the Philhellenists were cut to pieces after killing six hundred Turks, they themselves being only a hundred and fifty in number, opposed to about six or seven thousand; only eight escaped, and of them about three only survived; so that General Normann posted his ragamuffins where they were well peppered—not three of the hundred and fifty left alive—and they are for the town's end for life."

"These two left Greece by the direction of the Greeks. When Churchid Pacha overran the Morea, the Greeks seem to have behaved well, in wishing to save their allies, when they thought that the game was up with themselves. This was in September last (1822); they wandered from island to island, and got from Milo to Smyrna, where the French consul gave them a passport, and a charitable captain a passage to Ancona, whence they got to Trieste, and were turned back by the Austrians. They complain only of the minister 'who has always been an indifferent character; say that the Greeks fight very well in their own way, but were at first afraid to fire their own cannon—but melted with practice."

"Adolphe the younger, commander at Navarino for a short time; the other, a more maternal person, 'the bold Bavarian in a luckless hour, seems chiefly to lament a fast of three days at Argos, and the loss of twenty-five paras a day of pay in arrears, and some baggage at Tripolizza; but takes his women and marches, and battles in very good part. Both are very simple, full of native sense, and use unpretending. They say the foreigners quarrel among themselves."









Leg-  
sary to  
a supply  
to not to be

these endeavours of the German did not remain unknown to the Englishman, of which he possesses certain unambiguous proofs, and he also availed himself of the means afforded by various travellers, to forward some friendly salutation to his unknown admirer. At length a manuscript Dedication of *Sardauapalus*, in the most complimentary terms, was forwarded to him, with an obliging inquiry whether it might be prefixed to the tragedy. The German, who, at his advanced age, was conscious of his own powers and of their effects, could only gratefully and modestly consider this Dedication as the expression of an inexhaustible intellect, deeply feeling and elevating its own object. He was by no means dissatisfied when, after a long delay, *Sardauapalus* appeared without the Dedication; and was made happy by the possession of a fac-simile of it, engraved on stone, which he considered a precious memorial]

"The noble lord, however, did not abandon his purpose of proclaiming to the world his valued kindred towards his German contemporary and brother poet, a precious evidence of which was placed in front of the tragedy of Werner. It will be readily believed, when so unhopd for an honour was conferred upon the German poet one seldom experienced in life, and that too from one himself so highly distinguished—he was by no means reluctant to express the high esteem and sympathising sentiment with which his unsurpassed contemporary had inspired him. The task was difficult, and was found the more so, the more it was contemplated, for what can be said of one, whose unfaithfulness to posterity are not to be reached by words? But when a young gentleman, Mr Sterling, of pleasing person and excellent character, in the spring of 1823, on a journey from Gienos to Weimar, delivered a few lines under the hand of the great man as an introduction; and when the report was soon after spread that the same peer was about to direct his great mind and vigorous power to deeds of sublime daring beyond its words, there appeared to be no time left for further delay, and the following lines were hastily written."

rho. down to the level pe-  
been always anxious to ac-

\* I insert the words as the written language is in English version given but a very important instance of word meaning.

## LETTER DXXIII.

TO MR BOWRING.

\*July 7th, 1823.

"We sail on the 12th for Greece.—I have had a letter from Mr. Blaquiere, too long for present transcription, but very satisfactory. The Greek Government expects me without delay.

"In conformity to the desires of Mr. B. and other correspondents in Greece, I have to suggest, with all deference to the Committee, that a remittance of even '*ten thousand pounds only*' (Mr. B.'s expression) would be of the greatest service to the Greek Government at present. I have also to recommend strongly the attempt of a loan, for which there will be offered a sufficient security by deputies now on their way to England. In the mean time, I hope that the Committee will be enabled to do something effectual.

"For my own part, I mean to carry up, in cash or credits, above eight, and nearly nine thousand pounds sterling, which I am enabled to do by funds I have in Italy, and credits in England. Of this sum I must necessarily reserve a portion for the subsistence of myself and suite; the rest I am willing to apply in the manner which seems most likely to be useful to the cause—having of course some guarantee or assurance, that it will not be misapplied to any individual speculation.

"If I remain in Greece, which will mainly depend upon the presumed probable utility of my presence there, and of the opinion of the Greeks themselves as to its propriety—in short, if I am welcome to them, I shall continue, during my residence at least, to apply such portions of my income, present and future, as may forward the object—that is to say, what I can spare for that purpose. Privations I can, or at least could once bear—abstinence I am accustomed to—and, as to fatigue, I was once a tolerable traveller. What I may be now, I cannot tell—but I will try.

"I await the commands of the Committee.—Address to Genoa—the letters will be forwarded to me, wherever I may be, by my bankers, Messrs. Webb and Barry. It would have given me pleasure to have had some more *defined* instructions before I went, but these, of course, rest at the option of the Committee.

"I have the honour to be

"Your obedient, &c.

"P. S. Great anxiety is expressed for a printing press and types, &c. I have not the time to provide them, but recommend this to the notice of the Committee. I presume the types must, partly at least, be *Greek*: they wish to publish papers, and perhaps a *Journal*, probably in Romanic, with Italian translations."

Ali was now ready; and on the 13th of July himself and his whole party slept on board the *Hercules*. About sunrise the next morning they succeeded in clearing the port; but there was little wind, and they remained in sight of Genoa the whole day. The night was a bright moonlight, but the wind had become stormy and adverse, and they were, for a short time, in serious danger. Lord Byron, who remained on

deck during the storm, was employed as the aid of such of his suite as were not sea-sickness from helping him, in preventing mischief to the horses, which, having been cured, had broken loose and injured each other making head against the wind for hours, the captain was at last obliged to Genoa, and re-entered the port at six in the evening. On landing again, after this unpromising termination of his voyage, Lord Byron (says C. G.) "appeared thoughtful, and remarked that it boded a bad beginning a favourable one."

It has been already, I believe, mentioned among the superstitions in which he shared, the supposed unluckiness of Friday, as the commencement of any work, was one of the almost always, allowed himself to be influenced after his arrival at Pisa, a lady of his acquaintance happening to meet him, on the road from Pisa, as she was herself returning thither, that he had been to make her a visit, and that he would go back with her. "I have your house," he answered; "for, just before I went to the door, I remembered that it was Friday, and I was unwilling to make my first visit on a Friday back." It is even related of him that he had away a Genoese tailor who brought him a new coat on the same ominous day.

With all this, strange to say, he set out on a Friday:—and though, by those who were leaning to this superstitious fancy, the thought but too sadly confirmatory of it, he explained that either the influence of the sun on his own mind was slight, or, in the excitement of devotion under which he now acted, he was in truth, notwithstanding his encouragement, Count Gamba, the forewarning he of an approaching doom seems to have been and serious to need the aid of any such superstition. Having expressed a wish, on re-landing, to see his own palace, which he had left to the care of his friends during his absence, and from which his friends had early that morning departed, he proceeded thither, accompanied by Count Gamba. "His conversation," says this gentleman, "was what melancholy on our way to Alba, and much of his past life, and of the uncertainties of the future. 'Where,' said he, 'shall we go?'—It looked (adds his friend) like a man boding; for, on the same day, of the next year, he was carried to the tomb by his ancestors."

It took nearly the whole of the day to repair the damages of their vessel; and the great interval was passed by Lord Byron, in the company of Mr. Barry, at some gardens near the city, in conversation, as this gentleman informs us, of the same gloomy turn. That he had not, in preference, seemed one of the regrets; and so hopeless were the views of the whole enterprise before him, that it appeared to Mr. Barry, nothing but a duty and honour could have determined him to persist in it.

In the evening of that day they set out fairly launched in the cause, and dis-



from his former state of existence, the natural law of his spirit to shake off pressure, whether within or without, began instantly to display itself. According to the report of one of his fellow-travellers, though so clouded while on shore, no sooner did he find himself, once more, bounding over the sea, than all the light and life of his better nature came forth. In the breeze that now bore him to his beloved Greece, the voice of his departed again to speak. Before the titles of his benefactor, to which he now aspired, that of his benefactor, faded into nothing. His ambition, his generosity, his thirst for the new and the unknown, all were re-awakened; and even the feelings that still lingered at the bottom of his heart made the course before him more precious to him. The consciousness of its brevity, and from the same self-enslaving resolution he had now taken, what yet remained of it gloriously to account.

"*Partis, o porta un domo d'eterna di alma  
Gloria che a nobil cuor e sferza e sprone.  
A sanguinaria impresa intenta ha l'anima.  
Ed inviolata costar opra e dispone.  
Ora fra i nemici-levi e cressono e palas  
Acquistar.*"

After a passage of five days, they reached Leghorn, at which place it was thought necessary to stop, for the purpose of taking on board a supply of powder, and other English goods, not to be elsewhere.

It would have been the wish of Lord Byron, in the path he had now marked out for himself, to detach from his name, if possible, all those personal qualities, which, by throwing a character of reality over the step he was now taking, might have betrayed, as he feared, to impair its practical utility. It is, perhaps, hardly saying too much for future men in the cause to assert, that he would hardly at this moment have sacrificed his name to any post, for even the prospect of an equivalent was, as phantasmagoria and liberator. How vain, then, was the thought that he could thus sacrifice his own glory, or raise the fame of the great to the level of the great. The name of the great is a name that is made to him by a mark of homage which cannot be taken from him. The name of the great is a name that is made to him by a mark of homage which cannot be taken from him. The name of the great is a name that is made to him by a mark of homage which cannot be taken from him.

And, as has been seen, in language of course, founded upon mutual admiration, and shared between Lord Byron and the great poet of many. Goethe. Of the admiration he bore to Goethe, the former was well aware in the world; and the latter has been long and warmly known. The account has been by the following circumstances, which is a testimony to the fact that I am now in the world. I shall here insert a translation of a line from my power.

# —GOETHE AND BYRON.

The German poet, who lived in the same period as the English poet, was a man of a very different character from the English poet.

knowledge the merits of his literary predecessors and contemporaries, because he has always considered this to be the surest means of cultivating his own powers, could not but have his attention attracted to the great talent of the noble lord almost from his earliest appearance, and uninterruptedly watched the progress of his mind throughout the great works which he unceasingly produced. It was immediately perceived by him that the public appreciation of his poetical merits kept pace with the rapid succession of his writings. The joyful sympathy of others would have been perfect, had not the poet, by a life marked by self-dissatisfaction, and the indulgence of strong passions, disturbed the enjoyment which his infinite genius produced. But his German admirer was not led astray by this, or prevented from following with close attention both his works and his life in all their eccentricity. These attributes him the more, as he found in the experience of past ages no element for the calculation of an eccentric as a poet.

"These endeavours of the German did not remain unknown to the Englishman, of whom I have certain unambiguous proofs, not by any direct demand of the means afforded by various travellers, to forward some friendly invitation to his residence at Leghorn. At length a manuscript *Declaration of Hereditary Succession*, in the most complimentary terms, was forwarded to him, with an oblique inquiry whether it might be preferred to the tragedy. The German, who, at his advanced age, was conscious of his own powers and of their efforts, could not gracefully and seriously consider this Declaration, as the expression of an intention to interfere, every feeling and feeling as a poet. He was by no means dissatisfied when, after a long delay, the German appeared without the Declaration, and was made happy by the possession of a line which he regarded as a poem, which he considered a precious memorial.

"The above will, however, not be intended the purpose of presenting to the world the portrait and name of the German contemporary and writer poet, a precious memorial of which was placed in front of the tragedy of *Werner*. It will be readily believed, when we consider the manner in which the German poet—the English poet—entered in life, and that, not from the usual of highly distinguished—he was by no means contented to receive the high esteem and of unflinching sentiment will which his distinguished contemporary had enjoyed him. The task was difficult, and was found the more so, the more it was contemplated. It was the task of one, whose individual qualities are not to be rendered in words. But when a young gentleman, Mr. [name], of [name] [name] and of [name] [name] in the spring of 1811, as a visitor from Leghorn, he met a man who was under the name of the great man in his introduction, and when he spoke was even more certain that the same man was about to meet the great mind and talents of the world. He was a man of a very different character from the English poet, and the following line was the result of his efforts.

The German poet, who lived in the same period as the English poet, was a man of a very different character from the English poet.

\* Ein freundlich Wort kommt eines nach dem andern  
Von Süden her und bringt uns frohe Stunden;  
Es ruft uns auf zum Edelsten zu wandern,  
Nicht its der Geist, doch ist der Fus gebunden.

\* Wie soll ich dem, den ich so lang begleitet,  
Nun etwas Traulich's in die Ferne sagen?  
Ihm der sich selbst im Innersten bestreitet,  
Stark angewohnt das tiefste Weh zu tragen.

\* Wohl sey ihm doch, wenn er sich selbst empfindet!  
Er wage selbst sich hoch beglückt zu nennen,  
Wenn Musenkraft die Schmerzen überwindet,  
Und wie ich ihn erkannt mög' er sich kennen.

"The verses reached Genoa, but the excellent friend to whom they were addressed was already gone, and to a distance, as it appeared, inaccessible. Driven back, however, by storms, he landed at Leghorn, where these cordial lines reached him just as he was about to embark, on the 24th of July, 1823. He had barely time to answer by a well filled page, which the possessor has preserved among his most precious papers, as the worthiest evidence of the connexion that had been formed. Affecting and delightful as was such a document, and justifying the most lively hopes, it has acquired now the greatest, though most painful, value, from the untimely death of the lofty writer, which adds a peculiar edge to the grief felt generally throughout the whole moral and poetical world at his loss: for we were warranted in hoping, that when his great deeds should have been achieved, we might personally have greeted in him the pre-eminent intellect, the happily acquired friend, and the most humane of conquerors. At present we can only console ourselves with the conviction that his country will at last recover from that violence of invective and reproach which has been so long raised against him, and will learn to understand that the dross and lees of the age and the individual, out of which even the best have to elevate themselves, are but perishable and transient, while the wonderful glory to which he, in the present and through all future ages, has elevated his country, will be as boundless in its splendour, as it is incalculable in its consequences. Nor can there be any doubt that the nation, which can boast of so many great names, will class him among the first of those through whom she has acquired such glory."

The following is Lord Byron's answer to the communication above-mentioned from Goëthe.

#### LETTER DXXIV.

TO GOËTHE.

\* Leghorn, July 24th, 1823.

"ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,

"I cannot thank you as you ought to be thanked for the lines which my young friend, Mr Sterling, sent me of yours; and it would but ill become me to pretend to exchange verses with him who, for fifty years, has been the undisputed sovereign of European literature. You must therefore accept my most sincere acknowledgments in prose—and in hasty prose too; for I am at present on my voyage to Greece once more, and surrounded by hurry and bustle, which

hardly allow a moment even to gratulation to express themselves.

"I sailed from Genoa some days ago back by a gale of wind, and have since and arrived here, 'Leghorn,' this morning on board some Greek passengers for the country.

"Here also I found your lines and letter, and I could not have had a more omen, a more agreeable surprise, than a the, written by his own hand.

"I am returning to Greece, to see if I little use there: if ever I come back, I w to Weimar, to offer the sincere homage many millions of your admirers. I have to be, ever and most,

"Your oblig

"NOEL B

From Leghorn, where his lordship w Mr Hamilton Browne, he set sail on the and after about ten days of most favours cast anchor at Argostoli, the chief port of

It had been thought expedient that should with the view of informing himself respecting Greece, direct his course, in the to one of the Ionian islands, from whence post of observation, he might be able to exact position of affairs before he landed. For this purpose it had been that either Zante or Cephalonia should and his choice was chiefly determined latter island by his knowledge of the taler feelings of the Resident, Colonel Nap however, that in the yet doubtful a foreign policy of England, his arrival th petition so declaredly in aid of insurrection the effect of embarrassing the existing a resolved to adopt such a line of conduct the least calculated either to compromise them. It was with this view he now the dent not to land at Argostoli, but to w his vessel such information from the Go Greece as should enable him to decide up movements.

The arrival of a person so celebrated excited naturally a lively sensation, as w Greeks as the English of that place; approaches towards intercourse between and their noble visitor were followed instasides, by that sort of agreeable surprise the false notions they had preconceived of was to be expected. His countrymen, the exaggerated stories they had so often misanthropy and especial horror of the pected their courtesies to be received with if not insulting, coldness, found, on the all his demeanour, a degree of open and bility which, calculated, as it was, to c any circumstances, was to them, expect the reverse, peculiarly fascinating;—wh side, even still more sensitively prepare course of brooding over his own fancies and reluctant reception from his country himself greeted at once with a welcome a respectful, as not only surprised and flattered



st. warmly touched him. Among other  
is accepted by him was a dinner with the  
the garrison, at which, on his health being  
is reported to have said, in returning  
at "he was doubtful whether he could ex-  
muse of the obligation as he ought, having  
up in the practice of speaking a foreign lan-  
it was with some difficulty he could convey  
force of what he felt in his own."

Impaired messengers to Corfu and Minorca of information, he resolved, while waiting, to employ his time in a journey to jich island is separated from that of Cephalonia by a narrow strait. On his way to Vathy of the island, to which place he had fled, and his journey hospitably facilitated, island, Captain Knox, he paid a visit to the cave in which, according to tradition, Clytemnestra the Phœnicians. "Lord Count Gamba" ascended to the grove, upness and height prevented him from the remains of the Castle. I myself experienced difficulty in gaining it. Lord standing in the grove, but fell asleep. I on my return, and he said that I had incurred more punishment than ever he had been."

unchanged, since he first visited these regions in preference of the wild charms of Nature to the artificial associations of Art and History, he yet took much interest in any pilgrimage to those places to which tradition had sanctified. At the Foundation, one of the spots of this kind which a report had been prepared for himself and the Resident : and at the school of Homer, remains beyond Chioni are called,—he met the refugee bishop, whom he had known thirty years before in Livadia, and with whom he now conversed some times with a rapidity and freshness on those things which the memory of the old bishop still kept pace. Neither did the traditional envelope escape his research, and “how many a lady who, soon after, followed him, he might have been as to those supposed to have never offended the natives by any irreverence of their fancies. On the contrary, so much respect and kindness won the respect and affection of those Greek gentlemen who saw him : every spoke of him with enthusiasm.”

ardent vows by which, even now, per-  
by any ambition of power, is proved  
be acquitted in his present course, and  
short stay at Idanha, sympathizes in his  
own. On learning that a member of  
us had fled thither from Peco, Putna, son  
of Greece, he not only presented in the  
at three thousand pastris for their relief,  
merely to one family in particular, which  
is in a state of affliction at Putna, comfort  
his circumstances, and again give us  
The eldest son, says the story which I have  
not, became afterwards the master of the  
at Idanha; and neither the son nor  
could ever speak of Lord Byron without  
feeling of gratitude, and of regret for us  
in death."

After occupying in this excursion about eight days, he had again established himself on board the *Hercules*, when one of the members whom he had despatched returned, bringing a letter to him from the brave Marco Botzari, whom he had left among the mountains of Agrafa, preparing for that attack in which he so gloriously fell. The following are the terms in which this heroic chief wrote to Lord Byron:—

"Your letter, and that of the venerable Ignazio, have filled me with joy. Your Excellency is exactly the person of whom we stand in need. Let nothing prevent you from coming into this part of Greece. The enemy threatens us in great number: but, by the help of God and your Excellency, they shall meet a suitable resistance. I shall have something to do to-night against a corps of six or seven thousand Albanians, encamped close to this place. The day after to-morrow I will set out, with a few chosen companions, to meet your Excellency. Do not delay. I thank you for the good opinion you have of my fellow-citizens, which God grant you will not find ill-founded; and I thank you still more for the care you have so kindly taken of them.

**“Believe Me, Sir”**

In the expectation that Lord Byron would proceed forthwith to Missolonghi, it had been the intention of Botsforni, as the above letter announces, to leave the army, and hasten, with a few of his brother warriors, to receive their noble ally as his landing in a manner worthy of the generous mission on which he came. The above letter, however, preceded but by a few hours his death. That very night he penetrated, with a handful of followers, into the midst of the enemy's camp, whose force was eight thousand strong, and after sending his heroic band over board of steel, fell, at last, close to the tent of the Persian himself.

The mention made in this 1847 "Unionist's" notice of Lord Byron's care of his fellow-slaves refers to a popular act done recently by the author just at Capotaormina, in making into his pay, as a wily-guard, forty of the now homeless tribe. On finding, however, that for want of employment they were becoming restless and turbulent, he transported them off once again, armed and unarmored, to join in the defense of Missiungui, which was at that time besieged in the side by a considerable force, and stormed in the other by a Turkish squadron. Literary and so, with a view to the security of this place, made a promise under to the Government, which he thus came named in one of his letters—"I offered to advance a thousand to take a month of the security of Missiungui, and the Unionist under Lazzari were called out by the Government have answered me, that they were in order with the provisions which is a fact owing they were not to exceed by more than one day's provision. I will also care that a 100 to be taken from elsewhere I will not advance a mark. The complaint of my want to take me, and to write a letter to the others was a mistake me, a sentence to me, was a difficult part of my answer. I will also nothing to with the actual means to produce this I promise."

**IN THESE AND ALL SUBSEQUENT MATTERS, THE FOLLOWING SHALL BE:**

position in which Lord Byron was now placed, and in which the coolness, foresight, and self-possession he displayed sufficiently refute the notion that even the highest powers of imagination, whatever effect they may sometimes produce on the moral temperament, are at all incompatible with the sound practical good sense, the steadily balanced views which the business of active life requires.

The great difficulty, to an observer of the state of Greece at this crisis, was to be able clearly to distinguish between what was real and what was merely apparent in those tests by which the probability of her future success or failure was to be judged. With a Government little more than nominal, having neither authority nor resources, its executive and legislative branches being openly at variance, and the supplies that ought to fill its exchequer being intercepted by the military Chiefs who, being, in most places, collectors of the revenue, were able to rob by authority;—with that curse of all popular enterprises, a multiplicity of leaders, each selfishly pursuing his own objects, and ready to make the sword the umpire of their claims;—with a fleet furnished by private adventure, and, therefore, precarious; and an army belonging rather to its Chiefs than to the Government, and accordingly, trusting more to plunder than to pay;—with all these principles of mischief, and, as it would seem, ruin at the very heart of the struggle, it had yet persevered, which was in itself victory, through three trying campaigns; and at this moment presented, in the midst of all its apparent weakness and distraction, some elements of success which both accounted for what had hitherto been effected, and gave a hope, with more favouring circumstances, of something nobler yet to come.

Besides the never-failing encouragement which the incapacity of their enemies afforded them, the Greeks derived also from the geographical conformation of their country those same advantages with which nature had blessed their great ancestors, and which had contributed mainly perhaps to the formation, as well as maintenance, of their high national character. Islanders and mountaineers, they were, by their very position, heirs to the blessings of freedom and commerce, and never, throughout their long slavery and sufferings, had the spirit of either died away within them. They had also, luckily, in a political as well as religious point of view, preserved that sacred line of distinction between themselves and their conquerors which a fond fidelity to an ancient church alone could have maintained for them; and thus kept holily in reserve, against the hour of struggle, that most stirring of all the excitements to which Freedom can appeal when she points to her flame rising out of the censer of Religion. In addition to these, and all the other moral advantages included in them, for which the Greeks were indebted to their own nature and position, is to be taken into account also the aid and sympathy they had every right to expect from others, as soon as their exertions in their own cause should justify the confidence that it would not be the mere chivalry of generosity to assist them.\*

\* For a clear and concise sketch of the state of Greece at this crisis, executed with all that command of the subject which a long residence in the country alone could

Such seem to have been the chief factors which the state of Greece, at this moment, presented. But though promising, perhaps, a lot of the struggle, they, in that very prospect, indefinitely the period of its success; a counteracted as such auspicious appearance by the manifold and inherent evils also—by a consideration, too, of the resources of the still powerful Turk, and of the power with which it was at all probable the Europe would, now or ever, regard any people, under any circumstances, as its own emancipators,—none but a sanguine indulgence in the dream that Greece would work out her own liberation, or that but a fortuitous concurrence of political events could ever accomplish it. Like many contests between right and might, destined, all felt, to be successful, it was a ripe hour;—a cause which individuals could live, but which events, wholly independent alone could accomplish, and which, in the hopes, and lives of all its braves, had been wasted upon it, would at last find a means least contemplated, perhaps, by its champions, owe its completion.

That Lord Byron, on a nearer view of Greece, saw it much in the light I have said it in, his letters leave no room to doubt. It was the impression he had early made on the Greeks themselves at all improved, and the renewal of his acquaintance with them, making full allowance for the causes which produced their degeneracy, he still saw grossly degenerate, and must be accounted upon accordingly. "I am of opinion," said he, "that there is no difference between Jews and Greeks,—the character is equally vile." With such means and work of regeneration, he knew, must be the hopelessness he therefore felt as to ever connecting his name with any permanent benefit to Greece, gives to him now made of himself a far more to than had the consciousness of dying object been at once his incitement and but looked upon himself,—to use a fiction of his own,—as one of the many who break and die upon the shore, before help to advance can reach its full significance. "Self," was his generous thought, spark of that which would be worthy to be bequeathed unquenchedly to the future was the devoted feeling with which he loved the cause of Italy; and these words, which remained only words, the unjust was pronounced but an idle boast, have from his whole course in Greece a practical which gives them all the right of truth solemnly on his tomb.

give, see Colonel Leake's "Historical Outline of the Revolution."

\* *Diary of 1821.*—The same distrustful, out, just view of the chances of success was also on that occasion:—"I shall not," he said,—though I don't think them in force or to make much of it."



Though with so little hope of being able to serve, signally, the cause, the task of at least lightening, by his interposition, some of the manifold mischief that pressed upon it was yet, he thought, within his reach. To convince the Government and the Chiefs of the paralyzing effect of their dissensions;—to inculcate that spirit of union among themselves which alone could give strength against their enemies;—to endeavour to humanize the feelings of the belligerents on both sides, so as take from the war that character of barbarism which deterred the more civilized friends of freedom through Europe from joining in it;—such were, in addition to the now essential aid of his money, the great objects which he proposed to effect by his interference; and to these he accordingly, with all the candour, clear-sightedness, and courage which so pre-eminently distinguished his great mind, applied himself.

Aware that, to judge deliberately of the state of parties, he must keep out of their vortex, and warned, by the very impatience and rivalry with which the different Chiefs courted his presence, of the risk he should run by connecting himself with any, he resolved to remain, for some time longer, in his station at Cephalonia, and there avail himself of the facilities afforded by the position for collecting information as to the real state of affairs, and ascertaining in what quarter his own presence and money would be most available. During the six weeks that had elapsed since his arrival at Cephalonia, he had been living in the most comfortless manner, pent up with pigs and poultry, on board the vessel which brought him. Having now come, however, to the determination of prolonging his stay, he decided also upon fixing his abode on shore; and, for the sake of privacy, retired to a small village, called Metaxata, about seven miles from Argostoli, where he continued to reside during the remainder of his stay on the island.

Before this change of residence, he had despatched Mr. Hamilton Browne and Mr. Trelawney with a letter to the existing Government of Greece, explanatory of his own views and those of the Committee whom he represented; and it was not till a month after his removal to Metaxata that intelligence from these gentlemen reached him. The picture they gave of the state of the country was, in most respects, confirmatory of what has already been described as his own view of it;—incapacity and selfishness at the head of affairs, disorganization throughout the whole body politic, but still, with all this, the heart of the nation sound, and bent on resistance. Nor could he have failed to be struck with the close family resemblance to the ancient race of the country which this picture exhibited;—that great people, in the very midst of their own endless dissensions, having been ever ready to face round in concert against the foe.

His lordship's agents had been received with all due welcome by the Government, who were most desirous that he should set out for the Morea without delay; and pressing letters to the same purport, both from the Legislative and Executive bodies, accompanied those which reached him from Messrs. Browne and Trelawney. He was, however, determined not to move till his own selected time, having seen reason, the farther insight he obtained into their

intrigues, to congratulate himself but the more on his prudence in not plunging into the maze without being first furnished with those guards against deception which the information he was now acquiring supplied him.

To give an idea, as briefly as possible, of the sort of conflicting calls that were, from various scenes of action, reaching him in his retirement, it may be sufficient to mention that, while by Metaxa, the present governor of Missolonghi, he was entreated earnestly to hasten to the relief of that place, which the Turks were now blockading both by land and by sea, the head of the military chiefs, Colocotroni, was no less earnestly urging that he should present himself at the approaching congress of Salamis, where, under the dictation of these rude warriors, the affairs of the country were to be settled,—while, at the same time, from another quarter, the great opponent of these Chieftains, Mavrocordato, was, with more urgency, as well as more ability than any, endeavouring to impress upon him his own views, and imploring his presence at Hydra, whither he himself had just been forced to retire.

The mere knowledge, indeed, that a noble Englishman had arrived in those regions, so unprepossessed by any party as to inspire a hope of his alliance in all, and with money, by common rumour, as abundant as the imaginations of the needy chose to make it, was, in itself, fully sufficient, without any of the more elevated claims of his name, to attract towards him all thoughts. "It is easier to conceive," says Count Gamba, "than to relate the various means employed to engage him in one faction or the other: letters, messengers, intrigues, and recriminations,—nay, each faction had its agents exerting every art to degrade its opponent." He then adds a circumstance strongly illustrative of a peculiar feature in the noble poet's character:—"He occupied himself in discovering the truth, hidden as it was under these intrigues, and amused himself in confronting the agents of the different factions."

During all these occupations he went on pursuing his usual simple and uniform course of life,—rising, however, for the despatch of business, at an early hour, which showed how capable he was of conquering even long habit when necessary. Though so much occupied, too, he was, at all hours, accessible to visitors; and the facility with which he allowed even the dullest people to break in upon him was exemplified, I am told, strongly in the case of one of the officers of the garrison, who, without being able to understand any thing of the poet but his good-nature, used to say, whenever he found his time hang heavily on his hands,—“I think I shall ride out, and have a little talk with Lord Byron.”

The person, however, whose visits appeared to give him most pleasure, as well from the interest he took in the subject on which they chiefly conversed, as from the opportunities, sometimes, of pleasantries which the peculiarities of his visitor afforded him, was a medical gentleman, named Kennedy, who, from a strong sense of the value of religion to himself, had taken up the benevolent task of communicating his own light to others. The first origin of their intercourse was an undertaking, on the part of this gentleman, to convert to a firm belief in Christianity some



rather sceptical friends of his, then at Argostoli. Happening to hear of the meeting appointed for this purpose, Lord Byron begged that he might be allowed to attend, saying to the person through whom he conveyed his request, "You know I am reckoned a black sheep,—yet, after all, not so black as the world believes me." He had promised to convince Doctor Kennedy that, "though wanting, perhaps, in faith, he at least had patience;" but the process of so many hours of lecture,—no less than twelve, without interruption, being stipulated for,—was a trial beyond his strength; and, very early in the operation, as the Doctor informs us, he began to show evident signs of a wish to exchange the part of hearer for that of speaker. Notwithstanding this, however, there was in all his deportment, both as listener and talker, such a degree of courtesy, candour, and sincere readiness to be taught, as excited interest, if not hope, for his future welfare in the good Doctor; and though he never after attended the more numerous meetings, his conferences, on the same subject, with Dr Kennedy alone, were not infrequent during the remainder of his stay at Cephalonia.

These curious Conversations have just been published, and to the value which they possess as a simple and popular exposition of the chief evidences of Christianity, is added the charm that must ever dwell round the character of one of the interlocutors, and the almost fearful interest attached to every word that, on such a subject, he utters. In the course of the first conversation, it will be seen that Lord Byron expressly disclaimed being one of those infidels "who deny the Scriptures and wish to remain in unbelief." On the contrary, he professed himself "desirous to believe; as he experienced no happiness in having his religious opinions so unfixed." He was unable, however, he added, "to understand the Scriptures. Those who conscientiously believed them he could always respect, and was always disposed to trust in them more than in others; but he had met with so many whose conduct differed from the principles which they professed, and who seemed to profess those principles either because they were paid to do so, or from some other motive which an intimate acquaintance with their character would enable one to detect, that altogether he had seen few, if any, whom he could rely upon as truly and conscientiously believing the Scriptures."

We may take for granted that these conversations,—more especially the first, from the number of persons present who would report the proceedings,—excited considerable interest among the society of Argostoli. It was said that Lord Byron had displayed such a profound knowledge of the Scriptures as astonished, and even puzzled, the polemic Doctor; while in all the eminent writers on theological subjects he had shown himself far better versed than his more pretending opponent. All this Doctor Kennedy strongly denies; and the truth seems to be, that on neither side were there much stores of theological learning. The confession of the lecturer himself, that he had not read the works of Stillingfleet or Barrow, shows that, in his researches after orthodoxy, he had not allowed himself any very extensive range; while the alleged familiarity of Lord Byron with the same authorities must be taken with a similar abatement of

credence and wonder to that which his of his youthful studies requires;—a rap- tentive memory having enabled him, on most other subjects, to catch, as it were, points on the surface of knowledge, and notions he thus gathered being, perhaps from his not having encumbered himself. To any regular train of reasoning, even most favourite topic, it was not possible. He would start objections to the argument and detect their fallacies; but of any combination on his own side he seemed, pable, impatient. In this, indeed, as peculiarities belonging to him,—his weeping, sudden affections and ~~dash~~ observed striking traces of a feminine racter;—it being observable that the culty is rarely exercised by women; but theless, by the mere instinct of truth (as with Lord Byron), they are often enabled light upon the very conclusion to which all the forms of reasoning, is, in the mean and, perhaps, losing his way :—

\* And strikes each point with native force  
While puzzled logic blunders far behind

Of the Scriptures, it is certain that was a frequent and almost daily read pocket-bible which, on his leaving England given him by his sister, being always How much, in addition to his natural subject of religion, the taste of the poet in this line of study, may be seen in his pressed admiration of "the ghost-seen it, in Samuel, and his comparison of the appearance with the Mephistopheles of same manner, his imagination appeared much struck by the notion of his circumstance mentioned in Job of the moning Satan into his presence was to not, as he thought, allegorically and literally. More than once we find him Doctor Kennedy "how much this be appearance of Satan to hear and obey of God added to his views of the grand- jesty of the Creator."

On the whole, the interest of these as far as regards Lord Byron, arise from any new or certain lights they on the subject of his religious opinions evidence they afford of his amiable course, the total absence of bigotry or even his most favourite notions, and-accounted, perhaps, the next step is belief itself—his disposition to believe, deed, as a frank submission to the wrong may be supposed to imply an road to being right, few persons, it is ledged, under a process of proselytism more of this desired symptom of the Byron. "I own," says a witness to conversations,\* "I felt astonished to see submit to lectures on his life, his vani- lessness of his talents, which made me

\* Mr Finlay.



As most persons will be tempted to refer to the work itself, there are but one or two other opinions of his lordship recorded in it which I shall think necessary to notice here. A frequent question of his to Doctor Kennedy was—"What, then, you think me in a very bad way?"—the usual answer to which being in the affirmative, he, on one occasion, replied,—“I am now, however, in a fairer way. I already believe in predestination, which I know you believe, and in the depravity of the human heart in general, and of my own in particular:—thus, you see, there are two points in which we agree. I shall get at the others by and by; but you cannot expect me to become a perfect Christian at once.” On the subject of Dr Southwood’s amiable and, it is to be hoped for the sake of Christianity and the human race, *orthodox* work on “the Divine Government,” he thus spoke: “I cannot decide the point; but to my present apprehension it would be a most desirable thing could it be proved, that ultimately all created beings were to be happy. This would appear to be most consistent with God, whose power is omnipotent, and whose chief attribute is Love. I cannot yield to your doctrine of the eternal duration of punishment. This author’s opinion is more humane, and I think he supports it very strongly from Scripture.”

I shall now insert, with such explanatory remarks as they may seem to require, some of the letters, official as well as private, which his lordship wrote while at Cephalonia; and from which the reader may collect, in a manner far more interesting than through the medium of any narrative, a knowledge both of the events now passing in Greece, and of the views and feelings with which they were regarded by Lord Byron.

To Madame Guiccioli he wrote frequently, but briefly, and, for the first time, in English; adding always a few lines in his brother Pietro’s letters to her. The following are extracts.

“October, 7th.

“Pietro has told you all the gossip of the island,—our earthquakes, our politics, and present abode in a pretty village. As his opinions and mine on the Greeks are nearly similar, I need say little on that subject. I was a fool to come here; but, being here, I must see what is to be done.”

“October —

“We are still in Cephalonia, waiting for news of a more accurate description; for all is contradiction and division in the reports of the state of the Greeks. [I shall fulfil the object of my mission from the Committee, and then return into Italy. For it does not seem likely that, as an individual, I can be of use to them;—at least no other foreigner has yet appeared to be so, nor does it seem likely that any will at present.

“Pray be as cheerful and tranquil as you can; and be assured that there is nothing here that can excite any thing but a wish to be with you again,—though we are very kindly treated by the English here of all descriptions. Of the Greeks, I can’t say much good hitherto, and I do not like to speak ill of them, though they do of one another.”

“October 29th.

“You may be sure that the moment I can join you again will be as welcome to me as any period of our recollection. There is nothing very attractive here to divide my attention; but I must attend to the Greek cause, both from honour and inclination. Messrs B. and T. are both in the Morea, where they have been very well received, and both of them write in good spirits and hopes. I am anxious to hear how the Spanish cause will be arranged, as I think it may have an influence on the Greek contest. I wish that both were fairly and favourably settled, that I might return to Italy, and talk over with you *our*, or rather Pietro’s adventures, some of which are rather amusing, as also some of the incidents of our voyages and travels. But I reserve them, in the hope that we may laugh over them together at no very distant period.”

## LETTER DXXV.

TO MR BOWRING.

“9th 20th, 1823.

“This letter will be presented to you by Mr Hamilton Browne, who precedes or accompanies the Greek deputies. He is both capable and desirous of rendering any service to the cause, and information to the Committee. He has already been of considerable advantage to both, of my own knowledge. Lord Archibald Hamilton, to whom he is related, will add a weightier recommendation than mine.

“Corinth is taken, and a Turkish squadron said to be beaten in the Archipelago. The public progress of the Greeks is considerable, but their internal dissensions still continue. On arriving at the seat of Government, I shall endeavour to mitigate or extinguish them—though neither is an easy task. I have remained here till now, partly in expectation of the squadron in relief of Missolonghi, partly of Mr Parry’s detachment, and partly to receive from Malta or Zante the sum of four thousand pounds sterling, which I have advanced for the payment of the expected squadron. The bills are negotiating, and will be cashed in a short time, as they would have been immediately in any other mart; but the miserable Ionian merchants have little money, and no great credit, and are, besides, *politically shy* on this occasion; for, although I had letters of Messrs Webb (one of the strongest houses of the Mediterranean), and also of Messrs Ransom, there is no business to be done on *fair* terms except through English merchants. These, however, have proved both able and willing,—and upright, as usual.”

“Colonel Stanhope has arrived, and will proceed immediately; he shall have my co-operation in all his endeavours; but from every thing that I can learn, the formation of a brigade at present will be extremely difficult, to say the least of it. With regard to the reception of foreigners,—at least of foreign of-

\* The English merchants whom he thus so justly describes are Messrs. Barff and Hancock, of Zante, whose conduct, not only in the instance of Lord Byron, but throughout the whole Greek struggle, has been uniformly most zealous and disinterested.

ficers,—I refer you to a passage in Prince Mavrocordato's recent letter, a copy of which is enclosed in my packet sent to the Deputies. It is my intention to proceed by sea to Napoli di Romania as soon as I have arranged this business for the Greeks themselves—I mean the advance of two hundred thousand piastres for their fleet.

"My time here has not been entirely lost,—as you will perceive by some former documents that any advantage from my *then* proceeding to the Morea was doubtful. We have at last moved the Deputies, and I have made a strong remonstrance on their divisions to Mavrocordato, which, I understand, was forwarded by the Legislative to the Prince. With a loan they *may* do much, which is all that *I*, for particular reasons, can say on the subject.

"I regret to hear from Colonel Stanhope that the Committee have exhausted their funds. Is it supposed that a brigade can be formed without them? or that three thousand pounds would be sufficient? It is true that money will go farther in Greece than in most countries; but the regular force must be rendered a *national concern*, and paid from a national fund; and neither individuals nor committees, at least with the usual means of such as now exist, will find the experiment practicable.

"I beg once more to recommend my friend, Mr Hamilton Browne, to whom I have also personal obligations for his exertions in the common cause, and have the honour to be

"Yours very truly."

His remonstrance to Prince Mavrocordato, here mentioned, was accompanied by another, addressed to the existing Government; and Colonel Stanhope, who was about to proceed to Napoli and Argos, was made the bearer of both. The wise and noble spirit that pervades these two papers must, of itself, without any further comment, be appreciated by all readers.\*

#### LETTER DXXVI.

TO THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT OF GREECE.

\* Cephalonia, November 30th, 1823.

"The affair of the Loan, the expectation so long and vainly indulged of the arrival of the Greek fleet, and the danger to which Missolonghi is still exposed, have detained me here, and will still detain me till some of them are removed. But when the money shall be advanced for the fleet, I will start for the Morea, not knowing, however, of what use my presence can be in the present state of things. We have heard some rumours of new dissensions, nay, of the existence of a civil war. With all my heart, I pray that these reports may be false or exaggerated; for I can imagine no calamity more serious than this; and I must frankly confess, that unless union and order are established, all hopes of a Loan will be vain; and all the assistance which the Greeks could expect from abroad—an assistance neither trifling nor worthless—will be suspended or destroyed; and what is worse, the great powers of Europe, of whom no one was an enemy to Greece, but seemed to favour her

\* The originals of both are in Italian.

establishment of an independent power, suaded that the Greeks are unable to settle your disorders in such a way as to secure it; but I cannot consent, I must, that the English public, or English should be deceived as to the real state of affairs. The rest, gentlemen, depends on your fellow-citizens and the world, and no more be said, as has been repeated for sand years with the Roman historians, the men was the last of the Grecians. Let us itself (and it is difficult, I own, to guard so arduous a struggle) compare the path when resting from his labours, to the Turk whom his victories have exterminated.

"I pray you to accept these my words as a sincere proof of my attachment to your nation and to believe that I am, and always shall be, Your

#### LETTER DXXVII.

TO PRINCE MAVROCORDATO.

\* Cephalonia, 2

"PRINCE,

"The present will be put into your hands by Colonel Stanhope, son of Major-General Harrington, &c. &c. He has arrived from fifty days, after having visited all the states of Germany. He is charged by our Committee in concert with me for the liberation of Greece to conceive that his name and his mission are a sufficient recommendation, without the need of other from a foreigner, although one who is respected by all Europe, respects and admires the talents, and, above all, the probity of Prince Mavrocordato.

"I am very uneasy at hearing that the state of Greece still continue, and at a moment when she might triumph over every thing in general, she has already triumphed in part. Greece is placed between three measures: either to retain her liberty, to become a dependence of the great powers of Europe, or to return to a Turkish yoke. She has the choice only of these three alternatives. War is but a road which leads to the triumph of one of them. If she is desirous of the fate of Wallachia and Moldavia, she may obtain it to-morrow; if of that of Greece, she must wait for it day after day; but if she wishes to become free and independent, she must resolve to persevere till she will never again have the opportunity.

"I am, with all respect,

"Your Highness's obedient servant,

"P. S. Your Highness will already have perceived that I have sought to fulfil the wishes of the Greek government, as much as it lay in my power; but I should wish that the fleet so long expected were arrived, or, at least, that



especially that your Highness should parts, either on board the fleet, with a, or in some other manner."

## LETTER DXXVIII.

TO MR BOWRING.

\* 10ber 7th, 1823.

be above;\* it is certainly my opinion you is entitled to the same salary with his service is likely to be harder. I then to you (as to Mr Hobhouse for various opportunities, mostly private; duties, and by Mr Hamilton Browne. success of the Greeks has been con- tineth taken, Missolonghi nearly safe, s in the Archipelago taken from the re is not only dissention in the Morea, by the latest accounts;† to what ex- yet know, but hope trifling.

eks I have been expecting the fleet, arrived, though I have, at the re- creek Government, advanced—that is, have in hand two hundred thousand ting the commission and banker's own monies to forward their projects. now in Arcanania) are very anxious ke them under my directions, and go things to rights in the Morea, which, e, seems impracticable; and really, uctant (as my letters will have shown ch a measure, there seems hardly any

However, I will not do any thing re only continued here so long in the things reconciled, and have done all hereto. Had I gone sooner, they forced me into one party or other, much now; but we will do our best.

"Yours &amp;c."

des to a letter, forwarded with his own, en, who was about to join, in his medical notes, near Patras, and requested of the decrease of pay. This gentleman, having letter \* that the retreat of the Turks from hi had rendered unnecessary the appear- fleet," Lord Byron, in a note on this pas- the special providence of the Deity, the seized with a panic, and fled; but no t, which ought to have been here months excuse to the contrary, lately—at least oney ready to pay.\*

sage, in which Mr Millingen complains any remuneration from the Greeks has etly chimerical,\* Lord Byron remarks, will do so, till they obtain a Loan. They, nor credit (in the islands) to raise one, may succeed better than others; but all officers had better have staid at home. not be required, but some must.\*

ve and Executive bodies having been for ance, the latter had at length resorted to me skirmishes had already taken place 1823.

## LETTER DXXIX.

TO MR BOWRING.

\* October 10th, 1823.

"Colonel Napier will present to you this letter. Of his military character it were superfluous to speak; of his personal, I can say, from my own know- ledge, as well as from all public rumour, or private report, that it is as excellent as his military: in short, a better or a braver man is not easily to be found. He is our man to lead a regular force, or to organize a national one for the Greeks. Ask the army—ask any one. He is besides a personal friend of both Prince Mavrocordato, Colonel Stanhope, and myself, and in such concord with all three that we should all pull together—an indispensable, as well as a rare point, especially in Greece at present.

"To enable a regular force to be properly organ- ized, it will be requisite for the loan-holders to set apart at least £50,000 sterling for that particular purpose—perhaps more—but by so doing they will guarantee their own monies, \* and make assurance doubly sure.' They can appoint commissioners to see that part properly expended—and I recommend a similar precaution for the whole.

"I hope that the Deputies have arrived, as well as some of my various despatches (chiefly addressed to Mr Hobhouse) for the Committee. Colonel Napier will tell you the recent special interposition of the gods in behalf of the Greeks—who seem to have no enemies in heaven or on earth to be dreaded but their own tendency to discord amongst themselves. But these, too, it is to be hoped, will be mitigated, and then we can take the field on the offensive, in- stead of being reduced to the *petite guerre* of de- fending the same fortresses year after year, and taking a few ships, and starving out a castle, and making more fuss about them than Alexander in his cups, or Buonaparte in a bulletin. Our friends have done something in the way of the *Spartans*—(though not one tenth of what is told)—but have not yet in- herited *their* style.

"Believe me yours, &amp;c."

## LETTER DXXX.

TO MR BOWRING.

\* October 13th, 1823.

"Since I wrote to you on the 10th instant, the long-desired squadron has arrived in the waters of Missolonghi, and intercepted two Turkish corvettes—ditto transports—destroying or taking all four—except some of the crews escaped on shore in Ithaca—and an unarmed vessel, with passengers, chased into a port on the opposite side of Cephalonia. The Greeks had fourteen sail, the Turks four—but the odds don't matter—the victory will make a very good puff, and be of some advantage besides. I expect momentarily advices from Prince Mavrocordato, who is on board, and has (I understand) despatches from the Legislative for me; in consequence of which, after paying the squadron (for which I have pre-

pared, and am preparing), I shall probably join him at sea or on shore.

"I add the above communication to my letter by Col. Napier, who will inform the Committee of every thing in detail much better than I can do.

"The mathematical, medical, and musical preparations of the Committee have arrived, and in good condition, abating some damage from wet, and some ditto from a portion of the letter-press being spilt in landing—(I ought not to have omitted the press—but forgot it a moment—excuse the same)—they are excellent of their kind, but till we have an engineer and a trumpeter (we have surgeons already) mere 'pearls to swine,' as the Greeks are quite ignorant of mathematics, and have a bad ear for *our* music. The maps, &c. I will put into use for them, and take care that *all* (with proper caution) are turned to the intended uses of the Committee—but I refer you to Colonel Napier, who will tell you, that much of your really valuable supplies should be removed till proper persons arrive to adapt them to actual service.

"Believe me, my dear sir, to be, &c.

"P. S. *Private*.—I have written to our friend Douglas Kinnaird on my own matters, desiring him to send me out all the further credits I can command, —and I have a year's income, and the sale of a manor besides, he tells me, before me,—for till the Greeks get *their* Loan, it is probable that I shall have to stand partly paymaster—as far as I am 'good upon *Change*,' that is to say. I pray you to repeat as much to *him*, and say that I must in the interim draw on Messrs Ransom most formidably. To say the truth, I do not grudge it, now the fellows have begun to fight *again*—and still more welcome shall they be if they will go on. But they have had, or are to have, some four thousand pounds (besides some private extraordinaries for widows, orphans, refugees, and rascals of all descriptions) of mine at one 'swoop'; and it is to be expected the next will be at least as much more. And how can I refuse it if they *will* fight?—and especially if I should happen ever to be in their company? I therefore request and require that you should apprise my trusty and trust-worthy trustee and banker, and crown and sheet anchor, Douglas Kinnaird the Honourable, that he prepare all monies of mine, including the purchase-money of Rochdale manor and mine income for the year ensuing, A. D. 1824, to answer, or anticipate, any orders or drafts of mine for the good cause, in good and lawful money of Great Britain, &c. &c. May you live a thousand years! which is 999 longer than the Spanish Cortes Constitution."

#### LETTER DXXXI.

TO THE HONOURABLE MR DOUGLAS KINNAIRD.

"Cephalonia, December 23d, 1823.

"I shall be as saving of my purse and person as you recommend, but you know that it is as well to be in readiness with one or both, in the event of either being required.

"I presume that some agreement has been concluded with Mr Murray about 'Werner.' Although the copyright should only be worth two or three hundred pounds, I will tell you what can be done with them. For three hundred pounds, I can maintain in Greece,

at more than the fullest pay of the Government, rations included, one man for *three months*. You may judge I tell you, that the four thousand pounds by me to the Greeks is likely to set an army in motion for some months.

"A Greek vessel has arrived from *the*, convey me to Missolonghi, where *Mavrocordato* is, and has assumed the command, so that to embark immediately. Still address, *for* Cephalonia, through Messrs Welch and *Ben* noa, as usual; and get together all the credit of mine you can, to face the war *which* for it is 'in for a penny, in for a pound,' do all that I can for the ancients.

"I have been labouring to reconcile *them* and there is *now* some hope of succeeding public affairs go on well. The Turks have from Acarnania without a battle, after a few attempts on Anatolika. Corinth is taken. Greeks have gained a battle in the Archipel squadron here, too, has taken a Turkish with some money and a cargo. In short, obtain a Loan, I am of opinion that I assume and preserve a steady and favour for their independence.

"In the mean time I stand paymaster, and lucky it is that, from the nature of *it* and of the country, the resources even of *it* can be of a partial and temporary service.

"Colonel Stanhope is at Missolonghi. we shall attempt Patras next. The Sulist friends of mine, seem anxious to have me and so is Mavrocordato. If I can but so conciling the two parties (and I have *been* unreturned) it will be something; and if not, over to the Morea with the Western Greeks are the bravest, and at present the strongest beaten back the Turks—and try the effect *physical* advice, should they persist in *real* persuasion.

"Once more recommending to you the merit of my strong-box and credit from sources and resources of mine to their extent—for, after all, it is better playing than gaming at Almack's or Newmarket, requesting you to write to me as often as you

"I remain ever,

The squadron, so long looked for, having appearance at last in the waters of *the* and Mavrocordato, the only leader of the *cause* the name of statesman, having been appointed full powers, to organize Western Greece, ment for Lord Byron's presence on the scene seemed to have arrived. The anxiety, in which he was expected at Missolonghi, and can be best judged from the impatience of the letters written to hasten him. "In you, my lord," says Mavrocordato, "how soon for your arrival, to what a pitch your presence is desired by every body, or what a prosperous it will give to all our affairs. Your counsels listened to like oracles." Colonel Stanhope same urgency, writes from Missolonghi,—"A ship sent for your lordship has returned; y



ted, and the disappointment has been

The prince is in a state of anxiety, the gloomy, and the sailors grumble aloud." In the end, "I walked along the streets this the people asked me after Lord Byron!!!" the London Committee of the same date, hope says, "All are looking forward to arrival, as they would to the coming of

ity, no inconsiderable part is doubtless ed to their great impatience for the pos- loan which he had promised them, and ey wholly depended for the payment of Prince Mavrocordato and the Admiral (a gentleman) are in a state of extreme hey, it seems, relied on your loan for the he fleet; that loan not having been re- ditors will depart immediately. This will at indeed, as it will place Missolonghi blockade; and will prevent the Greek acting against the fortresses of Nepacto

n time Lord Byron was preparing busily ure, the postponement of which latterly a great measure, owing to that repug- new change of place which had lately n upon him, and which neither love, as , nor ambition could entirely conquer. en also considerable pains taken by some at Argostoli to prevent his fixing upon idence so unhealthy as Missolonghi; and very able medical officer, on whose ta- much dependance, endeavoured most lissuade him from such an imprudent ind, however, was made up,—the proxi- ort, in some degree, tempting him,—and for himself and suite, a light, fast-sailing a Mistico, with a boat for part of his a larger vessel for the remainder, the e was, on the 26th of December, ready ind, however, being contrary, he was e days longer, and in this interval the ra were written.

## LETTER DXXXII.

TO MR BOWRING.

\* 10bre 26th, 1823.

ed be added to the enclosed, which ar- y, except that I embark to-morrow for

The intended operations are detailed ed documents. I have only to request nittee will use every exertion to forward all its influence and credit.

so to request you *personally* from myself end and trustee, Douglas Kinnaird (from not heard these four months nearly), to e all the resources of my *own* we can e ensuing year, since it is no time to *use*, or, perhaps, *person*. I have ad- am advancing, all that I have in hand, require all that can be got together—and as completed the sale of Rochdale, that 's income for next year ought to form a

good round sum)—as you may perceive that there will be little cash of their own amongst the Greeks (unless they get the Loan), it is the more necessary that those of their friends who have any should risk it.

"The supplies of the Committee are, some, useful, and all excellent in their kind, but occasionally hardly *practical* enough, in the present state of Greece; for instance, the mathematical instruments are thrown away—none of the Greeks know a problem from a poker—we must conquer first, and plan afterwards. The use of the trumpets too may be doubted, unless Constantinople were Jericho, for the Hellenists have no ears for bugles, and you must send us somebody to listen to them.

"We will do our best—and I pray you to stir your English hearts at home to more *general* exertion; for my part, I will stick by the cause while a plank remains which can be *honourably* clung to. If I quit it, it will be by the Greeks' conduct, and not the Holy Allies, or the holier Mussulmans—but let us hope better things.

"Ever yours,

"N. B.

"P. S. I am happy to say that Colonel Leicester Stanhope and myself are acting in perfect harmony together—he is likely to be of great service both to the cause and to the Committee, and is publicly as well as personally a very valuable acquisition to our party on every account. He came up (as they all do who have not been in the country before) with some high-flown notions of the 6th form at Harrow or Eton, &c.; but Col. Napier and I set him to rights on those points, which is absolutely necessary to prevent disgust, or perhaps return; but now we can set our shoulders *soberly* to the *wheel*, without quarrelling with the mud which may clog it occasionally.

"I can assure you that Col. Napier and myself are as decided for the cause as any German student of them all; but like men who have seen the country and human life, there and elsewhere, we must be permitted to view it in its truth, with its defects as well as beauties,—more especially as success will remove the former *gradually*.

"N. B.

"P. S. As much of this letter as you please is for the Committee; the rest may be '*entre nous*.'"

## LETTER DXXXIII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Cephalonia, December 27th, 1823.

"I received a letter from you some time ago. I have been too much employed latterly to write as I could wish, and even now must write in haste.

"I embark for Missolonghi to join Mavrocordato in four-and-twenty hours. The state of parties (but it were a long story) has kept me here till *now*; but now that Mavrocordato (their Washington, or their Kosciusko) is employed again, I can act with a *safe conscience*. I carry money to pay the squadron, &c., and I have influence with the Suliotas, *supposed* sufficient to keep them in harmony with some of the dissentients;—for there are plenty of differences, but trifling.

"It is imagined that we shall attempt either Patras, or the castles on the Straits; and it seems, by most accounts, that the Greeks,—at any rate, the Suliotcs, who are in affinity with me of 'bread and salt,'—expect that I should march with them, and—be it even so! If any thing in the way of fever, fatigue, famine, or otherwise, should cut short the middle age of a brother warbler,—like Garcilasso de la Vega, Kleist, Korner, Kutofski (a Russian nightingale—see Bowring's Anthology), or Thersander, or,—or, somebody else—but never mind—I pray you to remember me in your 'smiles and wine.'

"I have hopes that the cause will triumph; but, whether it does or no, still 'Honour must be minded as strictly as a milk diet.' I trust to observe both.

"Ever, &c."

It is hardly necessary to direct the attention of the reader to the sad, and but too true anticipation expressed in this letter—the last but one I was ever to receive from my friend. Before we accompany him to the closing scene of all his toils, I shall here, as briefly as possible, give a selection from the many characteristic anecdotes told of him, while at Cephalonia, where (to use the words of Colonel Stanhope, in a letter from thence to the Greek Committee) he was "beloved by Cephalonians, by English, and by Greeks;" and where, approached as he was familiarly by persons of all classes and countries, not an action, not a word is recorded of him that does not bear honourable testimony to the benevolence and soundness of his views, his ever ready but discriminating generosity, and the clear insight, at once minute and comprehensive, which he had acquired into the character and wants of the people and the cause he came to serve. "Of all those who came to help the Greeks," says Colonel Napier (a person himself the most qualified to judge, as well from long local knowledge, as from the acute, straightforward cast of his own mind), "I never knew one, except Lord Byron and Mr Gordon, that seemed to have justly estimated their character. All came expecting to find the Peloponnesus filled with Plutarch's men, and all returned thinking the inhabitants of Newgate more moral. Lord Byron judged them fairly; he knew that half-civilized men are full of vices, and that great allowance must be made for emancipated slaves. He, therefore, proceeded, bridle in hand, not thinking them good, but hoping to make them better."\*

In speaking of the foolish charge of avarice brought against Lord Byron by some who resented thus his not suffering them to impose on his generosity, Colonel Napier says, "I never knew a single instance of it while he was here. I saw only a judicious generosity in all that he did. He would not allow himself to be *robbed*, but he gave profusely where he thought he was doing good. It was, indeed, because he

\* A similar tribute was paid to him by Count Delladecina, a gentleman of some literary acquirements, of whom he saw a good deal at Cephalonia, and to whom he was attracted by that sympathy which never failed to incline him towards those who laboured, like himself, under any personal defects. "Of all the men," said this gentleman, "whom I have had an opportunity of conversing with, on the means of establishing the independence of Greece, and regenerating the character of the natives, Lord Byron appears to entertain the most enlightened and correct views."

would not allow himself to be *fleece*d, called stingy by those who are always giving money from any purses but their own. Byron had no idea of this; and would, and unexpectedly on those who thought sure. He gave a vast deal of money in various ways."

Among the objects of his bounty in the many poor refugee Greeks from the C the Isles. He not only relieved their tresses, but allotted a certain sum monthly destitute. A list of these poor persons Dr Kennedy, "was given me by the professor Bambas."

One of the instances mentioned of while at Cephalonia will show how profound the call of that feeling, and how unworthy were the objects of it. A party of works upon one of those fine roads projected by Napier having imprudently excavated, the earth fell in and overwhelmed many persons, the news of which accident instantly Lord Byron despatched Bruno to the spot, and followed, with C as soon as their horses could be saddled, a crowd of women and children walking ruins; while the workmen, who had three or four of their maimed companionsing themselves unconcernedly, as if not required of them; and to Lord Byron's ther there were not still some other persons earth, answered coolly that "they did not believe that there were." Enraged by indifference, he sprang from his horse, spade himself began to dig with all his might it was not till after being threatened with whip that any of the peasants could follow his example. "I was not present myself," says Colonel Napier, in the which he has favoured me, "but was that Byron's attention seemed quite absorbed of the faces and gesticulations of those were missing. The sorrow of the Greek appearance, very frantic, and they shrieked in Ireland."

It was in alluding to the above incident noble poet is stated to have said, that out to the Islands prejudiced against Sir government of the Greeks: "but," he at now changed my opinion. They are such that if I had the government of them, I these very roads with them."

While residing at Metaxata, he received of the illness of his daughter Ada, who anxious and melancholy (says Count G several days." Her indisposition he under been caused by a determination of blood and on his remarking to Dr Kennedy, as it was a complaint to which he himself the physician replied, that he should inclined to infer so, not only from his habit and irregular study, but from the present eyes, the right eye appearing to be have mentioned this latter circumstance justifying the inference that there was in state of health at this moment a predisposition



complaint of which he afterwards died. To Doctor Kennedy he spoke frequently of his wife and daughter, expressing the strongest affection for the latter and respect towards the former, and while declaring as usual his perfect ignorance of the causes of the separation, professing himself fully disposed to welcome any prospect of reconciliation.

The anxiety with which, at all periods of his life, but particularly at the present, he sought to repel the notion that, except when under the actual inspiration of writing, he was at all influenced by poetical associations, very frequently displayed itself. "You must have been highly gratified (said a gentleman to him) by the classical remains and recollections which you met with in your visit to Ithaca." "You quite mistake me," answered Lord Byron. "I have no poetical humbug about me; I am too old for that. Ideas of that sort are confined to rhyme."

For the two days during which he was delayed by contrary winds, he took up his abode at the house of Mr Hancock, his banker, and passed the greater part of the time in company with the English authorities of the island. At length the wind becoming fair, he prepared to embark. "I called upon him to take leave," says Dr Kennedy, "and found him alone reading *Quentin Durward*. He was, as usual, in good spirits." In a few hours after the party set sail,—Lord Byron himself on board the *Mistico*, and Count Gamba, with the horses and heavy baggage, in the larger vessel, or *Bombarda*. After touching at Zante for the purpose of some pecuniary arrangements with Mr Harff, and taking on board a considerable sum of money in specie, they on the evening of the 29th proceeded towards Missolonghi. Their last accounts from that place having represented the Turkish fleet as still in the Gulf of Lepanto, there appeared not the slightest grounds for apprehending any interruption in their passage. Besides, knowing that the Greek squadron was now at anchorage near the entrance of the Gulf, they had little doubt of soon falling in with some friendly vessel, either in search, or waiting for them.

"We sailed together," says Count Gamba, in a highly picturesque and affecting passage, "till after ten at night; the wind favourable—a clear sky, the air fresh but not sharp. Our sailors sang alternately patriotic songs, monotonous indeed, but to persons in our situation extremely touching, and we took part in them. We were all, but Lord Byron particularly, in excellent spirits. The *Mistico* sailed the fastest. When the waves divided us, and our voices could no longer reach each other, we made signals by firing pistols and carabines—'To-morrow we meet at Missolonghi—to-morrow.' Thus, full of confidence and spirits, we sailed along. At twelve we were out of sight of each other."

In waiting for the other vessel, having more than once shortened sail for that purpose, the party on board the *Mistico* were upon the point of being surprised into an encounter which might, in a moment, have changed the future fortunes of Lord Byron. Two or three hours before daybreak, while steering towards Missolonghi, they found themselves close under the stern of a large vessel which they at first took to be Greek, but which, when within pistol-shot, they discovered to be a Turkish frigate. By good

fortune, they were themselves, as it appears, mistaken for a Greek brûlot by the Turks, who therefore feared to fire, but with loud shouts frequently hailed them, while those on board Lord Byron's vessel maintained the most profound silence; and even the dogs (as I have heard his lordship's valet mention), though they had never ceased to bark during the whole of the night, did not utter, while within reach of the Turkish frigate, a sound;—a no less lucky than curious accident, as, from the information the Turks had received of all the particulars of his lordship's departure from Zante, the barking of the dogs, at that moment, would have been almost certain to betray him. Under the favour of these circumstances, and the darkness, they were enabled to bear away without further molestation, and took shelter among the Scrofes, a cluster of rocks but a few hours' sail from Missolonghi. From this place the following letter, remarkable, considering his situation at the moment, for the light, careless tone that pervades it, was despatched to Colonel Stanhope.

#### LETTER DXXXIV.

TO THE HONOURABLE COLONEL STANHOPE.

\* Scrofer (or some such name), on board a *Cephaloniot* *Mistico*, December 31st, 1823.

"MY DEAR STANHOPE,

"We are just arrived here, that is, part of my people and I, with some things, &c. and which it may be as well not to specify in a letter (which has a risk of being intercepted, perhaps);—but Gamba, and my horses, negro, steward, and the press, and all the Committee things, also some eight thousand dollars of mine (but never mind, we have more left, do you understand?) are taken by the Turkish frigates, and my party and myself, in another boat, have had a narrow escape last night (being close under their stern and hailed, but we would not answer, and bore away), as well as this morning. Here we are, with sun and clearing weather, within a pretty little port enough; but whether our Turkish friends may not send in their boats and take us out (for we have no arms except two carbines and some pistols, and, I suspect, not more than four fighting people on board) is another question, especially if we remain long here, since we are blocked out of Missolonghi by the direct entrance.

"You had better send my friend George Drake (*Draco*), and a body of *Suliot*s, to escort us by land or by the canals, with all convenient speed. Gamba and our *Bombard* are taken into *Patras*, I suppose; and we must take a turn at the Turks to get them out: but where the devil is the fleet gone?—the Greek, I mean; leaving us to get in without the least intimation to take heed that the Moslems were out again.

"Make my respects to *Mavrocordato*, and say, that I am here at his disposal. I am uneasy at being here; not so much on my own account as on that of a Greek boy with me, for you know what his fate would be; and I would sooner cut him in pieces and myself too than have him taken out by those barbarians. We are all very well.

"N. B.



"The Bombard was twelve miles out when taken; at least, so it appeared to us (if taken she actually be, for it is not certain); and we had to escape from another vessel that stood right between us and the port."

Finding that his position among the rocks of the Scrofos would be untenable in the event of an attack by armed boats, he thought it right to venture out again, and, making all sail, got safe to Dragomestri, a small sea-port town on the coast of Acarnania; from whence the annexed letters to two of the most valued of his Cephalonian friends were written.

## LETTER DXXXV.

TO MR. MUIR.

\* Dragomestri, January 24, 1824.

"MY DEAR MUIR,

"I wish you many returns of the season and happiness therewithal. Gamba and the Bombard (there is a strong reason to believe) are carried into Patras by a Turkish frigate, which we saw chase them at dawn on the 31st; we had been close under the stern in the night, believing her a Greek till within pistol shot, and only escaped by a miracle of all the Saints (our captain says), and truly I am of his opinion, for we should never have got away of ourselves. They were signalizing their consort with lights, and had illuminated the ship between decks, and were shouting like a mob;—but then why did they not fire? Perhaps they took us for a Greek brûlot, and were afraid of kindling us—they had no colours flying even at dawn nor after.

"At daybreak my boat was on the coast, but the wind unfavourable for the port;—a large vessel with the wind in her favour standing between us and the Gulf, and another in chase of the Bombard about 12 miles off or so. Soon after they stood (i. e. the Bombard and frigate) apparently towards Patras, and a Zantiote boat making signals to us from the shore to get away. Away we went before the wind, and ran into a creek called Scrofos, I believe, where I landed Luke\* and another (as Luke's life was in most danger), with some money for themselves, and a letter for Stanhope, and sent them up the country to Missolonghi, where they would be in safety, as the place where we were could be assailed by armed boats in a moment, and Gamba had all our arms except two carbines, a fowling-piece, and some pistols.

"In less than an hour the vessel in chase neared us, and we dashed out again, and showing our stern (our boat sails very well) got in before night to Dragomestri, where we now are. But where is the Greek fleet? I don't know—do you? I told our master of the boat that I was inclined to think the two large vessels (there were none else in sight) Greeks. But he answered 'they are too large—why don't they show their colours?' and his account was confirmed, be it true or false, by several boats which we met or passed, as we could not at any rate have got in with that wind without beating about for a long time; and as

\* A Greek youth whom he had brought with him, in his suite, from Cephalonia.

there was much property, and some lives at risk (the boy's especially) without any means of defence, it was necessary to let our boatmen have their own way.

"I despatched yesterday another messenger to Missolonghi for an escort, but we have yet no answer. We are here (those of my boat) for the 13th day without taking our clothes off, and sleeping on deck in all weathers, but are all very well, and in good spirits. It is to be supposed that the Government will send, for their own sakes, an escort, as I have 16,000 dollars on board, the greater part for their service. I had (besides personal property to the amount of about 5000 more) 8000 dollars in specie of my own, without reckoning the Committee's stores, so that the Turks will have a good thing of it, if the prize be good.

"I regret the detention of Gamba, &c. but in rest we can make up again, so tell Hancock to set my bills into cash as soon as possible, and Caviglioglio to prepare the remainder of my credit with Messrs Webb to be turned into money. I did remain here, unless something extraordinary came, till Mavrocordato sends, and then go on, and according to circumstances. My respects to the colonels, and remembrances to all friends. *'Ultima Analise'*\* that his friend Raids did not make his appearance with the brig, though I think that he might as well have spoken with us as with Zante, to give us a gentle hint of what we had to expect.

"Yours ever affectionately,

—N. E.

"P. S. Excuse my scrawl on account of the ice and the frosty morning at daybreak. I write in haste, a boat starting for Kalama. I do not know what the detention of the Bombard (if she be detained, as I cannot swear to it, and I can only judge from appearances, and what all these fellows say) be as affair of the Government, and neutrality, and, &c.—but she was stopped at least 12 miles distant from the port, and had all her papers regular from Zante for Kalama, and *vice versa*. I did not land at Zante, being anxious to lose as little time as possible, but Sir F. S. came off to invite me, &c. and every body was as kind as could be, even in Cephalonia."

## LETTER DXXXVI.

TO MR. C. HANCOCK.

\* Dragomestri, January 24, 1824.

"DEAR SIR 'ANCOCK,†

"Remember me to Dr Muir and every body else. I have still the 16,000 dollars with me, the rest were on board the Bombarda. Here we are—the Bombarda taken, or at least missing, with all the Committee stores, my friend Gamba, the horses, &c.

\* Count Delladecima, to whom he gives this name in consequence of a habit which that gentleman had of using the phrase \*in ultima analise\* frequently in conversation.

† This letter is, more properly, a postscript to one which Dr Bruno had, by his orders, written to Mr Hancock, with some particulars of their voyage; and the Doctor having begun his letter, \*Pregiati. Signor. Ancock,\* Lord Byron thus parodies his mode of address.



bull-dog, steward, and domestics, with all our implements of peace and war, also 8000 dollars; but whether she will be lawful prize or no, is for the decision of the Governor of the Seven Islands. I have written to Dr Muir, by way of Kalamo, with all particulars. We are in good condition; and what with wind and weather, and being hunted or so, little sleeping on deck, &c. are in tolerable seasoning for the country and circumstances. But I foresee that we shall have occasion for all the cash I can muster at Zante and elsewhere. Mr Barff gave us 8000 and odd dollars; so there is still a balance in my favour. We are not quite certain that the vessels were Turkish which chased; but there is strong presumption that they were, and no news to the contrary. At Zante every body, from the Resident downwards, were as kind as could be, especially your worthy and courteous partner.

"Tell our friends to keep up their spirits, and we may yet do well. I disembarked the boy and another Greek, who were in most terrible alarm—the boy, at least, from the Morea—on shore near Anatoliko, I believe, which put them in safety; and, as for me and mine, we must stick by our goods.

"I hope that Gamba's detention will only be temporary. As for the effects and monies, if we have them,—well; if otherwise, patience. I wish you a happy new year, and all our friends the same.

"Yours, &c."

During these adventures of Lord Byron, Count Gamba, having been brought to by the Turkish frigate, had been carried, with his valuable charge, into Patras, where the Commander of the Turkish fleet was stationed. Here, after an interview with the Pacha, by whom he was treated, during his detention, most courteously, he had the good fortune to procure the release of his vessel and freight, and, on the 4th of January, reached Missolonghi. To his surprise, however, he found that Lord Byron had not yet arrived; for,—as if every thing connected with this short voyage were doomed to deepen whatever ill bodings there were already in his mind,—on his lordship's departure from Dragomestri, a violent gale of wind had come on; his vessel was twice driven on the rocks in the passage of the Scrofes, and, from the force of the wind, and the captain's ignorance of those shoals, the danger was by all on board considered to be most serious. "On the second time of striking," says Count Gamba, "the sailors, losing all hope of saving the vessel, began to think of their own safety. But Lord Byron persuaded them to remain; and by his firmness, and no small share of nautical skill, got them out of danger, and thus saved the vessel and several lives, with 25,000 dollars, the greater part in specie."

The wind still blowing right against their course to Missolonghi, they again anchored between two of the numerous islets by which this part of the coast is lined; and here Lord Byron, as well for refreshment as abatement, found himself tempted into an indulgence which it is not improbable may have had some share in producing the fatal illness that followed. Having put off in a boat to a small rock at some distance, he sent back a messenger for the nankeen trowsers which he usually wore in bathing, and, though the sea was rough and the night cold, it being then the 3d of

January, swam back to the vessel. "I am fully persuaded," says his valet, in relating this imprudent freak, "that it injured my lord's health. He certainly was not taken ill at the time, but in the course of two or three days his lordship complained of a pain in all his bones, which continued, more or less, to the time of his death."

Setting sail again next morning with the hope of reaching Missolonghi before sunset, they were still baffled by adverse winds, and, arriving late at night in the port, did not land till the morning of the 5th.

The solicitude, in the mean time, of all at Missolonghi, knowing that the Turkish fleet was out, and Lord Byron on his way, may without difficulty be conceived, and is most lively depicted in a letter written, during the suspense of that moment, by an eye-witness. "The Turkish fleet," says Colonel Stanhope, "has ventured out, and is at this moment blockading the port. Beyond these again are seen the Greek ships, and among the rest the one that was sent for Lord Byron. Whether he is on board or not is a question. You will allow that this is an eventful day." Towards the end of the letter, he adds, "Lord Byron's servants have just arrived; he himself will be here to-morrow. If he had not come, we had need have prayed for fair weather; for both fleet and army are hungry and inactive. Parry has not appeared. Should he also arrive to-morrow, all Missolonghi will go mad with pleasure."

The reception their noble visitor experienced on his arrival was such as from the ardent eagerness with which he had been looked for might be expected. The whole population of the place crowded to the shore to welcome him; the ships anchored off the fortress fired a salute as he passed, and all the troops and dignitaries of the place, civil and military, with the Prince Mavrocordato at their head, met him on his landing, and accompanied him, amidst the mingled din of shouts, wild music, and discharges of artillery, to the house that had been prepared for him. "I cannot easily describe," says Count Gamba, "the emotions which such a scene excited. I could scarcely refrain from tears."

After eight days of fatigue such as Lord Byron had endured, some short-interval of rest might fairly have been desired by him. But the scene on which he had now entered was one that precluded all thoughts of repose. He on whom the eyes and hopes of all others were centred, could but little dream of indulging any care for himself. There were, at this particular moment, too, collected within the precincts of that town as great an abundance of the materials of unquiet and misrule as had been ever brought together in so small a space. In every quarter, both public and private, disorganization and dissatisfaction presented themselves. Of the fourteen brigs of war which had come to the succour of Missolonghi, and which had for some time actually protected it against a Turkish fleet double its number, nine had already, hopeless of pay, returned to Hydra, while the sailors of the remaining five, from the same cause of complaint, had just quitted their ships, and were murmuring idly on shore. The inhabitants, seeing themselves thus deserted, or preyed upon by their defenders, with a scarcity of provisions threatening them, and the Turkish fleet before their eyes, were



no less ready to break forth into riot and revolt; while, at the same moment, to complete the confusion, a General Assembly was on the point of being held in the town, for the purpose of organising the forces of Western Greece, and to this meeting all the wild mountain-chiefs of the province, ripe, of course, for dissension, were now flocking with their followers. Mavrocordato himself, the President of the intended Congress, had brought in his train no less than 5000 armed men, who were at this moment in the town. Ill provided, too, with either pay or food by the Government, this large military mob were but little less discontented and destitute than the sailors; and in short, in every direction, the entire population seems to have presented such a fermenting mass of insubordination and discord, as was far more likely to produce warfare among themselves than with the enemy.

Such was the state of affairs when Lord Byron arrived at Missolonghi;—such the evils he had now to encounter, with the formidable consciousness that to him, and him alone, all looked for the removal of them.

Of his proceedings during the first weeks after his arrival, the following letters to Mr Hancock (which by the great kindness of that gentleman I am enabled to give) will, assisted by a few explanatory notes, supply a sufficiently ample account.

#### LETTER DXXXVII.

TO MR CHARLES HANCOCK.

\* Missolonghi, January 13th, 1824.

"DEAR SIR,

"Many thanks for yours of the 5th; ditto to Muir for his. You will have heard that Gamba and my vessel got out of the hands of the Turks safe and intact; nobody knows well how or why, for there's a mystery in the story somewhat melodramatic. Captain Valsamachi has, I take it, spun a long yarn by this time in Argostoli. I attribute their release entirely to Saint Dionisio of Zante, and the Madonna of the Rock, near Cephalonia.

"The adventures of my separate luck were also not finished at Dragomestri; we were conveyed out by some Greek gunboats, and found the Leonidas brig-of-war at sea to look after us. But blowing weather coming on, we were driven on the rocks *twice* in the passage of the Scrophes, and the dollars had another narrow escape. Two thirds of the crew got ashore over the bowsprit: the rocks were rugged enough, but water very deep close in shore, so that she was, after much swearing and some exertion, got off again, and away we went with a third of our crew, leaving the rest on a desolate island, where they might have been now, had not one of the gunboats taken them off, for we were in no condition to take them off again.

"Tell Muir that Dr Bruno did not show much fight on the occasion, for besides stripping to his flannel waistcoat, and running about like a rat in an emergency, when I was talking to a Greek boy (the brother of the Greek girls in Argostoli), and telling him of the fact that there was no danger for the passen-

gers, whatever there might be for the assuring him that I could save both his without difficulty \* (though he can't swim, though deep, was not very rough *not blowing right* on shore (it was a bl Greeks who missed stays),—the Doctor 'Save him, indeed! by G—d! save me be first if I can'—a piece of egotism pronounced with such emphatic simplicity who had leisure to hear him laughing minute after the vessel drove off again a twice. She sprung a small leak, but not happened, except that the captain was vious afterwards.

"To be brief, we had bad weather although not contrary; slept on deck in the rally for seven or eight nights, but never ter health (I speak personally)—so much actually bathed for a quarter of an hour ing of the fourth instant in the sea (to and other &c.) and was all the better for

"We were received at Missolonghi w of kindness and honours; and the sight saluting, &c. and the crowds and differe was really picturesque. We think of an expedition soon, and I expect to be the Suliotes to join the army.

"All well at present. We found Ga arrived, and every thing in good conditio ber me to all friends.

"You

"P. S. You will, I hope, use every realise the *assets*. For besides what I advanced, I have undertaken to maintain for a year (and will accompany them Chief, or whichever is most agreeable to ment), besides sundries. I do not unders 'letters of credit.' I neither gave a letter of credit that I know of; and thou if you have done it, I will be responsib aware of any thing, except that I would his bills, which you said was unneces orders—I ordered nothing but some *oil cloths*, both of which I am ready to

\* He meant to have taken the boy on his swum with him to shore. This feat would be repetition of one of his early sports at Har was a frequent practice of his thus to me smaller boys on his shoulders and, much to the urchin, dive with him into the water.

† In the Doctor's own account this scene as might be expected, somewhat differently lui passaggio marittimo una fregata Turca a nave, obbligandolo di ricoverarsi dentro la Sc l'impeto dei venti fu gettata sopra gli scogli: dell' equipaggio saltarono a terra per salvar Milord solo col di lui Medico Dottor. Bruno nave che ognuno vedeva colare a fondo: ma tempo non essendosi visto che ciò avveniva fuggite a terra respinsero la nave: nell' acq pestoso mare la ribastò una seconda volta ed allora si aveva per certo che la nave coll sonaggio, una grande quantità di denari, e effetti per i Greci andrebbero a fondo. Byron non si perturbò per nulla; anzi disse dico che voleva gettarsi a nuoto onde raggiun- gia: 'non abbandonate la nave finchè sarà diriggerla: allorchè saremo coperti dalli gettatevi pure, che io vi salvo.'



if Gamba has exceeded my commission, *the other things must be sent back, for I cannot permit any thing of the kind, nor will.* The servants' journey will of course be paid for, though *that* is exorbitant. As for Brown's letter, I do not know any thing more than I have said, and I really cannot defray the charges of half Greece and the Frank adventurers besides. Mr Barff must send us some dollars soon, for the expenses fall on me for the present.

\* January 14th, 1824.

"P. S. Will you tell Saint (Jew) Geronimo Corgialeagno that I mean to draw for the balance of my credit with Messrs Webb and Co. I shall draw for two thousand dollars (that being about the amount, more or less); but to facilitate the business, I shall make the draft payable also at Messrs Ransom and Co.'s, Pall-Mall East, London. I believe I already showed you my letters (but if not, I have them to show), by which, besides the credits now realising, you will have perceived that I am not limited to any particular amount of credit with my bankers. The Honourable Douglas, my friend and trustee, is a principal partner in that house, and having the direction of my affairs, is aware to what extent my present resources may go, and the letters in question were from him. I can merely say, that within the *current* year, 1824, besides the money already advanced to the Greek Government, and the credits now in your hands and your partner's (Mr Barff), which are all from the income of 1823, I have anticipated nothing from that of the present year hitherto. I shall or ought to have at my disposition upwards of one hundred thousand dollars (including my income, and the purchase-mones of a manor lately sold), and perhaps more, without infringing on my income for 1825, and not including the remaining balance of 1823.

"Yours ever,  
"N. B."

#### LETTER DXXXVIII.

TO MR CHARLES HANCOCK.

\* Missolonghi, January 17th, 1824.

"I have answered, at some length, your obliging letter, and trust that you have received my reply by means of Mr. Tindal. I will also thank you to remind Mr. Tindal that I would thank him to furnish you, on my account, with an *order of the Committee* for one hundred dollars, which I advanced to him on their account through Signor Corgialeagno's agency at Zante on his arrival in October, as it is but fair that the said Committee should pay their own expenses. An order will be sufficient, as the money might be inconvenient for Mr. T. at present to disburse.

"I have also advanced to Mr. Blackett the sum of fifty dollars, which I will thank Mr. Stevens to pay to you, on my account, from monies of Mr. Blackett, now in his hands. I have Mr. B.'s acknowledgment in writing.

"As the wants of the State here are still pressing, and there seems very little specie stirring except mine, I still stand paymaster, and must again request you and Mr. Barff to forward by a *safe* channel (if possible) all the dollars you can collect on the bills

now negotiating. I have also written to Corgialeagno for two thousand dollars, being about the balance of my separate letter from Messrs. Webb and Co., making the bills also payable at Ransom's, in London.

"Things are going on better, if not well; there is some order, and considerable preparation. I expect to accompany the troops on an expedition shortly, which makes me particularly anxious for the remaining remittance, as 'money is the sinew of war,' and of peace, too, as far as I can see, for I am sure there would be no peace here without it. However, a little does go a good way, which is a comfort. The Government of the Morea, and of Candia have written to me for a further advance from my own peculium of 20 or 30,000 dollars, to which I demur for the present (having undertaken to pay the Suliotas as a free gift and other things already, besides the loan which I have already advanced), till I receive letters from England, which I have reason to expect.

"When the expected credits arrive, I hope that you will bear a hand, otherwise I must have recourse to Malta, which will be losing time and taking trouble; but I do not wish you to do more than is perfectly agreeable to Mr. Barff and to yourself. I am very well, and have no reason to be dissatisfied with my personal treatment, or with the posture of public affairs—others must speak for themselves.

"Yours, ever and truly, &c."

"P. S. Respects to Colonels Wright and Duffie, and the officers civil and military; also to my friends Muir and Stevens particularly, and to Delladecima."

#### LETTER DXXXIX.

TO MR CHARLES HANCOCK.

\* Missolonghi, January 19th, 1824.

"Since I wrote on the 17th, I have received a letter from Mr. Stevens, enclosing an account from Corfu, which is so exaggerated in price and quantity, that I am at a loss whether most to admire Gamba's folly or the merchant's knavery. All that I requested Gamba to order was red cloth, enough to make a *jacket*, and some oil-skin for trowsers, &c.—the latter has not been sent—the whole could not have amounted to 50 dollars. The account is 645!!! I will guarantee Mr. Stevens against any loss, of course, but I am not disposed to take the articles (which I never ordered), nor to pay the amount. I will take 100 dollars' worth; the rest may be sent back, and I will make the merchant an allowance of so much per cent.; or if that is not to be done, you must sell the whole by auction at what price the things may fetch, for I would rather incur the dead loss of *part*, than be encumbered with a quantity of things, to me at present superfluous or useless. Why, I could have maintained 300 men for a month for the sum in Western Greece!

"When the dogs, and the dollars, and the negro, and the horses, fell into the hands of the Turks, I acquiesced with patience, as you may have perceived, because it was the work of the elements of war, or of Providence; but this is a piece of mere human knavery or folly, or both, and I neither can nor will submit to

it.\* I have occasion for every dollar I can muster to keep the Greeks together, and I do not grudge any expense for the cause; but to throw away as much as would equip, or at least maintain, a corps of excellent ragamuffins with arms in their hands, to furnish Gamba and the doctor with blank bills (see list), broad cloth, Hessian boots, and horse-whips (the latter I own that they have richly earned), is rather beyond my endurance, though a pacific person, as all the world knows, or at least my acquaintances. I pray you to try to help me out of this damnable commercial speculation of Gamba's, for it is one of those pieces of impudence or folly which I don't forgive him in a hurry. I will of course see Stevens free of expense out of the transaction;—by the way, the Greek of a Corfiote has thought proper to draw a bill, and get it discounted at 24 dollars; if I had been there, it should have been *protested* also.

"Mr. Blackett is here ill, and will soon set out for Cephalonia. He came to me for some pills, and I gave him some reserved for particular friends, and which I never knew any body recover from under several months; but he is no better, and, what is odd, no worse; and as the doctors have had no better success with him than I, he goes to Argostoli sick of the Greeks and of a constipation.

"I must reiterate my request for *specie*, and that speedily, otherwise public affairs will be at a standstill here. I have undertaken to pay the Suliotes for a year, to advance in March 3000 dollars, besides, to the Government for a balance due to the troops, and some other smaller matters for the Germans, and the press, &c. &c. &c.; so what with these, and the expenses of my suite, which, though not extravagant, is expensive with Gamba's d—d nonsense, I shall have occasion for all the monies I can muster, and I have credits wherewithal to face the undertakings, if realized, and expect to have more soon.

"Believe me ever and truly yours, &c."

On the morning of the 22d of January, his birthday,—the last my poor friend was ever fated to see,—he came from his bedroom into the apartment where Colonel Stanhope and some others were assembled,

\* We have here as striking an instance as could be adduced of that peculiar feature of his character which shallow or malicious observers have misrepresented as avarice, but which in reality was the result of a strong sense of justice and fairness, and an indignant impatience of being stultified or overreached. Colonel Stanhope, in referring to the circumstance mentioned above, has put Lord Byron's angry feeling respecting it in the true light.

"He was constantly attacking Count Gamba, sometimes, indeed, playfully, but more often with the bitterest satire, for having purchased for the use of his family, while in Greece, 500 dollar's worth of cloth. This he used to mention as an instance of the Count's imprudence and extravagance. Lord Byron told me one day, with a tone of great gravity, that this 500 dollars would have been most serviceable in promoting the siege of Lepanto; and that he never would, to the last moment of his existence, forgive Gamba, for having squandered away his money in the purchase of cloth. No one will suppose that Lord Byron could be serious in such a denunciation; he entertained, in reality, the highest opinion of Count Gamba, who, both on account of his talents and devotedness to his friend, merited his lordship's esteem. As to Lord Byron's generosity, it is before the world; he promised to devote his large income to the cause of Greece, and he honestly acted up to his pledge."

and said with a smile, "You were complaining the other day that I never write any poetry now is my birthday, and I have just finished a sonnet, which, I think, is better than what I usually write. He then produced to them those beautiful verses, which, though already known to most readers, were too affectingly associated with this closing scene of his life to be omitted among its details. In consideration, indeed, every thing comes before the eyes,—the last tender aspirations of the spirit which they breathe, the self-devotion and the cause which they so nobly express, and the sadness of a near grave glimmering sadly through the whole,—there is perhaps no production of a more noble range of mere human composition, round the circumstances and feelings under which it was cast so touching an interest.

#### "JANUARY 22<sup>d</sup>."

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SEVEN.

1.

"Tis time this heart should be unmoved,  
Since others it hath ceased to move;  
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,  
Still let me love!

2.

My days are in the yellow leaf;  
The flowers and fruits of love are  
The worm, the canker, and the grief  
Are mine alone!

3.

The fire that on my bosom preys  
Is lone as some volcanic tale;  
No torch is kindled at its blaze—  
A funeral pile!

4.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,  
The exalted portion of the pain  
And power of love, I cannot share,  
But wear the chain.

5.

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—  
Such thoughts should shake my soul,  
Where glory decks the hero's brow,  
Or binds his brow.

6.

The sword, the banner, and the field,  
Glory and Greece, around me see!  
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,  
Was not more free.

7.

Awake (not Greece—she *is* awake!)  
Awake, my spirit! Think through all  
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,  
And then strike home!

8.

Tread those reviving passions down,  
Unworthy manhood! unto thee  
Indifferent should the smile or frown  
Of beauty be.

9.

If thou regret'st thy youth, why live?  
The land of honourable death  
Is here:—up to the field, and give  
Away thy breath!

10.

Seek out—less often sought than found  
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;  
Then look around, and choose thy ground  
And take thy rest."



"We perceived," says Count Gamba, "from these lines, as well as from his daily conversations, that his ambition and his hope were irrevocably fixed upon the glorious objects of his expedition to Greece, and that he had made up his mind to 'return victorious, or return no more.' Indeed, he often said to me, 'Others may do as they please—they may go—but I stay here, *that is certain.*' The same determination was expressed in his letters to his friends; and this resolution was not unaccompanied with the very natural presentiment—that he should never leave Greece alive. He one day asked his faithful servant, Tita, whether he thought of returning to Italy? 'Yes,' said Tita: 'if your lordship goes, I go.' Lord Byron smiled, and said, 'No, Tita, I shall never go back from Greece—either the Turks, or the Greeks, or the climate, will prevent that.'"

## LETTER DXL.

TO MR CHARLES HANCOCK.

\* Missolonghi, February 5th, 1824.

"Dr Muir's letter and yours of the 23d reached me some days ago. Tell Muir that I am glad of his promotion for his sake, and of his remaining near us for all our sakes; though I cannot but regret Dr Kennedy's departure, which accounts for the previous earthquakes and the present English weather in this climate. With all respect to my medical pastor, I have to announce to him, that amongst other firebrands, our firemaster Parry (just landed) has disembarked an elect blacksmith, intrusted with three hundred and twenty-two Greek Testaments. I have given him all facilities in my power for his works spiritual and temporal, and if he can settle matters as easily with the Greek Archbishop and hierarchy, I trust that neither the heretic nor the supposed sceptic will be accused of intolerance.

"By the way, I met with the said Archbishop at Anatolico (where I went by invitation of the Primates a few days ago, and was received with a heavier cannonade than the Turks, probably) for the second time (I had known him here before); and he and P. Mavrocordato, and the Chiefs and Primates and I, all dined together, and I thought the metropolitan the merriest of the party, and a very good christian for all that. But Gamba (we got wet through in our way back) has been ill with a fever and cholic; and Luke has been out of sorts too, and so have some others of the people, and I have been very well,—except that I caught cold yesterday with swearing too much in the rain at the Greeks, who would not bear a hand in landing the Committee stores, and nearly spoiled our combustibles; but I turned out in person, and made such a row as set them in motion, blaspheming at them from the Government downwards, till they actually did some part of what they ought to have done several days before, and this is esteemed, as it deserves to be, a wonder.

"Tell Muir that, notwithstanding his remonstrances, which I receive thankfully, it is perhaps best that I should advance with the troops; for if we do not do something soon, we shall only have a third year of defensive operations and another siege, and all that.

We hear that the Turks are coming down in force, and sooner than usual; and as these fellows do mind me a little, it is the opinion that I should go,—firstly, because they will sooner listen to a foreigner than one of their own people, out of native jealousies; secondly, because the Turks will sooner treat or capitulate (if such occasion should happen) with a Frank than a Greek; and, thirdly, because nobody else seems disposed to take the responsibility—Mavrocordato being very busy here, the foreign military men too young or not of authority enough to be obeyed by the natives, and the Chiefs (as aforesaid) inclined to obey any one except, or rather than, one of their own body. As for me, I am willing to do what I am bidden, and to follow my instructions. I neither seek nor shun that nor any thing else they may wish me to attempt; and as for personal safety, besides that it ought not to be a consideration, I take it that a man is on the whole as safe in one place as another; and, after all, he had better end with a bullet than bark in his body. If we are not taken off with the sword, we are like to march off with an ague in this mud basket; and to conclude with a very bad pun, to the ear rather than to the eye, better *martially*, than *marsh-ally*;—the situation of Missolonghi is not unknown to you. The dykes of Holland when broken down are the Deserts of Arabia for dryness, in comparison.

"And now for the sinews of war. I thank you and Mr Barff for your ready answers, which, next to ready money, is a pleasant thing. Besides the assets, and balance, and the relics of the Corgialelegno correspondence with Leghorn and Genoa (I sold the dog flour, tell him, but not at *his* price), I shall request and require, from the beginning of March ensuing, about five thousand dollars every two months, *i. e.* about twenty-five thousand within the current year, at regular intervals, independent of the sums now negotiating. I can show you documents to prove that these are considerably *within* my supplies for the year in more ways than one; but I do not like to tell the Greeks exactly what I *could* or would advance on an emergency, because, otherwise, they will double and triple their demands (a disposition that they have already sufficiently shown); and though I am willing to do all I can *when* necessary, yet I do not see why they should not help a little, for they are not quite so bare as they pretend to be by some accounts.

\* February 7th, 1824.

"I have been interrupted by the arrival of Parry, and afterwards by the return of Hesketh, who has not brought an answer to my epistles, which rather surprises me. You will write soon, I suppose. Parry seems a fine rough subject, but will hardly be ready for the field these three weeks; he and I will (I think) be able to draw together,—at least I will not interfere with or contradict him in his own department. He complains grievously of the mercantile and *enthusiastic* part of the Committee, but greatly praises Gordon and Hume. Gordon *would* have given three or four thousand pounds and come out *himself*, but Kennedy or somebody else disgusted him, and thus they have spoiled part of their subscription and cramped their operations. Parry says B \* \* \* is a humbug, to which I say nothing. He sorely laments the printing and civilizing expenses, and wishes that there

was not a Sunday-school in the world, or *any* school *here* at present, save and except always an academy for artilleryship.

"He complained also of the cold, a little to my surprise; firstly, because there being no chimneys, I have used myself to do without other warmth than the animal heat and one's cloak, in these parts; and, secondly, because I should as soon have expected to hear a volcano sneeze, as a fire-master (who is to burn a whole fleet) exclaim against the atmosphere. I fully expected that his very approach would have scorched up the town like the burning-glasses of Archimedes.

"Well, it seems that I am to be Commander-in-Chief, and the post is by no means a sinecure, for we are not what Major Sturgeon calls 'a set of the most amicable officers.' Whether we shall have 'a boxing bout between Captain Sheers and the Colonel,' I cannot tell; but between Suliote chiefs, German barons, English volunteers, and adventurers of all nations, we are likely to form as goodly an allied army as ever quarrelled beneath the same banner."

"February 8th, 1834.

"Interrupted again by business yesterday, and it is time to conclude my letter. I drew some time since on Mr Barff for a thousand dollars, to complete some money wanted by the Government. The said Government got cash on that bill *here* and at a profit; but the very same fellow who gave it to them, after proposing to give me money for other bills on Barff to the amount of thirteen hundred dollars, either could not, or thought better of it. I had written to Barff advising him, but had afterwards to write to tell him of the fellow's having not come up to time. You must really send me the balance soon. I have the artillerymen and my Suliotes to pay, and Heaven knows what besides, and as every thing depends upon punctuality, all our operations will be at a standstill unless you use despatch. I shall send to Mr Barff or to you further bills on England for three thousand pounds, to be negotiated as speedily as you can. I have already stated here and formerly the sums I can command at home within the year,—without including my credits, or the bills already negotiated or negotiating, as Corgialeagno's balance of Mr Webb's letter,—and my letters from my friends (received by Mr Parry's vessel), confirm what I have already stated. How much I may require in the course of the year, I can't tell, but I will take care that it shall not exceed the means to supply it.

"Yours ever,

"N. B.

"P. S. I have had, by desire of a Mr *Jerostati*, to draw on Demetrius Delladecima (is it our friend in ultima analyse?) to pay the Committee expenses. I really do not understand what the Committee mean by some of their freedoms. Parry and I get on very well *hitherto*; how long this may last, Heaven knows, but I hope it will, for a good deal for the Greek service depends upon it, but he has already had some *miffs* with Col. S., and I do all I can to keep the peace amongst them. However, Parry is a fine fellow, extremely active, and of strong, sound, practical talents, by all accounts. Enclosed are bills for three thousand pounds, drawn in the mode directed (i. e.

parcelled out in smaller bills). A good occurring for Cephalonia to send letters myself of it. Remember me to Sever friends. Also my compliments and ever to the colonels and officers.

"Febrew

"P. S. 2d or 3d. I have reason to expect from England directed with papers (on me to sign, somewhere in the Islands, by such should arrive, would you forward a safe conveyance, as the papers regard with regard to the adjustment of a lawsuit of several thousand pounds, which I, or and trustees for me, may have to receive in consequence. The time of the proba cannot state, but the date of my letters is and I suppose that he ought to arrive so

How strong were the hopes which ev watched him most observingly conceiv whole tenor of his conduct since his arri longhi, will appear from the following v nel Stanhope, in one of his letters to the mittee :—

"Lord Byron possesses all the means great part in the glorious revolution of t has talent; he professes liberal princip money; and is inspired with fervent as feelings. He has commenced his career measures: 1st, by recommending union, s himself of no party; and, 2dly, by taking into pay, and acting as their chief. The fail to render his lordship universally p proportionally powerful. Thus advanta cumstanced, his lordship will have an of realizing all his professions."

That the inspirer, however, of the boy self far from participating in them is a f from all he said and wrote on the subj adds painfully to the interest which his p moment excites. Too well, indeed, did derstand and feel the difficulties into w plunged to deceive himself into any such lusions. In one only of the objects to w looked forward with any hope,—that of e to humanize, by his example, the system on both sides,—had he yet been able to self. Not many days after his arrival nity, as we have seen, had been afforded cuing an unfortunate Turk out of the ha Greek sailors; and, towards the end of having learned that there were a few Turk in confinement at Missolonghi, he request vernment to place them at his disposal, t send them to Yussuff Pacha. In perfor of humane policy, he transmitted with captives the following letter.

#### LETTER DXLI.

TO HIS HIGHNESS YUSSUFF PAC

"Missolonghi 23d Jan

"HIGHNESS!

"A vessel, in which a friend and son:



absent, was detained a few days ago by order of your Highness. I have now not far from the vessel, which, as the day, and being under British protection is secure; but for having sets with as much business while they last.

Therefore, that it may not be altogether your Highness. I have requested the a piece to receive four Turkish prisoners of war, and to be so. I am here, in sending them back, it is better to a return as I could for your country as it. These prisoners are innocent without; but, about the circumstances that surround them, I venture to say, that your last visit to Genoa as my immediate work with humanity; more especially as of war are sufficiently great in them; being aggravated by winter troubles

#### "NON BRON"

these and, as a support for some time, just as which is not most strictly out the interest of the people. Lepanto—a "which, from its position at the mouth of the Gulf of Corinth, is a position of the first importance," says Count Saurin, at January 14, "turns with military activity, and will accompany the expedition." The army of Perry, the command, has for some months necessary the supplies necessary for the formation of an army, but without paying the of the important enterprise, thought it is, whatever little could be effected, it had been put in progress both by the of a brigade of soldiers in aid under Lord the formation, at the point of departure of a small corps of

with the other end of January, as we Lord Byron received his regular communication from the Government, as Commander of the in conferring upon him full powers, authority, they appeared, at the same time, and to accompany him, composed of several Colonels of the army, with the rank of the famous warrior, as

expected that, among the slaves sent were would be a portion of Congress instrument of warfare of which such was sent to the Congress as first there in the most illustrious of its powers, instrument, therefore, or finding that the same instrument with the names was either hope, but—that of being combined, auxiliary corps by the accession of those that were sent by the the Mura,—not, especially false, that body of men be sent, or reinforcement of those who

originally composed it, nearly doubled away; and the few officers that were sent to serve being, from their former status of men and citizens, far more than those of men. In addition to these discouraging circumstances, the five largest ships of war which had for some time formed the sole protection of the coast were now returned to their home, and had left their places to be filled by the enemy's squadron.

Perplexing as were all these difficulties in the way of the expedition, a still more formidable circumstance presented itself in the movement and almost utter dependence of these British troops on whom he was so much dependent for success in his undertaking. Presuming as well upon his wealth and generosity as upon their own military importance, these money warriors had never ceased to see in the encouragement of their demands upon him—their whole existence and tension state of their families at the moment affording him no real financial protection both for their creature and destruction. Nor were their leaders much more amenable to management than themselves. "There were," says Count Saurin, "six hundred families among them, all of whom had equal pretensions both by their birth and their expenses; and some of whom would obey any one of his commands."

Another fact is which, about the middle of January, these soldiers had given him, and in which some lives were lost, but which a source of much strength and activity to Lord Byron, as well from the ill-timed as was likely to be a disaster between his troops and the citizens, as from the little dependence it gave him encouragement to place upon resources or resources. Notwithstanding all this, however, neither his expenses nor his efforts for the accomplishment of the one person object of his mission ever reached a single instant. "If whatever little party was to be won by the attack upon Lepanto, he would forward as his only reward for all the sacrifices he was making. In his conversations with Count Saurin on the subject, "thought he just a good deal," says the gentleman, "about his post of 'Archistrategos' or Commander in Chief, it was plain that the revenues and the part of the undertaking were great advantages to him." When we constantly asked, his determination to stand, at all moments, by the cause, with the very faint hopes his expenses must wound at his disposal as to his power of serving it, I have little more than the "sinner's grave" which, in his own beautiful version, he carried out for himself, was in the midst of poetry; but that, on the contrary, his "was was father in the thought," and that it is no remarkable death, it must seem achievement to that of storming Lepanto, he would forward, not only as the one means of redeeming within the great world he had now given, but as the most equal and lasting service that a man like him—indeed, as it would then be, among the world—would or liberty from age to age—could be thought of in the cause.

In the midst of these cares he was much gratified by the receipt of a letter from an old friend of his, Antonio Lopez, whom he had made acquaintance with in his early travels in 1805 and who was at that period a first lieutenant under the Turks in the Mura.

Respectful notice of the history of the Mura, as given by the British.

\* The story of the Mura, which Lord Byron has given us, was particularly noted in his own and numerous in the

This patriotic Greek was one of the foremost to raise the standard of the Cross, and at the present moment stood distinguished among the supporters of the Legislative Body and of the new national Government. The following is a translation of Lord Byron's answer to his letter.

## LETTER DXLII.

TO LONDON.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"The sight of your handwriting gave me the greatest pleasure. Greece has ever been for me, as it must be for all men of any feeling or education, the promised land of valour, of the arts, and of liberty; nor did the time I passed in my youth in travelling among her ruins at all chill my affection for the birth-place of heroes. In addition to this, I am bound to yourself by ties of friendship and gratitude for the hospitality which I experienced from you during my stay in that country, of which you are now become one of the first defenders and ornaments. To see myself serving, by your side and under your eyes, in the cause of Greece will be to me one of the happiest events of my life. In the mean time, with the hope of our again meeting,

"I am, as ever, &amp;c."

Among the less serious embarrassments of his position at this period may be mentioned the struggle maintained against him by his colleague, Colonel Stanhope,—with a degree of conscientious perseverance which even while thwarted by it, he could not but respect,—on the subject of a Free Press, which it was one of the favourite objects of his fellow-agent to bring instantly into operation in all parts of Greece. On this important point their opinions differed considerably; and the following report, by Colonel Stanhope, of one of their many conversations on the subject, may be taken as a fair and concise statement of their respective views.

"Lord Byron said that he was an ardent friend of publicity and the press; but that he feared it was not applicable to this society in its present combustible state. I answered that I thought it applicable to all countries, and essential here, in order to put an end to the state of anarchy which at present prevailed. Lord B. feared libels and licentiousness. I said that the object of a free press was to check public licentiousness, and to expose libellers to odium. Lord B. had mentioned his conversation with Mavrocordato \* to show that the Prince was not hostile to the

cherished, under this exterior, a mature spirit of patriotism which occasionally broke forth; and the noble poet used to relate that, one day, while they were playing at draughts together, on the name of Riga being pronounced, Lord Byron leaped from the table, and clapping violently his hands, began singing the famous song of that ill-fated patriot:

"Sons of the Greeks, arise!  
The glorious hour 's gone forth."

\* Lord Byron had, it seems, acknowledged, on the preceding evening, his having remarked to Prince Mavrocordato, that "if he were in his situation, he would have

placed the press under a censor," to which he replied, "No; the liberty of the press is guaranteed by the Constitution."

That between two men, both eager in the pursuit of one common cause, there should arise a difference of opinion as to the means of serving it, is a natural result of the varieties of human nature, and detracts nothing from the zeal of either. But by those who do not suffer to be carried away by a theory, it will be found that I think, that the scruples professed by Lord Stanhope with respect to the expedience or safety of introducing what is called a Free Press into a country so little advanced in civilization as Greece was, were on just views of human nature and public sense. To endeavour to force upon a state so unprepared for them, such full-grown theories, to think of engrafting, at once, on an ignorant people the fruits of long knowledge and cultivation, importing among them, ready made, those blessings which no nation ever attained to by its own working out, nor ever was fitted to have, having first struggled for them,—to have dreamed of the success of such an experiment, a sanguineous almost incredible, and such in the present instance, indulged by a statesman, economist and soldier, was, as we have seen, the poet.

The enthusiastic and, in many respects, well-founded confidence with which Colonel Stanhope appealed to the authority of Mr Bentham on the points at issue between himself and Lord Byron, was, from that natural antipathy which exists between political economists and poets, but little shaken by the latter;—such appeals being almost always to him with those sallies of ridicule, which is the best-humoured vent for his impatience. On the present point, however, notwithstanding the name and services of Mr Bentham, Lord Stanhope's quackery of much that is promulgated by him, when presented, it must be owned, ample compensation, indeed, as was Lord Byron's, in his own case, himself to the cause of Greece, there was no reason why he took of the means of serving her not as Lord Byron did, but as an unsubstantial or speculative. The grand task of freeing her from her tyrants was the main object. He knew that slavery was the enemy to Knowledge, and must be broken through before her light could come; that the work of freedom must therefore precede that of the pen, and that the first schools of Freedom.

With such sound and manly views of the exigencies of the crisis, it is not wonder that Lord Stanhope should view with impatience, and sometimes with contempt, all that premature apparatus of printing-presses, pedagogues, &c., with which the London Committee were, but for "utilitarianism," encumbering him. Some of the correspondents of this body were more solid in their speculations than themselves.

placed the press under a censor," to which he replied, "No; the liberty of the press is guaranteed by the Constitution."



not persons having suggested as a means of obtaining advantages on the cause, an adherence to the Greek cause.

Byron being, as strongly, perhaps, as Lord Byron, the importance of the great object of their mission, and of saving and, what was far more difficult, fighting against the common foe the enemies of Italy. Colonel Stanhope was not one of those who thought that the light of their great mission, and the operations of a just intervention, were as less essential instruments towards the success of the struggle; and in this opinion, as far as the poet and man of literature differed from the soldier. But it was such a difference as, in the men of frank and fair minds, may arise without reproach to themselves, or danger to their cause—a mode of opinion which, though maintained long, may be remembered without bitterness. In the present instance, neither prevailed; at the close of one of their warmest conversations concluding generously to his opponent, "one that honest right hand," and without the least passing forth, at the grave of his colleague, is of eulogy; not the less cordial for being constantly shaded with censure, nor less noble to the illustrious poet for being the tribute who had once manfully differed with him.

In the middle of February, the march of Lord Byron having brought the artillery into such a state of forwardness as to be ready for service, an inspection of the Sulina took place, preparatory to the expedition; and such of the usual deception and mismanagement on their part, every obstacle appeared to be surmounted. It was agreed that they should have a month's pay in advance:—Count Gamba, 50 of their corps, as a vanguard, was to march by and take up a position under Lepanto, and Byron with the main body and the artillery was to follow.

Difficulties, however, were soon started by insupportable mercenariness; and under the instigation, as was discovered afterwards, of the great of Marcoradato, Colocotroni, who had sent him into Missolonghi for the purpose of seducing, they now put forward their exactions in a hope by requiring of the Government to appoint of their number, two generals, two colonels, two majors, and inferior officers in the same proportion:—"in short," says Count Gamba, "that, out of four hundred actual Sulinas, there should be one hundred and fifty above the rank of soldiers." The audacious dishonesty of this demand, beyond what he could have expected even to be, roused all Lord Byron's rage, and he signified to the whole body, through Count Gamba, that all negotiation between them and him was at an end; that he could no longer have any use in persons so little true to their engagements; and that though the relief which he had sent to their families should still be continued, agreements with them, as a body, must be regarded void.

On the 14th of February that this rupture of Lord Byron.—See Colonel Stanhope's "Greece on Fire, &c."

with the Sulinas took place; and though, on the following day, a commitment of the full submission of their Church, they were again received into his service on his own terms, the whole affair remained with the various other difficulties that now beset him, appeared no more commensurate. He now well knew that he should not reach in half the time of Greece and his own character, in all respects, in such an emergency, much more than any other could thus reduce from their duty; and that, all such more regular force could be organized, the expedition against Lepanto must be abandoned.

While these vexatious events were occurring, the interruption of his attendance elsewhere in the month increased the anxiety that such delays were calculated to excite, and the whole together, in doubt, connected with whatever predisposing tendencies were already in his constitution, to bring on that convulsive fit—the forerunner of his death—which, on the evening of the 18th of February, seized him. He was sitting, at about eight o'clock, with only Mr. Perry and Mr. Henshaw, in the apartment of Colonel Stanhope,—talking pleasantly upon one of his favourite topics, the differences between himself and the latter gentleman, and saying that "he believed, after all, the author's tragedy would be ready before the author's printing-press." There was an unusual flush in his face, and from the rapid changes of his countenance it was manifest that he was suffering under some nervous agitation. He then continued to be talking, and, calling for some chair, took of it; upon which, a still greater change being observable over his features, he rose from his seat, but was unable to walk, and, after staggering forward a step or two, fell into Mr. Perry's arms. In another minute, his teeth were clenched, his speech and senses gone, and he was in strong convulsions. The violent motion, where he struggled, that it required all the strength both of Mr. Perry and his servant Tim to hold him during the fit. His face now was much distorted, and, as he told Count Gamba afterwards, "at intervals were no suffering during the convulsion, that but it lasted but a minute longer he believed he must have died." The fit was, however, as short as it was violent: in a few minutes he opened his eyes, turned; his features, though still pale and tremulous, resumed their natural shape, and he effort recovered from the attack his characteristic weakness. "I was not as he would speak," says Count Gamba, "he seemed himself perfectly free from all danger, and he could scarcely make whether his attack was such a violent fit." "Let me know," he said, "if he had been afraid to die—I am not."

This painful event had not, however, done what was intended, when a report was brought that the Sulinas were up in arms, and about to attack the fortress for the purpose of seizing the magazines. Accordingly Lord Byron's friends that in the evening, the soldiers were ordered under arms, the sentries doubled, and the cannon pointed and pointed on the approaches to the gates. Though the alarm proved to be false, the very likelihood of such an attack served sufficiently to show how precarious was the state of Missolonghi at the moment, and in what a state of total defence, and discomfort, the now nearly numberless Greek troops were so close.

On the following morning he was found to be better, but still pale and weak, and complained much of a sensation of weight in his head. The doctors, therefore, thought it right to apply leeches to his temples; but found it difficult, on their removal, to stop the blood, which continued to flow so copiously, that from exhaustion he fainted. It must have been on this day that the scene thus described by Colonel Stanhope occurred:—

"Soon after his dreadful paroxysm, when, faint with over-bleeding, he was lying on his sick bed, with his whole nervous system completely shaken, the mutinous Suliotes, covered with dirt and splendid attires, broke into his apartment, brandishing their costly arms, and loudly demanding their wild rights. Lord Byron, electrified by this unexpected act, seemed to recover from his sickness; and the more the Suliotes raged the more his calm courage triumphed. The scene was truly sublime."

Another eye-witness, Count Gamba, bears similar testimony to the presence of mind with which he fronted this and all other such dangers. "It is impossible," says this gentleman, "to do justice to the coolness and magnanimity which he displayed upon every trying occasion. Upon trifling occasions he was certainly irritable; but the aspect of danger calmed him in an instant, and restored to him the free exercise of all the powers of his noble nature. A more undaunted man in the hour of peril never breathed."

The letters written by him during the few following weeks form, as usual, the best record of his proceedings, and besides the sad interest they possess as being among the latest from his hand, are also precious, as affording proof that neither illness nor disappointment, neither a worn-out frame nor even a hopeless spirit, could lead him for a moment to think of abandoning the great cause he had espoused; while to the last, too, he preserved unbroken the cheerful spring of his mind, his manly endurance of all ills that affected but himself, and his ever-wakeful consideration for the wants of others.

#### LETTER DXLIII.

TO MR BARFF.

\* February 21.

"I am a good deal better, though of course weakly; the leeches took too much blood from my temples the day after, and there was some difficulty in stopping it, but I have since been up daily, and out in boats or on horseback. To day I have taken a warm bath, and live as temperately as can well be, without any liquid but water, and without animal food.

"Besides the four Turks sent to Patras, I have obtained the release of four-and-twenty women and children, and sent them at my own expense to Prevesa, that the English Consul-General may consign them to their relations. I did this by their own desire. Matters here are a little embroiled with the Suliotes and foreigners, &c., but I still hope better things, and will stand by the cause as long as my health and circumstances will permit me to be supposed useful.\*

\* In a letter to the same gentleman, dated January 27,

"I am obliged to support the Government at the present."

The prisoners mentioned in this letter have been released by him and sent to Prevesa, held in captivity at Missolonghi since the Revolution. The following was the last letter he forwarded with them to the English Consul at Prevesa:—

#### LETTER DXLIV.

TO MR MAYER.

"SIR,

"Coming to Greece, one of my prime motives was to alleviate as much as possible the present state of a warfare so cruel as the present difference between Turks and Greeks. I thought that those who want assistance are men, and claim the pity and protection of the more humane feelings. I have found here many Turks, including women and children, long pined in distress, far from the means and the consolations of their home. I thought I might have consigned them to me: I transport them to Prevesa, whither they desire to be sent. I will not object to take care that they may be sent to a place of safety, and that the Government may accept of my present. The expense I can hope for would be to find inspired the Ottoman commanders with sentiments towards those unhappy Greeks hereafter fall into their hands.

"I beg you to believe

#### LETTER DXLV.

TO THE HONOURABLE DOUGLAS KIN

\* Missolonghi, February

"I have received yours of the 2d of November. It is essential that the money should be paid drawn for it all, and more too, to help Mr Parry is here, and he and I agree very well. I am going on hopefully for the present, circumstances.

"We shall have work this year, for the coming down in force; and, as for me, I shall be by the cause. I shall shortly march (as ordered) against Lepanto, with two thousand men. I have been here some time, after some part from the Turks, and also from being shot. We were twice upon the rocks, but this you have heard, truly or falsely, through other channels. I do not wish to bore you with a long story.

"So far I have succeeded in supporting the Government of Western Greece, which would have been dissolved. If you have received a thousand and odd pounds, these, with what I have in hand, and my income for the current year

he had already said, "I hope that things here will some time or other. I will stick by the cause as a cause exists—first or second."



nothing of contingencies, will, or might, enable me to keep the 'sinews of war' properly strung. If the deputies be honest fellows, and obtain the loan, they will repay the £4000 as agreed upon; and even then I shall save little, or indeed less than little, since I am maintaining nearly the whole machine—in this place, at least—at my own cost. But let the Greeks only succeed, and I don't care for myself.

"I have been very seriously unwell, but am getting better, and can ride about again; so pray quiet our friends on that score.

"It is not true that I ever *did, will, would, could* or *should* write a satire against Gifford, or a hair of his head. I always considered him as my literary father, and myself as his 'prodigal son'; and if I have allowed his 'fatted calf' to grow to an ox before he kills it on my return, it is only because I prefer beef to veal.

"Yours, &c."

#### LETTER DXLVI.

TO MR BARFF.

\* February 23d.

"My health seems improving, especially from riding and the warm bath. Six Englishmen will be soon in quarantine at Zante; they are artificers,\* and have had enough of Greece in fourteen days. If you could recommend them to a passage home, I would thank you; they are good men enough, but do not quite understand the little discrepancies in these countries, and are not used to see shooting and slashing in a domestic quiet way, or (as it forms here) a part of housekeeping.

"If they should want any thing during their quarantine, you can advance them not more than a dollar a day (amongst them) for that period, to purchase them some little extras as comforts (as they are quite out of their element). I cannot afford them more at present."

The following letter to Mr Murray,—which it is most gratifying to have to produce, as the last completing link of a long friendship and correspondence which had been but for a short time, and through the fault only of others, interrupted,—contains such a summary of the chief events now passing round Lord Byron, as, with the assistance of a few notes, will render any more detailed narrative unnecessary.

#### LETTER DXLVII.

TO MR MURRAY.

\* Missolonghi, February 25th, 1824.

"I have heard from Mr Douglas Kinnaird that you state 'a report of a satire on Mr Gifford having arrived from Italy, said to be written by me!' but that you do not believe it.' I dare say you do not, nor any body else, I should think. Whoever asserts that I am the author or abettor of any thing of the kind on

\* The workmen who came out with Parry, and who, alarmed by the scene of confusion and danger they found at Missolonghi, had resolved to return home.

Gifford lies in his throat. If any such composition exists, it is none of mine. You know as well as any body upon whom I have or have not written; and you also know whether they do or did not deserve that same. And so much for such matters.

"You will perhaps be anxious to hear some news from this part of Greece (which is the most liable to invasion); but you will hear enough through public and private channels. I will, however, give you the events of a week, mingling my own private peculiar with the public, for we are here a little jumbled together at present.

"On Sunday (the 15th, I believe), I had a strong and sudden convulsive attack, which left me speechless, though not motionless—for some strong men could not hold me; but whether it was epilepsy, catalepsy, cachexy, or apoplexy, or what other *ery* or *epy*, the doctors have not decided; or whether it was spasmodic or nervous, &c.; but it was very unpleasant, and nearly carried me off, and all that. On Monday, they put leeches to my temples, no difficult matter, but the blood could not be stopped till eleven at night (they had gone too near the temporal artery for my temporal safety), and neither styptic nor caustic would cauterize the orifice till after a hundred attempts.

"On Tuesday, a Turkish brig of war ran on shore. On Wednesday, great preparations being made to attack her, though protected by her consorts,\* the Turks burned her and retired to Patras. On Thursday a quarrel ensued between the Suliotes and the Frank guard at the arsenal: a Swedish officer † was killed, and a Suliote severely wounded, and a general fight expected, and with some difficulty prevented. On Friday, the officer was buried; and Captain Parry's English artificers mutinied, under pretence that their lives are in danger, and are for quitting the country—they may.‡

"On Saturday we had the smartest shock of an earthquake which I remember (and I have felt thirty, slight or smart, at different periods; they are common in the Mediterranean), and the whole army discharged their arms, upon the same principle that savages beat drums, or howl, during an eclipse of the moon:—it

\* "Early in the morning we prepared for our attack on the brig. Lord Byron, notwithstanding his weakness, and an inflammation that threatened his eyes, was most anxious to be of our party; but the physician would not suffer him to go."—COUNT GAMBA'S *Narrative*.

His lordship had promised a reward for every Turk taken alive in the proposed attack on this vessel.

† Captain Sasse, an officer esteemed as one of the best and bravest of the foreigners in the Greek service. "This," says Colonel Stanhope, in a letter, February 18th, to the Committee, "is a serious affair. The Suliotes have no country, no home for their families; arrears of pay are owing to them; the people of Missolonghi hate and pay them exorbitantly. Lord Byron, who was to have led them to Lepanto, is much shaken by his fit, and will probably be obliged to retire from Greece. In short, all our hopes in this quarter are damped for the present. I am not a little fearful, too, that these wild warriors will not forget the blood that has been spilt. I this morning told Prince Maurocordato and Lord Byron that they must come to some resolution about compelling the Suliotes to quit the place."

‡ This was a fresh, and, as may be conceived, serious disappointment to Lord Byron. "The departure of these men," says Count Gamba, "made us fear that our laboratory would come to nothing; for, if we tried to supply the place of the artificers with native Greeks, we should make but little progress."

was a rare scene altogether—if you had but seen the English Johnnies, who had never been out of a cockney workshop before!—or will again, if they can help it—and on Sunday, we heard that the Vizier is come down to Larissa, with one hundred and odd thousand men.

"In coming here, I had two escapes, one from the Turks (one of my vessels was taken, but afterwards released), and the other from shipwreck. We drove twice on the rocks near the Scopelos (islands near the coast).

"I have obtained from the Greeks the release of eight-and-twenty Turkish prisoners, men, women, and children, and sent them to Patras and Prevesa at my own charges. One little girl of nine years old, who prefers remaining with me, I shall (if I live) send, with her mother, probably, to Italy, or to England. Her name is Hato, or Hatagée. She is a very pretty lively child. All her brothers were killed by the Greeks, and she herself and her mother merely spared by special favour and owing to her extreme youth, she being then but five or six years old.

"My health is now better, and I ride about again. My office here is no sinecure, so many parties and difficulties of every kind; but I will do what I can. Prince Mavrocordato is an excellent person, and does all in his power, but his situation is perplexing in the extreme. Still we have great hopes of the success of the contest. You will hear, however, more of public news from plenty of quarters, for I have little time to write.

"Believe me yours, &c. &c.

"N. BY."

The fierce lawlessness of the Suliotes had now risen to such a height that it became necessary for the safety of the European population to get rid of them altogether; and by some sacrifices on the part of Lord Byron, this object was at length effected. The advance of a month's pay by him, and the discharge of their arrears by the Government, (the latter, too, with money lent for that purpose by the same universal paymaster,) at length induced these rude warriors to depart from the town, and with them vanished all hopes of the expedition against Lepanto.

## LETTER DXLVIII.

TO MR MOORE.

\* Missolonghi, Western Greece, March 4th, 1824.

"MY DEAR MOORE,

"Your reproach is unfounded—I have received two letters from you, and answered both previous to leaving Cephalonia. I have not been 'quiet' in an Ionian island, but much occupied with business,—as the Greek deputies (if arrived) can tell you. Neither have I continued 'Don Juan,' nor any other poem. You go, as usual, I presume, by some newspaper report or other. \*

\* Proceeding, as he here rightly supposes, upon newspaper authority, I had in my letter made some allusion to his imputed occupations which, in his present sensitiveness on the subject of authorship, did not at all please him. To this circumstance Count Gamba alludes in a passage of his

"When the proper moment to be if arrived, I came here; and am told that my arrival has been of some other circumstances) has been of temporary advantage to the cause. I had escape from the Turks, and another from on my passage. On the 15th (or 16th) of I had an attack of apoplexy, or epilepsy, and the physicians have not exactly decided which, but native is agreeable. My constitution, the mains between the two opinions, like a sarcophagus between the magnets. All I say is, that they nearly bled me to death, the leeches too near the temporal artery, and blood could with difficulty be stopped, caustic. I am supposed to be getting better however. But my homilies will, I presume, be like the Archbishop of Granada case, 'I order you a hundred ducats from my and wish you a little more taste.'

"For public matters I refer you to Col. and Capt. Parry's reports,—and to all of whatsoever. There is plenty to do—and tumult within—they 'kill a man a week Acres in the country. Parry's artificers away in alarm, on account of a dispute in of the natives and foreigners were engaged. Swede was killed, and a Suliote woman in the middle of their fright there was a strong earthquake; so, between that and the boomed off in a hurry, in despite of all the contrary. A Turkish brig ran ashore, &

"You, I presume, are either publishing that same. Let me hear from and believe me, in all events,

"Ever and affectionately yo

"P.S. Tell Mr Murray that I wrote other day, and hope that he has received cease, the letter "

Narrative, where, after mentioning a remark that "Poetry should only occupy the idle, and serious affairs it would be ridiculous," he at this time writing to him, said that he had been instead of pursuing heroic and warlike adventures residing in a delightful villa continuing Don Juan, offended him for the moment, and he was sorry mistaken judgment had been formed of him."

It is amusing to observe that, while thus a from a highly noble motive, to throw his author shade while engaged in so much more serious was yet an author's mode of revenge that alienated him, when under the influence of any of the resentments. Thus, when a little angry with Count Gamba, he exclaimed "I will libel you in the Chronicle;" and in this brief burst of humour the means of provoking in him, I have been authority of Count Gamba, that he swore to "tire" upon me.

Though the above letter shows how momentary little spleen he may have felt, there not unknown, comes over me a short pang of regret to feeling of displeasure, however slight, shook among the latest I awakened in him.

† What I have omitted here is but a repetition of various particulars, respecting all that had happened since his arrival, which have already been given in his other correspondents.



## LETTER DXLIX.

TO DR KENNEDY.

\* Missolonghi, March 4, 1824.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR,

"I have to thank you for your two very kind letters, both received at the same time, and one long after its date. I am not unaware of the precarious state of my health, nor am, nor have been, deceived on that subject. But it is proper that I should remain in Greece; and it were better to die doing something than nothing. My presence here has been supposed so far useful as to have prevented confusion from becoming worse confounded, at least for the present. Should I become, or be deemed useless or superfluous, I am ready to retire; but in the interim I am not to consider personal consequences; the rest is in the hands of Providence,—as indeed are all things. I shall, however, observe your instructions, and indeed did so, as far as regards abstinence, for some time past.

"Besides the tracts, &c. which you have sent for distribution, one of the English artificers (hight Brownbill, a tinman) left to my charge a number of Greek Testaments, which I will endeavour to distribute properly. The Greeks complain that the translation is not correct, nor in good Romaic: Bambas can decide on that point. I am trying to reconcile the clergy to the distribution, which (without due regard to their hierarchy) they might contrive to impede or neutralise in the effect, from their power over their people. Mr Brownbill has gone to the Islands, having some apprehension for his life (not from the priests, however), and apparently preferring rather to be a saint than a martyr, although his apprehensions of becoming the latter were probably unfounded. All the English artificers accompanied him, thinking themselves in danger, on account of some troubles here, which have apparently subsided.

"I have been interrupted by a visit from Prince Mavrocordato and others since I began this letter, and must close it hastily, for the boat is announced as ready to sail. Your future convert, Hato, or Hatagée, appears to me lively, and intelligent, and promising, and possesses an interesting countenance. With regard to her disposition, I can say little, but Millingen, who has the mother (who is a middle-aged woman of good character) in his house as a domestic (although their family was in good worldly circumstances previous to the Revolution), speaks well of both, and he is to be relied on. As far as I know, I have only seen the child a few times with her mother, and what I have seen is favourable, or I should not take so much interest in her behalf. If she turns out well, my idea would be to send her to my daughter in England (if not to respectable persons in Italy), and so to provide for her as to enable her to live with reputation either singly or in marriage, if she arrive at maturity. I will make proper arrangements about her expenses through Messrs Barff and Hancock, and the rest I leave to your discretion and to Mrs K.'s, with a great sense of obligation for your kindness in undertaking her temporary superintendence.

"Of public matters here, I have little to add to what you will already have heard. We are going on as well as we can, and with the hope and the endeavour to do better. Believe me,

"Ever and truly, &amp;c."

## LETTER DL.

TO MR BARFF.

\* March 5th, 1824.

"If Sisseni\* is sincere, he will be treated with, and well treated; if he is not, the sin and the shame may lie at his own door. One great object is to heal those internal dissensions for the future, without exacting too rigorous an account of the past. Prince Mavrocordato is of the same opinion, and whoever is disposed to act fairly will be fairly dealt with. I have heard a *good deal* of Sisseni, but not a *deal* of good; however, I never judge from report, particularly in a Revolution. *Personally*, I am rather obliged to him, for he has been very hospitable to all friends of mine who have passed through his district. You may therefore assure him that any overture for the advantage of Greece and its internal pacification will be readily and sincerely met *here*. I hardly think that he would have ventured a deceitful proposition to me through you, because he must be sure that in such a case it would eventually be exposed. At any rate, the healing of these dissensions is so important a point, that something must be risked to obtain it."

## LETTER DLI.

TO MR BARFF.

\* March 10th.

"Enclosed is an answer to Mr Parruca's letter, and I hope that you will assure him from me, that I have done and am doing all I can to reunite the Greeks with the Greeks.

"I am extremely obliged by your offer of your country house (as for all other kindness) in case that my health should require my removal; but I cannot quit Greece while there is a chance of my being of any (even supposed) utility:—there is a stake worth millions such as I am, and while I can stand at all, I must stand by the cause. When I say this, I am at the same time aware of the difficulties and dissensions and defects of the Greeks themselves; but allowance must be made for them by all reasonable people.

"My chief, indeed *nine-tenths* of my expenses here are solely in advances to or on behalf of the Greeks,† and objects connected with their independence."

\* This Sisseni, who was the *Captain* of the rich district about Gastouni, and had for some time held out against the general Government, was now, as appears by the above letter, making overtures, through Mr Barff, of adhesion. As a proof of his sincerity, it was required by Lord Byron that he should surrender into the hands of the Government the fortress of Chiarenza.

† "At this time (February 14th)," says Mr Parry, who kept the accounts of his lordship's disbursements, "the

The letter of Parruca, to which the foregoing alludes, contained a pressing invitation to Lord Byron to present himself in the Peloponnesus, where, it was added, his influence would be sure to bring about the union of all parties. So general, indeed, was the confidence placed in their noble ally, that, by every Chief of every faction, he seems to have been regarded as the only rallying point round which there was the slightest chance of their now split and jarring interests being united. A far more flattering, as well as more authorized, invitation soon after reached him, through an express envoy, from the Chieftain Colocotroni, recommending a National Council, where his lordship, it was proposed, should act as mediator, and pledging this Chief himself and his followers to abide by the result. To this application an answer was returned, similar to that which he sent to Parruca, and which was in terms as follows:—

## LETTER DLII.

TO SR PARRUCA.

\* March 10th, 1824.

“SIR,

“I have the honour of answering your letter. My first wish has always been to bring the Greeks to agree amongst themselves. I came here by the invitation of the Greek government, and I do not think that I ought to abandon Roumelia for the Peloponnesus until that Government shall desire it; and the more so, as this part is exposed in a greater degree to the enemy. Nevertheless, if my presence can really be of any assistance in uniting two or more parties, I am ready to go any where, either as a mediator, or, if necessary, as a hostage. In these affairs I have neither private views, nor private dislike of any individual, but the sincere wish of deserving the name of the friend of your country, and of her patriots.

“I have the honour, &amp;c.”

## LETTER DLIII.

TO MR CHARLES HANCOCK.

\* Missolonghi, 10th March, 1824.

“SIR,

“I sent by Mr J. M. Hodges a bill drawn on Signor C. Jerostatti for three hundred and eighty-six pounds, on account of the Hon. the Greek Committee, for carrying on the service at this place. But Count Delladecima sent no more than two hundred dollars until he should receive instructions from C. Jerostatti. Therefore I am obliged to advance that sum to pre-

expenses of Lord Byron in the cause of the Greeks did not amount to less than two thousand dollars per week in rations alone.” In another place this writer says, “The Greeks seemed to think he was a mine from which they could extract gold at their pleasure. One person represented that a supply of 20,000 dollars would save the island of Candia from falling into the hands of the Pacha of Egypt; and there not being that sum in hand, Lord Byron gave him authority to raise it if he could in the Islands, and he would guarantee its repayment. I believe this person did not succeed.”

vent a positive stop being put to the Labovice at this place, &c. &c.

“I beg you will mention this business to Delladecima, who has the draft and ere and that Mr Barff, in conjunction with you endeavour to arrange this money account, received, forward the same to Missolonghi.”

“I am, sir, yours &amp;c.”

“So far is written by Captain Parry; that I must continue the letter myself. I little or nothing of the business, saving that, like most of the present affairs here at a stand-still if monies be not advanced are few here so disposed; so that I am chance, as usual.

“You will see what can be done with Jerostatti, and remit the sum, that you some quiet; for the Committee have embroiled their matters, or chosen Greek more Grecian than ever the Greeks are.”

“You

“P. S. A thousand thanks to Muir flower, the finest I ever saw or tasted, as the largest that ever grew out of Paradise land. I have written to quiet Dr Kenne newspaper (with which I have nothing writer, please to recollect and say). I of conductors that their motto would be but, like all mountebanks, they persist who is any thing but lucky, had some with it; and as usual, the moment he went wrong.” It will be better, perhaps But I write in haste, and have only time fore the boat sails, that I am ever

“Y

“P. S. Mr Findlay is here, and has money.”

## LETTER DLIV.

TO DR KENNEDY.

\* Missolonghi, Ma

“DEAR SIR,

“You could not disapprove of the Telegraph more than I did, and do; but land of liberty, where most people do as and few as they ought.

“I have not written, nor am inclined that or for any other paper, but have them, over and over, a change of the mot However, I do not think that it will be an irreligious or a levelling publication, a mise due respect to both churches and the editors do.

“If Bambas would write for the Greek he might have his own price for articles

“He had a notion that Count Gamba was unfortunate,—that he was one of those ill-st with whom every thing goes wrong. In the newspaper to Parry, he said, “I have subse get rid of importunity, and, it may be, keep mischief. At any rate, he can mar nothing importance.”



a slight demur about Hato's voyage, her going to go with her, which is quite natural, not the heart to refuse it; for even Maholaw, that in the division of captives, the never be separated from the mother. But make a difference in the arrangement, a poor woman (who has lost half her family is, as I said, of good character, and of so as to render her respectability not suspicion. She has heard, it seems, from her husband is no longer there. I have our Bibles to Dr. Meyer; and I hope that for may justify your confidence; nevertheless keep an eye upon him. You may depend on the society as fair play as Mr Wilberforce would; and any other commission for Greece will meet with the same attention

ing, with some hope of eventual success, the Greeks, especially as the Turks are force, and that shortly. We must meet may, and fight it out as we can.

to hear that your school prospers, and I at your good wishes are reciprocal. The so much finer, that I get a good deal of exercise in boats and on horseback, and am sure that my health is not worse than when wrote to me. Dr. Bruno can tell you that our regimen, and more, for I do not eat en fish.

"Believe me ever, &c.

The mechanics (six in number) were all of the same mind. Brownbill was but as they are less to blame than is im Colonel Stanhope is said to have told them, *did not positively say their lives were* would like to know *where* our life is safe, or any where else? With regard to a y, at least such hermetically-sealed safety ones appeared to desiderate, it is not to Greece, at any rate; but Missolonghi I to be the place where they would be their risk was no greater than that of

#### LETTER DLV.

TO COLONEL STANHOPE.

\* Missolonghi, 19th March, 1824.

MR STANHOPE,

Mavrocordato and myself will go to Salona es, and you may be very sure that P. it any proposition for the advantage of try is to answer for himself on his own I were to interfere with him, it would whole progress of his exertion, and he is

Stanhope had, at the instance of the Chief ten to request that some stores from the Missolonghi might be sent to Athens. Neither edato, however, nor Lord Byron considered this time, to weaken their means for defend- i, and accordingly sent back by the mess- barrels of powder.

really doing all that can be done without more aid from the Government.

"What can be spared will be sent; but I refer you to Captain Humphries's report, and to Count Gamba's letter for details upon all subjects.

"In the hope of seeing you soon, and deferring much that will be to be said till then,

"Believe me ever, &c.

"P. S. Your two letters (to me) are sent to Mr Barff, as you desire. Pray remember me particularly to Trelawney, whom I shall be very much pleased to see again."

#### LETTER DLVI.

TO MR BARFF.

\* March 19th.

"As Count Mercati is under some apprehensions of a *direct* answer to him personally on Greek affairs, I reply (as you authorised me) to you, who will have the goodness to communicate to him the enclosed. It is the joint answer of Prince Mavrocordato and of myself, to Signor Georgio Sisseni's propositions. You may also add, both to him and to Parruca, that I am perfectly sincere in desiring the most amicable termination of their internal dissensions, and that I believe P. Mavrocordato to be so also; otherwise I would not act with him, or any other, whether native or foreigner.

"If Lord Guilford is at Zante, or, if he is not, if Signor Tricupi is there, you would oblige me by presenting my respects to one or both, and by telling them, that from the very first I foretold to Col. Stanhope and to P. Mavrocordato that a Greek newspaper (or indeed any other) in the *present state* of Greece might and probably *would* tend to much mischief and misconstruction, unless under some restrictions, nor have I ever had any thing to do with either, as a writer or otherwise, except as a pecuniary contributor to their support on the outset, which I could not refuse to the earnest request of the projectors. Col. Stanhope and myself had considerable differences of opinion on this subject, and (what will appear laughable enough) to such a degree, that he charged me with *despotic* principles, and I him with ultra radicalism.

"Dr. \* \*, the editor, with his unrestrained freedom of the press, and who has the freedom to exercise an unlimited discretion,—not allowing any article but his own and those like them to appear,—and in declaiming against restrictions, cuts, carves, and restricts (as they tell me) at his own will and pleasure. He is the author of an article against Monarchy, of which he may have the advantage and fame—but they (the editors) will get themselves into a scrape, if they do not take care.

"Of all petty tyrants, he is one of the pettiest, as are most demagogues, that ever I knew. He is a Swiss by birth, and a Greek by assumption, having married a wife and changed his religion.

"I shall be very glad, and am extremely anxious for some favourable result to the recent pacific overtures of the contending parties in the Peloponnese."

## LETTER DLVII.

TO MR BARFF.

\* March 22.

"If the Greek deputies (as seems probable) have obtained the Loan, the sums I have advanced may perhaps be repaid; but it would make no great difference, as I should still spend that in the cause, and more to boot—though I should hope to better purpose than paying off arrears of fleets that sail away, and Suliotes that won't march, which, they say, what has hitherto been advanced has been employed in. But that was not my affair, but of those who had the disposal of affairs, and I could not decently say to them, 'You shall do so and so, because, &c. &c. &c.'"

"In a few days P. Mavrocordato and myself, with a considerable escort, intend to proceed to Salona, at the request of Ulysses and the Chiefs of Eastern Greece, and take measures offensive and defensive for the ensuing campaign. Mavrocordato is *almost* recalled by the new Government to the Morea (to take the lead, I rather think), and they have written to propose to me, to go either to the Morea with him, or to take the general direction of affairs in this quarter—with General Londo, and any other I may choose, to form a council. A. Londo is my old friend and acquaintance since we were lads in Greece together. It would be difficult to give a positive answer till the Salona meeting is over,\* but I am willing to serve them in any capacity they please, either commanding or commanded—it is much the same to me, as long as I can be of any presumed use to them.

"Excuse haste; it is late, and I have been several hours on horseback in a country so miry after the rains, that every hundred yards brings you to a ditch, of whose depth, width, colour, and contents, both my horses and their riders have brought away many tokens."

## LETTER DLVIII.

TO MR BARFF.

\* March 26th.

"Since your intelligence with regard to the Greek loan, P. Mavrocordato has shown to me an extract from some correspondence of his, by which it would appear that three commissioners are to be named to see that the amount is placed in proper hands for the service of the country, and that my name is amongst the number. Of this, however, we have as yet only the report.

"This commission is apparently named by the Committee or the contracting parties in England. I am of

\* To this offer of the Government to appoint him Governor-General of Greece (that is, of the enfranchised part of the Continent, with the exception of the Morea and the Islands), his answer was that "he was first going to Salona, and that afterwards he would be at their commands; that he could have no difficulty in accepting any office, provided he could persuade himself that any good would result from it."

opinion that such a commission will be necessary, the office will be both delicate and difficult, the weather, which has lately been equinoctial, has the country, and will probably retard our journey to Salona for some days, till the road becomes practicable.

"You were already apprized that P. Mavrocordato and myself had been invited to a conference by the Chiefs of Eastern Greece. I have indeed consulted on the subject (that in case of the first advance of the Loan should be immediately, the Greek General Government try to raise some thousand dollars in the interim, to be repaid from the earliest instalment of their arrival. What prospect of success they have, or on what conditions, you can tell better than me: I suppose, if the Loan be confirmed, it might be done by them, but subject of course to usual terms. You can let them and me know your opinion. There is an imperious necessity for a national fund, and that speedily, otherwise what can be done? The auxiliary corps of about two thousand men paid by me, are, I believe, the sole regularly furnished with the money, due weekly, and the officers monthly. It is the Greek Government gives their rations, but they have had three mutinies, owing to the badness of the bread, which neither native nor stranger can eat (nor dogs either), and there is still great difficulty in obtaining them even provisions of any kind.

"There is a dissension among the German agents, the conduct of the agents of their Committee of examination amongst themselves instituted for the purpose, the result may be anticipated, as it will end in a row, of course, as usual.

"The English are all very amicable as usual; we get on too with the Greeks very well, always making allowance for circumstances, and have no quarrels with the foreigners."

During the month of March there occurred besides what is mentioned in these letters, nothing of great importance, but it requires to be dwelt upon at any length, or at least to be mentioned. After the failure of his design against Lepanto, two great objects of his daily thoughts were the fortifications of Missolonghi, and the formation of a brigade;—the one, with a view to defensive measures as were alone likely to be successful for during the present campaign; and the other, in preparation for those more active enterprises which he still fondly flattered himself he should undertake the next. "He looked forward (says Mr. L.) to the recovery of his health and spirits, to the fine weather, and the commencement of the campaign, when he proposed to take the field with his own brigade, and the troops which the Government of Greece were to place under his order."

\* The generous zeal with which he applied himself to this important object will be understood from the statement. "On reporting to Lord Byron what might be done, he ordered me to draw up a plan of the fortifications in thorough repair, and to annex an estimate of the expense. It was agreed that I should make the estimate only one third of what would be the actual expense; and if that third could be procured from the magistracy, Lord Byron undertook to pay the remainder."



ness which too often waits on us, it has been sometimes tauntingly quarters from whence a more gen- ight be expected,\* that, after all, d but little for Greece:—as if much by a single individual, and in so cause which, fought as it has been through the six years since his d nothing less than the intervention wers of Europe to give it a chance en so, has not yet succeeded. That under no delusion as to the import- solitary aid,—that he knew, in a there must be the same prodigality one great end as is observable in perations of nature, where indivi- ing in the tide of events,—that such philosophic and melancholy view of I have, I trust, clearly shown. But hort period of action, he did not do ll that man could achieve in the the circumstances, is an assertion acts here recorded fully and trium-

He knew that, placed as he was, be wise, must be prospective, and the seeds thus sown by him, the to be expected must be judged. ude Chiefs to the Government and infuse a spirit of humanity, by his r warfare;—to prepare the way for the expected Loan, in a manner call forth the resources of the coun- fortifications of Missolonghi in such might, and eventually *did*, render besieger;—to prevent those infrac- so tempting to the Greeks, which erment in collision with the Ionian o restrain all such licence of the Press the Courts of Europe to their cause: mportant objects which he had pro- o accomplish, and towards which, al, and in the midst of such dissen- ces, he had already made consi- promising progress. But it would even here the bright catalogue of is, after all, *not* with the span of : good achieved by a name immortal : acts into the future,—it is an auxi- me; and the inspiring example of r of liberty, is for ever freshly em- y as a poet.

l of his attack in February, he had time, indisposed; and, more than ned of vertigos, which made him feel, xicated. He was also frequently ous sensations, with shiverings and

Times newspaper, Foreign Quarterly

t be addressed to Lord Sidney Osborne. the subject of these infractions, from o to Sir T. Maitland, Lord Byron says : persuaded how difficult it is, under ces, for the Greeks to keep up disci- may be all disposed to do so. I am convince them of the necessity of the regulations of the Islands, and lect.\*

tremors, which, though apparently the effects of excessive debility, he himself attributed to fulness of habit. Proceeding upon this notion, he had, ever since his arrival in Greece, abstained almost wholly from animal food, and eat of little else but dry toast, vegetables, and cheese. With the same fear of becoming fat, which had in his young days haunted him, he almost every morning measured himself round the wrist and waist, and whenever he found these parts, as he thought, enlarged, took a strong dose of medicine.

Exertions had, as we have seen, been made by his friends at Cephalaria, to induce him, without delay, to return to that island, and take measures, while there was yet time, for the re-establishment of his health. "But these entreaties (says Count Gamba) produced just the contrary effect; for in proportion as Byron thought his position more perilous, he the more resolved upon remaining where he was." In the midst of all this, too, the natural flow of his spirits in society seldom deserted him; and whenever a trick upon any of his attendants, or associates, suggested itself, he was as ready to play the mischief-loving boy as ever. His engineer, Parry, having been much alarmed by the earthquake they had experienced, and still continuing in constant apprehension of its return, Lord Byron contrived, as they were all sitting together one evening, to have some barrels full of cannon-balls trundled through the room above them, and laughed heartily as he would have done, when a Harrow boy, at the ludicrous effect which this deception produced on the poor frightened engineer.

Every day, however, brought new trials both of his health and temper. The constant rains had rendered the swamps of Missolonghi almost impassable;—an alarm of plague, which, about the middle of March, was circulated, made it prudent, for some time, to keep within doors; and he was thus, week after week, deprived of his accustomed air and exercise. The only recreation he had recourse to was that of playing with his favourite dog, Lion; and, in the evening, going through the exercise of drilling with his officers, or practising at single-stick.

At the same time, the demands upon his exertions, personal and pecuniary, poured in from all sides, while the embarrassments of his public position every day increased. The chief obstacle in the way of his plan for the reconciliation of all parties had been the rivalry so long existing between Mavrocordato and the Eastern Chiefs; and this difficulty was now not a little heightened by the part taken by Colonel Stanhope and Mr. Trelawney, who, having allied themselves with Odysseus, the most powerful of these Chieftains, were endeavouring actively to detach Lord Byron from Mavrocordato, and enlist him in their own views. This schism was,—to say the least of it,—ill-timed and unfortunate. For, as Prince Mavrocordato and Lord Byron were now acting in complete harmony with the Government, a co-operation of all the other English agents on the same side would have had the effect of assuring a preponderance to this party (which was that of the civil and commercial interests all through Greece) that might, by strengthening the hands of the ruling power, have afforded some hope of vigour and consistency in its movements. By this division, however, the English lost their casting weight; and not only marred what-

ever little chance they might have had of extinguishing the dissensions of the Greeks, but exhibited, most unseasonably, an example of dissension among themselves.

The visit to Salona, in which, though distrustful of the intended Military Congress, Mavrocordato had consented to accompany Lord Byron, was, as the foregoing letters have mentioned, delayed by the floods,—the river Fidari having become so swollen as not to be fordable. In the mean time, dangers, both from within and without, threatened Missolonghi. The Turkish fleet had again come forth from the Gulf, while, in concert, it was apprehended, with this resumption of the blockade, insurrectionary movements, instigated, as was afterwards known, by the malcontents of the Morea, manifested themselves formidably both in the town and its neighbourhood. The first cause for alarm was the landing, in canoes, from Anatolico of a party of armed men, the followers of Cariasacchi of that place, who came to demand retribution from the people of Missolonghi for some injury that, in a late affray, had been inflicted on one of their clan. It was also rumoured that 300 Suliotes were marching upon the town; and the following morning, news came that a party of these wild warriors had actually seized upon Basiladi, a fortress that commands the port of Missolonghi, while some of the soldiers of Cariasacchi had, in the course of the night, arrested two of the Primates, and carried them to Anatolico. The tumult and indignation that this intelligence produced was universal. All the shops were shut, and the bazaars deserted. "Lord Byron," says Count Gamba, "ordered his troops to continue under arms; but to preserve the strictest neutrality, without mixing in any quarrel, either by actions or words."

During this crisis, the weather had become sufficiently favourable to admit of his paying the visit to Salona, which he had purposed. But, as his departure at such a juncture might have the appearance of abandoning Missolonghi, he resolved to wait the danger out. At this time the following letters were written.

#### LETTER DLIX.

TO MR BARFF.

\* April 3d.

"There is a quarrel, not yet settled, between the citizens and some of Cariasacchi's people, which has already produced some blows. I keep my people quite neutral; but have ordered them to be on their guard.

"Some days ago we had an Italian private soldier drummed out for thieving. The German officers wanted to flog him; but I flatly refused to permit the use of the stick or whip, and delivered him over to the police." Since then a Prussian officer rioted in

\* \* Lord Byron declared that, as far as he was concerned, no barbarous usages, however adopted even by some civilised people, should be introduced into Greece; especially as such a mode of punishment would disgust rather than reform. We hit upon an expedient which favoured our military discipline: but it required not only all Lord Byron's

his lodgings; and I put him under arrest, in the order. This, it appears, did not please the man confederation: but I stuck by my ten given them plainly to understand, that if they did not choose to be amenable to the laws of Greece and service, may retire; but that in all things I will see them obeyed by foreigners.

"I wish something was heard of the affairs of the Loan, for there is a plentiful deal of business at present."

#### LETTER DLX.

TO MR BARFF.

"Since I wrote, we have had some business with the citizens and Cariasacchi's people. They are under arms, our boys and all. They took on me and fifty of my lads,\* by mistake taking our usual excursion into the country. The matters are settled or subsiding; but a day ago, the father-in-law of the landlord where I am lodged (one of the Primates, lord is) was arrested for high treason.

"They are in conclave still with him, and we have a number of new faces to come to assist, they say. Gunboats are ready, &c.

"The row has had one good effect upon them on the alert. What is to become of the father-in-law, I do not know; nor what he has done but

\* 'Tis a very fine thing to be father-in-law  
To a very magnificent three-tail'd

eloquence, but his authority, to prevail upon him to accede to it. The culprit had his uniform on his back, in presence of his comrades, and he marched through the town with a label on his back, both in Greek and Italian, the nature of which he was given up to the regular example of severity, tempered by a humane consideration of the best effect upon our soldiers, as well as citizens of the town. But it was very near a disagreeable circumstance; for, in the court, some very high words passed on the part of three Englishmen, two of them officers, the consequence of which cards were exchanged, and were to have been fought the next morning, did not hear of this till late at night: but I ordered me to arrest both parties, which I did; and, after some difficulty, prevailed on them to stop."—COUNT GAMBA'S *Narrative*.

\* "A corps of fifty Suliotes which he had, at his arrival at Missolonghi, kept about him at a large outer room of his house was appropriated to troops; and their carbines were suspended at the door. In this room (says Mr Parry), and among the soldiers, Lord Byron was accustomed to walk particularly in wet weather, accompanied by his dog, Lion."

When he rode out, these fifty Suliotes at foot; and though they carried their carbines always,\* says the same authority, \*able to the horses at full speed. The captain, and his brother, preceded his lordship, who rode accompanied by Count Gamba, and on the other by the preter. Behind him, also on horseback, came servants,—generally his black groom, and followed like the chasseurs usually seen behind the ambassadors, and another division of his guard followed."—PARRY'S *Last Days of Lord Byron*.

† This man had, it seems, on his way to



man in Blackbeard says and sings. I wrote to my mothers at length, some days ago; the letters, you will receive with this. We are to hear more of the Loan; and it is some time I have had my letters (at least of an interesting description) from England, excepting one of mine, from Bowring (of no great importance); its dates are of 9bre, or of the 6th 10bre, four exactly. I hope you get on well in the islands: at of us are, or have been, more or less indistinct as well as foreigners."

## LETTER DLXI.

TO MR. BARFF.

\* April 7th.

Greeks here of the Government have been so far more money.\* As I have the brigade mine, and the campaign is apparently now to end as I have already spent 30,000 dollars in matters upon them in one way or another, and especially as their public loan has succeeded, so I ought not to draw from individuals at that time given them a refusal, and—as they would: *that*,—another refusal in terms of comiseration.

I wish now to try in the Islands for a few dollars on the ensuing loan. If you can, perhaps you will in the way of information rate; and I will see that you have fair still I do not advise you, except to act as you see. Almost every thing depends upon the speed of arrival, of a portion of the keep peace among themselves. If they can sense to do this, I think that they will be a deal better for any force that can be brought them for the present. We are all doing as we can."

be perceived from these letters, that besides the general interests of the cause, which themselves sufficient to absorb all his thoughts, also met, on every side, in the details of his every possible variety of obstruction and in that rapacity, turbulence, and treachery row in his way. Such vexations, too, as we have been trying to the most robust health, upon a frame already marked out for death; we help feeling, while we contemplate this: of his life, that, much as there is in it to wonder at, and glory in, there is also much less and most distressful thoughts. In

Anastasio, and held several conferences with it. He had long been suspected of being a spy; there found upon him confirmed the suspicion. sequence of the numerous proceedings of Carinsipole, most of the neighbouring chieftains instigation of the Government, and had already few marched to Anastasio near 2000 men. But, upon the arrival of such a force, they were fresh emboldened, as there was a total want of their daily maintenance. It was in this that the Governor, Primates, and Chieftains sue, as have stated, to their usual source of

a situation more than any other calling for sympathy and care, we see him cast among strangers and mercenaries, without either name or friend;—the self-collectedness of woman being, as we shall find, wanting for the former office, and the youth and inexperience of Count Gamba unfitting him wholly for the other. The very firmness with which a position so lone and disheartening was sustained, serves, by interesting us more deeply in the man, to increase our sympathy, till we almost forget admiration in pity, and half regret that he should have been great at such a cost.

The only circumstances that had for some time occurred to give him pleasure were, as regarded public affairs, the news of the successful progress of the Loan, and, in his personal relations, some favourable intelligence which he had received, after a long interruption of communication, respecting his sister and daughter. The former, he learned, had been seriously indisposed at the very time of his own fit, but had now entirely recovered. While delighted at this news, he could not help, at the same time, remarking, with his usual tendency to such superstitious feelings, how strange and striking was the coincidence.

To those who have, from his childhood, traced him through these pages, it must be manifest, I think, that Lord Byron was not formed to be long-lived. Whether from any hereditary defect in his organization,—as he himself, from the circumstance of both his parents having died young, concluded,—or from those violent means he so early took to counteract the natural tendency of his habit, and reduce himself to thinness, he was, almost every year, as we have seen subject to attacks of indisposition, by more than one of which his life was seriously endangered. The capricious course which he at all times pursued respecting diet,—his long fastings, his expedients for the allayment of hunger, his occasional excesses in the most unwholesome food, and, during the latter part of his residence in Italy, his indulgence in the use of spirituous beverages,—all this could not be otherwise than hurtful and undermining to his health; while his constant recourse to medicine—daily, as it appears, and in large quantities—both evinced and, no doubt, increased the derangement of his digestion. When to all this we add the wasteful wear of spirits and strength from the slow corrosion of sensibility, the warfare of the passions, and the workings of a mind that allowed itself no sabbath, it is not to be wondered at that the vital principle in him should so soon have burnt out, or that, at the age of thirty-three, he should have had—as he himself drearily expresses it—"an old feel." To feed the flame, the all-absorbing flame, of his genius, the whole powers of his nature, physical as well as moral, were sacrificed:—to present that grand and costly conflagration to the world's eyes, in which,

\* Giannetari. like a palace set on fire.  
His glory, while it shone, but ruined him."

It was on the very day when, as I have mentioned, the intelligence of his sister's recovery reached him, that, having been for the last three or four days prevented from taking exercise by the rain, he rambled, though the weather still looked threatening, to ven-

† Beaumont and Fletcher

ture out on horseback. Three miles from Missolonghi Count Gamba and himself were overtaken by a heavy shower, and returned to the town walls wet through and in a state of violent perspiration. It had been their usual practice to dismount at the walls and return to their house in a boat; but, on this day, Count Gamba, representing to Lord Byron how dangerous it would be, warm as he then was, to sit exposed so long to the rain in a boat, entreated of him to go back the whole way on horseback. To this, however, Lord Byron would not consent; but said, laughingly, "I should make a pretty soldier indeed, if I were to care for such a trifle." They accordingly dismounted and got into the boat as usual.

About two hours after his return home he was seized with a shuddering, and complained of fever and rheumatic pains. "At eight that evening," says Count Gamba, "I entered his room. He was lying on a sofa restless and melancholy. He said to me, 'I suffer a great deal of pain. I do not care for death, but these agonies I cannot bear.'"

The following day he rose at his accustomed hour, transacted business, and was even able to take his ride in the olive woods, accompanied, as usual, by his long train of Suliotcs. He complained, however, of perpetual shudderings, and had no appetite. On his return home, he remarked to Fletcher that his saddle, he thought, had not been perfectly dried since yesterday's wetting, and that he felt himself the worse for it. This was the last time he ever crossed the threshold alive. In the evening Mr Finlay and Mr Millingen called upon him. "He was at first (says the latter gentleman) gay than usual; but on a sudden became pensive."

On the evening of the 11th his fever, which was pronounced to be rheumatic, increased; and on the 12th he kept his bed all day, complaining that he could not sleep, and taking no nourishment whatever. The two following days, though the fever had apparently diminished, he became still more weak, and suffered much from pains in the head.

It was not till the 14th that his physician, Doctor Bruno, finding the sudorifics which he had hitherto employed to be unavailing, began to urge upon his patient the necessity of being bled. Of this, however, Lord Byron would not hear. He had evidently but little reliance on his medical attendant, and from the specimens this young man has since given of his intellect to the world, it is, indeed, lamentable, supposing skill to have been, at this moment, of any avail,—that a life so precious should have been intrusted to such ordinary hands. "It was on this day, I think," says Count Gamba, "that, as I was sitting near him on his sofa, he said to me, 'I was afraid I was losing my memory, and, in order to try, I attempted to repeat some Latin verses with the English translation, which I have not endeavoured to recollect since I was at school. I remembered them all except the last word of one of the hexameters.'"

To the faithful Fletcher, the idea of his master's life being in danger seems to have occurred some days before it struck either Count Gamba or the physician. So little, according to his friend's narrative, had such a suspicion crossed Lord Byron's own

mind, that he even expressed himself "rather than his fever, as it might cure him of his tendency to leprosy." To Fletcher, however, it appeared, as he professed, more than once, strong doubts of the nature of his complaint being so slight as the physician seemed to suppose it, and on his serving him his entreaties that he would send for Thomas to Zante, made no further opposition, still, out of consideration for those gentlemen, referred him on the subject to Doctor Bruno, of Millingen. Whatever might have been the motive or satisfaction of this step, it was now wholly impossible by the weather, such a storm blowing into the port that not a ship could pass. The rain, too, descended in torrents, and between the floods on the land-side and the sirocco from the sea, Missolonghi was, for the moment, a pestilential prison.

It was at this juncture that Mr Millingen was, for the first time, according to his own account, invited to attend Lord Byron in his medical capacity,—his visit on the 10th being so little, as he states, professional, that he did not even, on that occasion, feel the lordship's pulse. The great object for which he was now called in, and rather, it would seem, by Fletcher than Doctor Bruno, was for the purpose of joining his representations and remonstrances to those already prevailing upon the patient to suffer himself to be bled,—an operation now become absolutely necessary from the increase of the fever, and which Doctor Bruno had, for the last two days, urged in vain.

Holding gentleness to be, with a disposition like that of Byron, the most effectual means of success, Mr Millingen tried, as he himself tells us, all reasoning and persuasion could suggest towards attaining his object. But his efforts were fruitless. Lord Byron, who had now become morbidly irritable, replied angrily, but still with all his accustomed sweetness and spirit, to the physician's observations. "All his prejudices," he declared, "the strongest was against bleeding. His mother had on her death obtained from him a promise never to consent to being bled; and whatever argument might be produced, his aversion, he said, was stronger than reason. "Besides, is it not," he asked, "as asserted by Doctor Reid, in his Essays, that less slaughter is effected by the lance than the lancet—that minute instrument of mighty mischief!" On Mr Millingen serving that this remark related to the treatment of nervous, but not of inflammatory complaints, he joined, in an angry tone, "Who is nervous, if I am not? And do not those other words of his, too, apply to my case, where he says that drawing blood from a nervous patient is like loosening the chords of a musical instrument, whose tones already fail for want of sufficient tension? Even before this time you yourself know how weak and irritable I had become;—and bleeding, by increasing this state, will inevitably kill me. Do with me whatever else you like, but bleed me you shall not. I have had several inflammatory fevers in my life, and at an age when more robust and plethoric; yet I got through them without bleeding. This time, also, will I take my chance."\*

\* It was during the same, or some similar conversation



moving and repeated entreaties, Mr. Parry succeeded in obtaining from him should he feel his fever increase at allow Doctor Bruno to bleed him.

He had transacted business and letters; particularly one that much to the Turkish Governor, to whom he owed prisoners, and who, in this, asked him for his humane interference, repetition of it.

He conversed a good deal with Parry, some hours by his bedside. "He sat says this officer), and was then calm.

He talked with me on a variety of things with himself and his family; he mentioned as to Greece, his plans for the what he should ultimately do for that sake to me about my own adventures. He sat also with great composure, and not believe his end was so very near, thinking about him so serious and so calm and composed, so different from any I before seen in him, that my mind at times foreboded his speedy dis-

his patient early next morning, Mr. Parry told him, that having passed, as the whole, a better night, he had not necessary to ask Dr Bruno to bleed him. I shall, in justice to Mr. Mil-lingham's own words, "I thought it my duty to make all consideration of his feelings, and to tell him, how deeply I in him trifle thus with his life, and show him. His pertinacious refusal had almost wasted most precious time to be lost; and as of hope now remained, and, unless immediately to be bled, we could not avoid consequences. It was true, he cared not who could assure him that, unless by resolution, the uncontrolled disease would such disorganization in his system for ever to deprive him of reason?—I told him last on the sensible chord; and, I by our importunities, partly per- at at us both the fiercest glance of throwing out his arm, said, in the as- sure—here—you are, I see, a d—d set of away as much blood as you like, but I will not."

At the moment (adds Mr. Mil-lingham), and twenty ounces. On coagulating, the blood a strong buffy coat; yet the relief did not correspond to the hopes we had during the night the fever became more violent than had been hitherto. The restlessness increased, and the patient spoke several incoherent sentences."

On the morning, the 17th, the bleeding was, although the rheumatic symptoms were completely removed, the appearances of inflammation in the brain were now hourly increasing.

Mr. Parry reports him to have said, "If my hour comes, whether I lose my blood or keep it," and to have said, "I understand, about to publish an account which the above extract is taken from."

Count Gamba, who had not for the last two days seen him, being confined to his own apartment by a sprained ankle, now contrived to reach his room.

"His countenance," says this gentleman, "at once awakened in me the most dreadful suspicions. He was very calm; he talked to me in the kindest manner about my accident, but in a hollow, sepulchral tone. 'Take care of your foot,' said he; 'I know by experience how painful it must be.' I could not stay near his bed: a flood of tears rushed into my eyes, and I was obliged to withdraw." Neither Count Gamba, indeed, nor Fletcher, appear to have been sufficiently masters of themselves to do much else than weep during the remainder of this afflicting scene.

In addition to the bleeding, which was repeated twice on the 17th, it was thought right also to apply blisters to the soles of his feet. "When on the point of putting them on," says Mr. Mil-lingham, "Lord Byron asked me whether it would answer the purpose to apply both on the same leg. Guessing immediately the motive that led him to ask this question, I told him that I would place them above the knees. 'Do so,' he replied."

It is painful to dwell on such details,—but we are now approaching the close. In addition to most of those sad varieties of wretchedness which surround alike the grandest and humblest destinies, there was also in the scene now passing around the dying Byron such a degree of confusion and discomfort as renders it doubly dreary to contemplate. There having been no person invested, since his illness, with authority over the household, neither order nor quiet was maintained in his apartment. Most of the comforts necessary in such an illness were wanting; and those around him, either unprepared for the danger, were, like Bruno, when it came, bewildered by it; or, like the kind-hearted Fletcher and Count Gamba, were by their feelings rendered no less helpless.

"In all the attendants," says Parry, "there was the officiousness of zeal; but owing to their ignorance of each other's language, their zeal only added to the confusion. This circumstance, and the want of common necessities, made Lord Byron's apartment such a picture of distress and even anguish during the two or three last days of his life, as I never before beheld, and wish never again to witness."

The 18th being Easter day,—a holiday which the Greeks celebrate by firing off muskets and artillery.—it was apprehended that this noise might be injurious to Lord Byron; and, as a means of attracting away the crowd from the neighbourhood, the artillery brigade were marched out by Parry, to exercise their guns at some distance from the town; while, at the same time, the town-guard patrolled the streets, and informing the people of the danger of their conduct, entreated them to preserve all possible quiet.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, Lord Byron rose and went into the adjoining room. He was able to walk across the chamber, leaning on his servant Tita; and, when seated, asked for a book, which the servant brought him. After reading, however, for a few minutes, he found himself faint; and, again taking Tita's arm, tottered into the next room and returned to bed.

At this time the physicians, becoming still more alarmed, expressed a wish for a consultation; and proposed calling in, without delay, Dr. Freiberg, the medical assistant of Mr. Millingen, and Luca Vaya, a Greek, the physician of Mavrocordato. On hearing this, Lord Byron at first refused to see them; but being informed that Mavrocordato advised it, he said,—“Very well, let them come; but let them look at me and say nothing.” This they promised, and were admitted; but when one of them, on feeling his pulse, showed a wish to speak—“Recollect,” he said, “your promise, and go away.”

“It was after this consultation of the physicians\* that, as it appeared to Count Gamba, Lord Byron was, for the first time, aware of his approaching end. Mr. Millingen, Fletcher, and Tita, had been standing round his bed; but the two first, unable to restrain their tears, left the room. Tita also wept; but, as Byron held his hand, could not retire. He, however, turned away his face; while Byron, looking at him steadily, said, half smiling, “*Oh questa è una bella scena.*” He then seemed to reflect a moment, and exclaimed, “Call Parry.” Almost immediately afterwards, a fit of delirium ensued; and he began to talk wildly, as if he were mounting a breach in an assault,—calling out, half in English, half in Italian, “Forwards—forwards—courage—follow my example,” &c. &c.

On coming again to himself, he asked Fletcher, who had then returned into the room, “whether he had sent for Doctor Thomas, as he desired?” and the servant answering in the affirmative, he replied, “You have done right, for I should like to know what is the matter with me.” He had, a short time before, with that kind consideration for those about him which was one of the great sources of their lasting attachment to him, said to Fletcher, “I am afraid you and Tita will be ill with sitting up night and day.” It was now evident that he knew he was dying; and between his anxiety to make his servant understand his last wishes, and the rapid failure of his powers of utterance, a most painful scene ensued. On Fletcher asking whether he should bring pen and paper to take down his words—“Oh no,” he replied—“there is no time—it is now nearly over. Go to my sister—tell her—go to Lady Byron—you will see her, and say—” Here his voice faltered, and became gradually indistinct; notwithstanding which he continued still to mutter to himself, for nearly twenty minutes, with much earnestness of manner, but in such a tone that only a few words could be distinguished. These, too, were only names,—“Augusta”—“Ada”—“Hobhouse”—“Kinnaid.” He then said, “Now, I have told you all.” “My lord,” replied Fletcher, “I have not understood a word your lordship has been saying.” “Not understand me?” exclaimed Lord Byron, with a look of the utmost distress, “what a pity!—then it is too late, all is over.” “I hope not,” answered Fletcher; “but the Lord’s will be done.” “Yes, not mine,” said Byron. He then tried to utter a few words, of which none were intelligible, except “my sister—my child.”

The decision adopted at the consultation had been,

\* For Mr. Millingen’s account of this consultation, see Appendix, p. 519.

contrary to the opinion of Mr. Millingen and Dr. to administer to the patient a strong stimulating potion, which, while it produced sleep, but perhaps, death. In order to persuade him to this draught, Mr. Parry was sent for,† and any difficulty, induced him to swallow a fewfuls. “When he took my hand (says Parry) his hands were deadly cold. With the aid of Tita I endeavoured gently to create a list in them; and also loosened the bandages tied round his head. Till this was done I in great pain, clenched his hands at times his teeth, and uttered the Italian exclamation ‘Christi!’ He bore the loosening of the bandage, and, after it was loosened, shed tears; with my hand again, uttered a faint good night into a slumber.”

In about half an hour he again asked a second dose of the strong infusion was sent to him. “From those about him (says Count Gamba) who was not able to bear this scene he lectured that, either at this time, or in his hour of reason, he could be understood to say: ‘Greece!—poor town!—my poor servas!’ ‘Why was I not aware of this sooner hour is come!—I do not care for death!—I not go home before I came here?’ At a he said, ‘There are things which make this to me (*Io lascio qualche cosa di caro a me*) for the rest, I am content to die.’ He then said to Greece, saying, ‘I have given her my time my health—and now I give her my life!—I do more?’” †

It was about six o’clock on the evening when he said, “Now I shall go to sleep; turning round fell into that slumber from which he never awoke. For the next twenty-four hours he was incapable of either sense or motion,—with the exception of, now and then, slight symptoms of during which his servant raised his head, after past six o’clock on the following day he was seen to open his eyes and immerse them again. The physicians felt his pulse no more!

To attempt to describe how the intelligent and sad event struck upon all hearts would be as it is superfluous. He, whom the whole world mourned, had on the tears of Greece peccated—as it was at her feet he now laid down of such a life of fame. To the people of England who first felt the shock that was soon to spread all Europe, the event seemed almost incredible; but the other day that he had come so radiant with renown,—inspiring faith, in those miracles of success that were springing forth at the touch of his ever-powerful hand, all this had now vanished, like a short

\* From this circumstance, as well as from which he is mentioned by Lord Byron, it is probable that he had, by his blunt, practical good sense, more influence over his lordship’s mind than was by any of the other persons about him.

† It is but right to remind the reader, that here attributed to Lord Byron, however probable they may appear, there is not exactly the authority of credible witnesses by which all the events of his last hours are supported.



wonder that the poor Greeks, to whom had been such a glory, and who, on the day of his life, thronged the streets, inquiring as to the cause of the thunder-storm, which, when he died, broke over the town, as the storm is doom, and, in their superstitious grief, said, "The great man is gone!" \*  
 Favrocordato, who of all best knew and felt of his country's loss, and who had to mourn friend of Greece and of himself, on the 19th issued this melancholy Proclama-

#### PROCLAMATION OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT OF WESTERN GREECE.

\* ART. 1185.

On the present day of festivity and rejoicing has been a day of sorrow and of mourning. The Lord Byron departed this life at six o'clock in the afternoon after an illness of ten days; his death caused by an inflammatory fever. Such was the loss of his lordship's illness on the public mind, that we had forgotten their usual recreations even before the afflicting event was appre-

ciated of this illustrious individual is undoubtedly deplored by all Greece; but it must be considered a subject of lamentation at Missolonghi.

His generosity has been so conspicuously manifested of which he had even become a citizen, and his determination of participating in all the sufferings of the war.

His body is acquainted with the beneficent acts of his lordship, and none can cease to hail his name as that of a great benefactor.

Therefore, the final determination of the Government be known, and by virtue of the law which it has been pleased to invest me with, to decree,

On tomorrow morning, at daylight, thirty-seven guns will be fired from the Grand Battery, the number which corresponds with the age of our deceased.

All the public offices, even the tribunals, are closed for three successive days.

All the shops, except those in which provisions are sold, will also be shut; and it is enjoined that every species of public amusement and other demonstrations of festivity at Easter, be suspended.

A general mourning will be observed for three days.

Prayers and a funeral service are to be offered in all the churches.

(Signed) "A. MAVROCORDATO.

"GEORGE PRAIDIS, Secretary.

\* Given at Missolonghi.  
 \* 19th day of April, 1824."

Honours were paid to his memory at many places through Greece. At Salona, where the

Parry's "Last Days of Lord Byron."

Congress had assembled, his soul was prayed for in the church; after which the whole garrison and the citizens went out into the plain, where another religious ceremony took place, under the shade of the olive tree. This being concluded, the troops fired; and an oration, full of the warmest praise and gratitude, was pronounced by the High Priest.

When such was the veneration shown towards him by strangers, what must have been the feelings of his near associates and attendants! Let one speak for all:—"He died (says Count Gamba) in a strange land, and amongst strangers; but more loved, more sincerely wept he never could have been, wherever he had breathed his last. Such was the attachment, mingled with a sort of reverence and enthusiasm, with which he inspired those around him, that there was not one of us who would not, for his sake, have willingly encountered any danger in the world."

Colonel Stanhope, whom the intelligence reached at Salona, thus writes to the Committee:—"A courier has just arrived from the Chief Scalas. Alas! all our fears are realized. The soul of Byron has taken its last flight. England has lost her brightest genius, Greece her noblest friend. To console them for the loss, he has left behind the emanations of his splendid mind. If Byron had faults, he had redeeming virtues too—he sacrificed his comfort, fortune, health, and life, to the cause of an oppressed nation. Honoured be his memory!"

Mr Trelawney, who was on his way to Missolonghi at the time, described as follows the manner in which he first heard of his friend's death:—"With all my anxiety I could not get here before the third day. It was the second, after having crossed the first great torrent, that I met some soldiers from Missolonghi. I had let them all pass me, ere I had resolution enough to inquire the news from Missolonghi. I then rode back, and demanded of a straggler the news. I heard nothing more than—Lord Byron is dead,—and I proceeded on in gloomy silence." The writer adds, after detailing the particulars of the poet's illness and death, "Your pardon, Stanhope, that I have thus turned aside from the great cause in which I am embarked. But this is no private grief. The world has lost its greatest man; I my best friend."

Among his servants the same feeling of sincere grief prevailed:—"I have in my possession (says Mr Hoppen, in the Notices with which he has favoured me) a letter written by his gondolier Tita, who had accompanied him from Venice, giving an account to his parents of his master's decease. Of this event the poor fellow speaks in the most affecting manner, telling them that in Lord Byron he had lost a father rather than a master; and exulting upon the indulgence with which he had always treated his domestics, and the care he expressed for their comfort and welfare."

His valet Fletcher, too, in a letter to Mr Murray, announcing the event, says, "Please to excuse all defects, for I scarcely know what I either say or do; for, after twenty years service with my lord, he was more to me than a father, and I am too much distressed to now give a correct account of every particular."

In speaking of the effect produced on the friends of Greece by this event, Mr Trelawney says:—"I think

Byron's name was the great means of getting the Loan. A Mr Marshall, with £8000 per annum, was as far as Corfu, and turned back on hearing of Lord Byron's death. Thousands of people were flocking here: some had arrived as far as Corfu, and hearing of his death, confessed they came out to devote their fortunes not to the Greeks, or from interest in the cause, but to the noble poet; and the "Pilgrim of Eternity" having departed, they turned back.\*†

The funeral ceremony which, on account of the rains, had been postponed for a day, took place in the church of St Nicholas, at Missolonghi, on the 22d of April, and is thus feelingly described by an eye-witness.

"In the midst of his own brigade, of the troops of the Government, and of the whole population, on the shoulders of the officers of his corps, relieved occasionally by other Greeks, the most precious portion of his honoured remains were carried to the church, where lie the bodies of Marco Bozzari and of General Normann. There we laid them down: the coffin was a rude, ill-constructed chest of wood; a black mantle served for a pall; and over it we placed a helmet and a sword, and a crown of laurel. But no funeral pomp could have left the impression, nor spoken the feelings, of this simple ceremony. The wretchedness and desolation of the place itself; the wild and half civilised warriors around us; their deep-felt, unaffected grief; the fond recollections; the disappointed hopes; the anxieties and sad presentiments which might be read on every countenance—all contributed to form a scene more moving, more truly affecting, than perhaps was ever before witnessed round the grave of a great man.

"When the funeral service was over, we left the bier in the middle of the church, where it remained until the evening of the next day, and was guarded by a detachment of his own brigade. The church was crowded without cessation by those who came to honour and to regret the benefactor of Greece. In the evening of the 23d, the bier was privately carried back by his officers to his own house. The coffin was not closed till the 29th of the month. Immediately after his death, his countenance had an air of calmness, mingled with a severity, that seemed gradually to soften; for when I took a last look of him, the expression, at least to my eyes, was truly sublime."

We have seen how decidedly, while in Italy, Lord Byron expressed his repugnance to the idea of his remains resting upon English ground; and the injunctions he so frequently gave to Mr Hoppner on this

\* The title given by Shelley to Lord Byron in his *Elegy on the death of Keats*.

"The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame  
Over his living head like Heaven is bent  
An early but enduring monument,  
Came veiling all the lightnings of his song  
In sorrow."

† Parry, too mentions an instance to the same effect:—

"While I was on the quarantine house at Zante, a gentleman called on me, and made numerous inquiries as to Lord Byron. He said he was only one of fourteen English gentlemen, then at Ancona, who had sent him on to obtain intelligence, and only waited his return to come and join Lord Byron. They were to form a mounted guard for him, and meant to devote their personal services and their incomes to the Greek cause. On hearing of Lord Byron's death, however, they turned back."

point show his wishes to have been,—at least that period,—sincere. With one so changeable, in his impulses, it was not too much to grant that the far more cordial feeling by him towards his countrymen at Cephalonia have been followed by a correspondent antipathy to England as a last resting-place at all events, fortunate that by no such moment has his native country been deprived of its natural right to enshrine within her own bosom the noblest of her dead, and to atone for she may have inflicted upon him, while making his tomb a place of pilgrimage for all ages.

By Colonel Stanhope and others it was that, as a tribute to the land he celebrated for, his remains should be deposited at Aegina, Temple of Theseus; and the Chief Officer patched an express to Missolonghi to express his wish. On the part of the town, too, when he breathed his last, a similar request had been made of the citizens, and it was thought advisable to accede to their desires as to leave with the vessel, one of the vessels in which his remains were to be conveyed.

The first step taken, before any decision as to the ultimate disposal, was to have the body conveyed to Zante; and every facility having been afforded, the Resident, Sir Frederic Stoven, in providing transports to Missolonghi for that purpose, on the morning of the 2d of May the remains were conveyed under a mournful salute from the guns of the town.—"How different," says Count Gamba, "was the arrival of Byron months ago!"

At Zante the determination was taken to convey the body to England; and the brig *Florida*, which had just arrived there with the first instalment of the Loan, was engaged for the purpose. Mr Black, whose care this first portion of the Loan was also the bearer of a Commission for the management of its disposal in Greece, in which Lord Byron was named as the principal Commissioner. The same ship, however, that brought this mark of confidence was to return with him. To Colonel Stanhope, who was then at Zante, way homeward, was intrusted the charge of his illustrious colleague's remains; and on the 10th he embarked with them on board the *Florida*.

In the letter which, on his arrival in England, June 29th, this gentleman addressed to the executors, there is the following passage with respect to the funeral ceremony. "I am of opinion that his lordship's family should be immediately informed, and that sanction should be obtained for burial of his body either in the great Abbey of Westminster or in the Abbey of St Paul, London." It has been asserted, and truly, that on some intimation of the wish in this last sentence being conveyed to the Reverend persons who have the honours of the Abbey at their disposal, such an answer was returned, but little doubt that a refusal would be the result of any more regular application.\*

\* A former Dean of Westminster went as far as he could in his scruples as to exclude an epitaph from



n anecdote told of the poet Hafiz, in Jones's Life, which, in reporting this liberality, recurs naturally to the death of the great Persian bard, signifies among his countrymen protested at allowing to him the right of sepulture as their objection, the liberality

After much controversy, it was agreed  
 erision of the question to a made of di-  
 uncommon among the Perrinas, which  
 pening the poet's book at random, and  
 a verses that occurred. They happened

not coldly from the poet's hair,  
 and the sacred drops by Fitz given :  
 as in his body slumbereth here,  
 if, shouldst thou, shouldst come to know."

the "Leprosy" were based upon an  
the "Leprosy" were based upon an  
the "Leprosy" were based upon an

Byron's right of signature is to be decided  
honor. how few are there of his people  
know. that would not be, by some great  
city with virtue, some growing tribute  
works of God, or some great of natural  
a suffering them very kindly, give him a  
name into the parent temple of which  
my ever and the glorification.

[illegible]

The statement being it is true. The up-  
per end of the lower terminal is very  
like a Volutinella.

During the last of July last, as he walked to the beach, he met three men and one of them, in conversing with him, told him that he knew him. He went on to the beach and saw a man who he knew was a friend of the man who had told him that he knew him. He went on to the beach and saw a man who he knew was a friend of the man who had told him that he knew him.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE  
IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES  
PASSED MAY 1, 1890, RELATIVE TO THE LANDS BELONGING TO THE UNITED STATES

by the strong likeness it seemed to him to bear to his  
lost friend's melancholy deathface. Minnesota.

On a tablet of white marble in the channel of the Church of Huchnell is the following inscription:—

IN THE FACTS HEREWITH,  
WHEREAS MANY OF HIS SUBJECTS AND HIS MINISTERS  
ARE DEATHLY  
LIE THE REMAINS OF  
**GEORGE CORDELL WELBY BRYNJA,**  
LORD OF DENMARK,  
OF THE COUNTRY OF LONASTON.  
THE LETTERS OF "CORDELL WELBY'S PHANTOM"  
HE WAS KNOWN TO LIVE, ON THE  
END OF JANUARY, FOR  
BE USED BY HENRIETTA, IN WRITING OTHERS,  
OF THE SPAN OF APRIL 1860

THE ABOVE FOR OFFICIAL USE  
 ONLY: Do not  
 Release This Material To The Public

From among the extensive list you have selected, a grave and wary, and a sincere every man, worthy of respect, to no contrary; I doubt about your ability to see the working of justice unless in some, one of them — as far as my limited acquaintance will enable me to judge — a simple and wary mixture of honest, judicious skepticism with what he knows of those times honored the motto of our nation, and has shied at seeing the pretensions of a man more vigorously counterposed against Syria, not yet the one credit to these efforts, require proof to show the language of a ready service and submission is no more.

**OTHER TARGETS FOR TREATMENT**

**THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO**

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DATE 08-14-2010 BY 60322 UCBAW/SJS/STP

- To your Honor the ... the ... of ...

[illegible]

'Liberty!' But a Spectre, at his side,  
Stood mocking;—and its dart, uplifting high,  
Smote him;—he sank to earth in life's fair pride:  
SPARTA! thy rocks then heard another cry  
And old Hissus sigh'd—'Die, generous exile, die!'

\* I will not ask sad Pity to deplore  
His wayward errors, who thus early died  
Still less, *CHILD HAROLD*, now thou art no more,  
Will I say aught of genius misapplied;  
Of the past shadows of thy spleen or pride:—  
But I will bid th' Arcadian cypress wave,  
Pluck the green laurel from Peneus' side,  
And pray thy spirit may such quiet have,  
That not one thought unkind be murmur'd o'er thy grave.

"So *HAROLD ENDS, IN GREECE, HIS PILGRIMAGE!*—  
There fitty ending,—in that land renown'd,  
Whose mighty genius lives in Glory's page,—  
He, on the Muses' consecrated ground,  
Sinking to rest, while his young brows are bound  
With their unfading wreath!—To bands of mirth,  
No more in *TEMPE* let the pipe resound!  
*HAROLD*, I follow to thy place of birth  
The slow hearse—and thy *LAST* sad *PILGRIMAGE* on earth.

\* Slow moves the plumed hearse, the mourning train,—  
I mark the sad procession with a sigh,  
Silently passing to that village fane,  
Where, *HAROLD*, thy forefathers mouldering lie:—  
There sleeps *THAT MOTHER*, who, with tearful eye  
Pondering the fortunes of thy early road,  
Hung o'er the slumbers of thine infancy; }  
Her Son released from mortal labour's load,  
Now comes to rest, with her, in the same still abode.

\* Bursting Death's silence—could that mother speak—  
(Speak when the earth was heap'd upon his head)—  
In thrilling, but with hollow accent weak,  
She thus might give the welcome of the dead:—  
'Here rest, my son, with me;—the dream is fled:—  
The motley mask and the great stir is o'er:  
Welcome to me, and to this silent bed,  
Where deep forgetfulness succeeds the roar  
Of life, and fretting passions waste the heart no more.'

By his Lordship's Will, a copy of which will be found in the Appendix, he bequeathed to his executors, in trust for the benefit of his sister, Mrs Leigh, the monies arising from the sale of all his real estates at Rochdale and elsewhere, together with such part of his other property as was not settled upon Lady Byron and his daughter Ada, to be by Mrs Leigh enjoyed, free from her husband's control, during her life, and, after her decease, to be inherited by her children.

We have now followed to its close a life which, brief as was its span, may be said, perhaps, to have comprised within itself a greater variety of those excitements and interests which spring out of the deep workings of passion and of intellect than any that the pen of biography has ever before commemorated. As there still remain among the papers of my friend some curious gleanings which, though in the abundance of our materials I have not hitherto found a place for them, are too valuable towards the illustration of his character to be lost, I shall here, in selecting them for the reader, avail myself of the opportunity of trespassing, for the last time, on his patience with a few general remarks.

It must have been observed, throughout these pages, and by some, perhaps, with disappointment, that into the character of Lord Byron, as a poet, there has been little, if any, critical examination; but that, content with expressing generally the delight which, in

common with all, I derive from his poetry, the task of analysing the sources from which the delight springs to others.\* In thus evading, or, at least, so considering, one of my duties as a biographer, I have been influenced no less by a sense of my own inaptitude for the office of critic, than by the consideration of what assiduity, throughout the whole of his poet's career, every new rising of his genius was watched from the great observatories of Criticism, the ever changing varieties of its course, and its progress tracked out and recorded, with a detail and minuteness which has left but little for the observers to discover. It is, moreover, the character and conduct of Lord Byron, as a man, distinct from, but forming, on the contrary, the illustration of his character, as a writer, that is the more immediate purpose of these inquiries; and if, in the course of them, any satisfactory clue has been afforded to those moral and intellectual, which his life exhibits more, should it have been the effect of my labours to clear away some of those mists which surround my friend, and show him, in most respects, worthy of love as he was, in all, of admiration, will the chief and sole aim of this work have been accomplished.

Having devoted to this object so large a share of my own share of these pages, and, yet made it possible for the world to form a judgment for itself, placing the man, in his own person, and without disguise, before all eyes, there would seem to remain but an easy duty in summing up the various features of his character, and, out of the features, already described, combining one complete portrait. The task, however, is by no means so easy to appear. There are few characters in which acquaintance does not enable us to discover a leading principle or passion, consistent and uniform operations to be taken confidently into account, and an estimate of the disposition in which they are carried on. Like those points in the human face, or figure, which all its other proportions are referrible to, in most minds some one governing influence is discernible, which chiefly,—though, of course, hindered on occasions by others,—all its various impulses and tendencies will be found to radiate. In Lord Byron, however, this sort of pivot of character was wholly wanting. Governed as he was at different moments by totally different passions, and

\* It may be making too light of criticism to say that "even a bad verse is as good a thing or better than the best observation that ever was made upon it;" but surely few tasks that appear more thankless and superfluous than that of following, as Criticism does, in the rear of victorious genius (like the victors on a field of Blenheim or of Waterloo), and labouring to point out to us why it has triumphed, more unprofitably contending that it ought to have. The well known passage of *La Bruyère*, which *Voltaire's* adulatory application of it to some work of of Prussia had not spoiled for use, puts perhaps in point of view the very subordinate rank which it must be content to occupy in the train of *saecula*. — "Quand une lecture vous élève l'esprit et vous inspire des sentimens nobles, ne cherchez point à régler pour juger de l'ouvrage; il est bon et fait de l'ouvrier: La Critique, après ça, peut s'en occuper, petites choses, relever quelques expressions, quelques phrases, parler de syntaxe," &c., &c.



sometimes, as during his short access of parcimony in Italy, by springs of action never before developed in his nature, in him this simple mode of tracing character to its sources must be often wholly at fault; and if, as is not impossible, in trying to solve the strange variances of his mind, I should myself be found to have fallen into contradictions and inconsistencies, the extreme difficulty of analysing, without dazzle or bewilderment, such an unexampled complication of qualities must be admitted as my excuse.

So various, indeed, and contradictory were his attributes, both moral and intellectual, that he may be pronounced to have been not one, but many; nor would it be any great exaggeration of the truth to say, that out of the mere partition of the properties of his single mind a plurality of characters, all different and all vigorous, might have been furnished. It was this multifarious aspect exhibited by him that led the world, during his short wondrous career, to compare him with that medley host of personages, not all differing from each other, which he himself fully enumerates in one of his Journals:

"I have been thinking over, the other day, on the various comparisons, good or evil, which I have seen published of myself in different journals, English and foreign. This was suggested to me by accidentally turning over a foreign one lately,—for I have made it a rule latterly never to search for any thing of the kind, but not to avoid the perusal, if presented by chance.

"To begin, then: I have seen myself compared personally or poetically, in English, French, *German* (as interpreted to me), Italian, and Portuguese, within these nine years, to Rousseau, Goethe, Young, Arctine, Timon of Athens, Dante, Petrarch, 'an alabaster vase, lighted up within,' Satan, Shakspeare, Buonaparte, Tiberius, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Harlequin, the Clown, Sternhold and Hopkins, to the phantasmagoria, to Henry the Eighth, to Chenier, to Mirabeau, to young R. Dallas (the schoolboy), to Michael Angelo, to Raphael, to a petit-maitre, to Diogenes, to Childe Harold, to Lara, to the Count in Beppo, to Milton, to Dryden, to Burns, to Savage, to Chatterton, to 'oft have I heard of thee, my Lord Byron, in Shakspeare,' to Churchill the poet, to Kean the actor, to Alfieri, &c. &c. &c.

"The likeness to Alfieri was asserted very seriously by an Italian who had known him in his younger days. It of course related merely to our apparent personal dispositions. He did not assert it to me (for we were not then good friends), but in society.

"The object of so many contradictory comparisons must probably be like something different from them all; but what *that is*, is more than I know, or any body else."

It would not be uninteresting, were there either space or time for such a task, to take a review of the names of note in the preceding list, and show in how many points, though differing so materially among themselves, it might be found that each presented a striking resemblance to Lord Byron. We have seen, for instance, that wrongs and sufferings were, through life, the main sources of Byron's inspiration. Where the hoof of the critic struck, the fountain was first disclosed; and all the trappings of the world afterwards but forced out the stream stronger and brighter.

The same obligations to misfortune, the same debt to the "oppressor's wrong," for having wrung out from bitter thoughts the pure essence of his genius, was due no less deeply by Dante:—"quum illam sub amarâ cogitatione excitatam, occulti divinique ingenii vim exacuerit et inflammavit."<sup>4</sup>

In that contempt for the world's opinion, which led Dante to exclaim, "Lascia dir le genti," Lord Byron also bore a strong resemblance to that poet,—though far more, it must be confessed, in profession than reality. For, while scorn for the public voice was on his lips, the keenest sensitiveness to its every breath was in his heart; and, as if every feeling of his nature was to have some painful mixture in it, together with the pride of Dante which led him to disdain public opinion, he combined the susceptibility of Petrarch which placed him shrinkingly at its mercy.

His agreement, in some other features of character, with Petrarch, I have already had occasion to remark;† and if it be true, as is often surmised, that Byron's want of a due reverence for Shakspeare arose from some latent and hardly conscious jealousy of that poet's fame, a similar feeling is known to have existed in Petrarch towards Dante, and the same reason assigned for it,—that from the living he had nothing to fear, while before the shade of Dante he might have reason to feel humbled,—is also not a little applicable ‡ in the case of Lord Byron.

Between the dispositions and habits of Alfieri and those of the noble poet of England, no less remarkable coincidences might be traced; and the sonnet in which the Italian dramatist professes to paint his own character contains, in one comprehensive line, a portrait of the versatile genius of Don Juan,—

\* Cf. *Chillic* ed or Tersite."

By the extensive list given from his Journal, it will be perceived that, in Byron's own opinion, a character which, like his, admitted of so many contradictory comparisons, could not be otherwise than wholly undefinable itself. It will be found, however, on reflection, that this very versatility, which renders it so difficult to fix, "ere it change," the fairy fabric of his character is, in itself, the true clue through all that fabric's mazes,—is in itself the solution of whatever

\* Paulus Jovius.—Bayle, too, says of him, "il fit entrer plus de feu et plus de force dans ses livres qu'il n'y en eût mis s'il avait joui d'une condition plus tranquille."

† Some passages in Foscolo's *Essay on Petrarch* may be applied, with equal truth, to Lord Byron.—For instance, "It was hardly possible with Petrarch to write a sentence without portraying himself."—"Petrarch, allured by the idea that his celebrity would magnify into importance all the ordinary occurrences of his life, satisfied the curiosity of the world," &c. &c.—and again, with still more striking applicability,—"In Petrarch's letters, as well as in his Poems and Treatises, we always identify the author with the man, who felt himself irresistibly impelled to develop his own intense feelings. Being endowed with almost all the noble, and with some of the paltry passions of our nature, and having never attempted to conceal them, he awakens us to reflection upon ourselves, while we contemplate in him a being of our own species, yet different from any other, and whose originality excites even more sympathy than admiration."

‡ "Il Petrarca poteva credere candidamente ch'el non pativa d'invidia solamente, perché fra tutti i viventi non v'era chi non s'arrestasse per cederli il passo alla prima gloria, ch'el non poteva sentirsi umiliato, fuorché dall'ombra di Dante."

was most dazzling in his might or startling in his levity, of all that most attracted and repelled, whether in his life or his genius. A variety of powers almost boundless, and a pride no less vast in displaying them,—a susceptibility of new impressions and impulses, even beyond the usual allotment of genius, and an uncontrolled impetuosity, as well from habit as temperament, in yielding to them,—such were the two great and leading sources of all that varied spectacle which his life exhibited; of that succession of victories achieved by his genius, in almost every field of mind that genius ever trod, and of all those sallies of character in every shape and direction that unchecked feeling and dominant self-will could dictate.

It must be perceived by all endowed with quick powers of association how constantly, when any particular thought or sentiment presents itself to their minds, its very opposite, at the same moment, springs up there also:—if any thing sublime occurs, its neighbour, the ridiculous, is by its side;—with a bright view of the present or the future, a dark one mixes also its shadow;—and, even in questions respecting morals and conduct, all the reasonings and consequences that may suggest themselves on the side of one of two opposite courses will, in such minds, be instantly confronted by an array just as cogent on the other. A mind of this structure,—and such, more or less, are all those in which the reasoning is made subservient to the imaginative faculty,—though enabled, by such rapid powers of association to multiply its resources without end, has need of the constant exercise of a controlling judgment to keep its perceptions pure and undisturbed between the contrasts it thus simultaneously calls up; the obvious danger is that, where matters of taste are concerned, of forming such incongruous juxtapositions, for example, between the burlesque and the sublime, should at last vitiate the mind's relish for the nobler and higher quality; and that, on the yet more important subject of morals, a facility in finding reasons for every side of a question may end, if not in the choice of the worst, at least in a sceptical indifference to all.

In picturing to oneself so awful an event as a shipwreck, its many horrors and perils are what alone offer themselves to ordinary fancies. But the keen, versatile imagination of Byron could detect in it far other details, and, at the same moment with all that is fearful and appalling in such a scene, could bring together all that is most ludicrous and low. That in this painful mixture he was but too true to human nature, the testimony of De Retz (himself an eye witness of such an event) attests:—"Vous ne pouvez vous imaginer (says the Cardinal) l'horreur d'une grande tempête;—vous en pouvez imaginer aussi peu le ridicule." But, assuredly, a poet less wantoning in the variety of his power, and less proud of displaying it, would have paused ere he mixed up, thus mockingly, the degradation of humanity with its sufferings, and, content to probe us to the core with the miseries of our fellow-men, would have forborne to wring from us, the next moment, a bitter smile at their baseness.

To the moral sense so dangerous are the effects of this quality, that it would hardly, perhaps, be generalizing too widely to assert, that wheresoever great versatility of power exists, there will also be found a tendency to versatility of principle. The

poet Chatterton, in whose soul the seeds of good and bad in genius so prematurely ripe in the consciousness of this multiple faculty, "held that man in contempt who could no both sides of a question;" and it was by accordance with this principle himself that I one of the few stains upon his name which short afforded time to incur. Mirabeau, in the legal warfare between his father as he helped to draw up for each the pleading the other, was influenced less, no doubt pleasure of mischief than by this pride of the lost sight of the unnatural perfidy of the adroitness with which he executed it.

The quality which I have here designated by the French word *versatilité*, as applied to *power*, Lord I himself designated by the French word *faiblesse*, as applied to *feeling and conduct*; and, in Canto of *Don Juan*, has described happily its lighter features, when telling us that had begun to doubt, "how much of Adeline" he says,—

"So well she acted, all and every part,  
By turns,—with that vivacious versatility  
Which many people take for want of heart  
They err—'tis merely what is call'd mobility  
A thing of temperament and not of art,  
Though seeming so, from its supposed force  
And false—though true; for surely they're  
Who are strongly acted on by what is near."

That he was fully aware not only of the ab of this quality in his own nature, but of the in which it placed consistency and single character, did not require the note on this where he calls it "an unhappy attribute," us. The consciousness, indeed, of his own tendency to yield thus to every chance impulse and change with every passing impulse, was for ever present in his mind, but,—aware as of the suspicion of weakness attached by to any retraction or abandonment of long opinions,—had the effect of keeping him a general line of consistency, on certain great which, notwithstanding occasional fluctuation contradictions as to the details of these very he continued to preserve throughout life. A from one of his manuscripts will show how he saw the necessity of guarding himself against his own instability in this respect. "The word change of politics or change of religion with severe censure than a mere difference of would appear to me to deserve. But there is some reason for this feeling;—and I think it these departures from the earliest instilled in our childhood, and from the line of conduct by us when we first enter into public life, have seen to have more mischievous results for society to prove more weakness of mind than other in themselves, more immoral."

The same distrust in his own steadiness keeping alive in him a conscientious self-watch concurred not a little, I have no doubt, with the innate kindness of his nature, to preserve so constant and unbroken the greater number of his attachments through life;—some of them, as in the instance



mother, owing evidently more to a sense of duty than to real affection, the consistency with which, so creditably to the strength of his character, they were maintained.

But while in these respects, as well as in the sort of task-like perseverance with which the habits and amusements of his youth were held fast by him, he succeeded in conquering the variableness and love of novelty so natural to him, in all else that could engage his mind, in all the excursions, whether of his reason or his fancy, he gave way to this versatile humour without scruple or check,—taking every shape in which genius could manifest its power, and transferring himself to every region of thought where new conquests were to be achieved.

It was impossible but that such a range of will and power should be abused. It was impossible that, among the spirits he invoked from all quarters, those of darkness should not appear, at his bidding, with those of light. And here the dangers of an energy so multifold, and thus luxuriating in its own transformations, show themselves. To this one great object of displaying power,—various, splendid, and all-adorned power,—every other consideration and duty were but too likely to be sacrificed. Let the advocate but display his eloquence and art, no matter what the cause;—let the stamp of energy be but left behind, no matter with what seal. *Could it have been expected that from such a career no mischief would ensue, or that among these cross lights of imagination the moral vision could remain undisturbed? Is it to be at all wondered at that in the works of one thus gifted and carried away, we should find,—wholly, too, without any prepossession of corrupting on his side,—a false splendour given to Vice to make it look like Virtue, and Evil too often invested with a grandeur which belongs intrinsically but to Good?*

Among the less serious ills flowing from this abuse of his great versatile powers,—more especially as exhibited in his most characteristic work, *Don Juan*,—it will be found that even the strength and impressiveness of his poetry is sometimes not a little injured by the capricious and desultory flights into which this pliancy of wing allures him. It must be felt, indeed, by all readers of that work, and particularly by those who, being gifted with but a small portion of such ductility themselves, are unable to keep pace with his changes, that the suddenness with which he passes from one strain of sentiment to another,—from the frolic to the sad, from the cynical to the tender,—begets a distrust in the sincerity of one or both moods of mind which interferes with, if not chills, the sympathy that a more natural transition would inspire. In general such a suspicion would do him injustice; as, among the singular combinations which his mind presented, that of uniting at once versatility and depth of feeling was not the least remarkable. But, on the whole, favourable as was all this quickness and variety of association to the extension of the range and resources of his poetry, it may be questioned whether a more select concentration of his powers would not have afforded a still more grand and precious result. Had the minds of Milton and Tasso been thus thrown open to the incursions of light, ludicrous fancies, who can doubt that those solemn sanctuaries of genius would have been as much injured

as profaned by the intrusion?—and it is at least a question whether, if Lord Byron had not been so actively versatile, so totally under the dominion of

“A fancy, like the air, most free,  
And full of mutability,”

he would not have been less wonderful, perhaps, but more great.

Nor was it only in his poetical creations that this love and power of variety showed itself;—one of the most pervading weaknesses of his life may be traced to the same fertile source. The pride of personating every description of character, evil as well as good, influenced but too much, as we have seen, his ambition, and, not a little, his conduct; and as, in poetry, his own experience of the ill effects of passion was made to minister materials to the workings of his imagination, so, in return, his imagination supplied that dark colouring under which he so often disguised his true aspect from the world. To such a perverse length, indeed, did he carry this fancy for self-defamation, that if (as sometimes, in his moments of gloom, he persuaded himself) there was any tendency to derangement in his mental conformation,\* on this point alone could it be pronounced to have manifested itself. In the early part of my acquaintance with him, when he most gave way to this humour,—for it was observable afterwards, when the world joined in his own opinion of himself, he rather shrunk from the echo,—I have known him more than once, as we have sat together after dinner, and he was, at the time, perhaps, a little under the influence of wine, to fall seriously into this sort of dark and self-accusing mood, and throw out hints of his past life with an air of gloom and mystery, designed evidently to awaken curiosity and interest. He was, however, too promptly alive to the least approaches of ridicule not to perceive, on these occasions, that the gravity of his hearer was only prevented from being disturbed by an effort of politeness, and he accordingly never again tried this romantic mystification upon me.

\* We have seen how often, in his *Journals* and *Letters*, this suspicion of his own mental soundness is intimated. A similar notion, with respect to himself, seems to have taken hold also of the strong mind of Johnson, who, like Byron, too, was disposed to attribute to an hereditary tinge that melancholy which, as he said, “made him mad all his life, at least not sober.” This peculiar feature of Johnson’s mind has, in the forth coming edition of Boswell’s *Life* of him, given rise to some remarks, pregnant with all the editor’s well known acuteness, which, as bearing on a point so important in the history of the human intellect, will be found worthy of all attention.

In one of the many letters of Lord Byron to myself, which I have thought right to omit, I find him tracing this supposed disturbance of his own faculties to the marriage of Miss Chaworth.—“a marriage,” he says, “for which she sacrificed the prospects of two very ancient families, and a heart which was hers from ten years old, and a head which has never been quite right since.”

† In his *Diary* of 1814 there is a passage (part. i. page 153.) which I had preserved solely for the purpose of illustrating this obliquity of his mind, intending, at the same time, to accompany it with an explanatory note. From some inadvertence, however, the note was omitted; and, thus left to itself, this piece of mystification has, with the French readers of the work, I see, succeeded most perfectly; there being no imaginable variety of murder which the votaries of the new romantic school have not been busily extracting out of the mystery of that passage.





it is in the power of mere words to convey may be conceived of his features.

In height he was, as he himself has informed us, five feet eight inches and a half, and to the length of his limbs he attributed his being such a good swimmer. His hands were very white, and—according to his own notion of the size of hands as indicating birth—aristocratically small. The lameness of his right foot,\* though an obstacle to grace, but little impeded the activity of his movements; and from this circumstance, as well as from the skill with which the foot was disguised by means of long trowsers, it would be difficult to conceive a defect of this kind less obtruding itself as a deformity; while the diffidence which a constant consciousness of the infirmity gave to his first approach and address made, in him, even lameness a source of interest.

In looking again into the Journal from which it was my intention to give extracts, the following unconnected opinions, or rather reveries, most of them on points connected with his religious opinions, are all that I feel tempted to select. To an assertion in the early part of this work that "at no time of his life was Lord Byron a confirmed unbeliever," it has been objected, that many passages of his writings prove the direct contrary. This assumption, however, as well as the interpretation of most of the passages referred to in its support, proceed, as it appears to me, upon the mistake, not uncommon in conversation, of confounding together the meanings of the words unbeliever and sceptic, the former implying decision of opinion, and the latter only doubt. I have myself, I find, not always kept the significations of the two words distinct, and in one instance have so far fallen into the notion of these objectors as to speak of Byron in his youth as "an unbelieving schoolboy," when the word "doubting" would have more truly expressed my meaning. With this necessary explanation, I shall here repeat my assertion, or rather—to clothe its substance in a different form—shall say that Lord Byron was, to the last, a sceptic, which, in itself, implies that he was, at no time, a confirmed unbeliever.

"If I were to live over again, I do not know what I would change in my life, unless it were *for—not to*

\* In speaking of this lameness at the commencement of my work, I forbore, both from my own doubts on the subject and the great variance I found in the recollections of others, from stating in which of his feet this lameness existed. It will, indeed, with difficulty be believed what uncertainty I found upon this point, even among those most intimate with him. Mr Hunt in his book states it to have been the left foot that was deformed and this, though contrary to my own impression, and, as it appears also, to the fact, was the opinion I found also of others who had been much in the habit of living with him. On applying to his early friends at Southwell, and to the shoemaker of that town who worked for him, so little prepared were they to answer with any certainty on the subject, that it was only by recollecting that the lame foot was the off one in going up the street, they at last came to the conclusion that his right limb was the one affected, and Mr Jackson, his preceptor in pugilism, was, in like manner, obliged to call to mind whether his noble pupil was a right or left hand biter before he could arrive at the same decision.

*have lived at all.\** All history, and experience, and the rest, teaches us that the good and evil are pretty equally balanced in this existence, and that what is most to be desired is an easy passage out of it. What can it give us but years? and those have little of good but their ending.

"Of the immortality of the soul, it appears to me that there can be little doubt, if we attend for a moment to the action of mind: it is in perpetual activity. I used to doubt of it, but reflection has taught me better. It acts also so very independent of body—in dreams, for instance;—incoherently and madly, I grant you, but still it is mind, and much more mind than when we are awake. Now that this should not act *separately*, as well as jointly, who can pronounce? The stoics, Epicurus and Marcus Aurelius, call the present state 'a soul which drags a carcass,'—a heavy chain, to be sure, but all chains being material may be shaken off. How far our future life will be *individual*, or, rather, how far it will at all resemble our *present* existence, is another question; but that the mind is eternal seems as probable as that the body is not so. Of course, I here venture upon the question without recurring to revelation, which, however, is at least as rational a solution of it as any other. A *material* resurrection seems strange and even absurd, except for purposes of punishment; and all punishment which is to *revenge* rather than *correct* must be *morally wrong*; and *when the world is at an end*, what moral or warning purpose can eternal tortures answer? Human passions have probably disfigured the divine doctrines here:—but the whole thing is inscrutable.

"It is useless to tell me *not to reason*, but to *believe*. You might as well tell a man not to wake, but *sleep*. And then to *bully* with torments, and all that! I cannot help thinking that the *menace* of hell makes as many devils as the severe penal codes of *in-human* humanity make villains.

"Man is born *passionate* of body, but with an *innate* though secret tendency to the love of good in his main-spring of mind. But, God help us all! it is at present a sad jar of atoms.

"Matter is eternal, always changing, but reproduced, and, as far as we can comprehend eternity, eternal; and why not *mind*? Why should not the mind act with and upon the universe, as portions of it act upon, and with, the congregated dust called mankind? See how one man acts upon himself and others, or upon multitudes! The same agency, in a higher

\* Swift \*early adopted (says Sir Walter Scott) the custom of observing his birthday, as a term, not of joy, but of sorrow, and of reading, when it annually recurred, the striking passage of Scripture, in which Job laments and execrates the day upon which it was said in his father's house 'that a man child was born.'—*Life of Swift*.

and purer degree, may act upon the stars, &c. ad infinitum.

"I have often been inclined to materialism in philosophy, but could never bear its introduction into *Christianity*, which appears to me essentially founded upon the *soul*. For this reason, Priestley's Christian Materialism always struck me as deadly. Believe the resurrection of the *body*, if you will, but *not without a soul*. The deuce is in it, if after having had a soul (as surely the *mind*, or whatever you call it is), in this world, we must part with it in the *next*, even for an immortal materiality! I own my partiality for *spirit*.

"I am always most religious upon a sunshiny day, as if there was some association between an internal approach to greater light and purity and the kindler of this dark lantern of our external existence.

"The night is also a religious concern, and even more so when I viewed the moon and stars through Herschell's telescope, and saw that they were worlds.

"If, according to some speculations, you could prove the world many thousand years older than the Mosiac chronology, or if you could get rid of Adam and Eve, and the apple, and serpent, still, what is to be put up in their stead? or how is the difficulty removed? Things must have had a beginning, and what matters it *when* or *how*?

"I sometimes think that *man* may be the relic of some higher material being wrecked in a former world, and degenerated in the hardship and struggle through chaos into conformity, or something like it.—as we see Laplanders, Esquimaux, &c. inferior in the present state, as the elements become more inexorable. But even then this higher pre-Adamite supposititious creation must have had an origin and a *Creator*—for a *creation* is a more natural imagination than a fortuitous concourse of atoms: all things remount to a fountain, though they may flow to an ocean.

"Plutarch says, in his Life of Lysander, that Aristotle observes 'that in general great geniuses are of a melancholy turn, and instances Socrates, Plato, and Hercules (or Heraclitus), as examples, and Lysander, though not while young, yet as inclined to it when approaching towards age.' Whether I am a genius or not, I have been called such by my friends as well as enemies, and in more countries and languages than one, and also within a no very long period of existence. Of my genius, I can say nothing, but of my melancholy, that it is 'increasing and ought to be diminished.' But how?

"I take it that most men are so at bottom, but that

it is only remarked in the remarkable. T de Broglie, in reply to a remark of mine of clever people, said that 'they were not others, only, being more in view, more cially in all that could reduce them to raise the rest to them.' In 1816, this w

"In fact (I suppose that) if the follies all set down like those of the wise, the wi at present only a better sort of fools) v almost intelligent.

"It is singular how soon we lose the what ceases to be *constantly* before us pairs; a lustre obliterates. There is litt without an effort of memory. *Then*, inde are rekindled for a moment; but who can imagination is not the torch-bearer? I try at the end of *ten* years to bring be features, or the mind, or the sayings, or his best friend, or his *greatest* man (I vourite, his Buonaparte, his this, that, and he will be surprised at the extreme his ideas. I speak confidently on this p always passed for one who had a good, cellent memory. I except, indeed, our r womankind; there is no forgetting *them* ( to them) any more than any other rem such as 'the revolution,' or 'the plague,' vasion,' or 'the 'comet,' or the war' of a an epoch,—being the favourite dates of n have so many *blessings* in their lot tha make their calendars from them, being t For instance, you see 'the great drought,' frozen over,' 'the seven years war brok English, or French, or Spanish revolution; the Lisbon earthquake,' 'the Lima earth earthquake of Calabria,' 'the plague ditto 'of Constantinople,' 'the sweatin 'the yellow fever of Philadelphia,' &c. & you don't see 'the abundant harvest summer,' 'the long peace,' 'the wealthy 'the wreckless voyage,' recorded so c By the way, there has been a *thirty* yea a *seventy* years' war; was there ever a *thirty* years' peace? or was there e universal peace? except perhaps in C they have found out the miserable haj stationary and unwarlike mediocrity. A because nature is niggard or savage? or grateful? Let philosophers decide. I t

"In general, I do not draw well with! not that I dislike them, but I never know to them after I have praised their last There are several exceptions, to be su they have either been men of the world, s and Moore, &c. or visionaries out of it, suc &c.: but your literary every day man went well in company, especially your fore I never could abide; except Giordani, and —(I really can't name any other)—I doo a man amongst them whom I ever wi twice, except perhaps Mezzophanti, who



guages, the Briareus of parts of speech, a walk-polyglott and more, who ought to have existed at the Tower of Babel, as universal interpreters. He is indeed a marvel—unassuming, also. I knew him in all the tongues of which I knew a single word (or adjuration to the gods against post-boys, Tartars, boatmen, sailors, pilots, gondoliers, camel-drivers, vetturini, post-masters, post-houses, post-everything), and egad! he added me—even to my English.

No man would live his life over again,\* is an old true saying which all can resolve for themselves. At the same time, there are probably *moments* in men's lives which they would live over the rest to *regain*? Else why do we live at all? because Hope recurs to Memory, both false—but—but—and this *but* drags on till—what? I do not know; and who does? "He that died o' Wednesday."

In saying before the reader these last extracts from papers in my possession, it may be expected, perhaps, that I should say something,—in addition to what has been already stated on this subject,—repecting those Memoranda, or Memoirs, which, in the exercise of the discretionary power given to me by my noble friend, I placed, shortly after his death, at the disposal of his sister and executor, and which, from a sense of what they thought due to his memory, were consigned to the flames. As the circumstances, however, connected with the surrender of the manuscript, besides requiring much more detail than my present limits allow, do not, in any respect, touch the character of Lord Byron, but affect solely the history of the manuscript, it is not here, at least, that I feel myself upon to enter into an explanation of them. The will, of course, continues to think of that step as necessary; but it is, after all, on a man's *own* opinion of his actions that his happiness chiefly depends, and I can only say that, were I again placed in the same circumstances, I would—even at ten times the pecuniary sacrifice which my conduct then cost me—again sacrifice in the same manner.

The satisfaction of those whose regret at the loss of the manuscript arises from some better motive than the mere disappointment of a prurient curiosity, I here add, that on the mysterious cause of the destruction, it afforded no light whatever;—that, while its details could never have been published at all, and little, if any, of what it contained personal to others could have appeared till long after the originals concerned had left the scene, all that was really related to Lord Byron himself was (as I knew when I made that sacrifice) to be found in the various Journals and Memoranda,—which, though not all to be made use of, were, the reader has seen from the preceding pages, all revealed.

\* This description applies only to the Second Part of the Memoranda; there having been but little unfit for publication in the First Part, which was, indeed, read, and known, by many of the noble author's friends.

As far as suppression, indeed, is blamable, I have had, in the course of this task, abundantly to answer for it; having, as the reader must have perceived, withheld a large portion of my materials, to which Lord Byron, no doubt, in his fearlessness of consequences, would have wished to give publicity, but which, it is now more than probable, will never meet the light.

There remains little more to add. It has been remarked by Lord Orford, \* as "strange, that the writing a man's life should in general make the biographer become enamoured of his subject, whereas one should think that the nicer disquisition one makes into the life of any man, the less reason one should find to love or admire him." On the contrary, may we not rather say that, as knowledge is ever the parent of tolerance, the more insight we gain into the springs and motives of a man's actions, the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, and the influences and temptations under which he acted, the more allowance we may be inclined to make for his errors, and the more approbation his virtues may extort from us?

The arduous task of being the biographer of Byron is one, at least, on which I have not obtruded myself: the wish of my friend that I should undertake that office having been more than once expressed, at a time when none but a boding imagination like his could have foreseen much chance of the sad honour devolving to me. If in some instances I have consulted rather the spirit than the exact letter of his injunctions, it was with the view solely of doing him more justice than he would have done himself; there being no hands in which his character could have been less safe than his own, nor any greater wrong offered to his memory than the substitution of what he affected to be for what he was. Of any partiality, however, beyond what our mutual friendship accounts for and justifies, I am by no means conscious; nor would it be in the power, indeed, of even the most partial friend to allege any thing more convincingly favourable of his character than is contained in the few simple facts with which I shall here conclude,—that, through life, with all his faults, he never lost a friend;—that those about him in his youth, whether as companions, teachers, or servants, remained attached to him to the last;—that the woman, to whom he gave the love of his maturer years, idolizes his name; and that, with a single unhappy exception, scarce an instance is to be found of any one, once brought, however briefly, into relations of amity with him, that did not feel towards him a kind regard in life, and retain a fondness for his memory.

I have now done with the subject, nor shall be easily tempted into a recurrence to it. Any mistakes or misstatements I may be proved to have made shall be corrected;—any new facts which it is in the power of others to produce will speak for themselves. To mere opinions I am not called upon to pay attention—and, still less, to insinuations or mysteries. I have here told what I myself know and think concerning my friend; and now leave his character, moral as well as literary, to the judgment of the world.

\* In speaking of Lord Herbert of Cherbury's Life of Henry VIII.

# APPENDIX.

## TWO EPISTLES FROM THE ARMENIAN VERSION.

THE EPISTLE OF THE CORINTHIANS TO ST PAUL THE APOSTLE.\*

1 STEPHEN,† and the elders with him, Dabous, Eubulus, Theophilus, and Xinon, to Paul, our father and evangelist, and faithful master in Jesus Christ, health.‡

2 Two men have come to Corinth, Simon by name, and Cleobus,§ who vehemently disturb the faith of some with deceitful and corrupt words;

3 Of which words thou shouldst inform thyself:

4 For neither have we heard such words from thee, nor from the other apostles:

5 But we know only that what we have heard from thee and from them, that we have kept firmly.

6 But in this chiefly has our Lord had compassion, that, whilst thou art yet with us in the flesh, we are again about to hear from thee.

7 Therefore do thou write to us, or come thyself amongst us quickly.

8 We believe in the Lord, that, as it was revealed to Theonas, he hath delivered thee from the hands of the unrighteous.\*\*

9 But these are the sinful words of these impure men, for thus do they say and teach:

10 That it behoves not to admit the Prophets.††

11 Neither do they affirm the omnipotence of God:

12 Neither do they affirm the resurrection of the flesh:

13 Neither do they affirm that man was altogether created by God:

14 Neither do they affirm that Jesus Christ was born in the flesh from the Virgin Mary:

15 Neither do they affirm that the world was the work of God, but of some one of the angels.

16 Therefore do thou make haste †† to come amongst us,

17 That this city of the Corinthians may remain without scandal,

18 And that the folly of these men may be made manifest by an open refutation. Fare thee well. §§

The deacons Thereptus and Tichus\*\*\* received

\* Some MSS. have the title thus: *Epistle of Stephen the Elder to Paul the Apostle, from the Corinthians.*

† In the MSS., the marginal verses published by the Whistons are wanting.

‡ In some MSS. we find, *The elders Numerus, Eubulus, Theophilus, and Nomoson, to Paul their brother, health.*

§ Others read, *There came certain men, . . . and Cleobus, who vehemently shake.*

\*\* Some MSS. have, *We believe in the Lord, that his presence was made manifest; and by this hath the Lord delivered us from the hands of the unrighteous.*

†† Others read, *To read the Prophets.*

‡‡ Some MSS. have, *Therefore, brother, do thou make haste.*

§§ Others read, *Fare thee well in the Lord.*

\*\*\* Some MSS. have, *The deacons Thereptus and Tichus.*

and conveyed this Epistle to the city of the Philippians.\*

When Paul received the Epistle, although he was then in chains on account of Stratonice,† the wife of Apofolanus,‡ yet, as it were forgetting his bonds, he mourned over these words, and said weeping: "It were better for me to be dead, and with the Lord. For while I am in this body, and hear the wretched words of such false doctrine, behold, grief arise upon grief, and my trouble adds a weight to my chains; when I behold this calamity, and perceive the machinations of Satan, who searcheth to do wrong."

And thus with deep affliction Paul composed in reply to the Epistle.§

## EPISTLE OF PAUL TO THE CORINTHIANS.\*\*

1 Paul, in bonds for Jesus Christ, disturbed by so many errors,†† to his Corinthian brethren, health.

2 I nothing marvel that the preachers of evil have made this progress.

3 For because the Lord Jesus is about to fall in coming, verily on this account do certain men persecute and despise his words.

4 But I, verily, from the beginning, have taught you that only which I myself received from the former apostles, who always remained with the Lord Jesus Christ.

5 And I now say unto you, that the Lord Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary, who was of the seed of David,

6 According to the annunciation of the Holy Ghost sent to her by our Father from heaven;

7 That Jesus might be introduced into the world: and deliver our flesh by his flesh, and that he might raise us up from the dead;

8 As in this also he himself became the example.

9 That it might be made manifest that man was created by the Father,

10 He has not remained in perdition unsought. §§

11 But he is sought for, that he might be redeemed by adoption.

12 For God, who is the Lord of all, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who made heaven and earth, sent, firstly, the Prophets to the Jews:

The Whistons have, *To the city of Phenicia* in all the MSS. we find, *To the city of the Philippians.*

† Others read, *On account of Onotice.*

‡ The Whistons have, *Of Apofolanus*: but in all the MSS. we read, *Apofolanus.*

§ In the text of this Epistle there are some other variations in the words, but the sense is the same.

\*\* Some MSS. have, *Paul's Epistle from prison to the instruction of the Corinthians.*

†† Others read, *Disturbed by various complaints.*

‡‡ Some MSS. have, *That Jesus might comfort the*

§§ Others read, *He has not remained indifferent*



13 That he would absolve them from their sins, and bring them to his judgment.

14 Because he wished to save, firstly, the house of Israel, he bestowed and poured forth his Spirit upon the Prophets;

15 That they should for a long time preach the worship of God, and the nativity of Christ.

16 But he who was the prince of evil, when he wished to make himself God, laid his hand upon them,

17 And bound all men in sin.\*

18 Because the judgment of the world was approaching.

19 But Almighty God, when he willed to justify, was unwilling to abandon his creature;

20 But when he saw his affliction, he had compassion upon him:

21 And at the end of a time he sent the Holy Ghost into the Virgin foretold by the Prophets.

22 Who, believing readily, † was made worthy to conceive, and bring forth our Lord Jesus Christ.

23 That from this perishable body, in which the evil spirit was glorified, he should be cast out, and it should be made manifest

24 That he was not God: For Jesus Christ, in his flesh, had recalled and saved this perishable flesh, and drawn it into eternal life by faith.

25 Because in his body he would prepare a pure temple of justice for all ages;

26 In whom we also, when we believe, are saved.

27 Therefore know ye that these men are not the children of justice, but the children of wrath;

28 Who turn away from themselves the compassion of God;

29 Who say that neither the heavens nor the earth were altogether works made by the hand of the Father of all things. ‡

30 But these cursed men § have the doctrine of the serpent.

31 But do ye, by the power of God, withdraw yourselves far from these, and expel from amongst you the doctrine of the wicked.

32 Because you are not the children of rebellion,\*\* but the sons of the beloved church.

33 And on this account the time of the resurrection is preached to all men.

34 Therefore they who affirm that there is no resurrection of the flesh, they indeed shall not be raised up to eternal life;

35 But to judgment and condemnation shall the unbeliever arise in the flesh:

36 For to that body which denies the resurrection of the body, shall be denied the resurrection: because such are found to refuse the resurrection.

37 But you also, Corinthians! have known, from the seeds of wheat, and from other seeds,

38 That one grain falls †† dry into the earth, and within it first dies,

\* Some MSS. have, *Laid his hand, and then and all body bound in sin.*

† Others read, *Believing with a pure heart.*

‡ Some MSS. have, *Of God the Father of all things.*

§ Others read, *They curse themselves in this thing.*

\*\* Others read, *Children of the disobedient.*

†† Some MSS. have, *That one grain falls not dry into the earth.*

39 And afterwards rises again, by the will of the Lord, endued with the same body:

40 Neither indeed does it arise with the same simple body, but manifold, and filled with blessing.

41 But we produce the example not only from seeds, but from the honourable bodies of men.\*

42 Ye also have known Jonas, the son of Amittai. †

43 Because he delayed to preach to the Ninevites, he was swallowed up in the belly of a fish for three days and three nights:

44 And after three days God heard his supplication, and brought him out from the deep abyss;

45 Neither was any part of his body corrupted; neither was his eyebrow bent down. ‡

46 And how much more for you, oh men of little faith!

47 If you believe in our Lord Jesus Christ, will he raise you up, even as he himself hath arisen.

48 If the bones of Elisha the prophet, falling upon the dead, revived the dead,

49 By how much more shall ye, who are supported by the flesh and the blood and the Spirit of Christ, arise again on that day with a perfect body?

50 Elias the prophet, embracing the widow's son, raised him from the dead:

51 By how much more shall Jesus Christ revive you, on that day, with a perfect body, even as he himself hath arisen?

52 But if ye receive other things vainly, §

53 Henceforth no one shall cause me to travail; for I bear on my body these fetters,\*\*

54 To obtain Christ; and I suffer with patience these afflictions to become worthy of the resurrection of the dead.

55 And do each of you, having received the law from the hands of the blessed Prophets and the holy gospel, †† firmly maintain it;

56 To the end that you may be rewarded in the resurrection of the dead, and the possession of the life eternal.

57 But if any of ye, not believing, shall trespass, he shall be judged with the misdoers, and punished with those who have false belief.

58 Because such are the generations of vipers, and the children of dragons and basilisks.

59 Drive far from amongst ye, and fly from such, with the aid of our Lord Jesus Christ.

60 And the peace and grace of the beloved Son be upon you. †† Amen.

*Done into English by me, January-February, 1817, at the Convent of San Lasaro, with the aid*

\* Others read, *But we have not only produced from seeds, but from the honourable body of man.*

† Others read, *The son of Emattikus.*

‡ Others add, *Nor did a hair of his body fall therefrom.*

§ Some MSS. have, *Ye shall not receive other things in vain.*

\*\* Others finished here thus, *Henceforth no one can trouble me farther, for I bear in my body the sufferings of Christ. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit, my brethren. Amen.*

†† Some MSS. have, *Of the holy evangelist.*

‡‡ Others add, *Our Lord be with ye all. Amen.*

and exposition of the Armenian text by the Father Paschal Aucher, Armenian Friar.

BYRON.

Venice, April 10th, 1817.

*I had also the Latin text, but it is in many places very corrupt, and with great omissions.*

REMARKS ON MR MOORE'S LIFE OF LORD BYRON, BY LADY BYRON.

"I HAVE disregarded various publications in which facts within my own knowledge have been grossly misrepresented; but I am called upon to notice some of the erroneous statements proceeding from one who claims to be considered as Lord Byron's confidential and authorized friend. Domestic details ought not to be intruded on the public attention: if, however, they are so intruded, the persons affected by them have a right to refute injurious charges. Mr Moore has promulgated his own impressions of private events in which I was most nearly concerned, as if he possessed a competent knowledge of the subject. Having survived Lord Byron, I feel increased reluctance to advert to any circumstances connected with the period of my marriage; nor is it now my intention to disclose them, further than may be indispensably requisite for the end I have in view. Self-vindication is not the motive which actuates me to make this appeal, and the spirit of accusation is unmingled with it; but when the conduct of my parents is brought forward in a disgraceful light, by the passages selected from Lord Byron's letters, and by the remarks of his biographer, I feel bound to justify their characters from imputations which I know to be false. The passages from Lord Byron's letters, to which I refer, are the aspersion on my mother's character, page 220:—'My child is very well, and flourishing, I hear; but I must see also. I feel no disposition to resign it to the contagion of its grandmother's society.' The assertion of her dishonourable conduct in employing a spy, page 219. 'A Mrs C. (now a kind of housekeeper and spy of Lady N's), who, in her better days, was a washerwoman, is supposed to be—by the learned—very much the occult cause of our domestic discrepancies.' The seeming exculpation of myself, in the extract, p. 219, with the words immediately following it,—'Her nearest relatives are a ———;' where the blank clearly implies something too offensive for publication. These passages tend to throw suspicion on my parents, and give reason to ascribe the separation either to their direct agency, or to that of 'officious spies' employed by them. \* From the following part of the narrative, p. 218, it must also be inferred that an undue influence was exercised by them for the accomplishment of this purpose. 'It was in a few weeks after the latter communication between us (Lord Byron and Mr Moore), that Lady Byron adopted the determination of parting from him. She had left London at the latter end of January, on a visit to her father's house, in Leicestershire, and Lord Byron was in a short time to follow her. They had parted in the utmost kindness,—she wrote him a letter full of playfulness and affection, on the road; and immediately

on her arrival at Kirkby Mallory, her father wrote to acquaint Lord Byron that she would return to him no more.' In my observations upon this statement, I shall, as far as possible, avoid touching on any matters relating personally to Lord Byron and myself. The facts are:—I left London for Kirkby Mallory, the residence of my father and mother, on the 15th of January, 1816. Lord Byron had signified to me in writing (Jan. 6th) his absolute desire that I should leave London on the earliest day that I could conveniently fix. It was not safe for me to undertake the fatigue of a journey sooner than the 15th. Previously to my departure, it had been strongly impressed on my mind, that Lord Byron was under the influence of insanity. This opinion was derived in a great measure from the communications made to me by his nearest relatives and personal attendant, who had more opportunities than myself of observing him during the latter part of my stay in town. It was even represented to me that he was in danger of destroying himself. With the concurrence of his family, I had consulted Dr Baillie as a friend (Jan. 8th) respecting this supposed malady. On acquainting him with the state of the case, and with Lord Byron's desire that I should leave London, Dr Baillie thought that my absence might be advisable as an experiment assuming the fact of mental derangement; for Dr Baillie, not having had access to Lord Byron, could not pronounce a positive opinion on that point. He enjoined that in correspondence with Lord Byron I should avoid all but light and soothing topics. Under these impressions, I left London, determined to follow the advice given by Dr Baillie. Whatever might have been the nature of Lord Byron's conduct towards me from the time of my marriage, yet, supposing him to be in a state of mental alienation, it was not for me, nor for any person of common humanity, to manifest, at that moment, a sense of injury. On the day of my departure, and again on my arrival at Kirkby, Jan. 16th, I wrote to Lord Byron in a kind and cheerful tone, according to those medical directions. The last letter was circulated, and employed as a pretext for the charge of my having been subsequently influenced to 'desert' \* my husband. It has been argued, that I parted from Lord Byron in perfect harmony; that feelings, incompatible with any sense of injury had dictated the letter which I addressed to him; and that my sentiments must have been changed by persuasion and interference, while I was under the roof of my parents. These assertions and inferences are wholly destitute of foundation. When I arrived at Kirkby Mallory, my parents were unacquainted with the existence of any causes likely to destroy my prospects of happiness; and when I communicated to them the opinion which had been formed concerning Lord Byron's state of mind, they were most anxious to promote his restoration by every means in their power. They assured those relations who were with him in London, that 'they would devote their whole care and attention to the alleviation of his malady,' and hoped to make the best arrangements for his comfort, if he could be induced to visit them. With these intentions, my mother wrote on the 17th to Lord Byron, inviting him to Kirkby Mallory.

\* \* The officious spies of his privacy,\* p. 220.

\* \* The deserted husband,\* p. 221.



sionally or otherwise, take any part towards effecting it. Believe me, very faithfully yours,

"STEPH. LUSHINGTON.

\* <sup>1</sup> Great George-street, Jan. 31, 1830.

<sup>44</sup> I have only to observe, that if the statements on which my legal advisers (the late Sir Samuel Romilly and Dr. Lushington) formed their opinions, were false, the responsibility and the odium should rest with *me only*. I trust that the facts which I have here briefly recapitulated will absolve my father and mother from all accusations with regard to the part they took in the separation between Lord Byron and myself. They neither originated, instigated, nor advised, that separation; and they cannot be condemned for having afforded to their daughter the assistance and protection which she claimed. There is no other near relative to vindicate their memory from insult. I am therefore compelled to break the silence which I had hoped always to observe, and to solicit from the readers of Lord Byron's life an impartial consideration of the testimony extorted from me.

"A. L. NOEL BYRON."

<sup>a</sup> Hanger Hill, Feb. 19, 1830."

*referred to in page 382.*

"EIGHT months after the publication of my 'Tour in the Levant,' there appeared in the London Magazine, and subsequently in most of the newspapers, a letter from the late Lord Byron to Mr. Murray.

"I naturally felt anxious at the time to meet a charge of error brought against me in so direct a manner : but I thought, and friends whom I consulted at the time thought with me, that I had better wait for a more favourable opportunity than that afforded by the newspapers of vindicating my opinion, which even so distinguished an authority as the letter of Lord Byron left unshaken, and which, I will venture to add, remains unshaken still.

"I must ever deplore that I resisted my first impulse to reply immediately. The hand of Death has snatched Lord Byron from his kingdom of literature and poetry, and I can only guard myself from the illiberal imputation of attacking the mighty dead, whose living talent I should have trembled to encounter, by scrupulously confining myself to such facts and illustrations as are strictly necessary to save me from the charges of error, misrepresentation, and presumptuousness, of which every writer must wish to prove himself undeserving."

"Lord Byron began by stating, 'The tide was no in our favour,' and added, 'neither I nor any person on board the frigate had any notion of a difference in the current on the Asiatic side; I never heard of it till this moment.' His lordship had probably forgotten that Strabo distinctly describes the difference in the following words.

[illegible]

“ I can rely upon the accuracy of my memory for the following statement. I was originally consulted by Lady Noel on your behalf, whilst you were in the country; the circumstances detailed by her were such as justified a separation, but they were not of that aggravated description as to render such a measure indispensable. On Lady Noel's representation, I deemed a reconciliation with Lord Byron practicable, and felt most sincerely a wish to aid in effecting it. There was not on Lady Noel's part any exaggeration of the facts; nor, so far as I could perceive, any determination to prevent a return to Lord Byron: certainly none was expressed when I spoke of a reconciliation. When you came to town in about a fortnight, or perhaps more, after my first interview with Lady Noel, I was for the first time informed by you of facts utterly unknown, as I have no doubt, to Sir Ralph and Lady Noel. On receiving this additional information, my opinion was entirely changed: I considered a reconciliation impossible. I declared my opinion, and added, that if such an idea should be entertained, I could not, either pro-

ἰστέον ὅτι οὐδὲν ἐστὶν ἐν τῇ ἀρχῇ τοῦ ὅρου, ὡς ἐστὶν ἐν τῇ ἀρχῇ τοῦ ὅρου, ὡς ἐστὶν ἐν τῇ ἀρχῇ τοῦ ὅρου. Ἰδεοὶque facilius a Sesto trajiciunt paululum deflexâ navigatione ad Herus turrin, atque inde *navigia dimittentes adjuvante etiam fluxu trajectum*. Qui ab Abydo trajiciunt, in contrarium flectunt partem ad octo stadia ad turrin quamdam e regione Sesti: hinc *oblique* trajiciunt, non *prorsus* contrario fluxu.\*

"Here it is clearly asserted that the current assists the crossing from Sestos, and the words 'ἀφ' ἑαυτῶν τὰ πλοῖα'—'*navigia dimittentes*,'—'*letting the vessels go of themselves*,' prove how considerable the assistance of the current was; while the words 'ὀβλίκως,'—'*oblique*,' and 'πρὸς ἄντον,'—'*prorsus*,' show distinctly that those who crossed from Abydos were obliged to do so in an *oblique* direction, or they would have the current *entirely* against them.

"From this ancient authority, which, I own, appears to me unanswerable, let us turn to the moderns. Baron de Tott, who, having been for some time resident on the spot, employed as an engineer in the construction of batteries, must be supposed well cognisant of the subject, has expressed himself as follows:—

"La surabondance des eaux que la Mer Noire reçoit, et qu'elle ne peut évaporer, versée dans la Méditerranée par le Bosphore de Thrace et La Propontide, forme aux Dardanelles des courans si violens, que souvent les bâtimens, toutes voiles dehors, ont peine à les vaincre. Les pilotes doivent encore observer, lorsque le vent suffit, de diriger leur route de manière à présenter le moins de résistance possible à l'effort des eaux. On sent que cette étude a pour base la direction des courans, qui, *renvoyés d'une pointe à l'autre*, forment des obstacles à la navigation, et feraient courir les plus grands risques si l'on négligeait ces connaissances hydrographiques.'—*Mémoires de TOTT, 3me Partie.*

"To the above citations, I will add the opinion of Tournefort, who, in his description of the strait, expresses with ridicule his disbelief of the truth of Leander's exploit; and to show that the latest travellers agree with the earlier, I will conclude my quotation with a statement of Mr. Madden, who is just returned from the spot. 'It was from the European side Lord Byron swam *with* the current, which runs about four miles an hour. But I believe he would have found it totally impracticable to have crossed from Abydos to Europe.'—*MADDEN'S Travels, vol. I.*

"There are two other observations in Lord Byron's letter on which I feel it necessary to remark.

"Mr. Turner says, 'whatever is thrown into the stream on this part of the European bank, *must* arrive at the Asiatic shore.' This is so far from being the case, that it *must* arrive in the Archipelago, if left to the current; although a strong wind from the Asiatic † side might have such an effect occasionally.

"Here Lord Byron is right, and I have no hesitation in confessing that I was wrong. But I was wrong only in the letter of my remark, not in the spirit of it.

\* \* Strabo, Book XIII. Oxford Edition.

† \* This is evidently a mistake of the writer or printer. His lordship must here have meant a strong wind from the European side, as no wind from the Asiatic side could

Any thing thrown into the stream on the European bank would be swept into the Archipelago, because, after arriving so near the Asiatic shore as to be almost, if not quite, within a man's depth, it would be again floated off from the coast by the current that is dashed from the Asiatic promontory. But this would not affect a swimmer, who, being so near the land, would of course, if he could not actually walk to it, reach it by a slight effort.

"Lord Byron adds, in his P. S., 'The strait is, however, not extraordinarily wide, even where it broadens above and below the forts.' From this statement I must venture to express my dissent, with diffidence indeed, but with diffidence diminished by the ease with which the fact may be established. The strait is widened so considerably above the forts by the Bay of Maytos, and the bay opposite to it on the Asiatic coast, that the distance to be passed by a swimmer in crossing higher up would be, in my judgment, too great for any one to accomplish from Asia to Europe, having such a current to stem.

"I conclude by expressing it as my humble opinion that no one is bound to believe in the possibility of Leander's exploit, till the passage has been performed by a swimmer, at least from Asia to Europe. The sceptic is even entitled to exact, as the condition of his belief, that the strait be crossed, as Leander crossed it, both ways within at most fourteen hours.

"W. TURNER."

#### MR MILLINGENS ACCOUNT OF THE CONSULTATION,

referred to in page 492.

As the account given by Mr. Millingen of this consultation differs totally from that of Dr. Brun, it is fit that the reader should have it in Mr. Millingen's own words:—

"In the morning (18th) a consultation was proposed, to which Dr. Lucca Vega and Dr. Prelet, my assistants, were invited. Dr. Bruno and Luca proposed having recourse to antispasmodics and other remedies employed in the last stage of typhus. Freiber and I maintained that they could only hasten the fatal termination; that nothing could be more empirical than flying from one extreme to the other; that if, as we all thought, the complaint was owing to the metastasis of rheumatic inflammation, the existing symptoms only depended on the rapid and extensive progress it had made in an organ previously so weakened and irritable. Antiphlogistic means could never prove hurtful in this case; they would become useless only if disorganization were already operated; but then, since all hopes were gone, what means would not prove superfluous? We re-

have the effect of driving an object to the Asiatic shore." I think it right to remark that it is Mr. Turner himself who has here originated the inaccuracy of which he accuses others; the words used by Lord Byron being, as Mr. Turner states, "from the Asiatic side," but "in the Asiatic direction."—T. M.



mended the application of numerous leeches to the temples, behind the ears, and along the course of the jugular vein, a large blister between the shoulders, and sinapisms to the feet, as affording, though feeble, yet the last hopes of success. Dr B., being the patient's physician, had the casting vote, and prepared the antispasmodic potion which Dr Lucca and he had agreed upon; it was a strong infusion of valerian and ether, &c. After its administration, the convulsive movement, the delirium increased; but, notwithstanding my representations, a second dose was given half an hour after. After articulating confusedly a few broken phrases, the patient sunk shortly after into a comatose sleep, which the next day terminated in death. He expired on the 19th April, at six o'clock in the afternoon."

#### THE WILL OF LORD BYRON.

*Extracted from the Registry of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.*

THIS is the last will and testament of me, George Gordon, Lord Byron, Baron Byron, of Rochdale, in the county of Lancaster, as follows:—I give and devise all that my manor or lordship of Rochdale, in the said county of Lancaster, with all its rights, royalties, members, and appurtenances, and all my lands, tenements, hereditaments, and premises situate, lying, and being within the parish, manor, or lordship of Rochdale aforesaid, and all other my estates, lands, hereditaments, and premises whatsoever and where-soever, unto my friends John Cam Hobhouse, late of Trinity College, Cambridge, Esquire, and John Hanson, of Chancery-lane, London, Esquire, to the use and behoof of them, their heirs and assigns, upon trust that they the said John Cam Hobhouse and John Hanson, and the survivor of them, and the heirs and assigns of such survivor, do and shall, as soon as conveniently may be after my decease, sell and dispose of all my said manor and estates for the most money that can or may be had or gotten for the same, either by private contract or public sale by auction, and, either together or in lots, as my said trustees shall think proper; and for the facilitating such sale and sales, I do direct that the receipt and receipts of my said trustees, and the survivor of them, and the heirs and assigns of such survivor, shall be a good and sufficient discharge, and good and sufficient discharges to the purchaser or purchasers of my said estates, or any part or parts thereof, for so much money as in such receipt or receipts shall be expressed or acknowledged to be received; and that such purchaser or purchasers, his, her, or their heirs and assigns, shall not afterwards be in any manner answerable or accountable for such purchase monies, or be obliged to see to the application thereof: And I do will and direct that my said trustees shall stand possessed of the monies to arise by the sale of my said estates upon such trusts and for such intents and purposes as I have hereinafter directed of and concerning the same: And whereas I have by certain deeds of conveyance made on my marriage with my present wife conveyed all my manor and estate of Newstead, in the parishes of Newstead and Linley, in the county of Nottingham,

unto trustees, upon trust to sell the same, and apply the sum of sixty thousand pounds, part of the money to arise by such sale, upon the trusts of my marriage settlement: Now I do hereby give and bequeath all the remainder of the purchase money to arise by sale of my said estate at Newstead, and all the whole of the said sixty thousand pounds, or such part thereof as shall not become vested and payable under the trusts of my said marriage settlement, unto the said John Cam Hobhouse and John Hanson, their executors, administrators, and assigns, upon such trusts and for such ends, intents, and purposes as hereinafter directed of and concerning the residue of my personal estate. I give and bequeath unto the said John Cam Hobhouse and John Hanson the sum of one thousand pounds each. I give and bequeath all the rest, residue, and remainder of my personal estate whatsoever and wheresoever unto the said John Cam Hobhouse and John Hanson, their executors, administrators, and assigns, upon trust that they, my said trustees and the survivor of them, and the executors and administrators of such survivor, do and shall stand possessed of all such rest and residue of my said personal estate and the money to arise by sale of my real estates hereinbefore devised to them for sale, and such of the monies to arise by sale of my said estate at Newstead as I have power to dispose of, after payment of my debts and legacies hereby given, upon the trusts and for the ends, intents, and purposes hereinafter mentioned and directed of and concerning the same, that is to say, upon trust, that they my said trustees and the survivor of them, and the executors and administrators of such survivor, do and shall lay out and invest the same in the public stocks or funds, or upon government or real security at interest, with power from time to time to change, vary, and transpose such securities, and from time to time during the life of my sister Augusta Mary Leigh, the wife of George Leigh, Esquire, pay, receive, apply, and dispose of the interest, dividends, and annual produce thereof when and as the same shall become due and payable into the proper hands of the said Augusta Mary Leigh, to and for her sole and separate use and benefit, free from the control, debts, or engagements of her present or any future husband, or unto such person or persons as she my said sister shall from time to time, by any writing under her hand, notwithstanding her present or any future coverture, and whether covert or sole, direct or appoint; and from and immediately after the decease of my said sister, then upon trust that they my said trustees and the survivor of them, his executors or administrators, do and shall assign and transfer all my said personal estate and other the trust property hereinbefore mentioned, or the stocks, funds, or securities wherein or upon which the same shall or may be placed out or invested unto and among all and every the child and children of my said sister, if more than one, in such parts, shares, and proportions, and to become a vested interest, and to be paid and transferred at such time and times, and in such manner, and with, under, and subject to such provisions, conditions, and restrictions, as my said sister at any time during her life, whether covert or sole, by any deed or deeds, instrument or instruments, in writing, with or without power of revocation, to be sealed



and delivered in the presence of two or more credible witnesses, or by her last will and testament in writing, or any writing of appointment in the nature of a will, shall direct or appoint, and in default of any such appointment, or in case of the death of my said sister in my life-time, then upon trust that they my said trustees and the survivor of them, his executors, administrators, and assigns, do and shall assign and transfer all the trust, property, and funds unto and among the children of my said sister, if more than one, equally to be divided between them, share and share alike, and if only one such child, then to such only child the share and shares of such of them as shall be a son or sons, to be paid and transferred unto him and them when and as he or they shall respectively attain his or their age or ages of twenty-one years; and the share and shares of such of them as shall be a daughter or daughters, to be paid and transferred unto her or them when and as she or they shall respectively attain his or their age or ages of twenty-one years, or be married, which shall first happen, and in case any of such children shall happen to die, being a son or sons, before he or they shall attain the age of twenty-one years, or being a daughter or daughters, before she or they shall attain the said age of twenty-one, or be married; then it is my will and I do direct that the share or shares of such of the said children as shall so die shall go to the survivor or survivors of such children, with the benefit of further accretion in case of the death of any such surviving children before their shares shall become vested. And I do direct that my said trustees shall pay and apply the interest and dividends of each of the said children's shares in the said trust funds for his, her, or their maintenance and education during their minorities, notwithstanding their shares may not become vested interests, but that such interest and dividends as shall not have been so applied shall accumulate, and follow, and go over with the principal. And I do nominate, constitute, and appoint the said John Cam Hobhouse and John Hanson executors of this my will. And I do will and direct that my said trustees shall not be answerable the one of them for the other of them, or for the acts, deeds, receipts, or defaults of the other of them, but each of them for his own acts, deeds, receipts, and wilful defaults only, and that they my said trustees shall be entitled to retain and deduct out of the monies which shall come to their hands under the trusts aforesaid all such costs, charges, damages, and expenses which they or any of them shall bear, pay, sustain, or be put unto, in the execution and performance of the trusts herein reposed in them. I make the above provision for my sister and her children, in consequence of my dear wife Lady Byron and any children I may have being otherwise amply provided for; and, lastly, I do revoke all former wills by me at any time heretofore made, and do declare this only to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof, I have to this my last will, contained in three sheets of paper, set my hand to the first two sheets thereof,

and to this third and last sheet my hand and seal this 29th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1815.

BYRON (L. S.)

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the said Lord Byron, the testator, as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who, at his request, in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereto subscribed our names as witnesses.

THOMAS JONES MAWSE,  
EDMUND GRIFFIN,  
FREDERICK JERVIS,

Clerks to Mr Hanson, Chancery-lane.

**CODICIL.**—This is a Codicil to the last will and testament of me, the Right Honourable George Gordon, Lord Byron. I give and bequeath unto Allegra Biron, an infant of about twenty months old, by me brought up, and now residing at Venice, the sum of five thousand pounds, which I direct the executors of my said will to pay to her on her attaining the age of twenty-one years, or on the day of her marriage, on condition that she does not marry with a native of Great Britain, which shall first happen. And I direct my said executors, as soon as conveniently may be after my decease, to invest the said sum of five thousand pounds upon government or real security, and to pay and apply the annual income thereof in or towards the maintenance and education of the said Allegra Biron, until she attains her said age of twenty-one years, or shall be married as aforesaid; but in case she shall die before attaining the said age and without having been married, then I direct the said sum of five thousand pounds to become part of the residue of my personal estate, and in all other respects I do confirm my said will, and declare this to be a codicil thereto. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, at Venice, this 17th day of November, in the year of our Lord 1818.

BYRON (L. S.)

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Lord Byron, as and for a codicil to his will, in the presence of us, who, in his presence, at his request, and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses.

NEWTON HANSON,  
WILLIAM FLETCHER.

Proved at London (with a codicil), 6th of July, 1824, before the Worshipful Stephen Lushington, Doctor of Laws, and surrogate, by the oaths of John Cam Hobhouse and John Hanson, Esquires, the executors to whom administration was granted, having been first sworn duly to administer.

NATHANIEL GRISKINS,  
GEORGE JENNER,  
CHARLES DYNELLY,  
Deputy Registrars.

THE END.







1. The first part of the document is a list of names and dates.











